# THE ABERDEEN MAGAZINE, LITERARY CHRONICLE, AND REVIEW; FOR The Year MDCCLXXXVIII.

VOL. I.

*E pluribus unum——Prodesse & delectare.*

*ABERDEEN:*
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# INTRODUCTION

TO THE

# ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

PERHAPS, gentle reader, thou haſt been at court; or if not, perhaps thou haſt heard that no perſon can be admitted there who has not been formally introduced by a gentleman who is called *The Maſter of the Ceremonies*. It would be accounted rude and unhandſome for any man to force his way into the King's preſence, without the formality of an introduction, and without his Majeſty having been informed who and what he is, and what are his pretenſions to this mark of royal favour. Thou haſt probably heard likewiſe, gentle reader, that thoſe perſons ſo introduced have been ſo much abaſhed at firſt, as to ſtammer in their ſpeech, look fooliſhly, and bow awkwardly—but in time this awkwardneſs wears off, and they familiarly viſit the court, with as little confuſion of face as when they viſit a common acquaintance.

If then thoſe who are deſtined to be "Stateſmen, Heroes, "and great men," are thus confounded on their firſt approaches to that throne from whence they are to derive their future honours, how ſhall WE dare to approach a Tribunal, which we may, without diſreſpect to Majeſty, ſay is ſtill more awful, more impreſſive, and whoſe deciſions are more to be dreaded, that of the PUBLIC? This is a difficulty which all authors

authors have experienced on their outſet in literary life, and which they have endeavoured to ſurmount by calling forth all their powers of eloquence in a PREFACE. The *Preface* has been time immemorial the MASTER of CEREMONIES to authors. It introduces them into public, explains their pretenſions, their fears, their hopes, and modeſtly deprecates cenſure and oblivion, the moſt dreadful of all fates to an author. But as all *Maſters* of *Ceremonies* are not equally gifted with courtly talents alike, ſo *Prefaces* have introduced authors in various ways. Some have flattered, ſome threatened; ſome have ſoothed, careſſed, and others boldly affected to deſpiſe thoſe who were to be their executioners. Some have cringed, ſome prayed, and ſome have uſed the ſupplicating language of the humble beggar, who intreats you to overlook his merits, and conſider only his preſent diſtreſſes. Some have approached with an air of diffidence: others have boldly ruſhed into the preſence of the public with an undaunted countenance. But in one way or other, all have thought it neceſſary to have an INTRODUCTOR of the prefatory kind.

And is it for Us, then, to venture this our New Undertaking into the world, without the proper ceremonies; ceremonies which will be expected, becauſe they have rarely been neglected: and which *muſt* be uſeful, becauſe they have not yet been diſcontinued, notwithſtanding their frequent want of ſucceſs? Surely it were preſumption in us to neglect any opportunity to pay that reſpect to our readers which they may look for, or to ſuppoſe ourſelves ſuperior to a cuſtom which has been followed by the greateſt writers of any age or country.

Moral writers, like phyſicians, have ſet out in life with writing a treatiſe on ſome prevalent diſorder, which they flatter themſelves they can cure by gentler methods than were uſed by former phyſicians. "At a time," ſays the phyſician, "when "nervous diſorders are ſo prevalent"—and the Moraliſt begins "At a time when the growth of vice and immorality is ſo ob- "vious."—In imitation of theſe ſkilful men, we ſhall only obſerve that,

At a time when the demand for literary amuſement and political information is extremely urgent, we have preſumed to hope that a Magazine which unites thoſe two objects in due pro-

proportion, will not be thought unacceptable in a part of the kingdom where no ſuch work exiſts. It is this hope which ſuggeſted our preſent undertaking, and will animate us in the execution of our plan. With that plan the public are already acquainted from our printed propoſals. That all will be performed which is there promiſed, we may ſafely pledge ourſelves —but it is not our intention to abide ſo cloſely by the *letter* of the propoſals, as to reject all future hints for improvement. It muſt be our wiſh to render our plan as complete as poſſible. What is neceſſary to render it complete, cannot be expreſſed in any propoſal, but muſt reſult from time, and an experience in thoſe things, which will contribute to the ſatisfaction and entertainment of our readers.

There is at preſent a vacancy in our Northern literary amuſements. We have nothing on our plan in this part of North Britain. For that vacancy we profeſs ourſelves candidates; and place all our dependence on the free ſuffrages of the public: They will be our conſtituents, and by their deciſion we muſt abide. It is not our purpoſe, and indeed it would be equally diſgraceful to us as MEN, and as candidates for public eſteem, to violate truth by a ſervile copying of mercenary propoſals for works, common enough in the purlieus of Grub-ſtreet in London, but too flagrant to meet with credit in this place. We boaſt of no unconquerable forces which will *capture* the public favour; nor of ſecret powers which will in time burſt forth to carry all before them. To raiſe our own eſtimation, we have no deſire to depreciate the attempts that may be made by others. And we truſt, that when the *original* papers of our Magazine have been laid before our readers, when our propoſals have been examined, and our *ways and means* ſubmitted to inſpection—perſonal abuſe, ſcurrilous invective, and ungenerous inſinuations, whether in proſe or *rhime*, will not be found among the number. We do not wiſh to invade the province of thoſe who depend on ſuch arts. The world is wide enough for men of all deſcriptions.

Since iſſuing our propoſals, we have received aſſurances of aſſiſtance which we may now with confidence allude to.—That *One Original Eſſay*, at leaſt, will appear in every number of the Aberdeen Magazine, we can ſafely promiſe. The



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correſpondent who in our former publication favoured us with his lucubrations, under the ſignature of ALEXANDER THE CORRECTOR, has kindly renewed his offers of aſſiſtance; and in this number will be found a ſpecimen of his zeal to ſerve us. There are others who, like him, have made offers of aſſiſtance, whoſe names would do honour to any publication, were it not a duty incumbent on us to preſerve the ſecrecy which they enjoin.

But as our readers may perhaps be now impatient to judge for themſelves, we have only to add, that on every occaſion we ſhall be happy to receive any hints for amendment which they may judge proper. To ſupport the Aberdeen Magazine on Liberal, Extended, and Impartial Principles, is the open profeſſion of its Editors, and while in the ſelection of matter every publication of merit in the kingdom will be conſulted, it is hoped that the ORIGINAL part of it will in time diſtinguiſh it from publications, where much is ſacrificed to bad taſte, and more to public licentiouſneſs.

# THE ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

## *LITERARY CHRONICLE, AND REVIEW.*

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*From the* PUBLIC LEDGER.

TO give advice to the young is not always pleaſant, becauſe many adviſers make no allowance for the levity of youth; and it is not always ſucceſsful, becauſe it may be given to thoſe who are too conceited, or too faſhionable, to liſten to it. He who takes upon him to give advice to the fair ſex, will ſeldom find hearers, unleſs he delivers his ſentiments in a manner peculiarly graceful, and in language which is polite, even to a degree of French *etiquette*. Otherwiſe, he will be ranked among the number of thoſe old fellows who, having outlived the period of youth, and the influence of paſſion, can now dictate from cool philoſophy, what at one time of life he would have himſelf rejected with ſupercilious diſdain. But this is not the caſe with him who has often in theſe Papers addreſſed himſelf to the female ſex. His lips are not yet ſhrivelled by time, nor is his heart contracted by the abſence of youthful paſſions. He will, therefore, ſtill preſume to offer his remarks, becauſe he is confident, that if many of his readers are ſuperior to them by ſuperiority of wiſdom, there are others to whom they will not be unacceptable, as not being wholly unneceſſary.

There is no affectation I know—and this is an age of affectation—ſo prevalent at preſent as the affectation of *ſenſibility*. I ſay the *affectation* of *ſenſibility*; for where that tenderneſs *really* exiſts, it is honourable to human nature, and peculiarly amible in the female character. But I know not how it is, an affectation of extraordinary ſenſibility has prevailed ever ſince novels began to be much read—a ſenſibility which will induce us to weep over the ſorrows of a male and female libertine in a novel, while we view the diſtreſſes of human life with a coolneſs almoſt amounting to diſdain. The fictitious diſtreſſes of lovers in novels, excite frequent pity, while we paſs the deſerted cottage, the dying parent, and the helpleſs widow, without being ſenſible of a tender feeling—"Graceful in youth," ſays an eloquent writer, "is the tear of pity, and the heart that melts at another's woe." But what are we to think of thoſe tears which are never ſhed but for fictitious

woe, and of that heart which never palpitates but for the mock-distresses of an imaginary hero? What shall we think of that piety that is excited only by a lively picture of feigned affliction, and passes by real sorrow without any excitement? The pity caused by the representation of the distresses of Sir George's, Sir John's, Lady Betty's, and Clarinda's, is a tribute not of real compassion, but to the ingenuity of the author; the same distresses, represented in common language, would excite no compassion, move no sorrow, arrest no attention, nor cause a single tear.

Will my fair readers permit me to present them with two portraits. The one of CLARINDA; the other of LUCY. These will set my remarks in a clearer light than perhaps could be done otherwise.

CLARINDA is a perpetual reader of novels. She weeps at every adverse accident that happens to fictitious lovers; is dissolved in tears at their sentimental catastrophes, and never goes to a tragedy without a supply of handkerchiefs, which she moistens plentifully, to shew that she has a tender heart. But at home, view her conduct; she has a Canary bird whose eyes she burnt out with a red hot needle, to make it sing better; she sent a faithful servant out of her house at a moment's warning, for no other reason but because she had caught a violent cold in waiting at the play-house door with her mistress's cloak or great coat.—She passes by the house of mourning, because it always *makes her dull*—and rejects the petition of the poor, and the distressed, because it is written in the language of common sense and truth.

LUCY, on the contrary, when she reads a Novel, reads it with the warmest indifference, convinced that the waste of time is the most that is to be got by the books now published under the name of Novel. The heroine who has no other claim to pity than because she has shaken off her duty to her parents, receives no pity from *Lucy*. She reads Novels, and admires the best of them only as they exhibit the author as an ingenious man, in making much of the fictions of his own brain. But the voice of real distress never was heard by her twice without ensuring her relief; she visits the solitary cottage where she may add a little comfort; the dying saint, from whom she may draw instruction; and the weeping orphan, whose tears she may dry up. These are the distresses which exercise *her* sensibility. This is her mode of demonstrating a feeling mind.

I trust I need not ask my readers which is the most amiable character of the two. That question, if it was a question, must have been decided long before their eyes reached this line of my paper.

Let it not be thought, however, that it is a weakness to be sensible to fictitious distress. Far be it from me to say, she is weak who weeps with the sorrows of a Clarissa Harlow. But the inlet to all pity is unmerited suffering. The griefs represented in many Novels, are so far from being griefs, that they are nothing but the petulances of conceit, or the disappointed ambition of unlawful love, and unchaste ideas.

The world is full enough of real distress to exercise all the pity, and all the assistance, it can give. Let us look around us, and consider the poor existing, and barely existing under the pressure of want, disease, and the inclemency of the weather—consider the affliction of parents who are cursed with untoward children; the helplessness of infants who are thrown upon the wide world; and all the misery and desolation of mind which vice brings on mankind, and we shall not have occasion to let our pity stagnate for want of real objects.

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# Miſcellanies.

*Account of a French Veteran.*

A Perſon, named Jean Thuret, born at Orain in Burgundy in the year 1699, engaged himſelf in 1716 in the regiment of Touraine, where he ſerved without interruption from that time, for the ſpace of 72 years as a Fuzileer, never wiſhing to be advanced higher. He received the fire of a fuzil in his breaſt, at the ſiege of Kell, in 1733: and ſeven ſtrokes of a ſabre (ſix of them on his head) at the battle of Minden in 1759. He had three brothers killed in the King's ſervice at Fontenoy, and a ſon, a corporal, in his own company, the 12th of April 1782, in America; he has another who ſtill ſerves with honour in the ſame regiment.

When the Veteran's corps received orders, two months ago, to hold themſelves in readineſs for embarkation, he purſued his rout on foot, ſaying, that he never mounted a carriage, and never would. This extraordinary man has a daughter, aged 24 years, and a wife 63, who is in the corps. He was never puniſhed but once, and that was for an act of bravery, having ſcaladed the ramparts of Berques, the gates being ſhut, in order to enter that place, and not hearing the order to retreat. His family is worthy of their ſire, wiſe, reputable and reſpected. He obtained four years ſince, a penſion of 200 livres, and the ſecond mark of veterance, or military diſtinction.

His regiment having paſſed through Pontoiſe, the Chevalier de Mirabeau carried him to Verſailles, where he was placed in the way of the King, Monſieur, and Count d'Artois, and the Prince of Luxembourg ſent him one hundred crowns from the King, and fifty from each of his auguſt brothers. It is worthy of remark, that this man has had ſix Montmorency's for Colonels from the Marſhal Luxembourg, who died laſt, to the Duc de-Laval, who is now his inſpector.

*Remarkable Trial of* JAMES CARSE, *for* MURDER.

THE Priſoner was indicted for the Wilful Murder of Sarah Hayes, a ſingle woman, by cutting her throat.

The ſtory of this dreadful and inextricable tranſaction, as it appeared upon the whole of the evidence, is circumſtantially as follows:

James Carſe, the priſoner at the Bar, was a ſailor on board the Boreas frigate, of which Horatio Nelſon, Eſq; was the commander. She has for theſe four years laſt paſt been upon the Weſt India ſtation. During her temporary reſidence at the Iſland of Antigua, there prevailed an unuſual warmth in the climate, and the priſoner being from the nature of his ſtation, very frequently expoſed to its influence, at length received that impreſſion from it which is emphatically called *Le Coup de Soleil*, and which tends conſtantly in various degrees, according to the conſtitution of the patient, to affect and diſorder the brain. The effect of this *ſtroke*, was ſo inſtantaneous and viſible upon the priſoner, that he inſtantly fell into a deep and ſettled melancholy, ſuch as uſually beſpeaks, upon the countenance of misfortune, a remembrance of better days. The extraordinary good behaviour of the priſoner on board the ſhip, and the partiality which his humane diſpoſition had gained to him, made Captain Nelſon anxious for the recovery of his health, and for this purpoſe, he was ſent to the hoſpital, where after

a ſhort interval, he was rendered capable of returning to his duty on board; but he ever afterwards gave occaſional marks of an impaired underſtanding and nervous affection. The ſhip, however, with the priſoner on board, arrived in England in Auguſt laſt, and he then received wages amounting to forty guineas; and being paid off at Sheerneſs on the 30th of laſt month, he again received ten guineas for the remainder of his pay. On Saturday the 1ſt of December, the very day after he had been paid off, he arrived at Blackwall, and came from thence to London, when about five o'clock the ſame afternoon, he called at the houſe of Mr George Dickſon, a former acquaintance, and with whom a firſt couſin of the priſoner's then lodged. He here behaved in a very ſtrange and unaccountable manner; appeared alarmed in his mind, ſtarted, and then ſunk into a momentary melancholy. On being queſtioned as to the cauſe of it; he gave a very rambling and incoherent account of his having been chaſed by ſixteen men on the road from Deptford to London; that at firſt they wanted to rob him, then they had determined to murder him; and although he had ſeemingly pacified them by giving them twelve guineas, yet he was ſure they were then after him, would overtake him ſoon, and put him to death. The couſin and the friend, in whoſe company this diſcourſe happened, were alarmed at the different ſtile and manner of their old acquaintance, and endeavoured to learn from him, whether his fears were founded in truth; but the priſoner left their minds diſſatisfied on the ſubject, and went away. On the enſuing day, Sunday the 2d of this month, he again called on his couſin, with an agitation on his ſpirit that ſeemed to ſpeak his apprehenſion, that the ſixteen men were then in cloſe purſuit of him; but a ſhort time, and the perſuaſions of his couſin, apparently ſatisfied his troubled mind, that his alarms were groundleſs; and, after ſome immaterial converſation, he again went his way. About ten o'clock on the ſame evening, he accidentally picked up one Mary Mills, a poor unfortunate proſtitute, in the neighbourhood of St. Catherine's, who was a fellow-lodger in the ſame houſe in Wapping, called the Ship in Diſtreſs, where they drank three pennyworth of brandy and water. During this time, he frequently appeared dejected. Soon after, Mary Mills perſuaded him to go and ſleep with her that night; and he conſenting, they proceeded to her home. The deceaſed opened the door, and ſhewed them into a room on the ground floor. The Priſoner deſired to have ſome *rum hot*, and gave the deceaſed half a crown to procure it; but, ſhe obſerving that *brandy hot* was better, ſhe went out and brought the ſhilling's worth of brandy hot, and returned him eighteen pence in exchange. While this was drinking, they aſked him if he choſe ſupper, and ſome beef was brought in, but he never touched it. Mary Mills then perſuaded him to go to bed; and he accordingly undreſſed himſelf, and tying his hat over bis head, and folding his breeches up, and placing them under his right ſide, he got into bed. Before he laid down, he enquired if there was any more liquor to drink; and the deceaſed brought him the remander of the *brandy hot*, which he juſt put his lips to, but did not drink of it. She aſked him, if he choſe any thing elſe, and offered to go for it; but he declined the offer, and laid down, apparently to ſleep. The deceaſed then wiſhed them a good night, ſat down in a chair by the fire-ſide, and reſumed her pipe, which ſhe had been

been ſmoaking before the Priſoner and Mary Mills had come in. But before Mary Mills could undreſs herſelf to go to bed to him, and in leſs than three minutes after he had laid down, he ſtarted violently from the bed with a large claſp knife in his hand, ſuch as ſailors uſually carry for their meſs, and jumping on the floor, ſeized Sarah Hayes by the head, and, while an involuntary ejaculation of, "I muſt do it—I will, I will, I will," burſt from his mouth, he bent her head back againſt the corner of the chimney-piece, and cut her throat from ear to ear. Mary Mills, terrified by the ſcreams of the deceaſed, had eſcaped from the room before the deed was done, and alarmed the watchman. The watchman came, and found the priſoner ſtanding behind the door of the room, the breathleſs and bloody corpſe lying on the floor, with his arm extended, and the fatal inſtrument in his hand. On admittance being demanded, he ſwore that the firſt who entered ſhould be a dead man. The door being a ſmall way open, the Conſtable forced his way, knocked the knife from the priſoner's hand, ſeized him, and inſtantly carried him to the watch-houſe. Here the Conſtable queſtioned him, as to the motives which could induce him to commit ſo bloody an act? He reſumed the apprehenſion, that the ſixteen men were purſuing him, and ſaid, that the two women were in confederacy; that they would have *done* him, if he had not *done* them; that one of them had eſcaped, and that he had heard the man, who meant to deſtroy his life, talking of the intended aſſaſſination at every window of the houſe. On being taken before the Magiſtrate, he again told the ſame incoherent and incredible tale; but he told it in ſuch a firm and unequivocating manner, as plainly evinced that he fancied his apprehenſions were founded in truth. The Captain of his ſhip, his couſin, Mr. Villette, the Ordinary, and one of Mr. Akerman's Officers, gave evidence of his poſſeſſing an infirm mind—a temporary and partial defect of intellect.

Mr Juſtice Heath recapitulated the evidence to the Jury, with great accuracy and diſcrimination. He obſerved, that the crime of murder conſiſted in the *malicious* killing of any human being; and that on account of the heinouſneſs of the offence, the law preſumed every ſuch killing to be malicious, unleſs the contrary appeared. He than ſtated the nature of that imbecility or derangement of the underſtanding which was neceſſary to remove this imputation of malice; and left it with the Jury to conſider, whether the preſent horrid deed had been occaſioned by the influence of a ſettled and rooted diſorder of the mind; or, whether it was not imputable in a degree to intoxication; concluding, that however the priſoner might have the ſeeds of madneſs latently implanted in his blood, yet if theſe ſeeds had been, in the preſent inſtance, called forth by intoxication, the plea of inſanity would not avail.

The Jury went out, and after a very long deliberation, found the priſoner GUILTY.

The Recorder then paſſed the dreadful ſentence of the law, viz. that he ſhould be hanged by the neck, on Wedneſday next, and his body be delivered to be anatomized, purſuant to the ſtatute.—But as the ſanity of the priſoner was in doubtful ſcales, the judgment againſt this unhappy man is reſpited; and his caſe will be laid before the King and Council. The Foreman of the Jury declared, that this reſpite of the execution had anticipated the wiſhes of himſelf and his brother Jurors.

*Account of the* BROTHERS STEPS.

LAST ſummer (ſays Mr Weſley) I received a letter from a friend, wherein were theſe words.

"I think it would be worth your while to take a view of thoſe marks of the Lord's hatred to Duelling, called the Brothers Steps. They are in the fields, about a third of a mile northward from Montague-Houſe. And the awful tradition concerning them is, That two Brothers quarrelling about a worthleſs woman, according to the faſhion of thoſe days, fought with ſword and piſtol. The prints of their feet are about the depth of three inches, and nothing will vegetate, ſo much as to disfigure them. The number is only eighty three; but probably ſome are at preſent filled up. For I think, there were formerly more in the centre, where each unhappy combatant wounded the other. And a bank on which the firſt who fell, died, retains the form of his agonizing couch, by the curſe of barrenneſs, while graſs flouriſhes all about it. Mr George Hall, who was the Librarian of Lincoln's-Inn, firſt ſhewed me thoſe ſteps, twenty eight years ago, when, I think, they were not quite ſo deep as now. He remembered them about 30 years, and the man who firſt ſhewed them him, about thirty more; which goes back to the year 1687, but I ſuppoſe they originated in King Charles the Second's reign. My mother well remembred their being plowed up, and corn ſown to deface them about fifty years ago. But all was labour in vain; for the prints returned in a while to their priſtine form; as probably will thoſe that are filled up.

JOHN WALSH.

This account appeared to me ſo extraordinary, that I knew not what to think of it. I knew Mr Walſh to be a perſon of good underſtanding and real piety. And he teſtified what he had ſeen with his own eyes: but ſtill I wanted more witneſſes; till a while ago, being at Mr Cary's, in Coptall Buildings, I occaſionally mentioned The Brother's Footſteps, and aſked the company, if they had heard any thing of them? Sir, ſaid Mr. Cary, "Sixteen years ago, I ſaw and counted them myſelf." Another added, "And I ſaw them four years ago." I could then no longer doubt, but they had been. And a week or two after, I went with Mr Cary and another perſon to ſeek them.

We ſought for near half an hour in vain. We could find no ſteps at all, within a quarter of a mile, no nor half a mile, north of Montague-Houſe. We were almoſt out of hope, when an honeſt man, who was at work, directed us to the next ground, adjoining to a pond. There we found what we ſought for, about three-quarters of a mile north of Montague-Houſe, and about five hundred yards eaſt of Tottenham-Court-Road. The ſteps anſwer Mr Walſh's deſcription. They are of a ſize of a large human foot, about 3 inches deep, and lie from north-eaſt to ſouth-weſt. We counted only ſeventy ſix: but we were not exact in counting. The place where one or both the Brothers are ſuppoſed to have fallen, is ſtill bare of graſs. The labourer ſhewed us alſo the bank, where (the tradition is) the wretched woman ſat to ſee the combat.

What ſhall we ſay to theſe things? Why, to Atheiſts, or Infidels of any kind, I would not ſay one word about them. For if they hear not Moſes and the Prophets, they will not regard any thing of this kind. But to men of candour, who believe the Bible to be of God, I would ſay, Is not this an aſtoniſhing inſtance, held forth to all the inhabitants of Lon-

London, of the juſtice and power of God? Does not the curſe he has denounced upon this ground bear ſome little reſemblance, to that of our Lord on the barren figtree, Henceforth let no fruit grow upon thee for ever! I ſee no reaſon or pretence for any rational man to doubt of the truth of the Story; ſince it has been confirmed by theſe open, viſible tokens for more than a hundred years ſucceſſively.

ANECDOTES *of the benevolent Mr* HOWARD, *communicated by Dr Letſom.*

ON Howard's return from Turkey, he refuſed any public honours, which put a ſtop to the increaſe of the fund under his name. Out of fifteen hundred pounds ſubſcribed, above five hundred pounds have been reclaimed. Of the appropriation of the reſidue we cannot yet conclude. Though Howard abſolutely refuſed the public honour, he ſeemed highly gratified by the ſpirit of the nation, and truly ſenſible of the grateful ſenſe of his labours. I was cloſeted with him three hours ſoon after his return; and though I have introduced to him perſons of faſhion, title, and reſpect, he remains immoveably fixed againſt all intreaties to admit of public honour. He has not publiſhed any account of his Aſiatic tour, as it muſt be illuſtrated with at leaſt thirteen plates; and he remained here ſcarcely a month before he ſet off for Ireland, in which kingdom is now employed in viſiting the priſons, but his papers, he informed me, were ready for the preſs. Happily he had duplicates of his remarks, and theſe were always kept in different trunks. With theſe he travelled ſafely through different regions, till he arrived in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, London; and juſt as he got out of the ſtage to take a hackney-coach, into which he was removing his trunks, one was ſtolen, and has never ſince been recovered: beſides a duplicate of his travels, it contained twenty-five guineas and a gold watch. A friend of mine, who viſited Newgate the next day, was told by a convict, (ſuch intelligence and communications have they) that the papers were all burnt. Of the lazaretto at Marſeilles he had no duplicates, and luckily the drawings were in the preſerved trunk. Howard told me, he valued them ſo highly, that had they been ſtolen, he would have returned to Marſeilles to acquire new ones. To enter this place is forbidden to ſtrangers; and it was by a ſingular ſtratagem that he got in nine days ſucceſſively, without being diſcovered. Having heard at Marſeilles that an Engliſh Proteſtant was confined in a priſon at Lyons, into which the intruſion of a ſtranger was always puniſhed with confinement to the gallies for life, the difficulty of acceſs only ſtimulated the enthuſiaſm of Howard. He learned, as well as he could, the different turnings and windings that led to the priſoner he more particularly wiſhed to viſit. Howard is a little man, of extenuated features, who might paſs for a Frenchman: he dreſſed himſelf like one, with his hat under his arm, and paſſed haſtily by twenty-four officers, and entered the very apartment he wiſhed to ſee without ſuſpicion. He diſcloſed the ſecret to an Engliſh Miniſter at Lyons, who adviſed his immediate departure, as he would inevitably be diſcovered if he remained at Lyons all night. He therefore departed haſtily, and got to Nice.

"When he arrived at Paris, it was almoſt eleven o'clock at night. He had concluded to depart at three in the morning by the Bruſſels ſtage, and to the inn he ſent his baggage, and,

and, hoping to get an hour or two's ſleep before, his room door was forced open, and in ſtalked a formal dreſſed man, preceeded by a ſervant, bearing two lighted candles, and ſolemnly interrogated him in French to this purpoſe:—"Are you John Howard?"—"I am," replied the the Engliſhman. "Did you travel with ſuch a perſon?"—"I do not know any thing of him," ſaid Howard. The queſtion was again repeated, and the ſame reply, but with ſome warmth, was given to it. The perſonage left the candles on a table in the room, and departed; immediately Howard dreſſed himſelf, and ſtole to the Lyons hotel; he heard of two meſſengers in purſuit of him, but he arrived at Bruſſels undiſcovered.

"At Vienna he propoſed to remain two days; but the Emperor Joſeph, hearing of his arrival, deſired to ſee him: but as he had found his priſons upon a bad plan, and badly conducted by perſons in high truſt, Howard evaded an interview at firſt; but Joſeph ſending him a meſſage that he ſhould chuſe his own hour for an interview, the Engliſhman conſented to the Emperor's requeſt. The moment Howard's name was announced, he quitted his Secretaries, and retired with him into a little room, in which there was neither picture nor looking-glaſs. Here Joſeph received a man who never bent his knee to, nor kiſſed the hand of any Monarch; here he heard truths that aſtoniſhed him, and often did he ſeize hold of Howard's hand with inexpreſſible ſatisfaction and approbation. "You have priſoners—You have priſoners," ſaid Howard, "who have been confined in dungeons without ſeeing day-light for 20 months, who have not yet had a trial. Should they be found innocent, your Majeſty has it not in your power to make a compenſation for the violated rights of humanity." To the honour of this great Prince, let it be remembered, that alterations were made in the priſons before Howard's departure.

# Biography.

## MEMOIRS OF General JAMES OGLETHORPE.

JAMES OGLETHORPE was the ſon of Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe, of Godalmin, in the county of Surrey, by Eleonora his wife, daughter of Richard Wall, of Rogane in Ireland. He was born in the pariſh of St James, and may it be conjectured, about the year 1688. Though the circumſtances of his early life are involved in ſome obſcurity, we may preſume, from the military character of his family, his father and both his brothers being in the army, that he was educated with a view to the profeſſion which he afterwards embraced. His firſt commiſſion was that of Enſign, and it was dated in 1710. In 1714, he was Captain-Lieutenant in the firſt troop of the Queen's Guards, and did duty as Enſign at the peace of Utrecht. He afterwards employed himſelf in acquiring the art of war under the famous Prince Eugene of Savoy, and other eminent commanders, among whom the great Duke of Argyle, his patron, may be named. In his ſeveral campaigns in Germany and Hungary, having been recommended by John Duke of Marlborough, he acted as Secretary and Aid-de-camp to the Prince, and ſtored up much uſeful knowledge; and if we are not miſtaken, he received ſome preferment in the German ſervice, in which he might have continued with as great advantages as his companion,

on, the Veldth Marſhal, afterwards obtained. But with a man of his ſentiments, the obligations due to his native country, and the ſervices it required, could not be diſpenſed with: he quitted his foreign engagements, and long exerciſed the virtues of the unbiaſſed ſenator at home. In the parliament which met May 10, 1722, he was returned Member for Haſlemere; as he was again in 1727, 1734, 1741, and 1747; and during that period many regulations in our laws, for the benefit of our trade, and for the general ſervice of the public, were propoſed and promoted by him in the ſenate.

From the time of Prince Eugene's campaigns, the pacific diſpoſition of the powers of Europe prevented any exerciſe of Mr Oglethorpe's military talents; but a ſcheme which was propoſed early in the reign of George II. gave him ample opportunities of diſplaying his virtues and abilities. In the year 1732, the colony of Georgia, ſituated between South Carolina and Florida, was eſtabliſhed by a royal charter; the fund for ſettling was to ariſe from charitable contributions, collections were made throughout the kingdom, the Bank contributed a handſome ſum, and the Parliament gave 10,000l. which enabled the Truſtees, of whom General Oglethorpe was one, to entertain many poor families, and provide for their accommodation and removal to America.

In the month of November, about 100 perſons embarked at Graveſend on board the Anne of 200 tons, commanded by Capt Thomas, and with them Mr Oglethorpe. They arrived at Carolina on the 15th Januury following, from whence they ſailed to Port Royal, and Mr. Oglethorpe went up the Savannah River, and pitched upon a convenient ſpot of ground to form a ſettlement, which appears in the beſt light from his own account, which was as follows.——

"That the river there formed a half-moon, around the ſouth ſide of which the banks were about 40 feet high, and on the top a ſtar, which they called a bluff. The plain high ground extended into the country 5 or 6 miles, and along the river about a mile. Ships that drew twelve feet water, could ride within twelve yards of the bank. Upon the river ſide, in the center of this plain, he had laid out the town, and oppoſite to it was an iſland of very rich paſturage. The river was pretty wide, and the water freſh. From the key of the town might be ſeen the whole courſe of the ſea, with the iſland of Tybee, which formed the mouth of the river; and the other way the river might be ſeen for about ſixty miles up into the country. The landſcape is very agreeable, the ſtream being wide, and bordered with woods on both ſides. The whole people arrived there on the firſt of February, and at night their tents were got up. A fortification was raiſed, and the woods felled. The town and common was marked out, and Mr Oglethorpe called the town Savannah, the name alſo of the river.

After having made the firſt ſettlement, he went to Charles-Town, to ſolicit aſſiſtance for his colony, in which he had ſucceſs, and then returned to Savannah; where he was met by the Chiefs of the Lower Creek nations, who claimed from the Savannah river as far as St. Auguſtine, and up Flint river, which runs into the bay of Mexico. A treaty of alliance and commerce was made and ſigned with them.

He alſo concluded a treaty with the two nations of the Cherokees and Chickeſaws, relating to their part of the ſame province, and a proviſional treaty with the Governor of St Auguſtine and General of Florida, re-

lating to the boundaries between the Engliſh and Spaniards, untill the ſentiments of the two Crowns be known. In 1734 he returned to England, and brought with him ſome of the Indian Chiefs, particularly Tono Siqui and his family, who were graciouſly received by the king, and entertained by the Truſtees, and returned to their native country full of the utmoſt reſpect for their Britiſh friends and allies.

On the 5th May, 1736, Mr Oglethorpe embarked again for Georgia with 300 paſſengers. The colony continued to flouriſh under his directions, materials were made for building a church, and a wharf for landing of goods, as alſo for finiſhing the fortifications, and clearing the roads.

A town called New Ebenezer was erected by the German ſettlers, under the direction of Mr Oglethorpe, who next viſited the Scotch at Darien, and then went to the Iſland of Saint Simon, which is in the month of the River Alatamaha, about thirteen miles long, and twenty leagues north of Saint Auguſtine. He alſo diſcovered Amelia Iſlands, about 236 miles by water from the Savannah River, and cauſed the town of Auguſta to be built there.

Soon afterwards Mr. Oglethorpe again returned to England; but differences ariſing between the Spaniſh and Engliſh Courts, he was preparing to go to America, when Don Thomas Geraldino, the Spaniſh ambaſſador at the Court of London, preſented a memorial in 1737, demanding all the land to 35 degrees and 30 minutes of North latitude in North America, and requiring the Government to order the Engliſh ſubjects to withdraw; but if this could not be done, inſiſting that no troops ſhould be ſent there, and particularly remonſtrating againſt the return of Mr Oglethorpe. Advices being, at the ſame time, received that the Spaniards were meditating hoſtilities, no regard was paid to the requiſition of their Court. Mr. Oglethorpe was appointed General and Commander in Chief of the Engliſh forces in Carolina and Georgia. He was ordered accordingly to raiſe a regiment, and immediately to repair thither. On the 25th Auguſt, he had a commiſſion as Colonel made out, and arrived juſt in time to prevent the execution of the Spaniſh deſigns, although a conſiderable number of their troops had already got to Auguſtine.

When repriſals were known to have been publiſhed by his Britannic Majeſty againſt the King of Spain, a party of the garriſon of St Auguſtine came up, and ſurpriſed two highlanders upon the iſland of Amelia, cut off their heads and mangled their bodies with great inhumanity. General Oglethorpe immediately went in purſuit of them, but, though he followed them by land and water above 100 miles in twenty-four hours, they eſcaped. He, however, by way of retaliation, paſſed the river St. Mattheo or St. John's in Florida, drove in the guards of Spaniſh horſe poſted upon the river, and advanced as far as a place called the Cavallas: he alſo took other meaſures for reconnoitring the country, which he apprehended would be attended with advantage hereafter.

On his return to Frederica, in January, he met Captain, afterwards Sir Peter, Warren, who was lately arrived with the Squirrel man of war. When their conſultation was concluded, the Captain went and cruiſed off the Bay of St Auguſtine, while the General with a detachment of troops on board of the boats, and ſome artillery, went up the lakes of Florida, and attacked and took the forts of Pickalata and St. Francis.

En-

Encouraged by this ſucceſs, and by the information from ſome priſoners of the weak condition of Auguſtine, he meditated the reduction of that place; and accordingly went to Charles-Town to deſire aſſiſtance of the people of Carolina. His plan, at firſt, was to block up the place before the Spaniards could receive proviſions and relief from Cuba. He alſo ſpirited up the Creek Indians to join him, and entered into a correſpondence with ſome diſcontented chiefs in the ſervice of Spain. He ſoon after acquainted the Aſſembly of Carolina, that if they could, by March following, join the troops upon the River St. Mattheo or St. John with 600 white men, a troop of horſe, another of rangers, and 600 negroes for pioneers, with a proper train of artillery, and neceſſaries, there would be a probability of taking the place, or at leaſt of preventing the Spaniards from undertaking any thing againſt Carolina, provided the men of war would block up the ports from receiving ſuccours by ſea.

The firſt interruption this plan met with, was from the ſupineneſs of the Aſſembly of Carolina, who delayed the aſſiſtance they had promiſed, until the garriſon of Auguſtine had received both men and proviſions from the Havannah. This delay had almoſt occaſioned the deſtruction of Captain Warren, who, not knowing of the ſuccours which the place had obtained, went and lay off it to prevent their coming in, but in the dark of a calm night was attacked by ſix half gallies, whom he engaged with great ſpirit; and in the end ſunk one, and drove the reſt into port.

General Oglethorpe, diſguſted at the inactivity of the people of Carolina, left Charles-Town in order to make the beſt diſpoſition he could amongſt his own people: he croſſed St. John's River with a party of his regiment, and landed in Florida on the 10th of May. He immediately inveſted and took Fort Diego, about three leagues from Auguſtine. Soon afterwards 400 men arrived from Carolina, but without any horſe, rangers, negroes, or pioneers. About the ſame time came a body of Cherokee Indians, as alſo Captain Dunbar with a party of Chickeſaws, and the rangers and highlanders from Georgia under Captain M'Intoſh.

The fleet, in the mean while, arrived off St. Mattheo or St. John's river, to aſſiſt upon the expedition. The General went on board the Commodore, where a conſultation was held, and it was agreed to anchor off Auguſtine, and to attempt an entry into the harbour. The General immediately marched by land, and in three days arrived at Mooſa, a fort built by the Spaniards for the deſerted negroes from Carolina: from hence he ſent a ſmall detachment to take poſſeſſion of the town, having had a private intimation that it would be delivered up to him; but this ſcheme, by an untimely diſcovery, was fruſtrated.

In the mean time, the Commodore found that there was a battery upon the iſland of Anaſtaſia, which defended the entry of the harbour. This obliged the General to march to the coaſt with a party of 200 men. He had before ſent the highlanders, rangers, and a party of Indians under Colonel Palmer, with orders to lie in the woods, near Auguſtine, and hinder the Spaniſh parties from coming out by land, but with poſitive orders not to come to any general action, not lie two nights in the ſame place. The General then came up to the Commodore and held a conſultation: a landing was determined to be attempted, and Captain Warren, who on this occaſion had a commiſſion given him to command as lieutenant-colonel, offered his ſervice. Anaſta-

ſia was immediately attacked and taken; for it was ſoon found that the river which runs between that iſland and the caſtle, near which the town lay, was too wide to batter in breach. It was then reſolved to attempt to croſs the river and land near the town, but now the half gallies were a floating battery, ſo that there was no poſſibility of landing without firſt taking or driving them away. This, however, the General offered to attempt with the boats of the ſquadron.

Many obſtacles afterwards aroſe to impede the progreſs of the ſiege; and the ſurprize of Colonel Palmer's party, through the negligence and diſobedience of that officer, gave the enemy freſh confidence. At length it was agreed, on the 23d of June, that Capt. Warren, with the boats from the men of war, two ſloops hired by the General, and the Carolina veſſels with their militia, ſhould attack the half gallies; and that, upon a ſignal given, the General ſhould attack the trenches upon the land-ſide.

This was a deſperate meaſure; yet it was determined to be purſued. The whole troops belonging to the beſiegers, including even the ſeamen, were much inferior in numbers to the garriſon. The General, however, perſevered, and made all the preparations in his power, by drawing together all his ſtrength, providing faſcines, ſhort ladders, &c. when he received notice that the Commodore had reſolved to delay the attack.

Sickneſs had at this time ſpread amongſt the troops, and the Commodore was obliged to quit the coaſt. The Spaniards had received a ſtrong reinforcement from Cuba, and upon this all hopes of reducing the place by famine ceaſed. The ſquadron ſailed, the Carolina troops marched away, and the General brought up the rear. The garriſon made an unſucceſsful ſally; but the General demoliſhed the Spaniſh forts which were erected in proper paſſes to hinder the invaſions of the Creek Indians, whereby all the plantations were deſtroyed and laid open, ſo that the Spaniards could not poſſeſs any thing out of the reach of Auguſtine.

Thus ended this unfortunate attempt; but though Gen. Oglethorpe was defeated in his principal aim, he ſucceeded in his other views, which were to intimidate the Spaniards from invading Georgia and Carolina. They remained inactive within their own territories until the year 1742, when they collected a body of troops and entered Georgia, where they committed many ravages; but they were obliged to quit their enterprize with diſgrace, by the bravery and conduct of General Oglethorpe.

The General continued in his government, attending to the duties of his office, until March, 1743, when having received information that the Spaniards of St. Auguſtine were making preparations for a ſecond invaſion of Georgia, he ſet out at the head of a body of Indians, with a company of grenadiers, a detachment of his own regiment, the highlanders, and Georgia rangers, and on the 6th of the ſame month landed at Mattheo or St. John's river, from whence he proceeded forward to St. Auguſtine, the Spaniards retiring into the town on his approach; but, after encamping ſome days, finding the enemy would not venture out in the field, and being in no condition to undertake a ſiege he had before miſcarried in, he returned to Frederica; and in September following he arrived in England.

The ill ſucceſs of the attack on St. Auguſtine was aſcribed to different cauſes, as the intereſts and paſſions of ſeveral of the perſons concerned in the buſineſs operated. By ſome it was imputed to treachery; by others, to the miſconduct of the General. A controverſy, carried on with much acrimony

acrimony, enſued; and on the General's return to England, nineteen articles of complaint were delivered in againſt him by Lieutenant-Colonel William Cooke, on which a Board of Officers ſat a conſiderable time, when, after hearing the evidence, they, on the 7th of June 1744, diſmiſſed the charges as groundleſs and malicious, and declared the accuſer incapable of ſerving his Majeſty. In the month of September in this year, the General married the only daughter of Sir Nathan Wright, Bart of Cranham-hall, in Eſſex.

On the 30th of March, 1745, he was promoted to the rank of Major-General; and the rebellion breaking out in that year, we find him in December with his regiment very actively employed in following the rebels; but though he was frequently cloſe to them, he did not overtake them, and in February 1746 he arrived in London. His conduct again became the ſubject of enquiry. On the 29th of September his trial came on at the Horſe Guards, and ended the 7th of October, when he was again honourably acquitted; and the Gazette of the 21ſt of that month declared, that his Majeſty was graciouſly pleaſed to confirm the ſentence.

Here his military character ſeems to have ended; for we do not find that he was any way employed in the war of 1756. On the eſtabliſhing the Britiſh Herring Fiſhery in 1750, he took a very conſiderable part, and became one of the Council; in which ſituation he, on the 25th of October, delivered to the Prince of Wales the charter of incorporation, in a ſpeech printed in London Magazine of that year, p. 510. In 1754 he was candidate for the borough of Haſlemere, which he had repreſented in former parliaments; but on the cloſe of the poll the numbers were found to be, for J. More Molyneux 75, Phil. Carteret Webb 76, Peter Burrel 46, and for himſelf only 45.

It was probably after this period, if at all, that he was reduced, according to the aſſertion of a well-known writer in one of the newſpapers, to great difficulties in his fortune, and to the neceſſity of practiſing in ſome manner the ſcience of phyſic as a profeſſion. We apprehend theſe difficulties could not have laſted any length of time, as on Feb. 22, 1765, he was advanced to the rank of General, and lived to be the oldeſt officer in the King's ſervice.

He is repreſented to have been a man of great benevolence. In 1728 he engaged in the laudable enquiry into the ſtate of the gaols, on finding a gentleman whom he went to viſit loaded with irons, and otherwiſe treated with great barbarity. He was Chairman of the Committee, appointed by the Houſe of Commons to make the enquiry, and, by the ſpirit and vigour of his proceedings, cauſed many uſeful regulations to be adopted, and the great delinquent to be puniſhed in ſome degree, though the law could not reach him equal to his guilt.

He was remarkably abſtemious, very active, eſpecially in walking and ſhooting with a bow, ſomething garrulous, willing to communicate his knowledge, and particularly kind and benevolent to his tenants and dependants.

In the latter years of his life he lived in London in winter, and at Cranham in the ſummer; uſed to attend the Houſe of Commons, the Eaſt-India Houſe, and was frequently to be ſeen at other places of public reſort. He poſſeſſed great vivacity, and his company was generally acceptable and entertaining.

He died at Cranham, July 1, 1785.

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*For* GROWN MASTERS *and* MISSES.
*HOYLE ABRIDGED,*
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*The* LAWS *of the* GAME *at* WHIST, *As Played at* WHITE'S *&c.*

*Of Dealing.*

I. IF a card is turn'd up in dealing, it is in the option of the adverſe party to call a new deal, unleſs they have been the cauſe, then the dealer has the option.

II. If a card is faced in the deal, muſt deal again, unleſs the laſt card.

III. If any one plays with 12 cards, and the reſt have 13, the deal ſtands good, and the player puniſhed for each revoke; but if any have 14 cards, the deal is loſt.

IV. The dealer to leave the trump card on the table till his turn to play, after which none may aſk what card is turned up, only what is trumps.

V. None to take up cards while dealing,—If the dealer in that caſe ſhould miſs deal, to deal again; unleſs his partner's fault; and if a card is turned up in dealing, no new deal, unleſs the partner's fault.

VI. If the dealer put the trump card on the reſt, with the face downwards, he is to loſe the deal.

*Of Playing out of Turn.*

VII. If any play out of turn, the adverſary may call the card played at any time, if it does not make him revoke; or if either of the adverſe party is to lead, may deſire his partner to name the ſuit which muſt be played.

VIII. If a perſon ſuppoſes he has won the trick, leads again before his partner has played, the adverſary may oblige his partner to win it if he can.

IX. If a perſon leads, and his partner plays before his turn, the adverſaries partner may do the ſame.

X. If the ace, or any other card of a ſuit is led, and any perſon plays out of turn, whether his partner has any of the ſuit led or not, he is neither to trump it, nor win it, provided he does not revoke.

*Of Revoking.*

XI. In a revoke the adverſary may add 3 to their ſcore, or take 3 tricks from them, or take down 3 from their ſcore, and if up muſt remain at 9.

XII. If any perſon revokes, and before the cards are turned diſcovers it, the adverſary may call the higheſt or loweſt of the ſuit led, or call the card then played at any time, when it does not cauſe a revoke.

XIII. No revoke to be claimed till the trick is turned and quitted, or the party who revoked, or his partner have played again.

XIV. If any perſon claims a revoke, the adverſe party are not to mix their cards, upon forfeiting the revoke.

XV. No revoke can be claimed after the cards are cut for a new deal.

*Of calling Honors.*

XVI. If any perſon calls except at the point of 8, the adverſe party may conſult and have a new deal.

XVII. After the trump card is turned up, no perſon may remind his partner to call, on penalty of loſing one point.

XVIII. If the trump card is turned up, no honors can be ſet up unleſs before claimed—and ſcoring honors not having them—to be ſcored againſt them.

XIX. If any perſon calls at 8 and is anſwered, and the oppoſite parties have

have thrown down their cards, and it appears they have not the honors, they may conſult, and have a new deal, or not.

XX. If any perſon anſwer without an honor, the adverſary may conſult, and ſtand the deal or not.

XXI. If any perſon calls at 8 after he has played,—the adverſaries may call a new deal.

*Of Separating and Shewing the Cards.*

XXII. If any perſon ſeparates a card from the reſt, the adverſe party may call it if he names it, but if he calls a wrong card, he or his partner are liable for once to have the higheſt or loweſt card called in any ſuit led during that deal.

XXIII. If any perſon throws his cards on the table, ſuppoſing the game loſt, he may not take them up, and the adverſaries may call them, provided he does not revoke.

XXIV. If anyperſon is ſure of winning every trick in his hand, he may ſhew his cards, but is liable to have them called.

XXV. If any perſon omits playing to a trick, and it appears he has one card more than the reſt, it is in the option of the adverſary to have a new deal.

XXVI. Each perſon ought to lay his card before him, and if either of the adverſaries mix their card with his, his partner may demand each perſon to lay his card before him,—but not to enquire who played any particular card.

Theſe LAWS are agreed to by the beſt Judges.

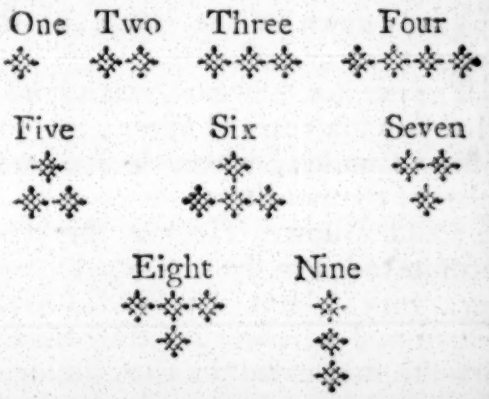
*Twelve Short* STANDING RULES *for ſhort Memories at the Game of Whiſt.*

BY BOB SHORT.

1 LEAD from your ſtrong ſuit.
2 Lead thro' an honor.
3 Lead thro' the ſtrong ſuit and up to the weak.
4 Lead a trump if 4 or 5.
5 Lead the higheſt of a ſequence.
6 Follow your partner's lead, not your adverſaries.
7 Not to lead from ace queen.
8 Not to lead an ace unleſs King.
9 Not to lead a 13th card unleſs trumps are out.
10 Never trump a 13th card unleſs laſt player.
11 Play your beſt card 3d hand.
12 When in doubt win the trick.

KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

*The* METHOD *of* SCORING *the* GAME.




*A Singular Story of Mr. Stanley.*

CAPTAIN James Stanley, who had been an Officer in the king's army during the civil wars which began in the year 1641, and had loſt by the ſequeſtration ſucceeding them the largeſt part of his eſtate, retired to ſpend the remnant of his days on one of his farms, which he had found means to preſerve in the name of a relation of the contrary party, and which was ſeated in that part of Gloceſterſhire which borders on the Severn.

He ſurvived but a little the ruins of his cauſe, and dying in his retirement, left his wife, a young widow, with that farm for her jointure, whoſe rent, when laſt lett, had been about 500l. per annum: ſhe had a ſon under nine years of age, whom ſhe took from

from a ſchool he was ſent to in the life-time of his father, and kept him at home, as a means to divert or alleviate her ſorrow.

Robert Stanley, this ſon, diſcovered a genius much bent to a love of the country. He would often delight to be preſent at the plowings, the threſhings, and ſuch other buſineſs of the ſervants, and was every year diligent in picking up the acorns, as they fell from ſome trees which grew about his mother's houſe, which acorns he would be whole days employing himſelf in making holes for, and planting up and down in the banks of the hedge-rows or encloſure.

The mother, however, was adviſed, when her ſon reached fifteen, to ſend him to London, where the law was believed the moſt hopeful employment he could follow. He was therefore recommended to the care of an attorney, with whom he lived ſeveral years; and afterwards ſetting up for himſelf, miſcarried in the buſineſs, and either through fear of his mother's diſpleaſure, or the weight of ſome debts he had contracted, procured recommendations for ſome ſmall preferment abroad, and went over to Jamaica, which was then newly ſettled by the Engliſh.

In Jamaica, from a very narrow beginning, he obtained by the ſucceſs of his induſtry a conſiderable plantation, and lived in that iſland almoſt 20 years; at the end of which time he grew deſirous to viſit England again, and there ſettle near his mother, who was ſtill alive and impatient to ſee him.

In purſuit of this view, he ſold his plantation, and freighting a ſhip with his effects, put himſelf and his family on board her, and ſet ſail for Briſtol; to which he was ſo near as the iſland of Scilly, by the Land's End off Cornwall, when the ſhip by a ſtorm in the night unfortunately ſplit upon a rock, where nothing at all of her cargo was ſaved; and with very much difficulty ſome few of the paſſengers, among whom was Mr. Stanley himſelf, thus reſtored to his country in a condition more naked and miſerable than he left it.

He found means, however, to get ſoon to his mother, who received him with that mixture of ſorrow and joy which was natural to the occaſion; and when her firſt emotions were over and her paſſions grew calm enough to hear him at large give an account of his ſhipwreck and the particulars of his loſs by it, ſhe anſwered him with a ſigh—That ſhe had feared ſome misfortune would befal him wherever he was, becauſe a few days before, an unuſual high wind had blown down above a hundred of thoſe oaks which ſhe had cheriſhed for his ſake, and which he might remember, when a boy, he had planted from the acorns all about the eſtate; but ſhe thanked God, there were many yet left ſtanding, which ſhe hoped was a good omen, that he would overcome his misfortunes.

A good omen indeed, cried Mr. Stanly, if in nigh thirty years growth they are ſo large as I wiſh them; for but a day or two ago, in the city of Briſtol, I met with a perſon who was purpoſely employed, and is making enquiry, with a great deal of earneſneſs, after ſound young oak timber, a great parcel of which ſort he is commiſſioned to purchaſe.

The end of the ſtory is, that upon examination they found above ſeventeen hundred ſuch oaks as they ſold for forty ſhillings apiece, with which ſtock Mr. Stanley began a new trade, and became as conſiderable a merchant as any in the Weſt; and, in memory of this fortunate accident, he preſerved from the axe about twenty of the trees which grew neareſt the houſe, which trees (though the eſtate is now fallen to another family) are known to this day by the name of 'Save-all Remnant.'

This

This example of a gentleman preſerved from ſuch ruin, in the middle of his life, by the innocent and unmeaning diverſion of his childhood, together with what is told us by the famous Sir Richard Weſton, of a merchant of his acquaintance who planted with his own hands ſo much wood, that he ſold it in his life-time for fifty thouſand pounds ſterling; theſe examples, we ſay, are ſufficient to excite a new vigour in our Country Gentlemen, who might eaſily improve upon the hint, ſo far as to eaſe their eſtates of a burden which often times oppreſſes, and ſometimes deſtroys them: we mean, where a gentleman leaves many daughters, for whoſe fortunes the eſtate is the fund, and ſtands mortgaged to provide them.

How eaſily were this inconvenience prevented, if at the birth of a daughter but ten acres of land were ſet out from the eſtate, and after being carefully incloſed, were well planted with timber-trees.

Suppoſe, for example, they were fir-trees, which are found to thrive readily in all parts of England: four thouſand ſuch trees would grow twenty years together on ten acres of land without galling each other; at the end of which term they would, one with another, be worth twenty ſhillings a-piece for ſmall maſts for veſſels, and many other good uſes; ſo that here were (almoſt without loſs or expence) a fortune of four thouſand pounds provided for the young lady by that time ſhe grows marriageable, and her father's eſtate not charged with a penny towards raiſing it.

The ſame thing being done, only changing the kind of tree, planted at every new birth of a daughter or ſon, would effectually provide for them all as faſt as they grow up, like a plow kept at work for their benefit, even while they were ſleeping: there is, we may hope, no elder brother in England who will diſlike this particular part of this eſſay, whatever his opinion may be of the other.

## *Remarkable* Inſtances *of* Superſtition *among the* Chineſe, from *Deſcription Generale de la Chine*, par M. l'Abbe Groſier.

AMONG the doctrines taught by the Bonzes, or prieſts of the Chineſe god *Fo*, is the Pythagorean doctrine of the tranſmigration of ſouls. The impreſſion which this doctrine makes upon the credulous Chineſe, may be judged of by ſome facts, related by Father le Compte in his Memoirs: 'I recollect,' ſays he, 'that being one day in the province of Chanſi, I was called to baptize a ſick perſon. This was a man of ſeventy years of age, who lived upon a ſmall penſion the Emperor had granted him. The moment I entered his chamber he exclaimed, 'How much am I obliged to you, my dear, dear Father! You will deliver me from the greateſt miſery!' 'Baptiſm,' anſwered I, 'not only reſcues from hell, but conducts to immortal bliſs. What felicity to enter heaven, and enjoy God for ever!'—'I do not perfectly underſtand you,' reſumed the ſick man, 'and, perhaps, I have not ſufficiently explained myſelf. You know, my Father, that I have lived for a long time on the bounty of the Emperor. The Bonzes, who are well informed of what paſſes in the other world, aſſure me, that in gratitude, I ſhall be obliged to ſerve my benefactor after my death, and that my ſoul will infallibly paſs into one of his poſt-horſes, in order to carry the diſpatches of the court to diſtant provinces. They exhort me, therefore, to perform my duty well when

I enter upon my ſtate; not to ſtumble, to kick, or bite, nor to hurt any one.' 'Run well,' they ſtill tell me, 'eat little, and be patient. By this you will excite the compaſſion of the gods, who will perhaps, at laſt, convert a good beaſt into a man of quality and a conſiderable Mandarin" I confeſs, my Father, that this idea makes me tremble: it haunts me day and night. In my ſleep ſometimes I already imagine myſelf in harneſs, and ready to ſet off at the firſt laſh of a poſtilion. I wake in unſpeakable terror; not knowing whether I am a man or a horſe. Alas! how deplorable will be my fate, when this is no longer a dream! I will tell you then, my Father, the reſolution I have taken. I have been aſſured, that the followers of your religion are not ſubject to theſe calamities; that men with you will be always men, and that, in the other world, they will be what they were in this. I implore you to receive me among you. I know very well that your religion is difficult to be obſerved; but, were it far more difficult ſtill, I am ready to embrace it; for I had much rather be a Chriſtian, than become a beaſt.'

'This addreſs, and the ſituation of the ſick perſon, excited my compaſſion: but reflecting next, that God makes uſe even of ſimplicity and ignorance to conduct men to the truth, I took the opportunity which this gave me, to convince him of his errors, and to point out out to him the road to ſalvation. I inſtructed him a long time: he believed at laſt; and I had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing him die, not only with more rational ſentiments, but with all the ſigns of a good Chriſtian'

Although the Chineſe ſuperſtition has greatly multiplied the number of idols; although each family is ſeriouſly occupied in the care of honouring thoſe it has choſen and adopted; it does not appear, however, that the people conſtantly preſerve a very ſincere reſpect for all theſe pretended gods. They are ſometimes abandoned as impotent deities, when they delay too long to grant the favours requeſted of them: the worſhipper is then tired, and carries his incenſe elſewhere. Others, not ſo moderate, treat them with the greateſt contempt, and load them with blows and reproaches. 'How is this, you dog of a *ſpirit?*' they will ſay to him; 'we lodge you in a convenient temple; you are well-gilt, well-fed, and well-cenſed; and, after all the care we beſtow upon you, are ſo ungrateful as to deny us what is neceſſary!' They then tie the god with cords, drag him along the kennels in the ſtreets, and roll him in water and filth, to make him pay for all the incenſe with which they had perfumed him. If, during this execution, it ſhould happen that theſe furious devotees obtain by chance the object of their wiſhes, they then, with great ceremony, replace the idol in his niche, after having well-waſhed and wiped him. They even proſtrate themſelves at his feet, and offer a variety of excuſes: 'We were, indeed,' they ſay to him, 'ſomewhat too haſty; but, upon the whole, have you not been wrong in being ſo difficult? Why would you make us beat you without neceſſity?——Would it coſt you more to grant a favour with a good grace? However, what is done, is done: think no more of it: you ſhall be new-gilt, provided you will forget what is paſt.'

A curious fact, which happened in the province of Nan-king in Father le Compte's time, is another proof of the little regard with which the Chineſe ſometimes treat their gods. A perſon, whoſe only daughter was ill,

ill, given over by the phyſicians, bethought himſelf of imploring the aſſiſtance of the gods. Prayers, offerings, alms, ſacrifices—every thing, in fine, was then employed to obtain her cure. The Bonzes, whom theſe gifts enrich, anſwered for her recovery on the faith of an idol, of whoſe power they had boaſted much. Nevertheleſs, this daughter died, and the father, enraged and inconſolable, reſolved to avenge her death, and to proſecute the idol in due form of law. He lodged his complaint, therefore, before the judge of the place. After having ſtrongly repreſented in his declaration the treacherous conduct of this unjuſt divinity, he urged the judge to inflict an exemplary puniſhment upon him for his breach of faith. 'If the *Spirit*,' added he, 'were able to cure my daughter, it was an abſolute fraud, to take my money, and ſuffer her to die. If he had not this power, why did he interfere in it? What right had he to aſſume the quality of god? Is it for nothing that we adore him, and that the whole province offer ſacrifices to him?" In a word, he contended, that conſidering the impotence, or the malice of this idol, his temple ſhould be demoliſhed, his prieſts driven ignominiouſly from it, and he himſelf undergo ſome ſevere corporal puniſhment.

The affair appeared important to the judge, and he referred it to the governor, who, unwilling to have any conteſt with the gods, requeſted the viceroy to examine into the merits of the caſe. The latter, after have heard the Bonzes, who appeared much alarmed, called the plaintiff, and adviſed him to deſiſt from the proſecution. 'You are not wiſe,' ſaid he, 'to embroil yourſelf with theſe *Spirits*: they are naturally malignant, and, I fear, may play you a ſcurvy trick. Be adviſed by me: accept the propoſals of compromiſe which the Bonzes will make you. They aſſure me, that the idol, on his part, ſhall liſten to reaſon; provided, on the other hand, that you do not puſh matters to extremity.'

But this man, who was inconſolable for the death of his daughter, ſtill perſiſted in declaring, that he would rather periſh, than recede in the leaſt inſtance from his rights: 'My lord,' anſwered he, 'my reſolution is taken; the idol is perſuaded, that he can commit all manner of injuſtice with impunity: he imagines that no one will be hardy enough to attack him: but he is miſtaken; and we ſhall ſoon ſee, whether he or I be the moſt wicked and intractable of the two.'

The viceroy, perceiving that all farther expoſtulation would be in vain, permitted the cauſe to proceed, and ſent information of it, in the mean time, to the ſovereign council at Pekin, who ordered it to be removed, by appeal, to their tribunal, before which both parties ſoon appeared. The idol did not fail to find very able pleaders at the bar. The counſel, to whom the Bonzes gave a fee to defend him, were clear that his right was inconteſtable, and they ſpoke with ſuch eloquence on the ſubject, that the god in perſon could not have excelled them. But they had to contend with a much abler man, who had already had the precaution to have his arguments preceded by a round ſum of money, in order to give his judges a clearer inſight into the merits of the caſe; being perſuaded, that the devil muſt be very cunning if he could withſtand this laſt argument. In reality, after many eloquent pleadings, he gained a compleat victory. The idol was condemned, as uſeleſs in the empire, to perpetual exile; his temple was demoliſhed; and the Bonzes, that repreſented his perſon, met with exemplary puniſhment.

The ſuperſtitious credulity of the Chineſe is aſſiduouſly kept up by theſe Bonzes; who are vagabonds, brought up from their infancy in effeminacy, idleneſs, and averſion to labour; and the greateſt part of whom devote themſelves to this profeſſion for mere ſubſiſtence. There is, conſequently, no kind of artifice which they do not employ, to extort preſents from the devout worſhippers of *Fo*. Nothing is more common in China than recitals of the artful tricks of theſe pious cheats. The following inſtance of this may divert our readers:

Two of theſe Bonzes, roving about the country, perceived two or three large ducks in the farm yard of a rich peaſant. They inſtantly proſtrated themſelves before the gate, and began to groan and weep very bitterly. The farmer's wife, who ſaw them from her chamber, went out to know the ſubject of their grief. 'We know,' ſaid they, 'that the ſouls of our fathers have paſſed into the bodies of thoſe ducks; and our fears leſt you ſhould kill them, will inevitably make us die ourſelves with grief.' 'It is true,' anſwered the farmer's wife, 'it was our intention to ſell them: but ſince they are your fathers, I will give you my word to keep them.' This was not what the Bonzes wiſhed for: 'Ah!' ſaid they, 'your huſband may not be ſo charitable; and we ſhall certainly die if any accident betide them.' In fine, after a long converſation, the good woman was ſo affected by their apparent grief, that ſhe committed the ducks to their *filial* care. They received them with great reſpect, after having twenty times proſtrated themſelves before them; but, that very evening, they put their pretended fathers on the ſpit, and very handſomely regaled their little community.

Theſe Bonzes are acquainted with all the reſources of hypocriſy. They know, to a moment, when to cringe, and to aſſume the moſt abject humility. They affect a gentleneſs, complaiſance, and modeſty, calculated to captivate every heart. They may be taken for ſo many ſaints, eſpecially when, to this engaging exterior, they add the moſt rigid faſting, frequent watchings, and long prayers before the altars of *Fo*. The gifts which they cannot obtain by cunning and addreſs, they endeavour to procure by exciting compaſſion for the auſterity of their penances. They may be met with in the moſt public ſtreets, diſplaying to the eyes of the people a ſpectacle of the moſt frightful macerations. Some, with difficulty, drag along the ſtreets heavy chains, thirty feet long, faſtened to their neck and legs. Others bruiſe, and cover themſelves with blood, by ſtriking their foreheads with a heavy ſtone; and others carry burning coals upon their naked head. Theſe ſelf-tormentors ſtop at the doors of the houſes. 'You ſee,' ſay they, 'how much we ſuffer to expiate your faults; and can you be ſo hard-hearted as to refuſe us a ſmall pittance?'

One of the moſt extraordinary kinds of penance was that of which Father le Compte was an eye-witneſs, and which he thus relates: 'I met, one day in the midſt of a village, a young Bonze, whoſe inſinuating addreſs, and graceful air, was calculated to obtain the donations of the charitable. He ſtood upright in a chair, or kind of ſmall pulpit, cloſely ſhut, and ſtuck very thick, in every part of the inſide, with long points of nails towards his body, inſomuch that it was impoſſible for him to recline againſt any one part, without being wounded. Two hired men carried him very ſlowly into the houſes, where he beſought the people to have compaſſion upon him: 'I have cauſed myſelf,' ſaid he, 'to be in-

incloſed in this chair for the good of your ſouls, determined never to leave it till all theſe nails are bought.' [There were upwards of 2000 of them.] 'Each nail is worth five pence; but there is not one of them which is not a ſource of benediction in your houſes. If you buy ſome of them, you will perform an act of heroic virtue; and it will be giving alms, not to the Bonzes, to whom you can find other ways of being charitable, but to the god *Fo*, to whoſe honour we are building a temple.'

'I was then paſſing the ſame way; the Bonze ſaw me, and ſaluted me with the ſame compliment. I told him, that he was very wretched to torment himſelf ſo ineffectually in this world; and I adviſed him to leave his priſon, and go to the temple of the true God, that he might be inſtructed in heavenly truths, and ſubmit to a leſs rigid, but more ſalutary penance.'—He anſwered me with great good temper, that he was much obliged to me for my advice; but that he ſhould be ſtill more thankful, if I would buy a dozen of his nails, which would moſt aſſuredly procure me proſperity in my journey. 'Here,' ſaid he, turning to one ſide, 'take theſe on the credit of a Bonze; they are the very beſt in the chair, for they torment me more than the others; nevertheleſs, you ſhall have them at the ſame price.'—He uttered theſe words with an air and an action, that, on any other occaſion, would have made me laugh; but, at that moment, his wretched ignorance excited my compaſſion; and I was penetrated with grief at the ſight of this miſerable captive of the demon, who ſuffered more for perdition, than a Chriſtian is obliged to ſuffer to be ſaved.'

Theſe Bonzes are not all penitents: a great number of them renounce theſe painful methods of procuring alms. To gain the ſame end, ſome others employ a thouſand ſecret abominations, and even murder itſelf. 'Some years ago,' ſays Father le Compte, 'the governor of a city being on a journey with his uſual attendants, and perceiving a great croud of people on the high way, had the curioſity to ſtop, and to inquire the reaſon of this concourſe. The Bonzes were celebrating there an extraordinary feſtival. They had conſtructed a lofty machine upon a vaſt theatre. At the top of this machine, the head of a young man appeared above a ſmall baluſtrade, that incloſed him on every ſide. His arms, and the reſt of his body, were concealed. He had nothing at liberty but his eyes, which he moved with a degree of wildneſs. Lower down, upon the theatre, appeared an old Bonze who explained to the people, that this young man had reſolved to ſacrifice his life, by throwing himſelf into the deep river that flowed by the highway ſide. 'But,' added he, 'the young man will not die in conſequence of this; for he will be received, at the bottom of the water, by charitable ſpirits, who will be eager to give him a friendly welcome. His lot is to be envied! He has obtained the greateſt felicity he could deſire. A hundred other perſons were candidates for his ſituation; but to his ſuperior piety, his tranſcendent virtue, the preference was juſtly due.'—The Mandarin, after having heard this harangue, declared that the young man diſplayed great courage, but he was ſurpriſed that he had not himſelf explained his motives for this ſacrifice: 'Let him deſcend,' continued the governor, 'that we may converſe with him a moment.'—The old Bonze terrified at this order, expoſtulated againſt it. He proteſted that all was loſt, if the victim only opened his mouth;———and that he could not anſwer for the calamities that would conſequently be inflicted on

the

the province.—'The calamities you are apprehenſive of,' returned the Mandarin, 'I will take upon myſelf:' and he inſtantly commanded the young man to come down; but the latter made no other anſwer, than by frightful looks, and an irregular motion of his eyes, which ſeemed almoſt ſtarting from his head: 'Behold thoſe looks, that agitation,' ſaid the Bonze; 'and judge, by theſe ſigns, of the violence you do him: he will die with grief.'—But the Mandarin was not to be deceived: he ordered his attendants to aſcend the theatre, and to bring the unfortunate man before him. They found him bound and gagged. They unbound him, and the moment he was at liberty to ſpeak, he cried out, Ah! my lord, revenge me on theſe aſſaſſins, who were going to drown me. I am a batchelor, who was repairing to court, to aſſiſt at the uſual examinations. Theſe Bonzes ſeized me yeſterday by force; and before daybreak, this morning, they tied me, in ſpite of my reſiſtance, to that machine, with a view to throw me this evening into the river, in order to perform their abominable myſteries, at the expence of my life.'—The moment he had begun to ſpeak, the Bonzes fled; but the officers of juſtice, who always attend the governor, apprehended ſome of them. The principal Bonze was thrown himſelf into the river, and drowned. The others were conducted to priſon, and met in the ſequel, with their merited puniſhment.

A letter of Father Laureati, an Italian Jeſuit, affords a fact of a different kind: it will give us an idea of the voluptuous manners, and ſecret laſcivious life, of theſe Bonzes. There once exiſted, near the city Foutcheou, a famous pagod, in which the moſt diſtinguiſhed Bonzes of the province reſided. The daughter of a Chineſe doctor, going to her father's country-houſe, attended by two maid-ſervants, and carried, according to cuſtom, in a open chaiſe, had the curioſity to enter this temple, and ſent to requeſt the Bonzes to keep at a diſtance, while ſhe performed her devotions. The principal Bonze had the curioſity to ſee this young lady, and concealed himſelf behind the altar. He ſaw her but too well; and he was ſo deſperately ſmitten with her, that his heated imagination, inattentive to every idea of danger, conceived nothing but the facility with which he might carry off a helpleſs and ill-attended girl. He loſt not a moment in heſitation. He ordered ſome other Bonzes, his confidents, to ſecure the two attendants, and he violated the young lady, in ſpite of all her cries and tears.

The doctor was long ignorant of the cauſe of his daughter's abſence: he knew that ſhe had entered the pagod, and had diſappeared there. He demanded her: the Bonzes anſwered to all his requiſitions, that it was very true ſhe had entered the pagod, but that ſhe had left it when ſhe had finiſhed her devotions. The doctor, who had been brought up in great contempt for the Bonzes, as are all the men of letters in China, wrote to the General of the Tartars of this province, and demanded juſtice of him on the violators of his daughter. The Bonzes, who thought they ſhould find an implicit confidence in theſe two men, informed them in a myſterious manner, that the god *Fo*, having fallen in love with the young lady, had carried her off. The Bonze, the principal in this intrigue, attempted next, by a pathetic harangue, to make the doctor comprehend what honour *Fo* had done to his whole family, in deeming his daughter worthy of his tenderneſs and ſociety. But the Tartarian General was not to be ſatisfied with theſe fictions. Proceeding to explore the moſt concealed receſſes of the pagod, he heard ſome confuſed cries iſſue from the bottom of a hollow rock. He went to this place, and perceived

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an iron door, which closed the entrance of a cave. Having burst it open, he descended into a subterraneous place, where he found the doctor's daughter, and more than thirty other women, who had been imprisoned there. They left their prison and the pagod; and, immediately after, the General set fire to the four corners of this edifice, and burnt the temple, the altars, the gods, and their detestable ministers.

## Literary Chronicle and Review.

Review of, and Extract from,

*The Highlanders; a Poem. By the Rev. L. Booker.* 4to. 2s 6d. 1787.

THE Author of this performance is the strenuous advocate of a distressed people; and he appears much more desirous of being distinguished as such, than he is of any reputation which may accrue to him as a poet*. To plead the cause of the Highlanders is indeed to plead the cause of humanity. Their situation alone must render them wretched, exposed as they are to the severities of a bleak and intemperate sky: strangers to the comforts and conveniencies of life, and who, as the poet expresses it, when speaking of another people, are compelled to

"*Force the churlish soil for scanty bread.*"

These are surely miseries; and when to these is added the oppression under which they labour, and which, as we gather from Mr Knox's "View of the British Empire," is occasioned by the ill-judged policy of the proprietors of those sterile regions, who not unfrequently raise their farms at the rate of 30 *per cent.* while the price of cattle (to the growing of which the farmer chiefly turns his attention) hath scarcely advanced one,—when this is considered, we say, there can be little wonder that these our 'fellow Britons,' as Mr. Booker humanely styles them—though, alas! they have nothing to boast of but the name, should be ever ready to seek, on less inhospitable shores, a shelter from the "pitiless storm:" that they should gladly fly from the evils by which they are surrounded†.

The Poet describes the superlative wretchedness of Caledonia's children, in the following animated lines——

'Where Caledonia's western mountains rear
Their lofty summits, crown'd with lasting snow,
There lives——say rather, languishes, a race
Whose bosoms (undebas'd by vice's train)
Boast each affection that ennobles man.
Yet they are doom'd to till a cheerless soil,
Which sparely feels the sun's enliv'ning ray,

* Mr. Booker closes his Preface as follows——'If this humble effort tend, but in the smallest degree, to awaken a sympathetic concern for the distresses of the virtuous people whose name it bears, in the bosoms of those who are able to remove them, every end and expectation will be answered to

THE AUTHOR.'

† The rage for emigration was great among the Highlanders, during the late American war.

You

Too oft to ſee their labour's meed deſtroy'd
By dearth-producing ſtorms. To theſe dire ills,
To rigorous clime, and inauſpicious ſkies,
*Oppreſſion*, baleful, with an hell-born ſoul,
Adds wretchedneſs more dire. Her ſchedule baſe,
(Where Mammon and Injuſtice are colleagu'd)
With ſupercilious air ſhe wide unfurls,
And thence confirms her arbitrary claim.
Unheard plead Poverty, and honeſt Truth:
Expoſtulating Reaſon's voice is loſt,
And delug'd fields upbraid and preach in vain.'

After inveighing with bitterneſs againſt the 'inhuman' practice of impreſſing (a practice, by the way, which as it is occaſioned by war, ſo it appears to us to follow the *cauſe* as regularly as any *effect* which philoſophy itſelf can produce), he proceeds to

——'paint the wife, of mate bereſt,
Seeking a caſual dole from door to door:
One infant in her arms (on which the eye
Paternal never beam'd) clings to her breaſt
But ill attir'd from cold and lawleſs gaze:
Another, lodg'd unſeemly at her back,
Mingles its plaintive ſorrows with the wind:
While two, copartners of a priſtine birth,
(Preſſing with blood-ſtain'd feet the pointed ſtones——
Their lips all trembling and empurpled deep)
Look up to meet a mother's ſtreaming eyes,
And vainly ſtrive to ſoothe her troubled ſoul.
'With day's extreme her toilſome wand'rings cloſe.
When ſlow retiring with her orphan train
To ſome deſerted cot, or dreary cave,
She folds them ſhiv'ring in her widow'd arms,
Then ſinks, enfeebled, on the earth's cold lap,
Where long ſhe ſits a ſpectacle of woe,
Dealing the morſels charity beſtow'd,
Unconſcious where to find to-morrow's fare.
Thus hies the bird (whoſe mate, by baſe decoy,
Is ſever'd from her love) at duſky eve,
To feed her callow brood, and waſte in grief
The live-long night, nor wiſh return of morn.'

Mr. Booker's good intentions will be ſeen by the foregoing extracts. He has evidently a kind and benevolent heart;—and it may well be ſaid of benevolence, what has been ſo finely advanced of mercy, that particular and ſhining attribute of Kings---"It is twice bleſt; it bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes."

Toward the cloſe of the performance, Government is earneſtly ſolicited to give aſſiſtance to this unfortunate people. There is, no doubt, an inclination to do ſo; but the difficulty lies perhaps in determining on what kind of relief they ought to have:——though it ſhould be obſerved, that the ingenious Author hints at the aid which might be extended to them, in the following pathetic exhortation to England's ſons, with which he concludes his poem:

'Com-

'Compaſſion is your country's attribute,
A kind celeſtial principle that beams
In all her children's eyes. And ſhall thoſe eyes,
Whence flows a tear for every *ſtranger's* tale,
(If fraught with genuine woe) with heedleſs gaze
Behold a *Siſter-kingdom's* wretchedneſs?
'But, if *Compaſſion*, o'er ideal griefs,
Be doom'd to weep at theatres alone,
Let *Intereſt* rouſe you to redreſs their wrongs;
Or ſoon that land* which Britiſh armies ſtrove,
In vain, to teach allegiance, will poſſeſs
Thoſe Highland warriors, whoſe immortal fires
Wak'd Oſſian's Muſe of fire.——O perſevere
To ſmooth the rigours of their hapleſs ſtate!
Relieve them from Oppreſſion's galling yoke:
On all their coaſt bid Commerce ſhed its ſmiles;
Through all their iſlands Culture's aid extend.
To cheer their toils, and ſoften Nature's frown.
———Then, as the Stork ſupports his aged Sire,
Their grateful arms ſhall, in th' embattled field,
Untarniſh'd ſuccour old Britannia's cauſe,
Shall ſpread her glory thro' remoteſt worlds,
And ſhare her triumphs to the end of time.'

* America.

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## *Abridgment of the State of Politicks of the Year* 1787.

TO inveſtigate minutely the occurrences of the departed year would be to us a painful irkſome taſk, and perhaps equally diſagreeable and diſguſting to our readers. The faithful future hiſtorian, in reciting the particulars of this ſingular year, will be tempted to doubt the credibility of his own evidence! Such a heap of contradictions and abſurdities will come in his way, that the beſt arrangement he can make of them, will after all his pains and ingenuity, appear to himſelf a mere chaos, or heap of confuſion and diſtraction. Be it ſufficient for us therefore to take a curſory retroſpective view of the tranſactions and incidents of this very extraordinary epocha of Britiſh politicks, turned upſide down!

This peculiar æra commenced with a Parliamentary approbation of a Commercial and Navigation Treaty entered into and ratified by and between his Majeſty and the Moſt Chriſtian King in the preceeding year. In the courſe of deliberation, for we do not remember any ſerious, animated, pointed debates on this ominous portentous ſubject to have been conveyed to us thro' the publick prints, or any other more authentick documents, the Miniſter was ſaid to have launched out into the moſt hyperbolical panegyrick upon the temper and diſpoſition of the French King, conſidered as a Prince and as a man, in whom we might throughly confide for the punctual, perfect and permanent performance of every article and particle of the treaty then under conſideration. He thence deduced an inference, that this ſame treaty, once ſanctioned by Parliament, would place war, and every appearance of it, at a vaſt diſtance from that happy period: becauſe, he contended, there is no ſuch thing in the world as national enmity, animoſity, rivalſhip or jealouſy between Kingdoms, Empires or Republicks: that all ſuch ideas are mere chimeras and ebullitions of wild diſtempered imaginations of gloomy malignant politicians! A doctrine which militates directly againſt all hiſtory ancient and modern, ſacred and prophane, and is a flat contradiction to the long dear-bought ſad experience of Britain, thro' ſeveral centuries laſt paſt; more particularly the experience bleeding-freſh in every ſound politician's memory of the preſent generation now paſſing away.

The Miniſter having accompliſhed this his favourite ſcheme, which will conſign his name to everlaſting fame, good or bad, and with it his ſimplification of the Cuſtoms (ſtrange conjunction) made all poſſible haſte to ſend down the Members of both Houſes to their reſpective country ſeats,

feats, filled with aſſurances of the pacific and friendly diſpoſitions of all the Powers in Europe to this country, the Grand Monarch the moſt friendly of all! That power which had always taken the lead againſt us, was by a wonderful ſtroke of his policy, metamorphoſed into our beſt friend, our great and good ally, in whoſe friendſhip we were to reſt ſecure, by whoſe commerce and navigation we were to grow rich and powerful enough to pay our national debt, and long repoſe ourſelves in the boſom of peace and proſperity.

All this while the Miniſter knew, he could not but know, that the French were fomenting ſtrife, diſcord, animoſity, rage and civil war among Dutchmen, threatening every moment a total overturn of the commonwealth, and the abſorption of its remaining wealth and ſtrength into the French Monarchy, as an additional Province, and ſtep towards France's favourite ſcheme of univerſal dominion. He knew at the ſame time, that he himſelf was negociating a treaty with the Court of Berlin, for the purpoſe of counterworking the machinations of his new friends the French Cabinet; which treaty, tho' carefully concealed from the publick eye, muſt contain in its boſom materials enough to light up the flame of war all over Europe, things in general continuing as they were: and that it has not done ſo, is owing to capital incidents from another quarter, quite unexpected at that time.

However, this wonderful beneficial treaty concluded, and this long, long, permanent peace but juſt commenced! the Members ſcarcely all reached their rural habitations to publiſh theſe glad tidings as from the higheſt authority, when—to the aſtoniſhment of all men, friends and foes, the alarm of war, furious war, founded and reſounded from one end of our Iſland to the other, and was ſoon noiſed all over Europe. Warlike preparations pervaded every department of State, hotter far than the moſt vigorous ſteps purſued during the late ſomnolent, indolent, unfortunate calamitous war; as if a formidable invaſion were actually making upon our coaſts. Promotions of officers by ſea and land took place, as if in midſt of a raging bloody war one half had been laid down in the bed of honour: new levies of ſoldiers, and the moſt violent impreſſing of ſeamen, which nothing but downright neceſſity and the ſalvation of our nation could juſtify.

What could poſſibly induce all this amazing armament? was the univerſal queſtion from man to man; but no man could give a ſatisfactory anſwer!—It was like John's Book in the Revelation, ſealed up from all mortal ſearch and reſearch. The affected ſecrecy, like myſtery in religion, added to the ſolemnity of the ſcene. All was on tiptoe of earneſt impatient expectation on the part of the people!—All was ſullen ſecrecy and rigid reſerve on the part of Miniſtry!—Not ſo ſilent their trumpeters, who blazoned their never-dying fame upon what they were to do—The French were condemned without a hearing, as the underhand aggreſſors, ſo as to compel us to be the open aſſailants. And now our Miniſters were thus provoked to arm againſt them, nothing leſs would ſatisfy the Miniſtry than the French abandoning the Cape of good Hope, and all other Dutch ſettlements beyond it, deſtroying their own boaſted fortifications at Cherburgh, demoliſhing Dunkirk, and affording ſecurity to us againſt their ſecret preparations in the Eaſt; and many more fine things to be done and atchieved almoſt inſtantaneouſly, far more than we can remember at preſent: All or any one of which grand exploits, it is now undeniable, our valiant Miniſters never once had in contemplation, which we have

heretofore fully proved from their own authentick documents ſtanding upon record againſt them.

When the Declarations were publiſhed by authority, the women laughed in public company, and talked in their own ſtile, that the Mountain had indeed, to all appearance, been in very hard labour, but had brought forth a poor ridiculous mouſe at laſt. Never was the public more univerſally or more diſagreeably diſappointed than on finding, by authority, that the Dutch quarrel was the only object in view! a quarrel we had nothing at all to do with; or if we had, it ought to have been ſettled before we had begun to treat with the French, and much more before we concluded with them a commercial treaty which was to unite the two nations in perpetual bonds of amity, friendſhip, and infrangible peace! The leaſt, therefore, that can be ſaid of our Miniſters is, that they began at the wrong end of their work, and we think a bungling piece of work they have made of it.

But our internal expenſive preparations for war is not all, nor the worſt part of the proceedings. The ſubſidy treaty with the Landgrave we conſider as one of the greateſt evils, political evils, that could befal this country, which opens a vein, that may in the long-run let out the heart's blood of this country! By this tranſaction we have made ourſelves tributary to almoſt every petty German Prince who can raiſe a regiment of foot and troop of dragoons. On any emergency wherein we may want the ſlender, precarious and dear-bought aſſiſtance, thoſe German Princes who are not ſubſidized will look with an evil eye on Heſſe Caſſel, and think themſelves injured, if they partake not of the pay; they will conſequently ſeek an opportunity to take part againſt us and our well-paid ally; or at leaſt pretend to do ſo, in order to extort from us a like douceur, or to furniſh him with an excuſe for withholding that aſſiſtance from us which the treaty ſtipulates for. Nay, we ſhould not wonder at the King of Pruſſia himſelf murmuring at our having done better by the Landgrave than him. What his boon is to be from Great-Britain we do not know, but dread to hear it announced by authority.

Among all the loſſes, miſcarriages, diſgraces, and diſtractions of the late complicated war, we old-faſhioned Politicians conſoled ourſelves with the conſideration, that in this reign we were freed from the German madneſs, and all its concomitant and conſequent troubles. We thought That in ſome degree compenſated for all our other afflictions and diſtreſſes: there wanted only That to fill up the meaſure of our woes, to compleat our final deſtruction. It ſeems it was reſerved for our preſent non-parallel Miniſter to do this piece of buſineſs for us; and where it will end God knows; but whom he will deſtroy he conſigns frequently to judicial madneſs or infatuation. May the Almighty arm once more interpoſe and relieve us from the threatned deſtruction, by reſtoring us to a right way of thinking, ſpeaking, and acting!

Well! what has all this pompous preparation for war by ſea and land, and all this ſubſidizing treaty-making, ended in? Why, truly, in an agreement with the French to diſarm again, until one or the other party ſees room or fancies occaſion to arm again! That is, our Miniſtry, although conſcious of having left the Eaſt and Weſt Indies, Gibraltar, and other ſettlements, in a very careleſs defenceleſs ſtate, unpardonably ſo, agree to return to that ſame indefenſible ſtate in which their naval appointments were actually found at the ſame time; without any aſſurance, ſecurity, or guaranty, on either ſide, for the due

per-

performance of the premiſes, or the continuance of the public tranquillity, thereby pretended to be reſtored. The conſequence, however, is, that our men of war are all condemned to be laid by the walls (excepting a few guardſhips, half manned), under padlock of the French Cabinet. To render this tranſaction as humiliating and degrading to Great Britain as poſſible, report ſays confidently, that a Frenchman is on his way hither to act as ſuperviſor of the Britiſh fleet, to examine minutely into the ſtate of every ſhip in our harbours, and report to his Court how far the diſarming convention has been fulfilled on our part!! !—If Britons can bear this, they will bear any thing. We confeſs our blood recoils, and our ſpirit revolts at the meaſure. Leaving Honour and Glory and the Britiſh Sovereignty of the Seas quite out of the queſtion for the moment, the imprudence of the thing beggars all deſcription: in this we take a formal leave of every ſpark of that prudence and ſound policy which has from age to age marked our conduct and care of our naval arſenals down to this day, we had almoſt ſaid this frantic period.

It may be ſaid, we ſhall do the ſame by the French ports and navy: does this make the meaſure a whit the wiſer? No! it is a mere trap for us! Let us compare the conduct of the Britiſh and French Miniſter, as reported, in this buſineſs. The French Cabinet ſends the moſt able, acute and experienced navigator they have in their dominions, not only to examine our ſhips, but to explore no doubt our harbours, fortifications, &c. with the moſt inquiſitive penetrating eye and judgment! We are ſaid to ſend an Admiral's late Secretary! The Admiral himſelf, highly as we eſteemed him, was not more than equal to the taſk of coping with the Frenchman in this extraordinary buſineſs. Some capital Officer is wanted, if ſuch a thing muſt take place.

But it ſeems, to quiet all our fears, a chain of fortifications is to be made to encircle the Britiſh Empire; ſo that inſtead of our wooden walls defending our nation and its dependencies, theſe ſtone caſtles are to defend and protect our ſhips of war from all enemies whatſoever!!! This is the age of wonders indeed! When ſhall we get out of our aſtoniſhments and amazements??

It was a dreadful miſtake however in our Negociators to leave Spain armed, and at liberty to encreaſe her armament at pleaſure, whilſt we diſarm in concert with France---Spain alone has waged war with Great Britain during four years and a half of a former war!---And what if ſhe ſhould again take it into her head to fall foul of us (perhaps by the inſtigation of France) in our diſarmed helpleſs plight? Where ſhould we be then?---Would France help us againſt Spain?---Yet ſo it ought to be, if our Miniſters are right in their plan!

Again, though there has been a Dutch revolution in September, there may be another revolution in Holland before midſummer; and then we muſt conſider the Dutch fleet in a hoſtile light, notwithſtanding our boaſted intended alliance with that people.

The Ruſſian fleet cannot be looked upon in a very amicable point of view by us, conſidering the cloſe conjunction the Empreſs has formed with the French Court. How are we to behave to any of her ſquadrons coming upon our naked coaſts, and in ſight of our unarmed fleets, in caſe her Commanders ſhould give themſelves airs of importance and overbearing inſolence?

Denmark and Sweden too have fleets, and French gold and promiſes may ſet them in ſudden, unexpected motion,

motion---while Britain will be the only unarmed, unaſſiſted naval power in Europe.

Thus Britain launches into the new year, ſurrounded with intentional enemies, ſome old, ſome new of old friends, unſupported by any allies or friends but what will prove very expenſive, and turn out downright dead weights in the long run.

# Poetry.

## NEW-YEARS-DAY ODE, 1788.

I.

RUDE was the pile, and maſſy-proof,
That firſt uprear'd its haughty roof
On Windſor's brow ſublime, in warlike ſtate:
The Norman tyrant's jealous hand
The giant fabric proudly plann'd.
With recent victory elate,
"On this majeſtic ſteep, he cried,
A regal fortreſs threatning wide,
Shall ſpread my terrors to the diſtant hills;
It's formidable ſhade ſhall throw
Far o'er the broad expanſe below,
Where winds yon mighty flood, and amply fills
With flowery verdure, or with golden grain,
The faireſt fields that deck my new domain!
And London's Towers, that reach the watchman's eye,
Shall ſee with conſcious awe my bulwarks climb the ſky."

II.

Unchang'd, through many a hardy race,
Stood the rough dome, in ſullen grace;
Still on its angry front defiance frown'd;
Though monarchs kept their ſtate within,
Still murmur'd with the martial din
The gloomy gate-way's arch profound:
And armed forms, in airy rows,
Bent o'er the battlements their bows,
And blood-ſtain'd banners crown'd its hoſtile head;
And oft its hoary ramparts wore
The rugged ſcars of conflict ſore;
What time, pavilion'd on the neighb'ring mead,
Th'indignant Barons rang'd in bright array
Their feudal bands, to curb deſpotic ſway;
And leagu'd a Briton's birth-right to reſtore,
From John's reluctant graſp the roll of freedom tore.

III.

When lo, the King that wreath'd his ſhield
With lilies pluck'd on Creſſy's field,
Heav'd from its baſe the mould'ring Norman frame;—
New glory cloath'd th' exulting ſteep,
The portals tower'd with ampler ſweep;
And Valour's ſoften'd Genius came,
Here held his pomp, and trail'd the pall
Of triumph through the trophied hall;
And war was clad a while in gorgeous weeds;
Amid the martial pageantries,
While Beauty's glance adjudg'd the prize
And beam'd ſweet influence on heroic deeds.
Nor long, e'er Henry's holy zeal to breathe
A milder charm upon the ſcenes beneath,
Rear'd in the wat'ry glade his claſſic ſhrine,
And call'd his ſtrippling-quire, to woo the willing Nine.

IV.

To this imperial ſeat to lend
Its pride ſupreme, and nobly blend
Britiſh Magnificence with Attic Art;
Proud Caſtle, to thy banner'd bowers,
Lo! Picture bids her glowing powers
Their bold hiſtoric groupes impart:
She bids th'illuminated Fane,
Shed the dim blaze of radiance richly clear.—
Still may ſuch arts of Peace engage
Their Patron's care! But ſhould the rage
Of war to battle rouſe the new-born year,
Britain ariſe, and wake the ſlumb'ring fire,
Vindictive dart my quick-rekindling ire!
Or, arm'd to ſtrike, in mercy ſpare the foe;
And hit thy thundring hand, and then withhold the blow!

*For the* EDITORS *of the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

It is with the ſincereſt wiſhes for your ſucceſs that I offer you a continuance of my poor lucubrations. If there are any perſons to whom they give a little temporary ſatisfaction, I ſhall be very happy; what alterations I have made in *my form*, the following letter will ſhow.

Yours, but *no more*,
*Alexander the Corrector.*

*Quis reprehendet otium noſtrum, qui in eo non modo noſmet ipſos hebeſcere et languere nolumus, ſed etiam, ut plurimos proſimus, enitimur.* CICERO.

## CHAPTER I.

THE TRIFLER PREFACETH HIS PLAN—GIVETH NO REASONS FOR CHANGING HIS NAME—A DIGRESSION ON DOGS, CATS, ROMAN EMPERORS, AND PARROTS—A DENUNCIATION OF WRATH AGAINST IMPENITENT PUNSTERS——MORE TRIFLERS IN THE WORLD THAN ONE—THE AUTHOR BEGINS TO BE VERY SERIOUS—CONCLUDES WITH A PROMISE, WHICH NO ONE KNOWS WHETHER HE WILL PERFORM.

"I Tell you again, Sir, I muſt change my name, and I *will* change it." This aſſertion I made to ſome friends who were adviſing me to keep up the *Corrector*. But why I prefer another name, or why I do not continue the old one, is not in my humble opinion a matter of much conſequence. Some change their names when they come to great eſtate; others, becauſe a very notorious villain of their name has appeared in the world; and others, becauſe they think they may be ſcreened by another name, having forfeited their character in their own.

In leaving off one name, I believe my readers will agree with me, that it is very natural to ſeek for another. Every thing in this world has a name, but it is remarkable, that in giving names, we are not very attentive to the *nature* of the thing ſo named, or to the meaning of the name itſelf.—*Dogs* are generally named from ſome of the Roman Emperors; and you may obſerve, that every butcher is poſſeſſed of a Nero, a Cæſar, or a Pompey; *Horſes* are dignified in the ſame manner; *Ships* are named from perſons or things; we have the Royal George, the Charlotte, the Spitfire, the Pegaſus, and the Neptune, &c. &c. &c. Nor have periodical writers been much more attentive to their names. Who would call Sir Richard Steele a *Tatler*, Johnſon an *Idler*, or Hawkeſworth a mere *Adventurer*, if theſe gentlemen had not themſelves made choice of ſuch names?

It may be thought, however, faſtidious, to find fault with a mode of naming which can have no improper effect, and although I have made theſe remarks, I really have no ſerious argument to offer why *Tom* ſhould not be a *he-Cat*; *Poll* a *Parrot*; and the *Roman Cæſars ſad Dogs*. But in drawing the vices and follies of the day, we have made miſtakes which I fear are of more conſequence. Thoſe who term religion *Prieſtcraft*, will be ready to treat it as ſuch; thoſe who call adultery *an affair of gallantry*, will ſoon loſe ſight of the enormity of the crime; and thoſe who add the epithet *honourable* to duelling, will not dread to commit a deliberate murder. So much for reflections on names. Without any farther preface, I have determined to call myſelf

THE TRIFLER;

and with a *Tatler* and an *Idler* as precedents, may I deſerve my name as they did theirs! I hope I have, by this name, diſarmed the ſeverity of criticiſm; and I hereby declare, that if the Punſters of Aberdeen do preſume to meddle with my name, I ſhall be very angry. By way of exhauſting

hauſting their ſtock of witticiſms on this occaſion, I ſhall, in imitation of a worthy predeceſſor, publiſh the following proclamation:

WHEREAS *our truſty and well-beloved Couſin*, Alexander the Corrector, *has, in conſequence of his own will and pleaſure, aſſumed the name, and title, and deſignation of the* Trifler, *with our Sovereign permiſſion; Theſe are therefore warning and forbidding all perſons whatſoever, from uſing ſuch expreſſions as follow, namely*, This fellow anſwers to his name—This is a ſtupid Trifler—This is a dull Trifler—A Trifler indeed!—Such Triflers are troubleſome—*or other expreſſion or expreſſions denoting, ſuggeſting, ſuppoſing, and meaning, that the ſaid Trifler is not better than he ſhould be; they, and all ſuch like perſons ſhall be conſidered as* Punſters, *and dealt with according to law.*

Having thus introduced myſelf under a new character, I hope to be permitted to ſtrut and fret my hour, like others who perform on the great ſtage of life. There is one thing, indeed, I may mention, which is, that ſome months ſince a paper was begun in the Gentleman's Magazine, under the name of *Trifler*, but was diſcontinued after a few papers, and will no more be renewed. I interfere not therefore with any gentleman of the ſame name.

"No? Indeed but you do, Sir"—Ay true; the world I grant is not in want of *Triflers*—men who *trifle* with every thing ſacred and ſerious.

It is no *trifling* remark, that much of the buſtle and concern of men in the buſy world, is but SYSTEMATIC TRIFLING. Careleſs of matters of infinite importance, they are eager in purſuit of what, when obtained, they muſt ſoon part with. The avaricious man is the moſt abſurd of all *triflers*. He is, like a child, pleaſed to handle ſhining pieces of money, which, after he has carefully hoarded up, and *trifled* with a few years, he muſt leave to ſome young heir, who will make another, and, in many reſpects, a better uſe of them.

The libertine is a *trifler* too. He *trifles* with his own happineſs as well as with his neighbour's peace; injures his health by *trifling* intemperance; *trifles* with low company and improper connexions, until he has loſt even the value of life, conſiders it as a *trifle*, and puts an end to it often by his own hand.

The votaries of Faſhion may be reckoned *triflers*—but they are pretty ones. Their *trifling* manners, gait, and language, all concur in diſtinguiſhing them as eminent *triflers*. To how many is reputation a mere *trifle*, which they barter for any conſideration that intereſt can preſent? In a word, is not *trifling* ſo common, that I may ſtand a chance of lying undiſtinguiſhed among a heap of others? To avoid this will be my earneſt care; and if I can by any *trifle* of mine, fill up half an hour to my readers innocently or uſefully, by remarks on men and things, I ſhall preſume I have *trifled* to ſome purpoſe.

Like all my predeceſſors, it is probable I ſhall hereafter pay no more attention to my name, than by prefixing it to my papers, as a diſtinction from others. To him who wiſhes to add ſomething to the perſuaſion of former moraliſts, to ſtrip vice of her allurements, and decorate virtue in her proper ornaments, it will not be eaſy to *trifle*. Such is the intention of the preſent attempt, of which I can only ſay with confidence, that it ſhall pay court to no folly, nor *trifle* with any duty.

THE

# ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

## *LITERARY CHRONICLE, AND REVIEW.*

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*From the* PUBLIC LEDGER.

SIR,

THE following paper was written in America lately, and appears to deſerve republication in Britain, as I have no doubt it will afford ſome amuſement or inſtruction to your readers.

I am, Sir, your's,
COLLECTOR.

*The* BENEFITS *of* CHARITY. A DREAM.

OVERCOME with the heat and buſineſs of a warm day, I threw myſelf down in the afternoon of the 6th of July, upon a ſopha, where I had not remained long before I dropped aſleep. In the courſe of my nap, the following train of ſingular events were preſented to my imagination. They made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion upon my mind, that I could not help committing them to paper, and have ſince yielded to the importunities of ſeveral of my friends, to whom I ſhewed them, by conſenting to make them public, through the medium of a public print.

I thought that I was conveyed ſuddenly into the kingdom of Heaven, where I was firſt ſtruck with the appearance of a large book, lettered on the back "the JUDGEMENTS and MERCIES of GOD."—On each ſide of the book, ſtood an Angel with a large breaſt-plate, ſuſpended from each of their necks; on one of them was engraved in flaming characters, THE DESTOYING ANGEL—on the other was engraved in letters of gold, THE ANGEL OF MERCY. The title of the latter engaged my attention and confidence, and I took the liberty of aſking him the meaning of the book, and nature of the offices which he and his companion held in the heavenly manſions. With a ſmile of benignity he told me, that the large book contained a particular account of all the judgements of God which had ever been inflicted upon the nations and inhabitants of the earth, as well as the deliverances and mercies which had been conferred upon them. "My friend on the right hand, ſaid he, is the Miniſter of the firſt—War—fire—peſtilence—famine—and——earthquakes ſue to him for employment, whenever he viſits the earth—while peace and plenty and joy always follow my foot-ſteps." After this he gave me an account of the ſteps which preceeded all the great and terrible

calamities which had deſtroyed cities and countries in different ages of the world. As I ſtill retained an affection for the city of Philadelphia, I expreſſed a deſire to know ſomething of the paſt and future diſpenſations of Providence towards it. "You ſhall be gratified (ſaid the Angel of Mercy.) In this book is an exact detail ot the diſpenſations." Upon this he opened the book, which was of a folio ſize, and begged me to read the contents of half a page, which I accordingly did, and which, as nearly as I can recollect, contained the following hiſtory.

"In the month of June, 1778, an order was iſſued to deſtroy the city of Philadelphia by fire. The deſtroying angel had already winged his flight with a flaming torch in his hand, to lay that beautiful city in aſhes.—When, ſuddenly, the angel of mercy pointed to the Pennſylvania Hoſpital, which ſtands in the neighbourhood of the city. Inſtantly the deſtroying angel extinguiſhed his torch in the river Delaware, and returned to his uſual poſt in the kingdom of heaven.

"In the year 1786, an edict was iſſued to puniſh the city of Philadelphia, for its wickedneſs, by famine. The deſtroying angel appeared with blights, and mill dew, and inſects of various kind, which feed on all manner of vegetable aliment, in his hand. The angel of mercy appeared, and with his right hand and eyes uplifted to heaven, pointed to a ſmall building in Strawberry-ally, called the Diſpenſary, and offered up, at the ſame time, the prayers and praiſes of upwards of 1800patients, whohad been relieved by it from ſickneſs and death. Inſtantly the deſtroying angel diſappeared, the autumn was crowned with plenty, and the inhabitants enjoyed the uſual profuſion of the good things of life.

"In the month of March 1787, the wickedneſs of Philadelphia increaſed to ſuch a degree, as to awaken divine vengeance a third time, and the deſtroying angel was commanded to let looſe upon it the calamities of Sickneſs and Death. He appeared with a box in his hand, in which was confined the contagion of malignant fever. The angel of mercy followed cloſe upon his heels, and pointed to the Society for the gradual Abolition of Slavery, and the Relief of free Negroes, unlawfully held in Bondage. The deſtroying angel buried the box, and retired again to heaven.

"In the month of May, of the ſame year, the wickedneſs of Philadelphia again provoked the wrath of heaven; and the deſtroying angel was ſent to excite among her citizens a Civil War. Already he waved in the air all the terrible inſtruments of death. The angel of mercy wept over the calamities which threatened the children of men;—but he ſoon wiped away his tears, upon contemplating the German Lutheran Schoolhouſe. "Behold! here, (ſaid he to the deſtroying angel) a Society for alleviating the Miſeries of public Priſons—See in the chair of the Society the Biſhop of Pennſylvania, and at his right hand the miniſter of the Lutheran church. See! the chains fall from the priſoner, and hunger—nakedneſs---and vice fly before them. Inſtantly the deſtroying angel broke his military inſtruments into a thouſand pieces, and winged his way to the regions of peace and happineſs.

"In the month of July of the ſame year, the cry of the wickedneſs of the inhabitants and citizens of Philadelphia once more reached the heavens. The divine wrath was kindled in a more eſpecial manner at the profanation of the Sabbathday, and at the impious and the indecent language, which was to be heard from the children in the ſtreets in every part of the city. The deſtroying angel

gel was commiſſioned to overwhelm the city by an earthquake.—Though habituated to the buſineſs of deſtruction, he heſitated in the execution of his order. At laſt he appeared with a mixture of ſulphur, air, water, and fire, (the ingredients of earthquakes) in his hand. The angel of mercy looking around him, for pious and charitable inſtitutions, to plead with heaven in favour of the city—Having heard of a propoſal—he cried out FREE-SCHOOLS." "But where are they" ———ſaid the deſtroying angel?—In vain he ſought them in every part of the city.—But, "hold (ſaid the angel of mercy)—allow the citizens of Philadelphia only a few months more, and they will eſtabliſh them. Hear in the mean time the following prayer."—"May we be accepted alſo, concerning one thing more, O God! our ſpirit is ſtirred up with compaſſion for the multitudes of children in this great city, who ſtroll about unheeded and untaught. Lord of Mercy! Make ſpeed to ſave them, by putting it into the hearts of the humane and affluent, to gather theſe deſtitute ones into ſome kindly folds of inſtruction, that they likewiſe may become uſeful and happy."*

"The deſtroying angel was moved with the language of this prayer. He retired a few minutes from the ſight of the angel of mercy, and upon returning, ſpoke to him the following words. "I am commanded to ſuſpend the execution of the laſt ſentence, denounced againſt the city of Philadelphia, upon a certain condition.—If the inhabitants ſhall unite and eſtabliſh FREE SCHOOLS, in which human learning ſhall be accompanied and connected with religious inſtruction, at any time before the firſt of May, 1788, the city ſhall not be deſtroyed by an earthquake, nor ſhall the righteous indignation of heaven again be awakned againſt it; for the diffuſion of knowledge and religion among the poor, ſhall protect it againſt every evil, and render this city the delight and admiration of the world."

Here I cloſed the book, and was ſuddenly conveyed back to my native city. Anxious to preſerve it from deſtruction, I flew immediately to the State-houſe, where I was introduced to the preſence of the General Aſſembly. My countenance, I ſuppoſe, beſpoke diſtreſs and impatience, for the Speaker interrupted the buſineſs of the Houſe, and called upon me to know whether I had any thing to communicate to the Aſſembly. After a low bow at the Bar of the Houſe, I began to addreſs them, as nearly as I can remember, in the following language. "Legiſlators of Pennſylvania, permit me to call your attention a few minutes from the preſent ſubject of your deliberations, to the ſalvation of the city of Philadelphia. It is in vain to enact laws to ſuppreſs, or to puniſh vice and immorality. It is of much more conſequence, and infinitely more eaſy to prevent them, by providing for the education of the children of poor people. Have compaſſion upon yourſelves. Let not human nature be degraded any longer in Pennſylvania by the crimes and puniſhments which follow ignorance and vice.—Hear, ye guardians of the lives of your fellow citizens, the dreadful cataſtrophe which awaits the capital of your ſtate. Nothing can prevent it but the immediate eſtabliſhment of free ſchools in your city. On the firſt of May, in the year of our Lord 1788."—In pronouncing theſe words, my voice faultered, and I attempted in vain to finiſh the ſentence. The agitation of my mind and body attracted the ſympathy of a gentleman who ſat near me, who in offering me the ſupport of his hand, ſuddenly awaked me from my dream.

* This excellent petition is part of a ſublime and devout prayer, delivered by Dr. Magaw, at the cloſe of the quarterly

quarterly examination, on the 28th of July, at Mr. Brown's female academy.

## THE COLD STONE.

AN ANECDOTE.

IT is a cold day for thee, my girl, 'to be ſitting upon a cold ſtone,' ſaid Sir William Dowell, as he went out of his houſe, to a poor woman who ſat weeping on the ſteps of it. 'Alas, 'Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'my heart is as cold 'as the ſtone!' But the old baronet's was as warm as the ſun, and the anſwer of this poor creature affected it. 'And what are thy diſtreſſes?' ſaid 'he. 'I came, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'but 'yeſterday in the waggon from the 'country, in order to get a ſervice 'in town, and went to the houſe of 'an aunt, who had laſt year promi-'ſed to get me a place; but I found 'ſhe was dead, and that her huſband 'had married again! He was in-'deed diſpoſed to receive me with 'kindneſs; but the woman, finding I 'was a relation of his firſt wife, flew 'into a violent paſſion, and drove me 'out of doors. It was now night, 'and I endeavoured to find my way 'back to the inn, but in vain, hav-'ing forgotten the name of it. So 'as I was walking about enquiring 'for a lodging, two men with long 'ſtaves told me they would ſoon find 'me one, and carried me with ſome 'violence to a place they called the 'Round-houſe; where, under the 'pretence of letting me go, they got 'all the little money I had brought 'with me. Here I remained all 'night in the utmoſt diſtreſs, and the 'next morning I was carried before 'a juſtice of the peace as a common 'proſtitute; and, God knows, I am 'as innocent of proſtitution as the 'babe that ſucks at it's mother's 'breaſt. The juſtice heard my ſtory, 'and diſmiſſed me; but my money 'was all gone, my bundle of cloaths 'was purloined from me, and there 'was nothing left for me but to beg 'my way back to my own village. 'This I was determined to do; 'when, finding myſelf faint with 'fatigue, faſting and ſorrow, I ſat 'me down upon this ſtone to repoſe, 'and as I fear to die. I have in-'deed a brother,' ſaid ſhe, 'ſome-'where in London; but, in ſuch a 'wide place, it is not poſſible for me 'to find him.'

Sir William immediately knocked at his door, ordered his houſekeeper to attend him, and bade her take all poſſible care of the poor woman: ſhe obeyed her maſter's commands, took her into the room, and adminiſtered every neceſſary conſolation. The poor afflicted creature thought herſelf in heaven; when as ſhe ſat taking a little broth, a ſervant entered; and no ſooner had her eyes met his, than ſhe fell from her chair. This was her brother. The good old knight, finding her ſtory true, took her into his ſervice, where ſhe has every reaſon to bleſs the warm heart of her maſter, and the cold ſtone at his door.

## *Deſcription of the City of* Morocco.

From *Recherches Hiſtoriques ſur les Maures*, 3 tom. juſt publiſhed.

THE city of Morocco is ſeated in an agreeable plain, planted with palm trees, having Mount Atlas on the Eaſt, which produces a very fine effect. That fertile plain, which is ſuſceptible of great cultivation, by reaſon of the abundance of water that runs through it, was formerly divided into a infinite number of incloſed gardens, enriched with beautiful plantations of olive trees, which ſtill ſurvive the

the ravages of the inhabitants. Theſe incloſures contained the country-houſes of private perſons with their plantations, which were watered by upwards of ſix thouſand rivulets that deſcended from Mount Atlas to refreſh and fecundate the ſoil of this plain. Theſe rich poſſeſſions were laid waſte in the revolutions that preceded and diſtinguiſhed the reign of Muley Iſmael; of theſe, there remain nothing but ruins; and in the year 1768 there were hardly to be ſeen more than twelve hundred ſprings winding thro' this fertile ſpot. The city of Morocco itſelf has been expoſed to the depredations of ſeveral conquerors, by whom it has been ſucceſſively pillaged and ravaged, and now retains none of its ancient appearance but the form. The outer walls, which ſtill continue entire, with the exception of a few gaps, ſurround a city that might contain 300,000 people. The interior ſpace is at this day little better than an uninhabited deſart; the ruins of the houſes, heaped on one another, form a ſort of ally, where ruffians may conveniently lye in wait to ſurpriſe and plunder the paſſenger. Thoſe quarters that have been repaired are ſome diſtance aſunder, the houſes are low, dirty, incommodious. One would hardly believe that an imperial city could be ſo wretched and ſo deſerted. I do not imagine that it contains 30,000 inhabitants, even at the time when the court reſides there.

There are ſeveral pretty large moſques in Morocco, but they have nothing magnificent in their appearance: one of them has a tower like thoſe of Salee and Seville, which is ſeen at a great diſtance. There are many ſolitary incloſures embelliſhed with gardens of orange trees; theſe incloſures contain ſome tents in which the princes and the principal people lodge; and being covered with coloured and varniſhed tiles, the remarkable gaiety of their appearance forms a ſtriking contraſt with the miſery of the environs.

We muſt include, in the number of the public edifices, an incloſed ſtructure at Morocco, (and the ſame thing is to be found in all the cities of the empire) which is deſtined for the ſale of ſtuffs and other valuable goods. It is called *Elcaiſſeria*. But theſe ſtructures in Barbary are not to be compared with thoſe of the ſame kind in Turkey, which are called Bezeſtin.

At the extremity of the city, and cloſe to the palace, are the ſuburbs called the Jewry, two miles in circumference, and walled in: here the Jews reſide under the guard of an Alcaide to preſerve them from inſult. In this place formerly lived the Spaniſh Grandees, and other individuals of that nation, who, from diſcontent, or other motives, had engaged in the ſervice of the kings of Morocco; and there is ſtill a place called the Andaluſian quarter. Theſe ſuburbs were afterwards occupied by more than three thouſand Jewiſh families, as may be eaſily conceived by the ruins of their houſes and ſynagogues. Of this vaſt population, there now hardly remain two hundred families, expoſed to ſuch tyranny and miſery, that they have been forſaken by the reſt, who have fled to the mountains, where they enjoy more quiet, notwithſtanding the ferocity of the people that inhabit ſuch places.

The palace of the Emperor, ſituated in the ſkirts, and oppoſite to Mount Atlas, covers a vaſt ſpace of ground, and is ſtrongly built. The principal entrances are gateways of hewn ſtone, with pointed arches, loaded with ornaments in the Arabic taſte. The ſpace is divided into different courts, and contains many gardens, that are kept in excellent order by European gardeners. In each of theſe is a pavilion, in which the Emperor comes to repoſe, or to converſe with the people of his court: theſe pavi-

pavilions are ſquare buildings, extending 40 feet in front, and ſomewhat leſs in height, terminating in a pyramid; they are covered with varniſhed tiles of different colours; the inſide of each pavilion forms a ſaloon, which receives the light by four great doors that are on the four ſides, and which are opened more or leſs according to the poſition of the ſun, and in proportion to the freſhneſs to be received at them. The ſaloons are painted within of ſeveral colours, and gilded in the Mooriſh taſte: the ornaments are ſo diſpoſed as to form compartments, in which are written paſſages from the Koran, or other Arabic ſentences. The furniture in the ſaloons is very ſimple, conſiſting of a couch, or canopy, ſome arm-chairs, tables with porcelaine, or other ornaments, the neceſſary apparatus for tea-drinking; clocks, arms hung againſt the wall, a baſon, and carpets for kneeling at prayers.

The pavilion which contains the apartments in which the Emperor lives with his women, is in one of the gardens. The diſtribution of theſe apartments is pretty extenſive in conformity with their mode of living; for the taſte of nations in this reſpect is every where regulated by their cuſtoms and wants. In this place there are few ornaments, and no finery in the moveables, but every thing is ſimple; that extravagance of decoration and ſuperfluity of furniture which Europeans have adopted, and which from their induſtry, luxury, and ſickleneſs continue to multiply daily, are totally unknown in theſe countries.

The reigning Emperor, who has a predilection for the city of Morocco, has added to his palace a new ſpot, on which he has cauſed regular pavilions, ſurrounded with gardens, to be built by European artiſts. Theſe pavilions, formed of hewn ſtone, with beautiful windows, are in an excellent taſte, and give this place an air of grandeur and magnificence which is wanting in the others. The ground that ſeparates theſe pavilions from the old palace, forms a vaſt circuit ſurrounded by walls, called *Mechouar*, where the Emperor gives his public audiences four times a-week. The entrance to this place from the country is by a large gate, which is never opened but about an hour before the Mechouar.

Mount Atlas, which bounds the plain of Morocco, and which is ſituated but a little to the Eaſt of it, appears here to the greateſt advantage; its vallies, interſected with trees and verdure, which are loſt in the ſnow that lies on the ſummit, form a very ſingular and beautiful proſpect. That chain of mountains defends the neighbourhood of Morocco from the Eaſt wind, which would be inſufferably hot in ſummer, while the ſnows of Mount Atlas temper the heat of the climate. The nights are always cool, and the great heats are only felt from nine o'clock in the morning till four or five in the afternoon: the cold is pretty intenſe in Winter, becauſe of the ſnow which falls on the mountains; but, upon the whole, the climate is very healthful. However the living at Morocco is not very agreeable to ſtrangers, on account of the dirtineſs of the houſes, which are full of fleas, and becauſe in Summer numbers of ſcorpions, as well as ſerpents, endeavour to get into the houſes to avoid the heat; and the gnats there are exceſſively troubleſome.

About a league from Morocco runs the river Tanſif, which takes its riſe in Mount Atlas, and falls into the ocean a little to the South of Saffi; in Summer, this river may be forded; there is, however, a bridge of brick, pretty long, but much neglected, which was built about the end of the ſixteenth century, by the Portugueſe ſlaves who ſurvived the defeat of the army

army of Don Sebaſtian.

Beſides the rivulets that deſcend from Mount Atlas to water the plains of Morocco, ſome writers have ſpoken in high terms of the aqueducts that bring water to the city and its environs; but theſe are nothing but ſubterraneous channels rudely dug in the earth about fifteen or twenty feet below the ſurface.

## Biography.

### MEMOIRS OF Colonel HENRY WATSON.

THOUGH the works of eminent men are the moſt durable monuments of their fame, yet the inquiſitive mind is not always content with reading or underſtanding a work of genius, or contemplating beauties in a fabric. Thus, in peruſing a work of diſtinguiſhed merit, or viewing an ingenious piece of mechaniſm, when the firſt tranſport of our admiration ſubſides, we want to be informed of the author, or artiſt. So the Marquis de l'Hopital, when he firſt heard of the diſcoveries of the immortal Newton, exclaimed, "Does Mr. Newton eat, or drink, and ſleep like other men?" Anecdotes alone can ſatisfy this laudable curioſity; but it has been a complaint, too often well founded, that moſt of thoſe concerning men of ſcience are generally buried in oblivion. It is owing to this neglect that one of the greateſt mathematicians this age has given birth to, now lies undiſtinguiſhed in a little country church-yard; I mean, the late Mr Emerſon, who enriched ſcience with ſo many valuable publications.

What has already tranſpired reſpecting the ſubject of the following Sketch, is, for the moſt part, of a political nature: indeed, his life was an active one; but he joined theory and practice; and though *Holland* may boaſt a Coehorn, and *France* a Vauban, yet *England* can boaſt their ſuperiors in a Robins and a Watſon.

HENRY WATSON was the ſon of a grazier, who lived at Holbeach in Lincolnſhire, where he was born in or about the year 1737. When twelve or thirteen years old, he was ſent to Goſberton ſchool, then kept by Meſſ. Birks. Here his genius for the mathematics ſoon diſcovered itſelf; and his application was ſo great, that, it is ſaid, in a little time he ſurpaſſed his maſters; indeed, his progreſs muſt have been rapid, for as early as 1753 he cut a conſpicuous figure as a mathematician in the Ladies Diary.

About this time the late Mr Whichcot of Harpſwell, then and many years after one of the Members of Parliament for Lincolnſhire, hearing of young Watſon's extraordinary abilities, ſent for him, and had him examined by the maſter of Brigg ſchool; whoſe report was ſo much in his favour, that Mr. Whichcot, ever ready to encourage riſing merit, uſed his intereſt and got him into the Royal Academy at Woolwich; and he ſoon after obtained a commiſſion in the corps of Engineers.

Under the great mathematician Mr. Thomas Simpſon, the Profeſſor, he proſecuted his ſtudies, and continued to write for the Ladies Diary, which at that time was conducted by Mr. Simpſon.———After being the ſcholar, he became the friend and intimate of Simpſon, who always held him in the greateſt eſteem; and ſuch was his opinion of Watſon's abilities, that at his deceaſe he left him his unfiniſhed mathematical papers, with a requeſt, that he would reviſe them, and make what alterations and additions he might think

think neceſſary; and it is ſaid, that the Colonel employed much of his leiſure-time in correcting and finiſhing them. One of theſe manuſcripts of Simpſon, I am told, is a Treatiſe on the Conſtruction of Bridges: this the colonel has finiſhed, and it is hoped, that the mathematical world will not be deprived of it.

During the war which broke out in 1756, he gave ſignal proofs of his ſuperior abilities as an engineer; particularly at the ſiege of Belleiſle in 1761, and at the Havannah in 1762. At the latter place his ſkill was particularly put to the proof; for having declared at a conſultation, contrary to the opinion of the other engineers, that a breach might be made in the Moro Caſtle, then deemed impregnable, he was aſked by the Commander in Chief, in what time he would engage to make the breach? He gave for anſwer, that with a certain number of men and cannon (naming them) he would undertake to do it in forty-eight hours after the propoſed batteries were erected. Accordingly he undertook it, and though he was ſtruck down by the wind of a ball which paſſed near his head, and carried for dead to his tent, yet he ſoon recovered and returned to his duty, and the breach was made in a little more than half the time. For this piece of ſervice he not only received the particular thanks of the Commander in Chief, but of his Majeſty.

His abilities ſoon became too conſpicuous to be overlooked by that eminent ſoldier and politician Lord Clive, who ſingled him out as an engineer qualified for great and noble enterprizes. Accordingly, he accompanied his Lordſhip to Bengal, for the purpoſe of carrying ſuch plans into execution which might be thought neceſſary for the preſervation of the Britiſh acquiſitions in that quarter; or to aſſiſt his Lordſhip in any further operations he might think requiſite for the intereſt of his country.

It was not difficult for a perſon of the Colonel's penetration to ſee the advantageous ſituation of the Bay of Bengal. He knew that if proper forts were built, and the Engliſh marine put on a tolerable footing in that part, they might ſoon become maſters of the Eaſtern ſeas; he, therefore, got a grant of lands from the Eaſt-India Company for conſtructing wet and dry docks, and a marine yard at Calcutta, for cleaning, repairing, and furniſhing with ſtores the men of war and merchantmen. A plan of the undertaking was drawn, engraved, and preſented to his Majeſty, and the Eaſt-India Company, and fully approved of; and the works were carried on for ſome years with a ſpirit and vigour that manifeſted the judgement and abilities of the undertaker; and though the utility of ſuch a national concern is too obvious to be inſiſted on, yet the Colonel, after ſinking upwards of 100,000l. of his own property in the noble deſign, was obliged to deſiſt, to the eternal diſgrace of this nation.

It is very natural for the reader to aſk, why the Colonel was ſtopped in his proceedings? Time, perhaps, may anſwer this queſtion; at preſent we muſt be content with conjectures. It is well known that about this time the French had ſufficient reaſon to be jealous of the growing power of Great Britain, eſpecially in the Eaſt Indies; and it is alſo as well known how Lord Clive and his friends were treated both at home and in the Eaſt-Indies after the Earl of Chatham's adminiſtration.

Colonel Watſon had determined to come immediately for England to ſeek redreſs; but, on conſulting his friend Mr Creaſſy (the ſuperintendant of the works) he changed his reſolution. Mr Creaſſy repreſented to the

the Colonel, the loſs he would ſuſtain in quitting ſo lucrative an office as chief engineer to the Eaſt-India Company: the gratification his enemies would receive on his leaving that country; the expences attending a voyage to and from Europe; the loſs the Company might experience during his abſence; and finally, the delay and uncertainty of the Law. Theſe conſiderations induced him to ſend Mr. Creaſſy in his ſtead. This happened juſt at the eve of the laſt Spaniſh war; and, as the Colonel had great quantities of iron and timber in ſtore, he reſolved to build three ſhips, two of 36, and one of 32 guns; and in conſequence he ſent inſtructions to his agents in England to procure Letters of Marque; and Mr Creaſſy was to return with them over land. Theſe veſſels were to cruiſe off the Philippines for the purpoſe of intercepting the Spaniſh trade between Manilla and China. This deſign, however, was fruſtrated, perhaps by the ſame means that ſtopped his proceeding with the docks; for his agents on applying for the letters received a poſitive denial.

But theſe diſappointments did not damp the Colonel's enterpriſing ſpirit; for, as ſoon as he heard of the ill ſucceſs of his agents in England, he very prudently employed the two veſſels he had finiſhed in commercial ſervice. The third remains to this day unfiniſhed.

Perhaps the Colonel has not left his ſuperior as an engineer. For near ten years he was the chief engineer of Bengal, Bahar, and Oriſſa. The Eaſt-India Company, in a great meaſure, owe their valuable poſſeſſions in that quarter in his unexampled exertions; for, in ſpite of party diſpute, of bribery on the part of the nations then at war with the Company, and of the numerous cabals which perplexed and embarraſſed their councils, he executed the works of *Fort William*, which will long remain a monument of his ſuperior ſkill, and, for its ſtrength, may juſtly be ſtiled the *Gibraltar of India*. Nor are the works at *Buge Buge* and *Melancholy Point* conſtructed with leſs judgement.

But he did not confine his ſtudies to the military ſciences. In 1776 he publiſhed a Tranſlation of the celebrated *Euler's* Treatiſe, entitled, "*Theorie complete de la Conſtruction et de la Manœuvre des Vaiſſeaux.*" His motives for this undertaking will be ſeen beſt in the following extract from the dedication to Lord Sandwich.

"The great variety of important knowledge contained its *Euler's Theory of the Conſtruction and Management of Ships*, and a wiſh to extend the benefit of his labours to ſuch of my countrymen as are not converſant in the technical language of the original, have been my ſole motives for attempting an Engliſh tranſlation of that celebrated work. I ſhall be happy if the ſucceſs of the learned profeſſor in treating the natural difficulties of the ſubject, may excite the navigators and artiſts of this kingdom to render this theory more perfect, and to become as eminently ſkilled in the ſcientific as they now confeſſedly are in all the practical branches of their profeſſion."

This work is divided into three Books, beſides a Supplement. *Book* 1. is upon the efforts of the water to bend the veſſel.——Upon the means of giving to veſſels a ſufficient degree of ſtability.—Upon the rolling and pitching of veſſels.—*Book* 2. of the reſiſtance which veſſels experience in their courſes, and upon the action of the rudder—*Book* 3. Upon the maſts, and of the management of veſſels. The *Supplement* is upon the action of oars. This the Colonel received in manuſcript from *Euler* juſt before he had finiſhed the tranſlation of what was publiſhed. But the

Colonel has not given a mere tranſlation; for he has enriched it with many additions and improvements of his own; and he intended to have enlarged the work in a future edition, by making experiments for diſcovering the reſiſtance of bodies when moving in a fluid; but I have not been able to learn if he has left any papers on the ſubject.

This book, which is almoſt the only one of the kind in the Engliſh language, ought to be in the hands of every Maſter-ſhipbuilder; for though the ſubjects are handled ſcientifically, yet ſuch practical rules for conſtructing veſſels to advantage might be drawn therefrom, as would amply repay the trouble of a cloſe peruſal. The Colonel has given the beſt proof of this in the *Nonſuch* and *Surpriſe* frigates; the firſt of 36, the other of 32 guns. Theſe were built under his particular direction by Mr. G. Louch, and a few black carpenters at Bengal, at his own expence, and have proved the ſwifteſt ſailers of any ſhips hitherto known.

The Colonel's genius was formed for great undertakings. He was judicious in planning, cool and intrepid in action, and undiſmayed in danger. He ſtudied mankind, and was a good politician. Few, perhaps, better underſtood the intereſts of the ſeveral nations of Europe and the Eaſt. He was humane, benevolent, and the friend of indigent genius. His friendſhip and generoſity towards Simpſon's widow is well known. And when Mr. Rollinſon, a man of great abilities as a mathematician, conducted the Ladies Diary, after the death of Mr. Simpſon, and was barely exiſting on the pittance allowed him by the Stationers Company, the Colonel ſought and found him in an obſcure lodging, and generouſly relieved his neceſſities, though a ſtranger to his perſon. This the old man related while the tears of gratitude ſtole down his cheeks. He ſurvived the Colonel's bounty but a ſhort time.

By long and hard ſervice in a unfavourable climate, he found his health much impaired, two or three years before he left India; and therefore, in 1785, he put affairs in a train of ſettlement, in order to return to England, not only to try the effects of his native air, but to proſecute the Eaſt India Company for not ſupporting the faith of the grant they had ſolemnly made to him for the dock-yard. In the ſpring of 1786, he embarked on board the Deptford India-man; but the flux and a bilious complaint with which he had ſometimes been afflicted, ſo much reduced him by the time he reached St. Helena, that he was not able to proſecute his voyage in that ſhip. This iſland is remarkable for the ſalubrity of its air, of which the Colonel ſoon found the benefit; but the importunity of his friends, or his own impatience to ſee England, got the better of his prudence, for as ſoon as he began to gather ſtrength he took his paſſage in the Aſia; the conſequence was a relapſe, which weakened him to ſuch a degree by the time he arrived at Dover, that he lingered but a ſhort time, and at that place departed this life on September 17, 1786.

He was buried in a vault made in the body of the church at Dover, on the 22d of the ſame month, in a private manner; only three of his confidential friends attended the funeral, namely, John Barchard, Eſq. his agent, Mr. James Creaſſy, and Mr. George Louch, his ſhip-builder.

It is to be hoped that the Colonel's plan will ſtill be carried into execution; but it is much to be regretted that he was not permitted to finiſh it himſelf: his knowledge of the country, joined to his great ſkill, in a little time muſt have laid the foundation for a ſuperiority of the Britiſh arms in the Eaſt; and therefore his death may

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be accounted a national loſs. No Engliſh engineer, ſince Mr. Benjamin Robins, F. R. S. poſſeſſed equal abilities. The ſame climate proved fatal to both; Mr. Robins died at Madras in the Company's ſervice; and it may be ſaid of the Colonel, that after he had quitted it, he lived but juſt long enough to bring his bones to England. The life of the former has been written by men of literary reputation, and it is the wiſh of the writer of this haſty ſketch, that a more able pen would do juſtice to the diſtinguiſhed merit of the latter.

## Obituary of remarkable Perſons.

LATELY, on his way to the South of France, for the recovery of his health, George Ramſay, ſixth Earl of Dalhouſie, of Dalhouſie Caſtle in Scotland. He entered advocate 1757; ſucceeded his brother Charles 1764; married his preſent Counteſs in 1767; was choſen in 1774, and every election ſince to repreſent the Peers of Scotland in Parliament; was made a Lord of Police in 1775, which he enjoyed till the board was ſuppreſſed, in 1782; repreſented his Majeſty in 1777, and in the five following General Aſſemblies of the church of Scotland. He is now ſucceeded in the title and eſtate by his eldeſt ſon, Lord Ramſay, a minor, to whom the patrimonial eſtate goes of courſe, but a property worth 7000l a year, which came from a diſtant relation, goes to the ſecond ſon. The ſavings on that eſtate which have been accumulating ever ſince the legacy came to the late Lord, are divided among the other ſons and daughters, who are 11 in number.

At Dreſden, Mr Kenneth Ferguſſon, ſecretary to Morton Eden, Eſq; the Britiſh ambaſſador at that court, a young gentleman of great genius and learning, and tranſlator of a beautiful epic poem of Joſeph. He was native of Lanarkſhire, and brother to the Rev. Mr Ferguſon, miniſter of Pettynain, in that county.

Near Stornoway, in the Lewis, one of the Weſtern Iſlands, aged 116, Lewis M'Leod. He was born in the year 1671; fought at Killicrankie, Sheriffmuir, and Culloden, under the banners of the Stuarts. He ſent, in the year 1755, ſix ſons to fight for King George in the regiment then raiſed by Colonel Montgomery (now Earl of Eglintoun) only one of whom is now alive, a Chelſea penſioner. He was the oldeſt ſpectator of Prince William-Henry at Stornoway, and retained his faculties to the laſt moment.

At Spalding, co. Lincoln, Mrs Albin, wife of Mr Albin, bookſeller there. She had been the mother of 23 children, 21 of whom were ſingle births, and the laſt twins.

Lieutenant Colonel Horatio Anne Powlett. He ſerved in the 44th regiment of foot, and was captain of Cariſbrook Caſtle.

SEPT. 11. At Rudleſtadt, aged 82, the Princeſs Louiſe Frederica, ſiſter to the reigning prince.

OCT. 23. Jacob Preſton, Eſq; of Beeſton St. Lawrence, F. S. and A. SS. a juſtice of the peace for Norfolk, and one of the chairmen of the quarter ſeſſions. He dropped dead from his horſe as he was ſpeaking to a carpenter on his return from a ride.

At Walſoken, near Wiſbech, Mrs Clarke, wife of Mr Clark, farrier, of that place. It is ſuppoſed her death was occaſioned by ſome perſon putting arſenick into the butter ſhe ate for breakfaſt. Her huſband and ſervant-girl are exceeding ill, but not without hopes of recovery.

30. At Portſmouth, after an illneſs of a few days (ſupported with fortitude and characteriſtic tranquillity), in his 63d year, the Rev. Thomas Wren, D.D. miniſter of a Diſſenting congregation at that place. He preached both parts of the day on the preceeding Sunday, and in the afternoon with great pain to himſelf, from an inflammation in his bowels, which was the cauſe of his deceaſe. He was born, about Michaelmas 1725, at Grange, near Keſwick, co. Cumberland. His grammatical learning he received at St Bee's; and at a proper age was removed to a Diſſenting Academy in London, under the care of the Rev. David Jennings and the Rev. Sam. Morton Savage, now Dr S. After he had finiſhed his ſtudies, he preached for a ſhort time at Colcheſter, and at Diſs in Norfolk. From that place he returned to London, where he reſided till the year 1757, when he was invited to be aſſiſtant to the Rev. Mr Norman, an ancient and venerable miniſter at Portſmouth, whom he ſoon ſucceeded as paſtor. Of his conduct in that capacity it may, with the greateſt truth, be ſaid, that it was eminently faithful and exemplary. His knowledge and learning were extenſive; and his compoſitions for the pulpit abounded in ſentiment, and were full of practical inſtruction. He had not a pleaſing mode of delivery; but, by thoſe who regularly attended upon him, this defect was forgotten in the eſſential value of his labours, and the high regard they felt for his perſonal worth. Few can be mentioned who have been more diſtinguiſhed by piety and virtue, by purity of mind, and amiableneſs of behaviour. In this theological opinions he was liberal and candid; and he maintained an intimate friendſhip with ſeveral reſpectable clergymen of the eſtabliſhed Church. Circumſtances ſimilar to theſe might however, it is hoped, juſtly be related concerning many miniſters of the goſpel of every denomination. But the particular ſituation of Dr Wren, joined with the ardent benevolence of his diſpoſition, brought him forward into public notice and public uſefulneſs. When American priſoners were continually carried into Portſmouth, during the late war, and many of them were in the moſt wretched condition, he was ſtruck with compaſſion, and flew to their relief. The zeal with which he exerted himſelf in their behalf was prodigious. He contributed moſt liberally to their neceſſities out of his own ſmall fortune, and ſought the aſſiſtance of his friends. One of his firſt objects was to procure, from his acquaintance in the metropolis and other places, a large ſupply of cloaths, theſe being particularly wanted. After this, he ſet on foot that ſubſcription for the relief of the priſoners which extended ſo liberally through the kingdom. As he was the cauſe, ſo he was the diſtributor of the bounties that were raiſed; and this work employed his conſtant attention for ſeveral years. The management of the affair not only required his daily viſits to the captives, but engaged him in a very large correſpondence, both at home and abroad. During his intercourſe with the priſoners, a variety of circumſtances happened, and incidents occurred, which will probably ſee the light, it being intended to give a more full account of this worthy man. It muſt particularly be obſerved, that, in the whole buſineſs, Dr Wren was actuated by the pureſt principles of humanity. His conduct was as prudent as it was beneficent. It was not only by the permiſſion, but with the approbation, of Government, that he had acceſs to the priſoners, and diſpenſed the contributions to their neceſſities.

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After the peace was concluded, he received, in 1783, the thanks of the United States, in Congreſs aſſembled, for his humane and benevolent attention to the citizens of theſe ſtates, who were impriſoned at Portſmouth during the war. Theſe thanks were conveyed to him in a very polite letter, written by Mr Boudinot, at that time preſident of Congreſs; and were accompanied with a diploma from the Univerſity of Prince-town, conferring upon him the degree of a Doctor in Divinity.—He was a man of wit and humour; and having long lived in a naval town, he could excel, when he pleaſed, in that ſpecies of wit which is derived from alluſions to the ideas and language of ſeamen. Much might be added in his praiſe; but it will be ſufficient to ſum up this ſketch of his character by ſaying, that it compriſed in it piety of mind, benevolence of heart, ſimplicity of manners, and chearfulneſs of temper.

In England no county, in America no ſtate, will withhold its tears for the loſs of one who, in his life, never willingly cauſed a tear or a ſigh; ſo extenſive were his friendſhips, ſo mild and gentle were his manners, ſo chearful and unoffending was his temper. Let thoſe who knew him not, enquire; let thoſe who had the happineſs to know him, cheriſh his remembrance; and let all imitate his good life.

Nov. 2. Aged 84, Sir Jas. Douglas, knt. and bart. admiral of the White. He had been 72 years in the ſervice of his country; and was knighted for bringing home the news of the ſurrender of Quebec in 1759; created, June 10, 1786, Baron of Springwood-park, co. Roxburgh, where he died, the fourth of the eleven perſons created on that day already dead. He is ſucceeded by his ſon George, M. P. for Roxburghſhire, who married, in Oct. 1786, Lady Eliz. Boyle, ſiſter to the E. of Glaſgow.

3. At his houſe in Edward-ſtreet, after a few hours illneſs, being taken ill only the evening before, and dying in the morning, aged 55, the Rev. John Glen King, D. D. rector of Wormley, preacher at Spring-garden Chapel, F R. and A.S.S. He was a native of Norfolk; admitted of Caius College, Cambridge, where he proceeded A.B. 1752, A.M. 1763; went chaplain to the Engliſh factory at St. Peterſburg. In 1772 he publiſhed "The Rites and Ceremonies of the Greek Church in Ruſſia, containing an Account of its Doctrine, Worſhip, and Diſcipline," 4to. In 1778, "A Letter to the [late] Biſhop of Durham, containing ſome Obſervations on the Climate of Ruſſia, and the Northern Countries, with a View of the Flying Mountains at Zarſko Sello, near St. Peterſburg," 4to. And in the VIIIth volume of "Archæologia," p. 307, "Obſervations on the Barberini Vaſe." He was engaged in a medallic work, having been appointed medalliſt to the Empreſs of Ruſſia. He was preſented to the rectory of Wormley by Sir Abraham Hume, bart. in July 1783; and, on the death of the Rev. Wheatly Heald, in the ſummer of 1786, he purchaſed the chapelry of Spring-garden. The Doctor was twice married. By his firſt lady he had one daughter, now living, but no child by his ſecond, who ſurvives him, and was the ſiſter of —— Hyde, eſq; of Charterhouſe-ſquare. He was buried in the church-yard at Wormley on the 7th inſt.

7. At Long Stanton, co. Cambridge, aged 67, being born in 1728, Sir Thomas Hatton, bart. of the ancient family which produced the celebrated Chancellor in Qu. Elizabeth's reign.

10. Raving mad, Mr. Tho. Wood, maſter of the Aſſembly-houſe at Kentiſh-

tish-town.—This unfortunate man was the object of prosecution by Sir Tho. Davenport, for a highway robbery, on the positive evidence of his coachman, and several strong collateral circumstances. By Sir Thomas's not attending the whole trial, and by strong alibi's (the scandal of our courts of justice, whereby many offenders are brought off,) he was acquitted, without even a reference to the jury. It came out afterwards, to the fullest conviction, that Wood was perfectly innocent of the fact, and that two men, since executed, (one before Newgate and the other in Surrey) had committed the robbery. Sir Thomas, however, persisted in it, that Wood was the highwayman who had robbed him. The poor man, in consequence of his long confinement in Newgate, and the severe effect of his feelings, had epileptic fits from the day of his discharge, and became more and more indisposed till the time of his fatal catastrophe.

At his house in Gray's Inn, in his 70th year, the Rev. Hen. Stebbing, D.D. preacher to that honourable Society, chaplain in ordinary to his Majesty, rector of Gimmingham and Trunch, co. Norfolk, and F.R. and A.SS.

Found dead in the morning, at the Horn Tavern, Doctors Commons, by the bursting of a blood-vessel in the preceding night, the Rev. Rich. Pearson, nephew to the present Lord-Mayor.—He had lately come from Wakefield, co. York, in hope (as it is supposed) of being appointed chaplain to his Lordship. *Gent. Mag.*

## *Example of a Singular Dream and Corresponding Event.*

AMONGST the various histories of dreams and corresponding events, we have lately heard of one, which seems to merit being rescued from oblivion. Its authenticity will appear from the relation; and we may surely pronounce, that a more extraordinary concurrence of fortuitous and accidental circumstances can scarcely be produced or paralelled.

One Adam Rogers, a creditable and decent person, a man of good sense and repute, who kept a public house at Portlaw, a small hamlet, nine or ten miles from Waterford in Ireland, dreamed one night that he saw two men at a particular green spot on the adjoining mountain, one of them a small sickly looking man, the other remarkably strong and large. He then saw the little man murder the other, and he awoke in great agitation. The circumstances of the dream were so distinct and forcible, that he continued much affected by them. He related them to his wife, and also to several neighbours, next morning. In some time he went out coursing with greyhounds, accompanied, amongst others, by one Mr Browne, the Roman Catholic priest of the parish. He soon stopped at the above mentioned particular green spot on the mountain, and, calling to Mr Browne, pointed it out to him, and told him what had appeared in his dream. During the remainder of the day he thought little more about it. Next morning he was extremely startled at seeing two strangers enter his house, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. He immediately ran into an inner room, and desired his wife to take particular notice, for they were precisely the two men that he had seen in his dream. When they had consulted with one another, their apprehensions were alarmed for the little weakly man, though contrary to the appearance in the dream. After the strangers had taken some refreshment, and were about to depart, in order to prosecute their journey, Rogers earnestly endeavoured to dissuade the little man from quitting his house, and going on with his fellow-traveller. He assured him, that, if he would remain with him that day, he would

would accompany him to Carrick the next morning, that being the town to which the travellers were proceeding. He was unwilling and aſhamed to tell the cauſe of his being ſo ſolicitous to ſeparate him from his companion. But, as he obſerved that Hickey, which was the name of the little man, ſeemed to be quiet and gentle in his deportment, and had money about him, and that the other had a ferocious bad countenance, the dream ſtill recurred to him. He dreaded that ſomething fatal would happen; and he wiſhed, at all events, to keep them aſunder. However, the humane precautions of Rogers proved ineffectual; for Caulfield, ſuch was the other's name, prevailed upon Hickey to continue with him on their way to Carrick, declaring that, as they had long travelled together, they ſhould not part, but remain together until he ſhould ſee Hickey ſafely arrive at the habitation of his friends. The wife of Rogers was much diſſatisfied when ſhe found they were gone, and blamed her huſband exceedingly for not being abſolutely peremptory in detaining Hickey.

About an hour after they left Portlaw, in a lonely part of the mountain, juſt near the place obſerved by Rogers in his dream, Caulfield took the opportunity of murdering his companion. It appeared afterwards, from his own account of the horrid tranſaction, that, as they were getting over a ditch, he ſtruck Hickey on the back part of his head with a ſtone; and, when he fell down into the trench, in conſequence of the blow, Caulfield gave him ſeveral ſtabs with a knife, and cut his throat ſo deeply that the head was obſerved to be almoſt ſevered from the body. He then rifled Hickey's pockets of all the money in them, took part of his cloaths, and every thing elſe of value about him, and afterwards proceeded on his way to Carrick. He had not been long gone, when the body, ſtill warm, was diſcovered by ſome labourers who were returning to their work from dinner.

The report of the murder ſoon reached to Portlaw. Rogers and his wife went to the place, and inſtantly knew the body of him whom they had in vain endeavoured to diſſuade from going on with his treacherous companion. They at once ſpoke out their ſuſpicions that the murder was perpetrated by the fellow-traveller of the deceaſed. An immediate ſearch was made, and Caulfield was apprehended at Waterford the ſecond day after. He was brought to trial at the enſuing aſſizes, and convicted of the fact. It appeared on the trial, among other circumſtances, that, when he arrived at Carrick, he hired a horſe, and a boy to conduct him, not by the uſual road, but by that which runs on the north ſide of the Suir, to Waterford, intending to take his paſſage in the firſt ſhip from thence to Newfoundland. The boy took notice of ſome blood on his ſhirt, and Caulfield gave him half a crown to promiſe not to ſpeak of it. Rogers proved, not only that Hickey was ſeen laſt in company with Caulfield, but that a pair of new ſhoes which Hickey wore, had been found on the feet of Caulfield when he was apprehended; and that a pair of old ſhoes which he had on at Rogers's houſe were upon Hickey's feet when the body was found. He deſcribed with great exactneſs every article of their cloaths. Caulfield, on the croſs examination, ſhrewdly aſked him from the dock, Whether it was not very extraordinary that he, who kept a public-houſe, ſhould take ſuch particular notice of the dreſs of a ſtranger, accidentally calling there? Rogers in his anſwer, ſaid, he had a very particular reaſon, but was aſhamed to mention it. The court and priſoner inſiſting on his declaring it, he gave a circumſtantial narrative of

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his dream, called upon Mr Browne the prieſt, then in court, to corroborate his teſtimony, and ſaid, that his wife had ſeverely reproached him for permitting Hickey to leave their houſe, when he knew, that, in the ſhort footway to Carrick, they muſt neceſſarily paſs by the green ſpot in the mountain which had appeared in his dream. A number of witneſſes came forward; and the proofs were ſo ſtrong, that the jury, without heſitation, found the pannel guilty.—It was remarked, as a ſingularity, that he happened to be tried and ſentenced by his nameſake, Sir George Caulfield, at that time Lord Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench, which office he reſigned in the ſummer of the year 1760.

After ſentence, Caulfield confeſſed the fact. It came out, that Hickey had been in the Weſt Indies two and twenty years: but falling into a bad ſtate of health, he was returning to his native country, Ireland, bringing with him ſome money his induſtry had acquired. The veſſel on board which he took his paſſage was by ſtreſs of weather driven into Minehead. He there met with Frederick Caulfield, an Iriſh ſailor, who was poor, and much diſtreſſed for cloaths and common neceſſaries. Hickey, compaſſionating his poverty, and finding he was his countryman, relieved his wants, and an intimacy commenced between them. They agreed to go to Ireland together; and it was remarked on their paſſage, that Caulfield ſpoke contemptuouſly, and often ſaid, it was a pity ſuch a puny fellow as Hickey ſhould have money, and he himſelf be without a ſhilling. They landed at Waterford, at which place they ſtaid ſome days, Caulfield being all the time ſupported by Hickey, who bought there ſome cloaths for him. The aſſizes being held in the town during that time, it was afterwards recollected that they were both at the Court-houſe, and attended the whole of the trial of a ſhoemaker, who was convicted of the murder of his wife. But this made no impreſſion on the hardened mind of Caulfield; for the very next day he perpetrated the ſame crime on the road betwixt Waterford and Carrick on-Suir, near which town Hickey's relations lived.

He walked to the gallows with firm ſtep and undaunted countenance. He ſpoke to the multitude who ſurrounded him; and, in the courſe of his addreſs, mentioned that he had been bred at a charter-ſchool, from which he was taken, as an apprenticed ſervant, by William Izod, Eſq. of the county of Kilkenny. From this ſtation he ran away on being corrected for ſome faults, and had been abſent from Ireland ſix years.—He confeſſed alſo, that he had ſeveral times intended to murder Hickey on the road between Waterford and Portlaw; which, though in general not a road much frequented, yet people at that time continually coming in ſight prevented him.

Being fruſtrated in all his ſchemes, the ſudden and total diſappointment threw him, probably, into an indifference for life. Some tempers are ſo ſtubborn and rugged, that nothing can affect them but immediate ſenſation. If to this be united the darkeſt ignorance, death, to ſuch characters, will hardly ſeem terrible, becauſe they can form no conception of what it is, and ſtill leſs of the conſequences that may follow.

## RECENT ANECDOTE.

TWO of his Sicilian Majeſty's gallies, being on a cruiſe off Mogadore, on the coaſt of Algiers, purſued and took a pirate of 20 guns and 100 men, who had come out of port that very morning. The prize

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was ſent to Naples; and whilſt the veſſel was lying at the Mole, under a guard of 300 ſoldiers, a young Nobleman, then bathing, was ſeized with a cramp, and immediately ſunk in the preſence of numbers, who attempted nothing for his relief. A Moor, who happened to ſee this unfortunate accident from the gunwale of the prize, inſtantly jumped into the water, ſwam towards the place where the Nobleman went down, and in his riſe caught him in his arms, tied a handkerchief round his ſhoulder, one end of which he faſtened to his own, and thus embarraſſed, brought him ſafe on ſhore. The drowned perſon ſoon recovered, and was carried home in his father's carriage, which waited on the bank. The Marquis de Palucchi, whoſe ſon was thus preſerved by a Barbarian, would not be outdone in generoſity. He immediately went to the palace, and being introduced by General Acton, an Engliſh gentleman in the King's ſervice, fell on his knees, and begged the liberty of the gallant Moor.—Your requeſt, replied his Majeſty, is both reaſonable and humane; the Moor is yours, and you may diſpoſe of him as you pleaſe. The remainder of the crew are mine, and perpetual ſlaves by the laws of war. But they are free from this moment. Ten righteous perſons would have ſaved Sodom from the wrath of the Almighty; and ſhall not one gallant and virtuous man, who has riſked his life for his enemy, and reſcued a fellow-citizen from imminent death, merit the pardon of a few companions from an earthly Monarch? Next day an order was publiſhed for releaſing the veſſel, which ſailed for Algiers, amidſt the acclamations of the populace: and by way of thanks, ſaluted the palace with twenty-five, and the city with twelve guns.

# Literary Chronicle and Review.

*Comparative Reflections on the paſt and preſent Political, Commercial, and Civil State of Great-Britain; with ſome Thoughts concerning Emigration. By Richard Champion, Eſq. late Deputy Paymaſter-General of his Majeſty's Forces, and Author of Conſiderations on the Situation of Great-Britain with Reſpect to the United States of America*, 8vo. 5s. London, 1787.

MR. CHAMPION, though a native, we believe, of this country, profeſſes an almoſt enthuſiaſtic attachment to America, which he had long been deſirous of viſiting. It appears, that, immediately on the adminiſtration of the Duke of Portland being declared, he ſolicited for the ſtation of Conſul to the United States of America; and the miniſter put into his hands ſome papers relative to the American trade, with a deſire to have his ſentiments upon them. By the diſmiſſion of the Portland adminiſtration his ſchemes proved abortive, and next year he retired as a voluntary exile to thoſe States which he lately had expected to viſit in an official capacity. He now, if we miſtake not, occupies a diſtinguiſhed rank in the American magiſtracy; and in this ſituation, at the diſtance of ſome thouſand miles, we find him arrogating the ſagacity of deciding, with unerring judgment, on the preſent ſtate of Great-Britain.

This country the author profeſſes to regard as a nation devoted to ruin. Aſſuming, at laſt, the tone of a prophet, he admoniſhes his countrymen of their danger; and to thoſe who are deſirous of eſcaping the dreadful evils which wait them, gives the following information; "The remedy is emi- "gration; the road, America."

As a ſpecimen of this author's ſtyle and manner we ſhall preſent our readers with an extract from the only part of the work which is not diſfigured with political prejudices:

'A deſcription of our riches is a glorious but dangerous exhibition. The grandeur of our plate, the ſparkling of our jewels, the gaudy ſhew of our equipages, the ſilver decorations of our horſes, the ſplendor of public places, our highly-finiſhed and coſtly houſes, and the luxurious elegance of our tables, all proclaim the magnificence of the ſubjects of Britain. The buſtle in our ſtreets, the abundance of our wealth, and the taſte with which it is diſplayed in our ſhops, muſt ſtrike a ſtranger with aſtoniſhment; and, ſhould he enter into the houſes of the middling ſort of people, he muſt view with equal admiration the apparently rich ſideboard of plate, the beautiful furniture, and the plentiful and expenſive diſhes which ſmoke upon the table. The whole is attended with an enjoyment of comfort unknown to other countries.

'This magnificence, and this appearance of comfort, ſtill remain, notwithſtanding all that we have ſuffered: and, in point of ſhew, they even exceed thoſe times in which the wealth of nations poured in upon us, and enabled us to purchaſe them. Strangers, therefore, who only view the general ſituation of the Engliſh, pronounce them to be the richeſt and happieſt people in the univerſe; but thoſe who have a more perfect knowledge of the country, who are acquainted with the ſprings of the government, the extent of its revenues, and the preſent actual reſources of the ſtate, find all theſe appearances to be merely ſuperficial. They are made by the merchants and tradeſmen upon the ſtrength of the debts due to them upon their books, the far greater part of which will for ever remain there.

'England has been a rich and happy country. She was capable of affording the higheſt enjoyments; but, alas! ſhe was not ſenſible of the excellence of her condition. Like a froward child, ſhe has been ſpoiled by indulgence; a ſelf-devoted ſacrifice to her pride and ill humour, ſhe has been herſelf the murderer of her reputation, the murderer of her peace.

'Theſe are the natural conſequences of luxury. Increaſing the deſires of a people, they make them leſs ſcrupulous of obtaining them. The ſoldier, who had been plundered of his money, fought bravely, and received from his general praiſe and reward; but the recovery of his money gave him other deſires than thoſe which had animated him to action. The glory of his country was no longer his object; and when a poſt of danger was aſſigned him, he replied, "General, I have found my purſe."

'This great and aſtoniſhing diſplay of wealth recals ſtrongly to our recollection the latter days of ancient Rome. There is, however this difference between us and that famous people; the character of the Romans was more ſanguinary than the modern Europeans; their mode of life yet more diſſolute. This ſanguinary temper aroſe not only from the ſpirit of conqueſt, which familiarized their citizens to ſcenes of blood, but from their having no other attendants on their perſons, or labourers upon their lands, than ſlaves, which made their habits of life harſh and auſtere. Their diſſolute manners were occaſioned by the poſſeſſion of vaſt dominions, comprehending almoſt the whole of the then known world, which contained all kinds of abundant productions that could amuſe the eye, gratify the ear, or indulge the taſte. Theſe, as the inhabitants of the provinces were kept in a ſtate of ſevere ſubjection, filled Rome with every ſpecies of luxury, producing an unbounded licentiouſ-

tiouſneſs too powerful for the laws to reſtrain.

'Inattentive as we are to the duties which our religion inculcates, the mildneſs of Chriſtianity has at length aboliſhed theſe harſh and ſanguinary cuſtoms, and has produced habits amongſt us which render us leſs corrupt in our manners, and leſs cruel in our diſpoſitions. Theſe habits having been thus effected, ſlavery has been generally aboliſhed in Europe, the rigour of war has been ſoftened, the communication between nation and nation made eaſy, and our manners in general conſequently more ſocial.

'I may perhaps be charged with miſrepreſentation when I ſpeak of the abolition of ſlavery, and that this great and beneficial change in our manners has been effected by Chriſtianity, ſince there are Chriſtians who are ſtill in the practice of this horrid cuſtom. I can only ſay, I am ſorry that there are ſuch. But I did not mean to miſrepreſent; I ſpoke generally of the Chriſtians of Europe. I ſhould feel the higheſt gratification could I ſay the ſame of the Chriſtians of America.

'But though the Chriſtians of our days have arrived at a high pitch of luxury by more gentle means than the Romans, chiefly by thoſe of commerce, yet our inordinate deſires, our unbridled licentiouſneſs, have been introduced in the ſame manner, and upon the ſame principles. The provinces from whence the luxuries of Rome were brought, groaned under their government. The Eaſt-Indies, from whence our luxuries have ariſen, groan under a Chriſtian, and that of a Britiſh government. The right to each is founded upon the ſame ground, that of conqueſt: not merely of conqueſt; there might then have been ſome humanity, but of ferocious conqueſt.

'Whatever was the cauſe, nearly the ſame effects have been produced. London is now in the ſame ſituation, with reſpect to her defence, as Rome was at the time of her fall. In deſcribing the one, I very nearly deſcribe the other.'

# Poetry.

## SONG,

*In the* Comedy *of the* New Peerage.

FROM the light Down that mocks the Gale,
The Linnet culls her Stores;
From each wild Flow'r that ſcents the Vale
The Bee a Balm explores.
With Nature's trueſt Senſe endu'd,
Unconſcious of Alloy,
In ev'ry Gift they find a Good,
And ev'ry Good enjoy.
Feeling's vain Child, alone aſſign'd,
To doubtful wav'ring Pow'r,
With Sighs can chill the Summer Wind,
With Tears can blight the Flow'r.
Its only dangerous Gift, ah! why
Did Heav'n to Man impart;
And bid each treach'rous Senſe ſupply
A Venom for his Heart.

## *The* SQUIRE *and the* COUNTRYMAN.

IN Suſſex, if report ſay true,
Behind a peaſant's cottage grew
An apple tree—one only tree
(But that a *nonpareil*) had he.—
Aloft it rear'd its aged head,
Around its fruitful branches ſpread,
That bent beneath the plenteous ſtore
Of mellow fruit it yearly bore;
Which ſoon as ripe the peaſant pull'd,
And for his town-bred landlord cull'd,
With honeſt heart, and duteous care,

As many as he well could ſpare:
Then with his baſket on his head,
To town his annual journey ſped.
That honeſt Hodge was well receiv'd
In town, will not be diſbeliev'd—
Nor in our page will be recorded
The pleaſure which his fruit afforded—
His landlord ate them to the core,
And would have done as many more—
But, John, ſays he, methinks this load
Muſt tire you vaſtly on the road!
A plan I have this moment found,
Which to your eaſe will much redound,
And ſave your trudging up and down,
*God bleſs your honour*, quoth the clown,
As hoping that the Squire of courſe
Would compliment him with a horſe.—
'Tis this—you'll take a horſe or two—
*An't pleaſe you, maſter, one will do*—
Replies the peaſant full of glee,
*Old Ball will fit you to a T.*
But, ſays the Squire, what I intend,
You do not rightly comprehend;
I mean to ſend thoſe horſes down,
And have the tree remov'd to town—
What would I give were it tranſplanted!
The only thing on earth I wanted
Yon little garden to compleat.—
John reliſh'd not the Squire's conceit,
But was too prudent to complain;
Indeed remonſtrance were in vain,
So took a horſe or two, and went
To execute the Squire's intent.
Uprooted from its native ſoil,
With ill-judged, ill-requited toil,
This tree, ſo fruitful heretofore,
Nor bloſſom now nor apple bore;
But in the Squire's encloſure coop'd,
There wither'd, there untimely droop'd—
When vegetation languid grew,
Nor from the earth its nurture drew
The ſapleſs trunk—Ah! cry'd the Squire,
As he beheld the tree expire,
Had I my tenant's giſt, tho' ſmall,
With thanks receiv'd, nor long'd for all—
Yon fruit-tree in its native ground
Its branches ſtill had ſpread around—
Had bent beneath its wonted load,
And part on me, as erſt, beſtow'd.
But ſince the ſickly tree's decline,
The fruits of avarice are mine.

*Bromley, Dec.* 8, 1787. T. S.

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To JOHN FONBLANQUE, Eſq.
*On the* Death *of a much loved* Parent.

By MR PRATT.

O Friend! if *Agony* could ne'er diſplace
Peace from her ſoul, or beauty from her face,
If years of ſufferance like ſome ſaint ſhe bore,
And breath'd to virtue till ſhe breath'd no more,
If keeneſt anguiſh ne'er ſubdu'd the mind
Where hero courage chriſtian meekneſs join'd;
If when its aid the failing tongue deny'd,
Her ſpeaking eyes extinguiſh'd voice ſupply'd,
If every look, each motion that remain'd,
The parent fondneſs of her heart explain'd.
If in a huſband's and a child's embrace
Dying ſhe prov'd how dear ſhe lov'd her race,
If life's laſt parting ſigh was kindly given,
That each might ſhare that bliſs allied to Heav'n,
Which no vain jarrings of the world annoy,
Th' according muſic of domeſtic joy,

If

If without blame from youth to age
ſhe trod,
Till nature led her to the throne of
God;
Well may the muſe attend thy
mother's bier,
And pay the tribute of a heart-felt
tear.
O may the drops of ſympathy
impart
The healing balm of comfort to thy
heart,
And cheer thy drooping little ones
like ſhow'rs,
When ſoft as dew-drops they deſcend
on flow'rs!
But lo! from ſtores, dear mourners,
more divine,
Than all the wond'rous magic of the
Nine;
From more than bards or prophets
holy fire,
Ev'n could Iſaiah ſtrike the heav'nly
lyre,
On her white pinions, bearing ſweet
relief,
Virtue herſelf deſcends to calm your
grief.
O hear her hallow'd voice as thus ſhe
ſings,
Dulcet as muſic from a thouſand
ſtrings.
" Forbear to weep, and huſh'd
" be ev'ry ſigh,
" Forbear to weep a parent in the
" ſky;
" Ev'n now her ſpirit in the realms
" of reſt
" Baſks in the cloudleſs ſunſhine of
" the bleſt!
" When filial Piety conſigns to Earth
" The ſacred corpſe of her who gave
" it birth;
" When on the coffin the cold duſt
" deſcends,
" And o'er the cloſing vault Affecti-
" on bends,'
" VIRTUE permits the kindred tears
" to flow,
" But mingles comfort in the cup of
" woe.
" Severe your loſs, but oh, a parent's
" gain,
" Triumphant pleaſure blends with
" gen'rous pain;
" Forbear to weep a parent in the
" ſky,
" Or weep with joy as you exult-
" ing cry,
" *Death hath no ſting, her grave is*
" *victory.*"

## THE ROSE.

THE Roſe had been waſh'd, lately waſh'd in a ſhow'r,
That Mary to Anna convey'd;
The plentiful moiſture encumber'd the flow'r,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it ſeem'd to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flouriſhing buſh where it grew.

I haſtily ſeiz'd it, unfit as it was,
For a noſegay; ſo dripping and drown'd;
And ſhaking it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I ſnapp'd it! it fell to the ground!

" And ſuch," I exclaim'd, " is the
" pitileſs part
" Some act by the delicate mind,
" Regardleſs of wringing and break-
" ing the heart
" Already to ſorrow reſign'd!

" This elegant Roſe, had I ſhaken
" it leſs,
" Might have bloom'd with the
" owner awhile:
" And the tear that is wip'd with a little addreſs,
" May be follow'd, perhaps, with
" a ſmile."

Monthly

# Monthly Chronicle, and Review of Politics.

## *JANUARY*, 1788.

### RUSSIA AND THE PORTE.

THE war which has been commenced between theſe two formidable and overgrown empires has not been hitherto carried on with that vigour that might have been looked for, from the immenſe forces of each. On the Black Sea both parties had formidable fleets; but a furious tempeſt, which had well nigh annihilated them, prevented an engagement. Of the Ruſſian fleet, one of their 74 gun ſhips having loſt her maſts, and being otherwiſe diſabled, fell into the hands of the enemy, who towed her in triumph into the harbour of Conſtantinople, amidſt the acclamations of the Muſſulmen, who believed it to be the effect of an immediate interpoſition of heaven in their behalf, and an happy omen of future ſucceſs. The Turkiſh fleet, tho' not ſo much hurt by the tempeſt as the fleet of their enemies, was obliged to return to Conſtantinople for repairs, without ſtriking a blow. Rigid Predeſtinarians as the Turks are, no people are readier than they to attribute their loſſes and misfortunes to ſecond cauſes—the inaction of their fleet was aſcribed to the miſconduct of the Admiral, who, tho' a man of approved valour, was immediately arreſted.

By land, the Turks have not been more fortunate. A formidable attack was made on the fortreſs of Kinburn, a place of conſiderable importance in the Crimea, but they were repulſed with great ſlaughter. A body of 8000 Tartars, under the command of Cheik Manſour, endeavoured to make a diverſion in their favour, by penetrating into that part of the Ruſſian dominions which lies next to Cuban, but were defeated by the Ruſſian forces under the command of Count Potemkin; and abandoning all their baggage and ſtores, were driven back to their own mountains.

### THE EMPEROR,

Throwing off the maſk, is determined to take part with Ruſſia againſt the Porte. Immenſe preparations are making, and near 80,000 of his troops, (confeſſedly among the fineſt troops in the world) have filed off towards the borders of Hungary towards Belgrade. Various accounts have been received of an intended Coup-de-main againſt this place by the Imperial forces; but the Emperor having enjoined the ſtricteſt ſilence in regard to this affair, we can only get at the following outlines: informed, that Belgrade was weakly garriſoned, three diviſions of the imperial forces, marched, by different routes, to take it by ſurpriſe: two of the diviſions accordingly came to their places of rendezvous, and paſſed the bridge in full march to the town; but the third diviſion, which was to come by water, and had the artillery and field equipage under their charge, not being arrived, the Imperialiſts retreated to their former quarters. ——When the Turkiſh commandant ſent to demand the reaſon of their approach, he was told that they had no hoſtile intention; but having been informed, that ſome Turkiſh forces had paſſed the lines, and encroached on the imperial territories, they had been ſent to reconnoitre. With this anſwer, the Turkiſh commandant either was, or pretended to be ſatisfied.

### FLANDERS,

As being under the ſame imperial ſway, next merits attention. The Emperor Joſeph's character begins to

to be thoroughly underſtood not only by his own ſubjects, but by the world. To the noble ſtruggles of his Brabantine ſubjects for the reſtoration of their chartered rights, he oppoſes edicts upon edicts, to ſuppreſs the freedom of ſpeech and writing; but theſe edicts, while they ſhow the impotence of government, indicate that he affects tyranny when he has loſt the power. In the formation of his plans, the Emperor is zealous and warm; but wants that firmneſs of mind, which is neceſſary to carry them into effect; while the haughtineſs of his tone, and the weak meaſures he purſues, form a ſtriking contraſt.

## FRANCE.

Here we ſee an irreſolute, fluctuating, and unpopular miniſtry—deranged finances, and a declining commerce; diſcontent, diſaffection, and tumult among the people.

Such a miniſtry cannot be of any long duration; and the laſt advices from Paris announce a partial, if not a total change. The celebrated Mr Necker is once more put at the head of the finances: an office which he formerly held with equal honour to himſelf, and advantage to the public revenue; he has, however, accepted his re-inſtatement on the expreſs condition, "that his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty ſhould enter into no meaſures which had a tendency to produce war."

The Duke of Orleans, and the two magiſtrates, who were baniſhed for their freedom of ſpeech in parliament, ſtill continue in exile. Remonſtrances have been preſented to the King, on this harſh meaſure, but in vain; and the parliament, on the 4th of January, regiſtered the following reſolution:

"The Court cannot, and indeed ought not to recur to the King's goodneſs, in order to obtain the Duke of Orleans', and Meſſrs. Fretau and Sabbatiers liberty. Such a ſtep would be as derogatory from the eſſential principles of the conſtitution, and of the public order, as it is from the generous ſentiments of the Auguſt Prince, and the two worthy magiſtrates. The Court cannot help thinking, that their apprehenſions, manifeſted in their arret of the 27th of laſt Auguſt, were too well founded; and that the *French monarchy actually degenerates into deſpotiſm*, ſince the miniſtry abuſe his Majeſty's authority, by diſpoſing of individuals by lettres de Cachet. The ſame power that arbitrarily diſpoſes of the liberty of a Prince of the Blood, and of two Magiſtrates, can certainly, with greater eaſe, attack that of all other citizens; and if the repeal of arbitrary orders is to depend on the *goodneſs* and *pleaſure* of the monarch, ſuch a proceeding muſt give ſanction to the deed, and eſtabliſh that dangerous principle, no doubt, which tends to ſubvert the moſt ſacred laws of the conſtitution; all his Majeſty's ſubjects, therefore, are intereſted in preventing the ſad effects of it; and the Court cannot, nor never intend, to make any difference between the Duke of Orleans and the two Magiſtrates cauſe, and that of any other citizen whatever. Parliament, therefore, will never ceaſe to *demand* the Prince's and the Magiſtrates liberty, or their impeachment."

The bill in favour of the Proteſtants in France is ſtill before parliament. All the conceſſions which are likely to be made in their favour are rather civil than religious; and any toleration in ſacred things which they may receive, will, we are afraid, be very limited indeed.

There are at this preſent time, appearances in France which diſtinguiſh the efforts of the ſpirit of liberty from any former exertions of that people, in any period of their hi-

hiſtory. Againſt miniſters, generals, and churchmen, they indulged at all times a ſufficient freedom of ſpeech, writing, and ſatirical engraving; but the Grand Monarque was too ſacred a perſonage to be ſo much as hinted at—but now their want of attachment, their hatred, their contempt of the Monarque forms a new line in their popular character—they have gone lengths in this, that free nations would tremble at.

While we ſee the Parliaments of France not ſimply requeſting, but DEMANDING juſtice, in a firm and manly tone, every Briton will wiſh them God ſpeed.

Robbery and houſebreaking are arrived to an enormous pitch at Paris:—a ſingular circumſtance happened a few nights ago, in the houſe of a tradeſman near the river—Some thieves had cut a hole in the ſhop door, large enough to paſs the arm of a man, ſo as to be able to open the bolts. A perſon who lay in the ſhop, having watched their operations, quickly provided himſelf with a ſtrong cord, and very dexterouſly wound it ſo ſecurely about the wriſt of the man who made the attempt, that he could not draw it back. The accomplices on the outſide, finding it impoſſible to relieve him, and aſſured that they muſt be diſcovered if they left him in that ſituation, immediately cut off the wretch's head, threw it in the river, and eſcaped. The guard paſſing by ſoon after, and finding the headleſs trunk at the door, ordered it to be opened; the ſhopman not knowing what had paſſed on the outſide, replied laughing, that their comrade might open it, for that his hand was cloſe to the bolt. The guard then explaining themſelves, the door was opened, and the body carried to the bone-houſe.

## UNITED STATES *of* AMERICA.

Of them it may be juſtly obſerved, in the words of a celebrated periodical writer, "Their progreſs in "opulence, refinement, and the "arts, has been arreſted by the pre-"mature aſſertion of liberty and in-"dependence."

The New Fœderal Conſtitution is meeting with great oppoſition in ſome of the States. Credit, trade, and money, is in moſt of the colonies at a very low ebb; as a ſuccedaneum they are iſſuing new paper emiſſions, which alſo meet with great oppoſition. Some of the States were threatening to withdraw from the Fœderal Union, as Rhode Iſland had done.—France was either unable or unwilling to ſupply them with goods, which obliged them to ſend their orders to England, but they were under the neceſſity of ſending at the ſame time produce or dollars, which made their demands leſs than if they had credit as formerly before their ſeparation from England.

*Extract of a letter from Charleſtown, South-Carolina, Oct. 6.*

The Georgians have got into a hobble with the Indians, and for the firſt time I believe ſuch a thing was ever known, the Indians fought in a fair open field an equal number of whites, and made them retreat too with conſiderable loſs. Each party had 150, and General Clarke of Georgia is wounded. The Indians would have killed every one, but that they thought Clarke had a body of reſerve, and retreated to lead them into an ambuſcade.

*Extract of a letter from Charleſtown, Nov. 1.*

The talk of an Indian war has quite put a ſtop to all buſineſs in Georgia; Savannah is now fortifying; the Indians are within thirty-four miles of the town; ſeveral very capital planters have deſerted their plantations, left their crops on the ſpot, and gone into Savannah. They are talking of raiſing troops, but where

where is the money to come from? And men refuſe go to for paper dollars.—Some think little of the buſineſs; at any rate, it puts the country into ſuch confuſion, that a total ſtop is put to all kinds of buſineſs. The governor has iſſued a proclamation, that no Court will be held at Auguſta, on account of the near approach of the Indians.

## HOLLAND.

Holland is no longer a ſubject of ſpeculation. The revolution, if it may be called ſo, is now complete; the French ariſtocratic party are grubbed up root and branch; and a treaty about to be concluded with this country, which will be productive of the beſt effects to both. The King of Pruſſia has diſcovered the ſpirit as well as wiſdom of his predeceſſor, and the pride of France has been humbled.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

Luxury and its concomitants, idleneſs and poverty, pervade the wide-extended ranks of the people; the great, the powerful, the wealthy, give their countenance and patronage to every mean, trifling, and low amuſement, which may alienate the people more and more from induſtry and ſobriety. It is an age of the verieſt trifling, and, in ſome late inſtances, of the moſt ſavage brutality. Our houſes are elegant, our plate is valuable, our furniture is ſplendid and faſhionable, and our entertainments are luxurious; but while one part of the newſpapers details the names of our bankrupts, another part holds forth a ſale of their effects. Hence we are overrun with ſwindlers, a ſpecies of men who prey on the unguarded part of the public in a thouſand ways; our priſons are crowded with debtors; and the licentiouſneſs of the populace is almoſt ungovernable. To alleviate, in ſome meaſure, our ſorrow on this account, we mark with pleaſure the growing proſperity of an inſtitution, the good effects of which poſterity will certainly reap; we mean the Sunday ſchools—a plan which appears to us to be the moſt effectual for planting the ſeeds of virtue, and obviating that dreadful ignorance and barbarity in which the young of the lower claſſes of people have hitherto been trained up.

A powder magazine at Battel in Suſſex, blew up, with twenty hundred wt. of gunpowder in it. Luckily no lives were loſt.

A labouring man, in going home from his work, was ſtopped in Five Bell Lane, Greenwich, by three footpads, one of whom took from him ſeven ſhillings (the produce of his week's labour) which the robber put into his coat pocket and inſiſted on the poor man's changing coats with him, in the hurry of doing which the money was forgot to be taken out. They then diſmiſſed him, but he had not gone many paces, before he heard them coming faſt after him, when thinking he ſhould be ill uſed, he ſet off as faſt as he could run, the robbers purſuing him, until he reached the Five Bells Alehouſe, where he had hardly time to relate his ſtory, when, upon putting his hand in his coat pocket, he found his own ſeven ſhillings, and three guineas, which it is ſuppoſed had been taken from ſome other perſon in courſe of the evening. The poor man was joined by ſeveral others who were drinking in the houſe, and they went out in ſearch of the thieves, who had thought proper to decamp.

The Admiralty Board, before they broke up for the Chriſtmas holidays, entered into a reſolution to build eight new ſhips of the line at the King's yards, the keels of which are to be laid down next year, viz. two of 98, one of 90, and five of 74 guns.

A mine of quickſilver has been lately diſcovered on the lands belonging to a gentleman in the county of Donegal, which may be a great acquiſition, as well as benefit to himſelf. This ſemi-metal has never yet been found in any parts of Europe, Hungary and Tranſylvania excepted; and the Emperor has drawn from four of theſe mines above 300,000l. per annum, within the laſt forty years. Conſidering, therefore, the prodigious uſe of quickſilver in all its preparations, from its raw and fluid ſtate to its higheſt degree of ſublimation, both by artiſts and apothecaries, we may ſuppoſe a mine of that kind, properly worked, little inferior to one of the pureſt ſilver.

A letter from Whitby, dated Dec. 28, ſays, "Before this comes to hand you will probably have heard of the diſaſter that has befallen us here. Henrietta-ſtreet, which has a cliff aſcending it all along on the eaſt ſide, and another cliff deſcending below it on the weſt ſide, has, by the great quantity of rain that has fallen, and the violence of the late ſtorm, been ſo ſhaken, ſhattered, and convulſed, that on Tueſday laſt ſeveral houſes fell, and the earth being diſturbed and rent, while the cliff continued falling on each ſide, the whole north end of the ſtreet is now almoſt entirely reduced to heaps of rubbiſh; while the poor diſtreſſed inhabitants, running about they knew not whither, to ſeek for ſhelter and refuge, afford a moving ſpectacle indeed, more than 100 families being forced away, in this moſt inclement ſeaſon of the year, to look out for new habitations elſewhere. The Methodiſts meeting-houſe has ſhared in this calamity, and will, it is feared, never more be fit for divine ſervice. Some of the church yard alſo, in that part next to the cliff, has given way and ſunk down, ſo that it is ſhattered and broken within ten yards of the church end; and it is to be feared ſuch another ſhock may deſtroy that venerable pile, which has ſtood there ever ſince the days of Lady Hilda, in the year 627. Happily, amid all this confuſion and diſtraction, not one life has yet been loſt.

The Mars Eaſt Indiaman, Capt Farrington, homeward bound, was loſt at Ramſgate. All the crew were ſaved; but the cargo totally gone.

A hurricane happened on the 2d of September laſt in the Bay of Honduras. 13 veſſels, which were all that were then loading, were driven aſhore and diſmaſted, and 11 of them, it is ſaid, were totally loſt; 20 of the Bay craft were alſo loſt, and 100 men drowned in them.—Every houſe in the country was blown down. The gale was followed by a dreadful inundation, which totally waſhed away what the ſtorm had not deſtroyed; and a vaſt number of people, of all deſcriptions, reſiding in the river Beleize Mouth, were drowned.

The late O'Kelly had a favourite parrot, the moſt extraordinary bird that perhaps was ever produced. This parrot came from Briſtol, the only one in all likelihood that ever was hatched in England. O'Kelly gave fifty guineas for it, and paid the woman's expences who brought it up to town. Its qualities are rare, as the bird not only talks what is uſually termed every thing, but ſings with great correctneſs a variety of tunes, and beats time as he ſings, and if perchance he miſtakes a note in the tune, he returns to the bar where the miſtake aroſe, and corrects himſelf, ſtill beating the time with the utmoſt exactneſs. He ſings the tune that is deſired, fully underſtanding the requeſt that is made. This account is ſo extraordinary, that to thoſe who have not ſeen and heard the bird, it may appear fabulous, but the fact is unqueſtionable.

His Majeſty lately obſerving, that it

it was a very fine morning, indulged himself with a walk from Windsor to the nine mile stone on this side Hounslow. He was attended by two officers, and when the carriages overtook him beyond Hounslow, they were ordered to drive forward, and stop at the nine mile stone. He was four hours in his journey, and seemed very much pleased with the entertainment it afforded him.

The following fact affords a striking instance of the dangerous nature and dreadful effects of jealousy. Mr S——, of Stamford hill, had often joked with a young lady, his visitor, in that strain of easy jocularity, which marks real esteem, when unmixed with any ill intention. Mrs S—— had secretly felt much jealousy on this account; and last Saturday se'ennight, under pretence of retiring for some purpose of trivial importance, went to the top of the house, and threw herself headlong to the ground. She lived in pain till night, and then expired.

## *QUEEN's BIRTH-DAY.*

The 18th being the day appropriated for the celebration of the Queen's birth, who will be forty-four years of age on the 19th of May next, in the morning the Prince of Wales and Duke of York paid their respects to their Majesties and the Princesses, at Buckingham-house, where they breakfasted.

The Drawing-room was uncommonly brilliant and crowded, and contained more of the Royal Family, than have been collected at on time in that circle for many years; for besides the Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and the Princesses; their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland were present. The foreign ministers also made a splendid appearance in their dresses and carriages.

### DRESSES.

His MAJESTY when he came to St James's, was dressed in a suit of regimentals, of the new uniform of the Staff; —and appeared in the evening in a suit of brown velvet, richly embroidered, and was extremely chearful.

The PRINCE OF WALES was arrayed in a superb dress;—the coat was of a pale ruby ground, covered with a rich work of white and silver, and beautifully embroidered down the seams with silver:—The *star* of St George was formed of brilliants; the loop also which confined the garter, was of diamonds. The waistcoat was of white and silver; —highly rich and beautiful. The hat in which his Highness appeared in the evening at the ball, had a beautiful brilliant button and loop

The DUKE OF YORK appeared in a suit of regimentals, with the *paraphernalia* of the Order of the Garter, in rich jewellery.

His Highness changed his dress for the ball,—and appeared in the evening in a rich *gala* suit, of a bright purple ground, splendidly embroidered.

The DUKE OF GLOUCESTER wore a rose coloured fancy velvet; and his brother of CUMBERLAND, a mouse coloured sattin, embroidered.

The QUEEN, as is usual on her own birth-day, was plain, and elegantly dressed, without ornaments; her Majesty's train was a black and orange, small figured velvet, the petticoat of orange sattin, was covered with a white crape, in velvet stripes with a broad border of rich black lace at the bottom.

Her MAJESTY and the three PRINCESSES wore caps elegantly decorated with white plumes of feathers, and small sprigs of artificial flowers, placed with much taste;—their ribbons white, orange, and blue.

The PRINCESS ROYAL was in a royal purple and silver tissue; the petticoat of the same silk, was covered with a rich embroidered crape, of a small beautiful pattern, in purple and silver, ornamented with rich embroidered bows, tassels, silver fringe, &c. in a superior style of neatness and fancy.

The PRINCESS AUGUSTA was in an orange colour and silver tissue, trimmed with a beautiful embroidered crape, in purple, green, and silver, not quite so plain as the Princess Royal, but equally elegant, and in the highest style of fashion.

The PRINCESS ELIZABETH wore a coquelicot and silver tissue, the same pattern as the Princess Augusta's. Her Highness's dress and appearance altoge-

ther was much admired. The ornaments were entirely white and ſilver, of the fineſt embroidery, ſilver fringes, taſſels, &c. which added to her Highneſs's natural gaiety and good humour, gave her all the air and ſplendour of a bride.

As it would be impoſſible to give our readers the minutiæ of every new embelliſhment and trait of dreſs, we ſhall confine ourſelves to thoſe ladies only who were moſt diſtinguiſhed in the polite circle, giving ſimply the outlines of their attire, with a view to aſcertain to the *beau monde*, in general, the preſent faſhions and faſhionable colours.

Among the ladies who were moſt diſtinguiſhed for their elegance were,

The Counteſs of Saliſbury; her Ladyſhip's train was a very neat purple and gold tiſſue, on a white ſattin ground, with gold ſpots; the petticoat was of royal purple ſattin, moſt ſuperbly ornamented with fine Bruſſels lace.

Ducheſs of Argyle; in a dreſs ſimilar to the Queen's, orange trimmed with black.

The Ducheſs of Gordon's dreſs was very ſplendid and elegant; the train of white and gold; the petticoat white crape, with large gold ſpots and wreaths of gold and ſilver foil, with bands of dark green, chequered with gold, which had the appearance of tartan.

Lady Viſcounteſs Parker was ſuperbly habited in a petticoat richly ornamented with poppy and various coloured foils, ſtones, &c. her train was white ſattin; the ornaments, which were exceeding brilliant, conſiſted of a rich embroidered crape, with green and poppy coloured foils and gold, with branches of flowers, fringes, taſſels, &c.—Her Ladyſhip was much diſtinguiſhed for her beauty and elegant attire.

Lady Gideon wore a dark brown velvet body, with a white ſattin train; her petticoat trimmed in the ſame manner as the Ducheſs of Gordon's, the only difference being brown, with ſilver ornaments, inſtead of green and gold.

Lady Charlotte Gordon was likewiſe much noticed for her grace, elegance, and attire; her Ladyſhip's train was a royal purple ſattin, the petticoat was covered with great art, in a broad feſtoon of white ſattin, richly embroidered in royal purple and ſilver, which terminated at bottom with a rich embroidered crape, elegantly diverſified with bows and other rich ornaments of purple and ſilver.

The Counteſs of Sutherland was extremely brilliant, in an elegant dreſs; royal purple train, with a rich embroidered crape over the petticoat.

The ladies head dreſſes were chiefly compoſed of gouffred gauze, with remarkably elegant feathers, edged and covered with down.

The ladies in general were dreſſed in rich ſattin trains, moſt of which were ſtriped, and ſome in trains *a la gauffre*. The head dreſſes, with caps in the turban ſtile, feathers and bunches of flowers.

The ladies heads were not regulated by any ſtandard, but each ſported the invention of her own fancy. The ornaments were of blond lace, white ſattin flowers, and feathers, and exhibited the moſt pleaſing variety imagination can form.

The ladies heads were dreſſed in curls very wide and high, and in general they wore marechal powder.

Large bouquets were likewiſe univerſally worn.

The handkerchiefs large and full, with tippets of white ſattin and black velvet.

The ladies wore chiefly gold and ſilver knots in their ſhoes inſtead of buckles.

The gentlemen were chiefly dreſſed in dark coloured ſilk, trimmed with fur, or in velvet richly embroidered with gold, ſilver, and ſteel.

## SCOTLAND.

### Law Promotions.

The Right Hon. Thomas Millar of Barſkimming, Lord Juſtice Clerk, to be Lord Preſident of the Court of Seſſion, in the room of the late Lord Preſident Dundas.

The Right Hon. Robert M'Queen of Braxfield, one of the Lords of Council and Seſſion, and one of the Lords of Juſticiary, to be Lord Juſtice Clerk.

The Right Hon. John Swinton, of Swinton, one of the Lords of Council and Seſſion, to be alſo one of the Lords of Juſticiary, in the room of Lord Brax-

Braxfield promoted.

John M'Laurin, Eſq; Advocate, to be a Lord of Council and Seſſion, in room of Lord Braxfield promoted.

Died at Edinburgh, the Right Honourable John Carmichael, EARL OF HYNDFORD, Lord Carmichael, a moſt reſpectable and worthy independant nobleman, whoſe benevolence will be long remembered, in particular by the managers of the Orphan Hoſpital, to which uſeful charity his Lordſhip for many years was a conſiderable annual contributor. His Lordſhip ſucceeded his couſin in 1767, and married a daughter of Lord Preſtongrange. Dying without iſſue, his Lordſhip is ſucceeded in his title, and the family eſtate, by Thomas Carmichael of Maulſlie, Eſq; the heir of line to the Earldom of Hyndford.

Died at his ſeat at Dupplin, the Right Hon. Thomas Earl of Kinnoul, &c. in the 78th year of his age.

He is ſucceeded in his titles and eſtate by Robert now Earl of Kinnoul, eldeſt ſon of his Lordſhip's brother Robert, late Lord Archbiſhop of York.

Died the moſt Noble Jean Marchioneſs of Lothian, at Lothian Houſe.

Lord Cathcart is choſen one of the Peers to repreſent the Scots Peerage, in the room of the late Earl of Dalhouſie. The other candidate was the Earl of Dumfries, who loſt by one vote only.

## ABERDEEN.

Patrick Young, condemned at laſt autumn circuit, for ſhopbreaking, made his eſcape from priſon here; and tho' his companions who went off along with him were apprehended, he eluded all ſearch for ſome time. He was however, taken into cuſtody and impriſoned at Arbroath; from whence he again eſcaped, owing to the connivance of the jailor. Being a third time apprehended, he was brought back to Aberdeen jail—And upon the 19th, was by warrant of juſticiary ſent, under cuſtody of a macer of court, to Edinburgh, to wait the ſentence of that high court. On his arrival there, which was on Tueſday morning Jan. 22. the turnkey, within an hour, had the curioſity to pay him a viſit, to ſee how he was behaving, when he found him buſily employed in cutting off one of his leg irons. The inſtrument with which he was at work was a ſhoemaker's knife, made like a ſaw. Two of theſe he had the dexterity to conceal in the inner ſole of his ſhoe. The keeper immediately took from him theſe implements, and ſearched him to ſee if he had any others concealed.

Jan. 8. died, the Rev. Mr William Peterkin, one of the Miniſters of Elgin.

There are now living in this town, two women, one aged 103, and the other 97; whoſe ages put together, make 200.

Died at Bath, where he had gone for the benefit of his health, upon the firſt current, Duncan Grant, Eſq; Provoſt of Forres, after a long and tedious illneſs, which he bore with patience and fortitude. He was a moſt affectionate huſband, a tender parent, a ſincere friend, a moſt vigilant and active magiſtrate, and is ſincerely and juſtly regreted by his numerous family and friends, and by all thoſe who had the pleaſure of his acquaintance.

On Thurſday 17. died, in the 67th year of her age, Mrs Margaret Muir, relict of the late Andrew Thomſon, Eſq; Advocate in Aberdeen.

Died at his houſe in Banff, upon Monday the 21ſt current, much regretted by his friends and acquaintances, Alexander Dirom, Eſq; of Muireſk, late Provoſt and Sheriff-ſubſtitute of Banff-ſhire.

Died at ſame place, on Thurſday the

the 24th current, Mr William Ogilvie, merchant, and ſometime Baillie of Banff.

We hear from London, that on the 21ſt inſt. Mr James Farquhar of Bennet's hill, Doctors Commons, (ſon of the late Baillie John Farquhar of this place) was in conſequence of a *fiat* from the Lord Archbiſhop of Canterbury, admitted a Proctor in his Grace's Arches Court, and the ſeveral other Courts held at Doctors Commons.

Laſt week, Mr John Gordon writter, was admitted into the Society of Advocates in this place.

## THE TRIFLER, No. II.

*January* 31, 1788.

*Think nought a* Trifle, *though it ſmall appear,*
*Small ſands the mountain, moments make the year,*
*And* Trifles *life. Your care to* Trifles *give,*
*Or you may die before you truly live*
YOUNG.

SOME author, if I remember right, Lord Cheſterfield, recommends to us to learn the art of *trifling* well. But before we commence this ſtudy, perhaps it may be neceſſary to remove a certain ambiguity of expreſſion contained in this advice. To do that, I leave my readers. Perhaps ſome of them may be better acquainted with the art of *trifling well* than I can pretend to be. "To do little things with a good grace," has been alſo recommended, and with much propriety; for the good humour of mankind, which is a kin to their happineſs, depends in a great meaſure on doing little things with a good grace. Whether I have begun to do this little thing called a *Trifler*, with that good grace, my readers muſt judge. The motto I have prefixed to my paper announces the ſubject of this day's paper—to take care of Trifles, becauſe trifles, as Dr Young obſerves, make life—not indeed the whole of it, but a conſiderable part.

*Trifles* are the ſhillings, ſixpences, pence, and *bawbees* of life. We have every where occaſion to meet with them, and to exchange them; if they are made of baſe metal, they may be refuſed, and it may happen that we have not coin of greater value to offer. The great buſineſs, virtues, or vices of life are like your bank-notes, in few heads, and occur but ſeldom. According therefore to the old proverb, let us take care of the *pence*, and the pounds will take care of themſelves. Let us, to drop the allegory, beware of thoſe little faults and trifling errors, for they lead imperceptibly to great vices: and let us keep in conſtant practice the little elegances and manners of virtue, for they lead to higher exertions of rectitude.

I am aware that I have no pretenſions to be liſtened to, but as I depart farther and farther from the meaning of my name,* and I therefore, in my laſt paper, warned all wicked punſters and wits from making any improper uſes of a name which like my predeceſſors I have choſen as a cloak to hide my real one—There can but one danger ariſe from this, and that leads to a pun;† when hereafter I may be diſcovered,

* Here our author gives an inſtance of his modeſty, which is rather ſingular, as he wiſhes to part with what he had before called a good name. *Vide* his firſt paper. *P. Bathos.*

† The Greeks were attached to punning, and ſo are ſome gentlemen in Aberdeen, of which numerous examples may be given. *Vide Hiſtoriam Clubi Aberdonenſis cum not. varior.* p. 2576.

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ſome *kind friend* may obſerve "Well! I always thought Mr Such a one was a *Trifler*."

There are two kinds‡ of triflers in in the world—one kind are thoſe who trifle with themſelves—the other, thoſe who trifle with the reſt of mankind.

The firſt are they who trifle with their own character—the ſecond thoſe who trifle with the character of others, a very numerous claſs, including all muſty old batchelors, old maids,¶ all backbiters, revilers, goſſips, male and female.

Another kind of Triflers are thoſe who trifle with *Time*—to them I ſhall addreſs myſelf very particularly hereafter. In the mean time I offer it to their conſideration, that hours make days §, days make years, and a very few years make up the life of man.

Some trifle with *religion*. To them I have only to ſay, that as religion is no *trifle*, they have no buſineſs with it, and therefore I ſhall inſiſt on their letting it alone altogether, if they mean only to trifle.

Others trifle with their *health*—Now, it is very remarkable, but I vow and proteſt it is matter of fact, that of all men who conſidered health as a trifle, not one of them has ever found it ſo. Theſe triflers, indeed, do not much of themſelves, but they are powerfully aſſiſted by bottles, bowls, and glaſſes,‖ not to ſpeak of *angels*. "An angel," ſays the ingenious Fielding, "is the name of a "woman, commonly of a very "bad one."

Others, again, trifle with their families, by being found in every place—except at home, ſpending their time in taverns, gaming &c. They are a ſpecies of incurables of whom I ſhall make ſpecial mention hereafter, not with a view (like the Quack doctors, who profeſs to adminiſter to none but thoſe who are *incurable* *) to cure them, but to prevent others from falling into the ſame ſtate of diſeaſed mind.

Another ſpecies of triflers are thoſe who trifle with their *fortune*; and this a man may do who poſſeſſes the wealth of a nobleman. Theſe are not always incurable. Proper medicines being adminiſtered, I have known many recover, altho' not till after ſome *confinement* †. This ſpecies may be ſubdivided into many leſſer ſpecies, of which hereafter.

Beſides theſe, I might enumerate a long liſt of triflers, who have ſome one thing, ſome another for the object of their trifling; but as they will all come to be conſidered in my future lucubrations, I need not take up

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‡ Here our author forgets himſelf. He ſays *two*, and he goes on to enumerate a ſcore. There is an excellent quotation which begins thus, *Nonnunquam bonus &c.*

¶ *Old Maids*; the double epithet here applied is obſervable. Firſt, *old*, ſecondly, *Maids*—Critics are of opinion that he ſhould have ſaid *Old Women*.

§ This is a truiſm; he might as well aſſure us that two and two make four, and then left us to conſider whether it was ſo or not. *Vide* Dilworth's Arithmetic *circa initium!*

‖ *Bottles, bowls, and glaſſes!* Here is a manifeſt tautology. *Glaſſes* would have been ſufficient, as people do not drink out of bottles directly. An inſtance of tautology lately occurred in the caſe of a Juſtice of peace, who ſaid, that the culprit he had examined that day was "mum, dumo, neuter, ſaid "nothing, held his peace, and was "ſilent." *Apud Jeſtas Johnſoni & alior.*

* This is not the author's wit, altho' he may pretend ſo. It is copied from the adverti ſement of a noted quack-doctor in London.

† If this is not a pun, I appeal to the Jailor of the Tolbooth, and to every phyſician in town.

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the time of my readers with a list of names only.

Lest some may think that I am going to abuse all my friends, by including them in some one list or other, I think it proper to premise, that if at any time *the cap should happen to fit*, I had no hand in making it. I make no caps for individuals, and therefore beg of thee, gentle and courteous reader ‡, that when thou hast found a cap which seems to fit thy upper part, thou wilt go straightway to thy neighbour, and try it on his head; peradventure it will fit him better; and try it on thy neighbour's neighbour, and belike thou mayest find it will fit him still more closely;——or, perhaps, thou will find that the cap which thou supposedst I had made for thee, and thee only, is really and in verity made upon the true principles of elasticity § and will fit any head. For as there be heads that have no caps, so there may be some caps made by me, for which no heads can be found—and of this I shall be very glad, in cases where the cap would not be an ornament and an honour.

Some time ago it entered into my thoughts to write a letter in a certain paper, gravely, yet now and then jocosely censuring a reigning absurdity, peculiar to certain dames of high life, some of whom I had the honour to call acquaintance. The consequence was, that Mrs. A. said Mrs B. was meant; Mrs B. said Mrs. C. was the person aimed at; Mrs. C. threw it off her shoulders on Mrs. D—— Mrs. D. said, "ay! there's Mrs. E. to the life!" Mrs. E. swore (almost swore) it was Mrs. F.—— In short, it passed through several alphabets of their acquaintance, every one anxious to get rid of it herself—And yet all feeling that the cap was a little tight—although not one of the whole number had been measured by me for any such cap.

A very short time, thereafter, being in a grave mood, as before, I wrote another letter in praise of an eminent virtue, together with an admirable model of the same. The alphabets were gone over sooner in this case, for Mrs. A, B, C, D, E, F,‖ &c. &c. cried out with one voice, THAT's ME;——— WHAT A CHARMING WRITER!— And yet in this case I made no *cap*, or if I did, it must have been made, as I said before, upon elastic principles, for every one agreed that it fitted in every way, was neither too light nor too loose.

There are a kind of Triflers who probably will be much offended if I forget them. These are the *minor* triflers, a body of men who trifle to please themselves, and profess at the same time to please others. They are described in the Greek writers by the name Ακεφαλοι, or *men without heads*, as it may be rendered into the vernacular tongue.

Having now cleared my way by these preliminary dissertations, I have only to add that I have appointed my trusty and well beloved friend, Dr. Periwigmenos Bathos‡ to write such notes on these my papers as he shall think fit.

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‡ Here our author changes his stile, and is very grave and very moral. To laugh, therefore, would be very wicked.

§ As Bayes says, "the joke here lies in the boots"—In London they sell what they call elastic boots—yea and elastic breeches. *Vide Advertisments calcearior. &c. apud Londin. nuncios. passim.*

‖ Albeit our author affecteth the marvellous here, it is notour that there are ladies who———*Hiatus in MSS.*

‡ This office we have accepted with all due humility, although it requires a profundity sometimes deeper than even the family of the Bathos can reach.

THE

# ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

## *LITERARY CHRONICLE, AND REVIEW.*

No. III.] Thurſday February 14, 1788. [Price 3d.

*From the* PUBLIC LEDGER.

SIR,

I Look forward to the time when the good effects of that excellent inſtitution, the Sunday ſchools, will be obvious in the decent conduct of thoſe young men who have been trained up in them, provided the plan does not drop for want of ſupport, which, however, I hope can never be the caſe.

It appears that the number of poor children who have been taken into thoſe ſeminaries is no leſs than *two hundred and fifty thouſand.* In the town of Mancheſter only, the ſchools contain *five thouſand.* Of theſe 250,000, we may ſafely ſay, that not an hundreth part, nor perhaps a thouſandth part, would have ever received any education whatever, if it had not been for the inſtitution of Sunday ſchools. The utility of thoſe ſchools is now pretty univerſally allowed. Calumny and criticiſm, oppoſition and wrangling have done their worſt. Many elegant pens have been employed to explain and illuſtrate the plan; many eloquent preachers of the higheſt rank in the church, and among the Diſſenters, have recommended them; and they want nothing but eſtabliſhment more ſure than occaſional charity affords—Occaſional charity, by annual ſubſcriptions, is ſometimes certain, but frequently fails after a time; how then could our opulent nobility better diſpoſe of a trifle from their great fortunes, to train up the poor on their eſtates to be virtuous and uſeful, to fear God, and avoid thoſe ſnares that bring ſo many to priſons, and to ignominious deaths? I am unwilling to think that our nobility would be reluctant in this matter, if it were properly recommended to their attention. I am unwilling to think that, however zealous and expenſive many of them are in the purſuit of pleaſurable ſchemes, they would be averſe to encourage that, which in the end would be a benefit to themſelves.

It is not romantic to predict great good from the education of poor children in the principles of piety. It is acknowledged, that early impreſſions are the ſtrongeſt, that they remain unconquered to a very late period of life, and perhaps never

are wholly effaced. It follows then, that it is our duty to make ſuch impreſſions as are ſubſervient to virtue and good morals, ſuch as may tend to make the children more honeſt ſervants, and more uſeful to the community as members of it, more powerfully acted upon in the way of their duty by the beſt motives.

It is generally obſerved by thoſe, who have frequent opportunities to converſe with ſuch of our convicts as are ſentenced to die, that thoſe poor wretches are remarkable for nothing ſo much as their groſs ignorance of every duty human and divine; that they have not the leaſt idea of the worſhip of a God, nor even of his exiſtence, and that it is therefore with great difficulty that they are made to entertain a proper ſenſe of their unhappy ſituation. In ſuch a manner have they been trained up, that many of them have been thieves from the moment that they could uſe their hands to pilfer, and their feet to run away. Many who have been lately convicted at the Old Bailey were mere boys in age, but old in the practice of every ſpecies of the moſt hardened villainy. But initiation into vice, and the abſence of all good precept and example, are not obvious only in the caſe of felons; the number of infant proſtitutes in the ſtreets demonſtrate that every degree of corruption is eaſy, where the mind is left without any virtuous impreſſions. Examine one of theſe creatures, and you will find that they have no more ſenſe of their ſituation, than the lunatics in Bethlem Hoſpital, and perhaps are about the ſame likelihood of cure.

I frankly confeſs that I am one of thoſe who expect that Sunday ſchools, if continued on the ſame plan as now, will, in time, work a more perfect reformation than can be effected by any other means whatever. Sanguinary laws may be neceſſary to puniſh thoſe who are already guilty; and bolts and bars may confine leſſer felons, and by incloſing them in one horrid ſociety of infamy, render them more hardened—but neither theſe, nor the frequency of executions will do any thing in the way of prevention. That muſt be effected, if effected at all, by education. A man who has had a virtuous education may commit crimes—but if he has had no education, he will commit more, and with leſs chance of reformation and penitence.

PHILANTHROPUS.

## Progress of Sunday Schools.

THE truly benevolent Mr Raikes, in a private letter to our Printer, Nov. 13, 1787 (which his own good heart will pardon our thus divulging), after politely noticing the mention we have occaſionally made of "his project for civilizing the common people of this kingdom," and obſerving, that "he has found the plan more widely diſperſed by the Gentleman's Magazine than by any other publication;" adds,

It is incredible with what rapidity this grain of muſtard-ſeed is extending its branches over the nation—The 3d of this month compleats four years ſince I firſt mentioned the expediency of Sunday ſchools in the Glouceſter Journal; and, by the beſt information, I am aſſured, that the number of poor children, who were heretofore as neglected as the wild aſs's colt, but who are now taken into theſe little ſeminaries of inſtruction, amounts to 250,000. In the town of Mancheſter alone the ſeminaries contain 5000.

It would delight you to obſerve the chearfulneſs with which the children attend on the Sunday.

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A woman told me laſt Sunday, that her boy enquires of her every night, before he goes to bed, whether he has done any thing in the day that will furniſh a complaint againſt him on Sunday.

You ſee, Sir, to what care and vigilance this may lead. Yours, &c.

Gent. Mag.] R. RAIKES.

*For the* EDITORS *of the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

*A ſeries of letters on the Fiſheries of Scotland was publiſhed in the Edinburgh Evening Courant in* 1786.—*They were written by a worthy and well-informed citizen of Aberdeen,* Mr JOHN ROSE, *(now at Greenock) and are reviſed and corrected by a friend who is fully maſter of the ſubject. You cannot better employ a few pages of your Miſcellany, than in detailing the important matter contained in theſe letters, which from the mode of their firſt publication are almoſt forgot.*

## LETTER I.

IT has been remarked by a philoſopher, and indeed with great truth, that, in all ages of the world, there has ever been, a keen averſion, or ſullen obſtinacy diſplayed, at every attempt towards improvement or reformation, even where the practice is univerſally allowed to be bad or ineffectual. The generality of mankind, but more particularly profeſſional men, in every ſtation, ſpurn at the idea of being thought leſs able to improve, or ſtand in need of inſtruction from their neighbour; from which reaſon, they adhere ſo cloſely to what their minds have been familiariſed to, that it is not without the keeneſt ſtruggle, and after the plaineſt conviction, they will allow themſelves to be undeceived. Had theſe principles univerſally prevailed, without the admiſſion of the ſchemes of the ſpeculator, or attending to the eſſays of genius, the world had yet remained in a ſtate of ſavage barbarity, and we had known nothing of thoſe uſeful improvements and elegant inventions in arts, ſciences, and manufactures, that have, by the labours of the human mind, been brought to a ſtate that forms the glory of the preſent age.

Theſe exertions of genius, patronized by the generous attention of the liberal and diſintereſted, daily add new acquiſitions and improvements, which promiſe to future ages, advantages as far tranſcending thoſe of the preſent day, as ours do that of centuries paſt and gone, unleſs ſome great convulſion in the ſtate of nations interfere to defeat the fair proſpect.

Perhaps, no branch of buſineſs ever ſtood more in need of improvement and reformation, than that of the *Scotch Fiſheries*. An inquiry into the preſent practice of Fiſhing, and of their ſucceſs for many years by-paſt, exhibits ſuch a mortifying ſcene of bungling and blunder, diſappointment and loſs, as cannot fail to have leſſened us in the eſtimation of European nations, when it is conſidered, that we poſſeſs, beyond every doubt, the moſt convenient and advantageous ſituations in the world for the Fiſhing Trade. This ought to give us the ſuperiority of all others, and, if properly occupied, certainly would enable us not only to produce Fiſh of the beſt quality, and in the fineſt condition, but alſo to underſell all other nations at moſt markets. Notwithſtanding this ſituation, and the very conſiderable ſums of money which has been generouſly beſtowed by government in bounties, for theſe many years by-paſt, we have been very unable to ſupply either our own

market at home, or our colonial conſumpt abroad, far leſs to furniſh a ſurplus to our neighbours on the Continent, as we certainly ought, to a very conſiderable amount. This is entirely owing to the improper manner in which the buſineſs is conducted by Boat Fiſhing, the only method practiſed, round the whole coaſt, in the Cod and Herring Fiſhing. It is admitted, that when the Fiſh chance to ſet in to the lochs, or cloſe in to the land, much may be done by boats, but the uncertainty of this is too conſpicuous to ſtand in need of illuſtration.— The conſequence of ſo precarious a dependance is, that the generality of prudent, cautious people, who are not at the trouble to inveſtigate the true cauſe of our failure, are diſguſted at the trade; and therefore, they conclude it untenable, chiefly attributing our diſappointments to the fault of our ſeamen, whereas the blame lies entirely at the doors of our Fiſhing Adventurers, in not procuring fit inſtructors, and properly equipping their veſſels; for was this done, and our ſeafaring men put into a proper line, it will ſcarcely be doubted but they are as hardy to brave the dangers of the ſea, and as fit to conduct any enterpriſe where honour or intereſt is to be acquired, as any people on earth. A peruſal of Mr Knox' View of the Britiſh Empire, will ſhew him to be the warm friend and able advocate of his country; he has been at much pains to aſcertain the produce of our captures, and extent of our exports in the Fiſhing Trade, for a ſeries of years; and no other evidence need be adduced to corroborate, than that, at an average, the Bounty Ships at the Herring Fiſhing have, for the laſt ſeven years, juſt yielded half cargoes. At Stornaway, in the iſland of Lewis, twenty one veſſels rendezvouſed there laſt year on the Bounty Fiſhing. Theſe, after a three months fruitleſs ſearch, ſhifting from loch to loch, as is their uſual cuſtom, ſcarcely procured, among them all, a ſufficient quantity of Herrings to make one cargo to the ſmalleſt of them. Yet the commanders of theſe veſſels, to my certain knowledge, are equal in good ſenſe, ſpirit, and ability, to any that uſe the trade, and as they reſide near the fiſhing ground, have an opportunity, and undoubtedly exert themſelves to the utmoſt of their power.

At Staxago, on the Caithneſs-ſhire coaſt, and in the Murray Frith, there were from fifty to ſixty Boats employed in fiſhing for Herrings this laſt ſeaſon, and they were completely unſucceſsful. A gentleman from Aberdeen, who was intereſted in the hire of a part of theſe boats, very juſtly attributed the want of ſucceſs to their not going far enough out to ſea, having gone ſeveral nights himſelf; and, by perſuaſion, the fiſhermen went a greater diſtance than uſual: but in open boats it is barely poſſible to go ſo far as is neceſſary from the ſhore. Altho' the boat fiſhers were this ſeaſon unſucceſsful, yet they had the mortification to ſee ſeveral Dutch veſſels buſily employed; and they afterwards learned, from coaſting ſhips that had paſſed and ſpoke them, that they were fiſhing very ſucceſsfully, and had made their cargoes in the courſe of three or four weeks, juſt within a few leagues off where the Caithneſs people had ſpent the whole ſeaſon, toiling to no purpoſe. An Oſtend ſhipmaſter, with whom I very lately converſed, informs me, he was fiſhing laſt June in our ſeas, and one morning, but a few leagues to eaſtward of the Buchan-neſs, in one haul of his nets, he had above ONE HUNDRED and TWENTY BARRELS of HERRINGS, about 100 of which he cured and put into caſks in excellent condition, and the remainder

ſel he was obliged to throw overboard; having received, from another veſſel in company belonging to the ſame owners, ſufficient, with his hundred barrels, to complete his cargo, he went directly home to Oſtend, to catch the early market, when they bring a high price. Theſe failures on our ſide, and the ſucceſs on that of foreigners, are as certain and regular as the ſeaſon's return; and it is well known, that the Dutch herring fiſhermen in general make from two to three cargoes every ſeaſon, and altho' they have a pretty long voyage out and home, without any bounty whatever, yet, by the fruits of their induſtry, they reap very conſiderable profits; while we, with the fiſh ſwarming at our doors, with a large government bounty, can hardly make one half of a ſingle cargo to our beſt fiſhing ſhips, nay, very frequently are deep loſers. Does not a knowledge of theſe things point out the neceſſity of improvement? Does it not call upon the good ſenſe of the nation, for an alteration of an abſurd ſyſtem already too long perſevered in? Or is it by fate decreed, that we ſhall for ever bungle on in the old tract, continuing to render ourſelves ridiculous in the eyes of Europe, and perpetuating a ſad reflection upon the induſtry of our people? I hope, both for the honour and intereſt of the nation, it is not ſo. Our anceſtors practiſed, with great ſucceſs, the Herring Fiſhing in deep water, many hundred years ago, with the Buss or Horse Rope:* and it is highly probable we taught the Dutch this method of Fiſhing, which they have invariably practiſed to the preſent day: and I will venture to affirm, that until we return again to this our old practice, never will this branch of buſineſs be brought to form an important national ſtaple, or a regular profitable private one.

Altho' the Dutch have long carried on the trade to great purpoſe, I will not admit, that they have arrived at the utmoſt point of perfection it may be poſſible to carry it.

I would not, therefore, implicitly follow their practice in all things; becauſe, our ſituation is ſo very much in our favour, that we can carry it on at much leſs expence, not only in the value of our ſhipping, but in ſundry things beſide, and I would ſelect from theirs as well as from every other country, in helping to complete a good ſyſtem; nor ſhould even ſpeculative ſchemes be altogether rejected, when they appear founded in reaſon, without candidly inveſtigating their merits, or trying their effects.

(To be continued.)

* Vide *Lindſay's Intereſt of Scotland conſidered*, p. 790.

Short ſketch of the Character of the late MAJOR FERGUSON (of the family of Pitfour) from "*Mackenzie's Strictures on Lieut. Colonel Tarleton's Hiſtory of the Campaigns in North America in* 1780, *&c.*

HEre fell *Major Patrick Ferguſon*, a gentleman whoſe virtues and accompliſhments were univerſally admired. In the commencement of the war, he lamented the deſtruction cauſed in the Britiſh army by the American marksmen, and exerted his genius in conſtructing a rifle, which loaded with greater celerity, and fired with ſuperior exactitude to thoſe in uſe with the enemy, thus counteracting them at their own weapons. While belonging to a regiment which occupied the peaceful garriſon of Halifax in Nova Scotia, he diſdained inglorious eaſe, embarked for England, ſolicited and obtained

ed the command of a corps which was entirely equipped upon his own principles. By his vigilance and activity in Pennſylvania and New Jerſey, he acquired the confidence of the Commander in Chief, and improved it by ſubſequent ſervices at Stony Point, and in ſeveral deſultory deſcents upon the enemies coaſt. All theſe had the effect of equally diſtreſſing the Americans, and raiſing their ideas of Britiſh valour.

In the year 1780 he was appointed to a command formed of detachments ſelected from the Provincial Corps, and embarked on the expedition which reduced Charleſtown. His talent for enterprize attracted the notice of the whole army: military tacticks had been his early and favourite ſtudy; and his knowledge was drawn from the pureſt ſources. To a diſtinguiſhed capacity for planning the greateſt deſigns, he added the ardour neceſſary to carry them into execution. He was therefore charged with the meaſure of ſupporting, and at the ſame time diſciplining, the numerous bodies of Loyaliſts with which the interior diſtricts of the Carolinas abounded; and it was in the proſecution of this truſt that he met his fate upon King's Mountain, in the manner before related. In private life, his humanity and benevolence were conſpicuous; his friendſhips were ſteady and ſincere. In his profeſſional capacity he thirſted after fame, and periſhed in its purſuit.—Conſidered as a ſcholar, his genius was ſolid, his comprehenſion clear, and his erudition extenſive. The ſerene fortitude which he evinced in his lateſt moments, ſtrongly pourtrayed his military virtues.

## EPISCOPAL ANECDOTE.

DR. BEAUCLERK, the late Biſhop of Hereford, having preached but *one* ſermon during his being a Biſhop, reminds me (ſays a Correſpondent) of a ſimilar fact, attended with much more curious circumſtances, of a Biſhop of Cork.

Dr. WILLIAM LYONS, who was preferred to the Biſhoprick of Cork, Cloyne, and Roſs, towards the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, was originally a captain of a ſhip, who had diſtinguiſhed himſelf ſo gallantly in ſeveral actions with the Spaniards, that on being introduced to the Queen, ſhe told him he ſhould have the *firſt vacancy that offered.*

The honeſt Captain, who underſtood the Queen *literally*, ſoon after hearing of a vacancy in the See of Cork, immediately ſet out for Court, and claimed the Royal promiſe.—The Queen, aſtoniſhed at the requeſt, for a time remonſtrated againſt the impropriety of it, and that ſhe could never think of it as an office ſuitable for him. It was, however, in vain; he ſaid, the Royal word was paſſed, and he relied on it. Her Majeſty then ſaid, ſhe would take a few days to conſider of it, when, examining into his character, and finding him a ſober, moral man, as well as an intrepid commander, ſhe ſent for Lyons, and gave him the biſhoprick, ſaying at the ſame time, "ſhe hoped he would take as good care of the church as he had done of the ſtate."

Lyons immediately ſet out for his biſhoprick, which he enjoyed for above twenty years with great reputation to himſelf, but never attempted to preach but once, and that was on the death of the Queen. On that melancholy occaſion he thought it his duty to pay the laſt honours to his Royal miſtreſs, and accordingly mounted the pulpit in Chriſt Church, in the city of Cork, when, after giving a good diſcourſe on the uncertainty of life, and the great and amiable qualities of the Queen, he concluded in the following warm but whim-

whimſical manner:

"Let thoſe who feel this loſs deplore with me on this melancholy occaſion; but if there be any that hear me who have ſecretly wiſhed for this event (as perhaps there may) they have now got their wiſh, and the D—l do them good with it."

The writer of this article gives it on *good traditional authority*.—The Biſhop's name and the date of his appointment (1583) are on record in the Conſiſtorial Court of Cork; and his picture in his Captain's uniform, the left hand wanting a finger, is ſtill to be ſeen in the Biſhop's Palace at Cork.

## MIRACULOUS ESCAPE *from the* BASTILE.

THE following extraordinary account was drawn up Mr. de la Tude, and publiſhed lately at Amſterdam. Our extract is from Johnſon's tranſlation juſt publiſhed. That Mr. la Tude and his companion could effect their eſcape from the Baſtile, in the manner here related, may rank with the moſt aſtoniſhing phænomena of our times:—

In the Baſtile neither ſciſſars, knife, or any other edge-tool is allowed; and for a hundred louis your turnkey, or man who brings your victuals would not let you have a quarter of a yard of thread. Now, on a moderate calculation, it was neceſſary to have fourteen hundred feet of cord; two ladders, one of wood, from twenty or thirty feet in length, and another of rope one hundred and eighty. It was neceſſary to remove ſeveral iron grates from the chimney, and to bore a hole in one night through a wall many feet thick at the diſtance of only twelve or fifteen feet from a ſentinel. It was neceſſary to create and form the articles I have mentioned to accompliſh our eſcape, and we had no reſource but our own hands. But this was not all the difficulty, it was neceſſary to conceal the wooden and the rope ladder of two hundred and fifty ſteps, a foot long and an inch thick, and ſeveral other prohibited particulars, in the room of a priſoner; though the officers, accompanied by the turnkey, paid us a viſit many times a week, and honoured our perſons with a ſtrict examination, yet this ſcheme was uppermoſt in my mind. I had often mentioned it to my companion, who was far from a blockhead, but always replied, that it was impoſſible. However his objections not diſcouraging me, only ſpured me on to my purpoſe.

You muſt have been confined in the Baſtile to know how wretches are treated there. Figure to yourſelf ten years ſpent in a room without ſeeing or ſpeaking to the priſoner over your head. Many times have there been immured the huſband, the wife, and a family of children, for a number of years, without either apprehending that a relation was near. You never hear any news there; let the King die, let the miniſtry be totally changed, you are not told a ſyllable of the matter. The officers, the ſurgeon, the turnkeys, ſay nothing to you but, "Good morning! Good evening! do you ſtand in need of any thing?"

There is a chapel in which is daily performed one maſs, and on holidays and Sundays three. In the chapel five little cloſets; the priſoner is placed in one of theſe, when the magiſtrate gives him leave to be preſent at the celebration of that ceremony; he is taken back after the elevation; ſo that no prieſt ever views the face of a priſoner; and the latter never ſees more than the back of the prieſt.

Mr

Mr. Berrier had granted me permiſſion to hear maſs on Sundays and Wedneſdays, and had allowed the ſame liberty to my companion. He had given that leave alſo to the priſoner who lodged above us, that is to ſay, in number three, of the tower called la Comte, which is the firſt to the right hand as you enter the Baſtille. I had obſerved that this priſoner never made any noiſe; did not ſo much as move his chair or table; nor even cough, &c. He went to maſs on our days, deſcending the firſt, and returned up ſtairs after us. My mind being conſtantly intent on my favourite ſcheme of eſcaping, I told my comrade that I had a mind to take a view of the ſtranger's room at our return from maſs, and I deſired him to forward my wiſh, by putting his tweezer-caſe in his handkerchief; and when we had regained the ſecond ſtory, to contrive, by pulling out his handkerchief, that the tweezer-caſe ſhould fall down the ſtairs, to the greateſt diſtance poſſible; and that he ſhould deſire the turnkey, who uſually attended us, to go and pick it up. This was no ſooner propoſed than done. Being foremoſt, I ran up without loſs of time, drew back the bolt, and opened the door of No. 3. I examined the height of the room, and found it could not be above nine or ten feet. I ſhut the door again, and had leiſure to meaſure one, two, and three ſteps of the ſtaircaſe. I counted their number from that chamber to ours; and diſcovered a difference of about five feet. As the ſeparation was not a ſtone arch, I readily perceived that it could not be five feet thick, and conſequently muſt be double.

I then ſaid to my companion, "Never deſpair! believe me, with a little patience and courage we may make our eſcape. Here is my eſtimate, (preſenting him with a paper;) there is a drum* between the room on the third ſtory and ours."—Without looking at the paper, he ſaid, "ſuppoſe all the drums of the army were there, how ſhould they help us to eſcape?"—"We do not want the drums of the army, but if as I think, there is a hollow to conceal my ropes and the other implements we ſhall have occaſion for, I will engage that we ſhall ſucceed in our enterpriſe."—"But before we talk of hiding our ropes, we muſt have them; and we know too well that it is impoſſibie to get ten feet."—"As to the ropes," ſaid I, "give yourſelf no trouble about them; for in the trunk of my chaiſe, which lies before us, there is more than a thouſand feet." He looked at me very earneſtly and ſaid, "Faith! I believe that you have loſt your ſenſes! I know as well as you the contents of your trunk, and of your portmanteau; I am certain there is not a foot of rope in either; and yet you tell me that they hold more than a thouſand." "Yes," I replied, "in that trunk are twelve dozen of ſhirts, ſix dozen pair of ſilk ſtockings, twelve dozen pair of under ſtockings, five dozen drawers, and ſix dozen napkins. Now, by unravelling my ſhirts, my ſtockings, my under ſtockings, my napkins, and my drawers, I ſhall have more than enough to make a thouſand feet of rope." "True, ſaid he, but how ſhall we remove the iron

* A double cieling lowered to produce ſymmetry on a principal ſtory, or to prevent the communication of ſounds. Inſtances of this are to be found in the Adelphi, for circulation of air between the coins and the floors, to prevent the rotting of the timber. This ſingularity in architecture has been particularly adopted by the French; though there are remarkable traces of it in old Gothic buildings, with a view to ſecure valuables in troubleſome times.

bars

bars in our chimney? For with nothing it is impossible to do any thing; and we have only our hands; we cannot create instruments to accomplish so great an undertaking." I answered my friend, "the hand is the instrument of all instruments; it is that which makes every one of them; men whose heads are capable of working, are never at a loss for resources. Look, continued I, at the iron hinges of our folding-table, I will put each into a handle, give it an edge by whetting it on the tiled floor of our apartment; we have a steel; by breaking it I will manufacture a good knife in less than two hours to make the handles; and the pen-knife will serve for a thousand other purposes. Thus, with these two hinges, my life for it, we will contrive to remove those iron bars."

We talked of nothing else all the day, and as soon as we had supped, pulled one hinge from our table; with that we took up a tile from our floor, and set about digging so successfully, that in six days we perforated it, and found to our satisfaction, that there were two floors three feet distant from each other. From this moment we considered our escape as a certainty. We replaced the tile, which had no appearance of having been removed. Next day I broke our steel, and made a penknife of it, and with this instrument we formed handles to the hinges of our table. We gave an edge to each; then we unravelled two of our shirts, having stopped them to the hems, drawing out thread after thread. We knit these strings together, made of them a certain number of clews, which finished, we divided them in two, which formed two large bottoms; these were fifty threads in each, sixty feet long. We then twisted them, and formed a rope about fifty-five feet in length; and with the wood they brought us for firing made twenty rounds, which connected by the rope became a ladder twenty feet long. At last we began with the most difficult undertaking, the removal of the iron bars from the chimney. To accomplish this we fastened our rope-ladders with a weight to the end of them, and by means of the steps supported ourselves in the air, while we displaced the bars. In a few months we loosened them all, but restored them to their places, ready to be removed at any time we wanted them. This was a troublesome piece of work indeed. Heavens! we never descended without bloody hands; and our bodies were so bruised in the chimney, that we could not renew our toil for an hour afterwards.

This labour over, we wanted a wooden ladder of twenty feet, from the trench to reach the parapet, where the guards are posted, that way to enter the garden of the Governor. Every day they gave us wood for firing, from eighteen to twenty inches long. We still wanted blocks and many other things, and our two hinges were not fit for these two purposes, much less to saw billets. In a few hours, from an iron candlestick in our possessions, with the other fragment of the steel, I made a most excellent saw, with which, in less than a quarter of an hour, I would have been bound to cut asunder a log as thick as my leg. With the pen-knife, the hinges, the saw, we began to shapen and smooth our billets, to make at each end a kind of joint or mortise, and tenons to fix in one another, with two holes, one to receive a round, and one a peg to prevent their shaking; and as fast as we finished a part of our ladder, we concealed it between the two floors.

With these implements we made a pair of compasses, a square, a reel, blocks, steps, &c. &c.

As the officers and turnkeys often entered our apartment in the day,

time, when we leaſt expected them, we were obliged not only to hide our tools, but the ſmalleſt chips and rubbiſh that we made, the leaſt of which would have betrayed us. We had likewiſe given each of them a private name: for inſtance, we called the ſaw, Faunus; the reel, Anubis; the hinges, Tubal Cain; the drum, Polyphemus, in alluſion to the fabulous grotto; the wooden ladder, Jacob; the ſteps, ſuckers; a rope, a dove, &c. &c. &c. When any perſon was coming in, he who was next the door ſaid to the other, Tubal Cain, Faunus, Anubis, Dove, &c. and the other taking the hint, threw his handkerchief or a napkin over what was to be concealed, or removed it; for we were always upon our guard.

Not having materials ſufficient to form two ſides to our wooden ladder, it had only one pole, 20 feet long, in which were inſerted twenty rounds, fifteen inches long, that projected from the pole ſix inches on each ſide, and every round with its peg was faſtened with packthread, ſo that it was impoſſible to ſlip in uſing it by night. When this ladder was finiſhed and proved, we hid it in Polphemmus, that is, in the hollow of the floor; we then ſet to work about the ropes of the great ladder, which was to be a hundred and eighty feet long. We unravelled our ſhirts, our napkins, our under-ſtockings, our drawers, our ſilk ſtockings, and what not? As faſt as we made a clew of a certain length, we hid it, to prevent detection, in Polyphemus; and when we had completed a ſufficient number, in one night we twiſted our capital rope. It was white as ſnow, and I will venture to ſay that no ſpinner could have made a better.

All round the Baſtile, there is an entablature, which projects three or four feet. We were convinced that at every ſtep of our deſcent the ladder would vibrate from ſide to ſide, and at thoſe intervals the ſteadieſt head might be overpowered. To prevent either of us from being cruſhed by a fall, we made a ſecond rope three hundred and ſixty feet long, or twice the meaſure of the height of the tower. This rope was to paſs through a block of our conſtruction: that is to ſay, a kind of fixed pulley, that there might be no danger of its ſtriking between the ſides and the iron-box of the latter; and thus either of us, whether above or below the tower, by means of this cord, might ſuſtain his comrade in the air, and prevent his deſcending faſter than he could wiſh. Beſides theſe, we made ſhorter cords, to faſten our rope-ladder and our block to a piece of cannon, and for other unforeſeen exigencies.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## ANECDOTE.

IN the town of GALWAY in IRELAND there is a very ancient ſtone houſe, over the door of which is coarſely carved a Death Head and Croſs Bones.—The circumſtance which cauſed this emblem is curious.

About the time of Henry VII. or perhaps earlier, the town was in itſelf a palatinate, and all the law proceedings ran in the name of the mayor, who had alſo the power of pardoning or condemning crimals.—John de Burgh, then mayor, was a very opulent merchant, and traded largely, eſpecially with Cadiz in Spain.—On ſome occaſion he ſent over his only ſon with a cargo to Don Alonzo Herrera, his correſpondent there, who received young De Burgh with the greateſt hoſpitality; and on his departure he ſent with him on a viſit his own ſon, together with a very large

large ſum in ſpecie to purchaſe merchandize.—The young De Burgh, tempted by this wealth, with the aſſiſtance of two or three of the crew, the veſſel being his father's, threw the young Spaniard overboard, and on his return appeared greatly diſtreſſed for the loſs of his friend, who he pretended had died at ſea of a fever.—For ſome time this ſucceeded, but at length on a quarrel between two of the ſailors concerned in the murder, the whole buſineſs tranſpired, the men were ſeized, and inſtantly accuſed young De Burgh.—The wretched father was obliged to mount the tribunal, to ſit in judgment on his only ſon, and with his own lips to pronounce that ſentence which left him childleſs, and at once blaſted for ever the honour of an ancient and noble family.—His fellow-citizens, who revered his virtues and pitied his misfortunes, ſaw with aſtoniſhment the fortitude with which he yielded to this cruel neceſſity, and heard him doom his ſon to a public and ignominious death on the following morning.—Their compaſſion for the father, their affection for the man, every nobler feeling was arouſed, and they privately determined to reſcue the young man from the priſon that very night, under the conviction that De Burgh, having already paid the tribute due to juſtice and his honour, would ſecretly rejoice at the preſervation of the life of his ſon.—But they little knew the heart of this noble magiſtrate.—By ſome accident their determination reached his ear; he inſtantly removed his ſon from the priſon to his own houſe, and after partaking with him the office of the holy communion, after giving and taking mutual forgiveneſs, he cauſed him to be hung at his own door; a dreadful monument of the vengeance of Heaven, and an immortal proof of a juſtice that leaves every thing of the kind in ſtory at an immeaſurable diſtance.

The father immediately reſigned his office, and after his death, which ſpeedily followed that of his ſon, the citizens fixed over the door of the houſe a ſkull and bones, which remain there to this day.

*To the* EDITORS *of the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE circumſtances attending the caſe of Peter Young, condemned here at laſt circuit to have been executed in November laſt for ſhop-breaking and theft, having attracted the attention of the public, and afforded much ſpeculation both upon the crime of which he was found guilty, and upon the manner in which he effected his eſcape from priſon here, and at Arbroath on his being retaken, notwithſtanding the vigilance of his keepers; I ſhall give you the caſe of a young man executed at Oxford, ſome years ago, for highway robbery, whoſe life I think, (altho' he ſeems to have moved in a higher ſphere) correſponds very much with that of Young in many particulars, and I am perſuaded it will prove acceptable to moſt of your readers.

Iſaac Darkin, alias Dumas, was the ſon of a cork-cutter in London, but of too extravagant a diſpoſition for a tradeſman, and too fond of clubs. The almoſt innumerable clubs and ſocieties in that city who diſtinguiſhed themſelves, ſome by arch, and others by very ſignificant appellations, quickly formed him into the facetious good natured fellow who is termed *no one's enemy but his own*: He ſung his ſong, told his ſtory, was apt at ſentiments, and drank his bottle chearfully: ſo that he was a reſpectable member of the Killers of of Care—the Silenians—the Sons of

Sound Senſe—the Sons of Nimrod—the Bucks — Bloods — Snitchers — choice ſpirits—Senators—Regulators —Hell fire Club, &c. &c. The tranſition from this company to that of the female world, is ſo natural, as to be inſeparable: for a character of this kind would be but half formed, diveſted of his miſtreſs. To ſupport this, he was obliged to take to the road for money. In February 1758 he was tried at Chelmsford aſſizes, for robbing a gentleman, and received ſentence of death; but the judge in conſideration of his youth, reſpited his execution; and he remaining in jail till the next aſſizes, the ſentence was changed into tranſportation for fourteen years. Not long after this, a ſcheme was formed by ſome of the priſoners to eſcape by murdering the keepers, &c. but Darkin, who was concerned, informed the keeper of it; who for that favour applied to one of the lords of the treaſury, in Darkin's behalf, and obtained the king's pardon, on condition of his ſerving as a ſoldier in Antigua.

He was brought to the Savoy, where he made ſeveral ineffectual efforts to eſcape, and was put on board a tranſport for Antigua; but ſhe lying near three weeks in the Downs, he got a perſon for ſix guineas to promiſe to take him aſhore at night; but the wind changing, the veſſel ſailed to his great diſappointment. When he joined the regiment at Antigua, he found the life of a ſoldier rather diſagreeable, therefore he reſolved to deſert; and by inſinuating himſelf into the good grace of the Captain of a merchant ſhip lying there; and by large promiſes of a gratuity on his landing in England, he was taken on board, and ſtowed down in the hold; but he being miſſed the ſhip was ſuſpected and ſearched but without effect; ſtile ſhe was ſuſpected, and again ſearched, at which time Darkin appeared unnoticed among the crew in a ſailor's dreſs.

When the ſhip arrived in England, he returned to his old courſe of robbing on the highway, particularly in the middle and weſt of England; but being at length ſo notorious, he found it dangerous to continue much longer, and entered on board the Royal George man of war, and ſoon got rated as a midſhipman. Under leave of abſence from his ſhip, he viſited Bath at different times, and committed ſeveral robberies, particularly one on Lord Percival.

The robbery of his Lordſhip was committed upon Sunday afternoon the 22d of June 1760, below the Devizes, by a ſingle highwayman, dreſſed in black, with a crape over his face, and mounted on a black gelding. Upon his firſt coming up to the poſt chaiſe, he preſented a piſtol and demanded his Lordſhip's money; who having no ſervant, immediately gave him about 13 or 14 guineas, which money he put in his left hand waiſtcoat pocket; but not being content, inſiſted on his delivering his purſe, and threatned to blow his brains out if he refuſed to comply with his demands. On this ſecond attack, his Lordſhip ſeized the piſtol, and in wreſting it out of his hand diſmounted the highwayman, and jumped out of the chaiſe to ſeize him. The highwayman having got clear of his Lordſhip, attempted to run off, when finding himſelf cloſely purſued he turned ſhort and preſented another piſtol; upon this his Lordſhip ſnapped his at the highwayman, but the priming having been ſcattered in the ſcuffle, it miſſed fire. The highwayman then advanced, and told him that his life was now in his hands, and therefore begged he would deliver his purſe without further reſiſtance, as a perſon of his rank could not be ſuppoſed to travel with ſo trifling a

ſum.

ſum. His Lordſhip aſſured him upon his honour, that he had no more money about him; that he had money in his portmanteau, but had not the key. The highwayman finding him reſolute and intrepid, only begged he would not appear againſt him if he ſhould be ſo unfortunate as to be apprehended, mounted his horſe, and then rode off.

At the enſuing midſummer aſſizes at Saliſbury he was tried for the robbery before Mr Juſtice Willmot, and charged with taking from Lord Percival the ſum of 12, 13, or 14 guineas, his Lordſhip could not aſcertain which. The principal evidence upon the trial were Lord Percival, and the driver of the chaiſe, neither of whom ſwearing poſitively to his perſon, he was acquitted, though the chain of circumſtances were ſo ſtrong as to convince the court of his guilt. The money found upon him ſeemed to tally very exactly with his Lordſhip's loſs; in his pocket was found a piece of black crape, and the confuſion which attended him at the time he was taken up were ſtrong preſumptive proofs of his guilt.

His defence, which was very artful, was that being a native of the Weſt Indies and quite a ſtranger in this country, he had loſt his road in endeavouring to go the neareſt way from Bath to Portſmouth; that night coming on, and himſelf much fatigued, he made to the firſt village for refreſhment, that it was not to be wondered at if he ſeemed confuſed when he came into the houſe, as he was a bewildered benighted traveller. He ſaid, he had friends in England, but that they lived at too great a diſtance to appear upon his trial, that he was a ſeafaring man, and was in the ſervice at the taking of Guadalupe; and a black crape neck-cloth was his cuſtomary dreſs; that he had purchaſed a pair of new piſtols juſt before he left London, and had by accident loſt one upon the road, that muſt have been picked up by the perſon who committed the robbery with which he then ſtood charged; and that the expreſſions which the landlord had ſworn to, and which were apprehended to betray guilt, were occaſioned by his ſurpriſe at being taken as a highwayman.

Upon his acquittal, he immediately petitioned the court for a reſtitution of the money that had been taken from him, in which the court acquieſced, and it was immediately returned: but before he left the bar, Mr Juſtice Wilmot moſt pathetically warned him to avoid the like dangers for the future, and after ſpeaking of the lenity of his proſecutors diſmiſſed him. He diſcovered great impatience till he had got off his fetters and was diſcharged, which was about five o'clock in the evening, when he immediately ſet out for London in a poſt chaiſe.

While he was confined in Saliſbury goal he was frequently viſited by the ladies, on whom he made ſuch a ſenſible impreſſion by his obliging behaviour and genteel addreſs, as to become the tea table chat of the whole town. Immediately after his acquittal at the aſſizes, ſome genius wrote the following ſong.

### Certain Belles to Dumas.

Joy to thee, lovely thief! that thou
Haſt 'ſcap'd the fatal ſtring;
Let gallows groan with ugly Rogues,
Dumas muſt never ſwing.

Doſt thou ſeek money?—To thy wants
Our purſes we'll reſign;
Could we our hearts to guineas coin,
Thoſe guineas ſhou'd be thine.

To Bath in ſafety let my Lord
His loaded pockets carry,
Thou ne'er again ſhalt tempt the road,

Sweet

Sweet youth! if thou wilt marry.
No more ſhall niggard travellers
Avoid thee—we'll enſure 'em:
To us thou ſhalt conſign thy balls,
And piſtols; we'll ſecure 'em.
Yet think not, when the chains are off
Which now thy legs bedeck,
To fly; in fetters ſofter far,
We'll chain thee by the neck.

Indeed, wherever he came, he failed not to captivate the fair ſex, on which he valued himſelf.

The robbery, for which he was tried and executed at Oxford, was upon a gentleman on the road in the county of Oxford, of a gold watch, a guinea and ſome ſilver. He was taken in the following manner; the gentleman whom he robbed being obliged to be in London at a certain time, could not wait then to take proper meaſures for apprehending him, but called at an inn, and gave a particular deſcription of man and horſe. In the evening Dumas came to this very Inn, and wrote three letters, two to ladies of the town, and the other directed to his lodgings, acquainting the people he ſhould be in town on ſuch a day; and calling for the maſter, who keeps the poſt office, deſired he would forward them to London, which he did, but not to the perſons to whom they were directed, but the gentleman who had been robbed; who getting proper aſſiſtance from Sir John Fielding took him in bed.

After his conviction, being brought up to the bar to receive ſentence, he delivered in a petition for tranſportation for life, when the judge acquainted him of his deplorable ſituation as follows—"Young man, you have been arranged upon an indictment for a robbery on the King's highway, and have been found guilty after a full and candid trial. From your youth, you might have expected to have lived, many many years, and from your education might have been a comfort to your friends and relations, and a ſervice to your country, but your engaging in vicious and immoral courſes, hath at length brought you to this untimely end. A day of this ſort you could not but have expected; and it hath now overtaken you. Happy would it have been for you, had your former deliverance, in a ſituation ſuch as this, been a memento to you to have altered your way of life. I hope your preſent circumſtances will have a better effect upon you, and induce you to repentance. Make proper uſe of the time you have to live, in endeavouring to make your peace with God, at whoſe tribunal you muſt ſoon appear.

Your application to me for mercy is quite in vain: It is not in my power to ſhow it. From the king only it is to be expected, of which however, I can you but little, very little hopes."

Darkin was fond of an elegance of dreſs, and of being thought handſome; the character of Macheath was his delight, and with which he diverted himſelf while in goal: he ſuffered before he was 21, after a ſeries of robberies, by which he is ſaid to have gained no leſs than 600l.

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On comparing the life of this young man with that of Peter Young, ſo far as I have learned, they ſeem both to have been a medley of levity, ingenuity and hardneſs above the common—who would have expected to find the firſt, after his trial and narrow acquittal, again betaking himſelf to his former vicious courſes? Or that the latter, after his eſcape from the goal of this place, would have been got at no great diſtance, in the very act of committing the ſame daring crime for which he had already forfeited his life? Indeed there

there is something in the life of both that seems to have been attended with fatality. And in all probability Young will share the untimely fate of Darkin. Yours, &c.

M. Y.

[From Young's Annals of Agriculture, just published.]

## On a Method of Fattening Oxen in Limosin, in France.

*By the Editor.*

In a journey to the Pyrenees last summer, I crossed the province of Limosin, where I found a method of fattening oxen, which appeared to me so singular, that I made repeated enquiries concerning it; the following are among the minutes which I made on the occasion.

In travelling from Paris towards Limoges, the numerous droves of fat oxen struck me very much; it was the end of May, a season which is well known to be one of scarcity, when cattle have not been fattened on spring grass. The oxen we met were remarkably fat, so that any grass which they could possibly have had in a climate not very different in this respect from the south of England, could have had but a small share in bringing them into such high condition. Curious to know how such numbers of fine beasts were fattened, we found some obscure hints of a method, not sufficiently explained to be well understood, but on repeated enquiries in crossing the province from whence they came, we discovered the secret, if it may be called one; the process is in some respects so singular, that it well deserves to be noted.

They give them the summer's grass sometimes, but not always, and, at the end of October, or beginning of November, put them to turnips, which they call *raves* and *rabioles*; this article of culture is considerable in most parts of the province; I shall, on another occasion, describe their management of them, but to finish the fattening, when their turnips fail, they give their oxen rye-flour, but in a manner truly extraordinary.

They mix the flour with water to the consistency of a paste, which they leave 3, 4, or 5 days, according to the weather, to ferment and become sour; when they dilute it with water, and thicken this water, to a certain degree, with hay cut into chaff, which the oxen drink. What is still more singular, in order to effect the fermention the surer and better, some add a leven (*levain*) to the paste, and none give it to the beasts but when it is become sour. The first day they refuse it, but the second, being thirsty, they drink it, and ever after so eagerly as not to leave a drop, preferring this acid food then to any other. I enquired if they conceived that the food having this acidity fattened the oxen the better? and whether it would not do as well without being sour? they were all decidedly of opinion, that they fattened much the better, on account of the acidity. A large ox will eat in this manner, about a boisseau of rye a day, weighing 22lb. It is given thrice a day.

The system most approved is, to take the ox from grass to turnips, upon which he fattens exceedingly well, and eats them as readily as a horse does oats; and to give him the sour regimen for the last three weeks of his fattening.

They have an excellent breed of cattle; the oxen thus fattened would do credit both for form and fatness to any country in the world. They are all a pale-yellow-colour, or, what is called by some in England, cream-

co-

coloured; have ſhort legs, ſtrait and flat backs, ſpringing well-arched ribs, deep and heavy carcaſſes, and feel extremely well in every point, eſpecially the hip-bone and rump, for I handled ſeveral ſcores of them; the weight 60 to 70 ſtone, at 14lb. ſome to 80: they were on an average of many droves, ſuperior to vaſt numbers of the beaſts that are driven at this time of the year to London: So much ſuperior to many of them, as to give me a high idea of this branch of the Limoſin huſbandry.

The information affords ample matter for reflection. The firſt circumſtance that will ſtrike the intelligent reader, is the remarkable conformity between this fact of an acid food, and that of a proceſs nearly ſimilar for fattening hogs. It has been found by myſelf and various perſons, with whoſe practice I am acquainted, that hogs fatten in a ſuperior manner when barley-meal is given, mixed with water, and kept ſtirring till it becomes ſour; but the application of its practice to feeding oxen, was never made to my knowledge in England. That it is an object of conſiderable importance cannot be doubted, when I obſerve, that the information above noted, was not catched accidentally from one or two curious individuals, but was found the almoſt uniform practice through a large extent of country, which ſends, annually, many hundreds of finely fattened oxen to the markets of Paris. I have for more than twenty years procured all the French books on huſbandry, which I could meet with, but know not that the leaſt trace of this practice is named in any one of them; if their authors would have attended more to the good practices already in their kingdom, and leſs to ſcientific theories, their labours would probably have had a very different effect.

It is an object on which very intereſting experiments may be made; and I cannot but recommend to my farming readers to try it carefully. The flour of barley, peaſe, or beans, or buck-wheat, may probably be as uſeful as that of rye; at leaſt they ought to be tried, and if by any method of this ſort, roots could be made to go further in fattening oxen, it would be a very valuable diſcovery. Should any of my readers be inclined to make the experiment, I have only to caution them againſt doing it with lean oxen; I would by all means recommend ſuch as are at leaſt half fat from graſs. I need not add, how ſatisfactory on ſuch an occaſion, a weighing engine would render every trial that can be made. It is deſerving the enquiry of the curious, who have an opportunity of multiplying ſuch experiments, at what period of the fermentation of ſuch bodies the effect in fattening is the greateſt. Many intelligent perſons, with whom I have converſed on the ſubject, have the greateſt expectations from the vinous, but it is certainly an object highly deſerving ſuch varied trials as are moſt likely to aſcertain the point thoroughly. To return:—

They have in the Limoſin, ſome other practices in the fattening huſbandry, which deſerve noting. The oil cake of walnuts is given to oxen, with the greateſt ſucceſs. About St. George, they give boiled potatoes and cheſnuts to oxen, and find them fatten well, alſo potatoes alone, and many are of opinion, that that root anſwers better than turnips, or any other food. Between Brive and Cuzenac, their practice is truly ſingular; a practical farmer, and who had himſelf the largeſt oxen we had ſeen, fattens with maiz, rendered tender by pouring boiling water on it, after which, it is covered cloſe to keep in the ſteam, and given to the beaſts the ſame day; but in addition every morning and ſometimes at night, a ball of

of pork-greaſe, which has been ſalted, as large as an apple; he aſſerted, that this proves both food and phyſic, and makes the oxen thrive much better on their other food. This information was confirmed at the next ſtage, where we were aſſured, that the greaſe greatly improved their appetites, and made their coats ſleek and ſhining. Such cuſtoms are remarkable; and when found in the practice of common farmers keenly attentive to their profit, deſerve particular attention. Comparative experiments upon ſuch ſubjects, though very difficult to be made with accuracy, ſhould not be neglected; they are hints, which truly deſerve to be purſued, and may be found to lead, in the hands of intelligent enquirers, to real diſcoveries.

I ſhall not conclude this ſketch, without remarking, that there are few countries, probably, in the world, from which ſomething novel and curious may not be learned, by men who will travel in purſuit of uſeful knowledge. The practices of uneducated huſbandmen have been generally deſpiſed or neglected, and we are apt to imagine of certain countries, that better cultivated ones can learn nothing from them; but this is a great error; on the contrary, I believe that the very worſt have practices worth knowing, at leaſt I may aſſert, that I have not been in any, where ſomething uſeful to the beſt, might not be acquired. To diſcover, collect, and bring to light thoſe ſcattered practices unknown but to the inhabitants of a diſtrict, is the proper buſineſs of a farming traveller. It is to be regretted, that there are ſo few who will give themſelves the trouble to make the enquiries neceſſary for that end; but till obſervations are greatly extended, and, in conſequence, experiments equally multiplied, agriculture, as an art, will remain very imperfectly known. I ſhall take ſome other opportunity to ſhew that there are other points in which we may learn ſomething from our neighbours on the Continent; not to mention the general object, always an important one, of attempting to aſcertain the culture, wealth, and reſources of the countries around us, the beſt ſource of a noble emulation in the great race of NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

A. Y.

# Biography.

## MEMOIRS
OF
## The late JOHN ASTLEY, Eſq.

THIS is a biography which ſolicits notice, from the ſenſe of viciſſitude, and the inſtances of being recent and well known. It exemplifies on human fortune, and ſhews how each extremity may be borne;—the one ſweetened by hope; the other, ſobered by reflection!

JOHN ASTLEY was born at Wem, in Shropſhire, of parents much leſs ſhowy in their circumſtances, but, morally, much more enviable. His father practiſed medicine. After a little time ſpent at a country ſchool, which often does little more than turn ignorance into preſumption, John Aſtley came to London, and was apprenticed to Hudſon the Portrait-Painter, who, bad as he was, was the beſt of his time; and, though otherwiſe not worth the remembering, will never be forgotton, as the maſter of Sir Joſhua Reynolds.

Aſtley too, though not ſo elegantly minded as Reynolds, might have been conſpicuous in his art. When he left Hudſon, and went to Rome, he ſhewed ſuch parts as got, and kept, the patronage of Lord Cheſterfield. The beſt pictures he ever

painted, were copies of the Bentivoglios, and Titian's Venus, and a head much in the manner of Shakeſpeare,—and in the opinion of a judge whom few can doubt, Stuart, the portrait-painter, far preferable to the famous head in the collection of the Duke of Chandos.

When he returned from Rome, he was received for ſeveral months into the houſe of a friend, whoſe abundant kindneſs he never returned;—he then went an adventurer to Ireland; there his fortune was ſo good, and his uſe of it ſo diligent, that in three years he left the country with 3000l. more than he found it.

As he was painting his way back to London, in his own poſt-chaiſe, and with an out-rider, he loitered, with a little pardonable vanity, in his native neighbourhood; and entering Knutsford aſſembly with Major Eſte, of the 68th, Lady Daniel was at once won by his appearance. She contrived the next day to ſit for her portrait, and the next week ſhe gave him the original: ſuperſeding the claims of Mr. Smith Barry, Lady Daniel married Mr. Aſtley.

The marriage articles reſerved her fortune to herſelf; but ſo ſatisfactory was his behaviour, that ſhe ſoon gave him the Tably Eſtate; and dying ſoon after, ſettled on him, after the death of her ideot daughter, by Sir W. Daniel, the whole Duckenfield Eſtate in fee, amounting together to 5000l. a year.

The Tably eſtate, about 1000l. a-year, he decorated, built, and ſold. Old Tomkinſon of Nantwich, who had the honour of breeding Sir Lloyd Kenyon, was the buyer; of courſe, it was not ſold for more than its value; probably it was leſs, for Sir R. Taylor would have given 2000l. or 3000l. more.

This money being ſpent, he was to look for other reſources. With ſuch a reverſion as Duckenfield, what he looked for was eaſily found; and after he had made two or three charges on the property, he received a propoſal, no doubt very fair, for it came from Preſcott the banker, for a *poſt obit* of the whole, in ſucceſſion to the daughter.

Aſtley had then waited long and loth for this contingence. It did not ſeem nearer than at firſt; and he was eight or nine years nearer to the grave. He quickened the treaty with Preſcott; the price was fixed, and nothing remained but finally agreeing to it, when lo! the night before the agreement becoming final—the daughter died.

The news reached Aſtley at midnight; and he made the moſt of it by his intelligence and diſpatch. He hurried inſtantly into Cheſhire, and going through all the forms, took poſſeſſion of the eſtate and returned to town before his wife's family knew what had happened, or could take the meaſures they propoſed, to counteract his claims.

On his outſet in London, he lived in St James's ſtreet, where Dr. Hill followed him, and wrote the book, except the Bible of the moſt ſale in the language, the Cookery of Mrs. Glaſſe.

Aſtley afterwards bought Schomberg Houſe, in Pall Mall, with ſome credit to his ſkill as an architect, and with more credit to Lord Holderneſs as an honourable man; for having propoſed the houſe to Aſtley for 5000l. he took that propoſition as definitive, and refuſed James Payne's offer, for Lord Melbourne, of 1000l. more.

With 5000l. more he made three houſes out of one. Gainſborough and his art have made one well known. The center he himſelf inhabited, and raiſed that fine room, where Dr. Graham, with ſuch infamy to the police which ſuffered him,

…n, preceeded Coſway. There …o, he built an Attic ſtory, which …r the ſurpriſes of ſcenery, in a town …e London, ſhould be ſeen by all …o come to it.

In the ſtructure and decoration of …all buildings, rich as the time is …architecture, Aſtley's architecture …as pre-eminent Pall-Mall is one …ſtance; Lady Archer's ſaloon and …nſervatory at Barnes is another; …uckenfield is yet finer than either. …he ſaloon, the loggio in front, the …amber on each ſide, and the great …togon, are all as exquiſite as original, …rom their firſt idea to the laſt.

Aſtley's ingenuity led him alſo to commercial arts; but in this commerce, the balance was againſt him. …n the different ſinkings on his colliery, he ſunk more money than he …aiſed. In the furnaces for his iron-…one, he conſumed more metal from …is pocket than the mine.

Eſtimating what he got by paint-…g, by legacies, and by his marri-…ge, he was worth above 100,000l. …f this, above 25,000l. were ſpent …n art, and elegant accommodations, …ameleſs at leaſt, if not praiſe-…orthy.—30,000l. he told Dr. War-…en, he had ſpent on ſeven years …exceſſes, when he was languiſhing …nder their conſequences;—and, in …he ſelf-diſapprobation of a retro-…pective hour, he told the writer of …is account, he would give the re-…aining 100,000l. to redeem the …me he had loſt.

Some good is implied in the com-…unction that can wiſh for more. …low more and more actively that …iſh might have aſpired, had it been …nchecked by time and chance—if …is ſpirits had been diſciplined by …iſaſter—if his mind had been …heriſhed by letters, and by truth. …s it was, compared with his com-…anions, and without literature or …oral nurture, he had the benefit of …ontraſt, and that favour which ranks from not being the worſt. Eager as he was for gain, his grave cannot be outraged as an oppreſſor. Impetuous after pleaſure, he abhorred thoſe aggravated enormities which have to anſwer for the inroads on virgin innocence and domeſtic peace. He loved the pleaſures of the table; but like Charles the Second, he made his paſſion for wine ſubſervient to the paſſion of love—He was temperate on principle—he was active againſt inclination.

He cultivated chearfulneſs, and very ſucceſsfully. His diction, by degrees, improved to great felicity. He converſed with ſuch powers, as made him more than a match for men much more intelligent than himſelf. This he did, by what Bacon allows as dextrous—by ſeeming to know what he did not—and by the fair uſe of all he did know—by all that conſtitutes a ready man—by whim, vivacity, and very often, the fair force of thought.

A good judge of life and manners has ſaid, that he had a prejudice for a man whoſe chriſtian name was made diminutive and familiar. The prejudice is founded, as far as the convivial charm. Jack Aſtley earned it fairly by his hilarity and eaſe, his good-humour and good-manners.

As a companion, he had powers of captivation;—but except on art, or the experience of life, he inſtructed leſs than he entertained. He was more merry than wiſe.

As a Companion in his own houſe, his hoſpitalities were perfect, and reached to all—with that ſenſe, that ſpirit, and taſte, which made them to all very winning.

He had been thrice married—and here he had moſt praiſe for relative duties. To Lady Daniel his regard need not be doubted. His firſt wife, the mother of his eldeſt daughter, he never mentioned without a ſigh. Thoſe ſighs, we find, are amply re-

paid by the lady he has left behind.

As a Father, he failed deplorably—he had neither the cautious ſtrictneſs of a good man—nor the overſtrained indulgence of a bad one. He firſt encouraged folly, and then was inexorable in puniſhing it. That forgiveneſs and re-eſtabliſhment which ſhould have come from him, are left to be done by his widow.

That he is gone, may be a mercy to the three young children he has left—for had he lived, it is too probable, he had bred them in the worſt way poſſible—in the ignorance and looſeneſs of a Convent in France. He had expoſed them to error, and then, perhaps, never would have forgiven them.

Such was the character and condition of Aſtley. He owed his fortune to his form—his follies to his fortune!—So very dubious are the tendencies of all apparent good! and thus, though low life may riſe, it will riſe only to fall the lower, unleſs it be upheld by the never-failing energies of ſuſtaining worth—by mental merit, and preparations of the heart—by virtuous habits, and by uſeful knowledge.

## Literary Chronicle and Review.

*The Microcoſm, a periodical Work. By Gregory Griffin of the College of Eton.* 8vo. 7s. boards. Knight, Windſor; Debrett, London. 1787.

THE promiſe of excellence is often more attractive than its higheſt and moſt finiſhed efforts. The dawn of a fine morning is more delightful than the ſplendor of noon; and the moſt beautiful ſeaſon of the year is that which exhibits the bloſſoms of ſpring, not that which diſplays the fruits of autumn. By the indulgence and play which is given to the imagination, a dancing ſchool-ball is more inviting than an aſſembly; and the orators at Weſtminſter-ſchool are more intereſting than thoſe in Weſtminſter-Hall. From this principle, the earlieſt performances of authors, the virgin efforts of genius, are always purſued with predileſtion, and an anticipation of future pleaſure. We find in Shakeſpeare's Romeo and Juliet, though a juvenile performance, beauties which will never grow obſolete; and Milton's Hymn on the Nativity of our Saviour, though one of his firſt productions, contains ſeeds of ſublime poetry which were afterwards expanded in Paradiſe Loſt.

For theſe reaſons we have been highly gratified to obſerve of Eton College

Some bold adventurers diſdain
The limits of their little reign,

and venture at once into the republic of letters. The Microcoſm, a periodical work, written by ſome literary youths at Eton, contains an uncommon diſplay of information, talents and good taſte. On opening the volume, we expected, as in moſt juvenile performances, to obſerve only the rudiments of future excellence, an imagination wild and eccentric, and a compoſition gaudy and incorrect. But we have been agreeably diſappointed in diſcovering a maturity of thought, and a purity and correctneſs of ſtyle, beyond moſt authors of the age.

In periodical eſſays it was natural for our young adventurers to make Addiſon their model, as he was the Homer in this walk of literature. The following letter is not unworthy of the Spectator. After having mentioned that the Raccals, or Grocers, in Turky were held in contempt, the letter-writer proceeds:

'The perſon who has now the honour to addreſs you is a member of a community who, by the courteſy of Eng-

England, are like the Ratcals of Turky, collectively involved in the most indiscriminate ridicule, the most comprehensive contempt; I say collectively, Sir, because individually we are allowed to have no existence; the wicked waggery of the world, judging nine weavers or nine taylors requisite to the formation of one man. Yes, Sir, to so high a pitch have they carried the disrespect in which these professions are held, that, in the eyes of "the many," (as the poet calls them) to address a man by the appellation either of weaver or taylor, implies not only, as formerly, a reflection on his horsemanship, but on his personal courage, and even his personal existence.

'I, Sir, am a weaver; I feel for the injured dignity of my profession; and since, thanks to my own genius, and two years and an half of education at an academy on Tower-Hill, I have a very decent acquaintance with the classics; that is, I know them all by name, and can tell Greek when I see it, any day in the week; and since, as far as Shakespear's plays and all the monthly magazines go, I have a very pretty share of English book learning; from these considerations, Mr. Griffin, I think myself qualified to contend, not for the utility and respectability only, but for the honour of the art of weaving. Tayloring, as it is secondary to weaving, will of course partake of the fruits of my labours; as, in asserting the dignity of the one, I maintain the credit of the other.

'To this end, Mr. Griffin, I shall not appeal to the candour of my readers, but shall provoke their judgment; I shall not solicit their indulgence, but, by the force of demonstration, will claim their assent to my opinion.

'Poetry, Sir, is universally allowed to be the first and noblest of the arts and sciences; insomuch, that it is the opinion of critics that an epic poem is the greatest work the human mind is capable of bringing to perfection. If then I can prove that the art of weaving is, in any degree, analogous to the art of poetry; if this analogy has been allowed by the whole tribe of critics, so far that, in speaking of the latter, they have used the terms of the former, and have passed judgment on the works of the poet in the language of the manufacturer; nay, if poetry herself has condescended to imitate the expressions, and to adopt the technical terms, into her own vocabulary; then may I surely hope that the sanction of criticism may challenge the respect and the flattery of poetry (for imitation is the highest degree of flattery) may claim the admiration of mankind.

'First, then, with regard to criticism. To select a few examples from a multitude of others, are we not entertained, in the works of Longinus and the Gentleman's Magazine, with delectable dissertations on the weaving of plots, and the interweaving of episodes? Are we not continually informed that the author unravels the web of his intrigue, or breaks the thread of his narration? Besides these, a friend of mine, a great etymologist, has assured me that bombast and bombasin originally spring from the same root; and fustian, every body knows, is a term applied indifferently to passages in poetry, or materials for a pair of breeches. So similar is considered the skill employed in the texture of an epic poem and a piece of broad cloth; so parallel the qualifications requisite to throw the shuttle and guide the pen.

'I was not a little pleased the other day to find, in the critique of one of most eminent writers of the present day, the works of a favourite poet styled a tissue. An idea then occured to me, suggested perhaps by my partiality for my profession, which,

which I am not without ſome faint hope of one day ſeeing accompliſhed.

'By a little labour and ingenuity it might ſurely be diſcovered that the works of different authors bear a conſiderable affinity (like this of the tiſſue) to the different productions of the loom. Thus, to enumerate a few inſtances, without minding chronological order, might not the flowery ſmoothneſs of Pope be aptly enough compared to flowered ſattin? Might not the compoſitions of all the poets laureate, ancient and modern, be very properly termed princes ſtuff? And who would diſpute the title of Homer to everlaſting? For Shakeſpeare, I am at a loſs for a compariſons, unleſs I ſhould liken him to thoſe ſhot ſilks which vary the brightneſs of their hues into a multitude of different lights and ſhades. And, would orthography allow of the pun, I might ſay that there are few poets but would be proud to be thought worthy of the green bays.

'For proof of the uſe which poetry makes of the weaver's dictionary, *vide* ten thouſand odes on ſpring, where you may catch the fragrance of the damaſk roſe; liſten to the ruſtling of the ſilken foliage; or lie extended, with a liſtleſs languor, pillowing your head upon the velvet mead; to ſay nothing of nature's loom, which is ſet to work regularly on the firſt of May, to weave variegated carpets for the lawns and landſcapes. Now, Mr. Griffin, theſe ſimilitudes, though very pretty and very *a-propos*, I own I am not perfectly ſatisfied with. The Genoeſe certainly excel us in the article of velvets; and French ſilks are by many people far preferred for elegance to any of Engliſh manufacture. I appeal then to you, Mr. Griffin, if theſe alluſions would not be much more delightful to Britiſh ears if they tended to promote ſuch manufactures as are more peculiarly our own. The Georgics of Virgil, let me tell you, Sir, have been ſuſpected by ſome people to have been written with a political as well as poetical view; for the purpoſe of converting the victorious ſpirits of the Roman ſoldiery from the love of war, and the ſeverity of military hardſhips, to the milder occupations of peace, and the more profitable employments of agriculture. Surely equally ſucceſsful would be the endeavours of our poets, if they would boldly extirpate from their writings every ſpecies of foreign manufacture, and adopt in their ſtead materials from the prolific looms of their countrymen. Surely we have a variety which would ſuit all ſubjects and all deſcriptions; nor do I deſpair, if this letter has the deſired effect, but I ſhall preſently ſee landſcapes beautifully diverſified with (all due deference being paid to alliteration) plains of pluſh, paſtures of poplin, downs of dimity, vallies of velveret, and meadows of Mancheſter. How glorioufly novel would this be! how patriotically poetical an innovation! which nothing but bigotted prejudice could object to, nothing but diſaffection to the intereſts of the country could diſapprove.

'Excuſe me, Sir, if I have detained you beyond the uſual limits of a letter on a ſubject in which I am ſo deeply intereſted. Pardon, Sir, the partiality of an old man to the profeſſion of his youth: and, O! Mr. Griffin, may your paper be the means of reſcuing from unmerited ridicule and illiberal contempt an art which has added a clearneſs and a poliſh to the remarks of criticiſm, and has clothed the conceptions of poetry in the language of metaphor; an art inferior to none but thoſe which have ſo ſucceſsfully borrowed its aſſiſtance; nor even to them, unleſs it can be proved that that which provides the neceſſary raiment for the body ſhould yield to thoſe which are but the four-

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ces of amuſement to the mind.

'I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Eng. Rev.] 'H. HOMESPUN.'

*Edward; or, The Curate: a Poem, in Three Cantos. By the Rev. Samuel Hoole. A. M 4to 3s ſtitched.* London, 1787.

[Eng. Rev.

WITH the abilities of Mr. Samuel Hoole our poetical readers are by no means unacquainted: nor have we denied them our office, as reviewers, to herald them to the world. The publication before us is entitled to the ſame encomium as we pronounced upon our author's poem of Aurelia. The ſtyle is eaſy, flowing, and natural; not deficient in correctneſs, yet full of vigour and ſpirit; the thoughts are elegant, claſſical, and gay; the compoſition every where bears the mark of manly ſenſe, at the ſame time that it is interſperſed with the flowers of the imagination; the veſification is harmonious and varied: and thus the tale comes to us poſſeſſed of all thoſe external recommendations that allure the attention, and captivate the heart. The reader will accept of the following extract from the introduction to the poem; in which the author beautifully laments the miſeries of human life, and bewails his perſonal misfortune, in a ſort of partial blindneſs, with the moſt ſtriking touches of pathos and truth:

'O! when ſhall Wiſdom's voice be heard indeed?
When ſhall weak man his ſolid int'reſt own?
When, at the cry of want, ſhall Avarice bleed,
And red Ambition caſt his honours down?
When ſhall the ſhriek of pain, the moan of woe,
Be chang'd to notes of joy and heav'nly lay?—
When yonder orbs of light ſhall ceaſe to glow,
This mighty globe diſſolve, and all things paſs away.

Till then, O pilgrim ſad! thy courſe purſue;
Let Patience arm thee, and Religion lead;
Though rough the path, and dreary be the view,
Behold at length the never failing meed!
Nor think that thou alone expos'd to pain,
Art doom'd to tread a ſolitary road;
See multitudes ſuperior ills ſuſtain,
With keener anguiſh groan, and bend with heavier load.

And thou, whoſe verſe a brother's woes would tell,
With gratitude ſurvey thy better ſtate;
From thy faint heart thoſe reſtleſs thoughts expel,
Which oft had led thee to deplore thy fate:
Thy nerves of ſight, in early youth decay'd,
Beyond the power of med'cine to reſtore,
Lent to thy willing ſearch a feeble aid,
Juſt ſhew'd fair Learning's book, and bade thee read no more.

What though to narrow, narrow bounds confin'd,
Thy knowledge ſcarce the ſchoolboy's lore outweighs,
While hating ignorance, thy captive mind
Swells with the thirſt of fame, the love of praiſe;

What

What though the lone, dull moments ſlowly move,
When loſt in helpleſs indolence you ſit,
Yet can you join the choſen friend you love,
The ſage diſcourſe partake, or gay, colloquial wit.

What though, too oft, for thee ſome friendly eye
Muſt trace the page thou rarely canſt peruſe;
What though ſome friendly hand muſt oft ſupply
The pen, obedient to th' inſpiring muſe;
Yet canſt thou view the "human face divine,"
The bluſhing flower, the ſunny landſcape bright;
Of Nature's copious volume all is thine,
Earth and her boundleſs ſtores, and heaven's creative light.'

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*An Account of a Peculiarity of Viſion in a Girl at Eaſt Dereham in Norfolk, Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, by Mr. J. S. Webſter, Surgeon at Eaſt Dereham.*

[From the London Medical Journal for 1787. Part III.]

THIS account is ſo curious, that we are induced to give it to our readers in the author's own words.

HELEN BUNNETT, or, as ſhe is com-

commonly called, the *owl-eyed girl*, is thirteen years old, of a fair complexion, with brown hair, and has all her life enjoyed a good ſtate of health. She was born in a workhouſe belonging to the hundreds of Milford and Launditch, in the ſame county.

This girl has from her infancy laboured under a peculiarity of viſion. What particularly ſtrikes one's attention, on her entering a room in the day-time, is, her looking towards the ground, and her eyes appearing, as it were, ſunk in her head; ſo much ſo, that the whole ball of the eye ſeems loſt within its orbit, and of courſe the eyelid ſo covers it, that you would at firſt imagine the humours of the eye eſcaped from their coats.

No appearance of diſeaſe is perceptible in the coats of the eye. The choroid is of a whitiſh or light grey colour. The iris is peculiarly perfect. The pupils are entirely black; and the appearance of each eye is the ſame.

I firſt put her faculty of viſion to the teſt by exhibiting large objects before her eyes, ſuch as a watch, a broad button, the key of a door, &c. Theſe ſhe certainly was able to diſtinguiſh, though with difficulty; and I obſerved that ſhe is very near ſighted.

I next offered to her bottles filled with medicines of different colours, ſuch as blue vitriolic water, vegeto-mineral water, and others; in attempting to diſtinguiſh theſe ſhe in general failed. I then preſented to her view ſmall objects, ſuch as a ſixpence, a ſhilling, pins, &c. but theſe ſhe could not diſcover at all.

Upon cloſing the windows, and darkening the room ſuddenly, I had my attention fixed upon her eyes, which inſtantly dilated, and the pupils became as perfect, and as large in proportion, as in any human body whatever; on the contrary, upon opening the windows as ſuddenly as I before had cloſed them, the pupils became inſtantly contracted, and the balls and the eyes appeared, as it were, ſunk. I then cloſed her eye-lids, and rubbed them frequently, but without obſerving any appearance of dilatation, in the eyes. Having now again darkened the room ſo much that I could not myſelf diſtinguiſh objects, I had in readineſs the ſame bottles of medicines as before, and likewiſe ſome pieces of cloth of different colours that I had offered to her when the windows were not cloſed, and which ſhe had then not been able to diſtinguiſh: but upon my again offering the ſame to her in the darkened room, I was agreeably ſurpriſed to find that ſhe could tell me the colours of the different fluids in the bottles, as well as the quantities therein contained, and alſo the various colours of the cloths, excepting of thoſe which we may term mixed cloths; and perhaps in theſe ſhe failed not from a want of perception, but from not being ſufficiently practiſed in the diſtinctions of complicated colours. I took a pin, and having dropped it upon the ground, at a conſiderable diſtance from that part where ſhe ſtood, changed places with her, and deſired her to look for the pin, which ſhe very ſoon found. All the time the room remained darkened her eyes were fully dilated, and continued equally ſo, neither contracting nor increaſing in their dilatation.

The expreſſion of owl-eyed girl, which I have made uſe of, is not a term given to her by me, but is a diſtinction ſhe goes by among the paupers in general in the houſe where ſhe now is.

I lately aſked her the following queſtions, which I ſhall give you, with her anſwers, as I minuted them upon the ſpot:

Q. "How is your eyeſight when in the ſun?

A. "I cannot ſee then in the leaſt.

Q. "Are your eyes very painful to you?

A. "They are very painful in ſummer and hot weather.

Q. "In what direction do you look when you wiſh to diſtinguiſh any thing?

A. "From the corners of my eyes, as one croſs-eyed."

She has informed me likewiſe, that ſhe can diſtinguiſh objects as well by moonlight, or in twilight, as in the dark.

This part of the Journal concludes, as uſual, with a Catalogue of New Medical Books.

## THE TRIFLER, No. III.

*February* 14, 1788.

ON SWEARING—UNIVERSALITY OF SWEARING—GREAT SWEARERS VERY MODEST MEN—A SIXPENNY WORTH OF WIT—THE BLOOD AFFECTED BY SWEARING—AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT REVISED—THE TRIFLER NOT IN PARLIAMENT IN THE TIME OF GEORGE II.—ADDSNIGGERS AND FAMILY—DRINK OE USE TO SWEARING—MEDICAL THEORY OF SWEARING—THE TRIFLER AFFECTS GREAT KNOWLEDGE OF DISEASES—INDICATIONS OF CURE—CASES PROMISED.

HAVING in my two introductory papers cleared the way of every obſtruction, I now proceed to the main intent and purpoſe of my lucubrations. And for this day's ſubject I make choice of one of the moſt genteel and gentleman like accompliſhments of the age, namely, *Swearing*.

When we conſider how general the practice of ſwearing is, we can not but acknowledge that it is ſomething which exiſts independent of external circumſtances. If the poor only were ſwearers, we might attribute it to the hardſhips they ſuffer. If the rich only ſwore, we might account for it from the pride of wealth, and the exultation of proſperity. If men of learning only practiſed ſwearing, it would be deemed a *ſcience*: but as the moſt ignorant man in the kingdom is as copious and voluble in his oaths as the wiſeſt, we muſt again conſider it as not depending on any thing belonging to genius.

Great ſwearers are, I obſerve, very modeſt men. For what elſe but modeſty and diffidence in their abilities at telling the truth, could induce them to ratify every aſſertion with an oath? And as it is principally in the caſe of little things that ſwearing is practiſed, this diffidence and modeſty appear the more conſpicuous. I remember a gentleman who loſt a ſixpence in walking acroſs a room, but his modeſty would not permit him to ſay ſo in plain terms, although the company might perhaps not have doubted his word in a matter ſo trifling; but he not being influenced by Quaker principles confirmed what he had ſaid by an oath—and ſoon after, knowing perhaps how ſlowly truth makes its way in the world, he ſwore again, and ſwore indeed every time the ſixpence occurred to his memory. Whether the company really gave credit to him, I never could learn to this day.

Some eccentricities of ſpeech and manner are contracted from inclination; but ſwearing generally invades the human frame like a diſeaſe; and, like a diſeaſe of the putrid kind, taints the blood; whence I have ſometimes thought that it is from this circumſtance, that gentlemen ſo often ſwear by their blood. It is not ſo eaſy to diſcover why they ſwear by or curſe their *eyes* [*a*]; and ſtill more are we at

[*a*] This circumſtance is omitted by my late learned and ingenious friend

a loſs to find out the cauſe of their frequent mention of the *ſoul*, ſince it is pretty certain, that the exiſtence of the ſoul makes no part of the creed of a common ſwearer—Indeed, leſt it ſhould ſeem to be ſo, one of his principal oaths conſigns that part to the devil, and having thus got rid of the incumbrance, it ſupplies him with a good joke [*b*] ever after.

Although this accompliſhment is ſo univerſal as to be practiſed alike by the peer [*c*] and the peaſant, and is conſequently conſidered as a very proper and neceſſary practice, particularly for gentlemen of the army and navy, it is rather ſingular that the legiſlature ſhould not have conſidered it in the ſame favourable light—for in the ſtatutes (I forget which volume or page) but in the 19th Geo. II. cap. 21. I find that every labourer, ſoldier, or ſailor, ſhall forfeit *one ſhilling* for every profane oath or curſe; every other perſon under the degree of a gentleman, *two ſhillings*; and every gentleman, or perſon of ſuperior rank *five ſhillings*—the money to be given to the poor of the pariſh, who are thus wiſely made to profit by ſwearing [*d*]. Now, although our legiſlators have thought proper to make this law, it is plain they conſidered ſwearing as the accompliſhmen not leſs of a *gentleman* than of any other man, with this difference, that the *gentleman* ſwearer pays five times as much as the labourer, ſailor or ſoldier, and three-fifths more than any other perſon beneath his own rank. It ſo happened that I had not a ſeat in parliament when this law paſſed, otherwiſe I would nave propoſed to tax ſwearing according to the kind and degree of the oath; thoſe perſons who are afraid of rapping out a good ſwinging oath, but content themſelves with *fegs*, *'ath*, *troth*, *bodlikins*, *adſniggers*, &c. ſhould pay half price [*e*]; but all gentlemen who by virtue of holding the King's commiſſion in the army or navy, were conſtantly in practice, I would have propoſed a licence to be taken out annually, to be called a *Swearing Licence*; and for the more effectual ſecuring of the revenue, every perſon to be obliged to wear a label in his hat, or on ſome conſpicuous part of his body, with theſe words;

"LICENCED TO SWEAR AND CURSE, BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT."

Many other improvements I would have ſuggeſted at the ſame time, but for the circumſtance of my not being preſent when the law was paſſed. There is no doubt that an immenſe revenue would accrue from this plan, as gentlemen could then ſwear at a very trifling expence.

Swearers may be ranged under different heads—There are thoſe who ſwear on all occaſions; thoſe who ſwear only now and then; and thoſe who never ſwear but when in a paſſion. Drink is a mighty promoter of ſwearing. I know many who never utter an oath, till they have ſwallow-

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Dr Porterfield, in his treatiſe on the Eyes, which he right merrily uſed to call "*My buick on the Een.*"—*Perriwig Bath.*

[*b*] I ſee no joke in this all; but, as the erudite author of Mrs. Goodſhoes ſays, ſome people make a joke of every thing.

[*c*] Peers would be quite out of practice, if they did not ſwear in common converſation; as they are not required to ſwear in courts like other men.—Vide *Blackſtone*, a very good book, but rather dear.

[*d*] This remark needs an explanation; my learned friend *Bonus Noxius* obſerveth, that our author doth not mean by this, that ſwearing is neceſſary for the ſupport of the poor.

[*e*] Our author is ſaid to be preparing a treatiſe on *Half price Sinners*.

ed a certain quantity of wine. *Tom Toſspot* is one of theſe. I know exactly how much he has drank, by the nature of his oaths. Five or ſix glaſſes of punch produce *faith*, *troth*, and *zooks*—thrice that quantity bring forth *by Gad*, *hang it*—*by the La*—but if I hear him condemn his blood, paſs ſentence upon his eyes, or ſend his tobacco-pipe to perdition, I know he is ſcarcely able to walk ſtraight. When he meets me in an evening, and ſalutes with an oath, I generally aſk, how many were of the party? for I know he has been *keeping it up!*

I have ſometimes been of opinion that as the law againſt ſwearing is deemed rather ſevere, (for a gentleman may chance to ſwear away many pounds in an evening at 5s. per oath) that it would be a meritorious act to propoſe ſome ſcheme for evading the law, and yet preſerving the polite practice of ſwearing. But this I think cannot otherwiſe be done, than ſubſtituting a new kind of oaths adapted to the particular perſon, or ſubject; thus all players at cards who cannot keep their temper, may ſwear by *Hoyle;* all gentlemen who are gamblers on the turf may ſwear by their *horſes*, ſince it is in their horſes they put their truſt——and ſo on of other profeſſions, amuſements, or trades. But as I am only theoretically acquainted with ſwearing, I muſt leave this ſubject to be conſidered by theſe who are in conſtant practice of the art. It would appear a little odd at firſt perhaps, but habit reconciles every thing, and I ſee no difference between a man curſing his *blood*, and another ſwearing by his *boots*—Since it is generally agreed that ſwearers mean nothing.

To conſider this ſubject phyſically now remains [*f*]—And here I warn all Doctors of Medicine in this good town of Aberdeen, and in all other places where my lucubrations are received, I ſay I warn them all not to be jealous of me, ſince in what I am about to offer I do not mean to interfere with their practice.——

Swearing appears to me to be like the headach, not ſo much a diſeaſe, as the ſymptom of a diſeaſe. No phyſician truſts in topical applications, where he has reaſon to think the ſyſtem is affected. And this maxim I believe will be found applicable in the preſent caſe. The cauſe of ſwearing then is to be inveſtigated; and this I have obſerved reſides either in the *head* or in the *heart*. In the former caſe, the diſorder is of the *acute* [*i*] ſpecies, and may give way to proper medicines. In the latter caſe, it is generally incurable, like the gout, and has its regular returns according as the patient has lived irregularly; but in one reſpect it is very unlike the Gout, for that diſeaſe gives moſt pain to the patient, whereas the *chronic* ſwearing gives moſt pain to thoſe who are within hearing of the patient.

But as I do not profeſs to take in hand incurable caſes, I ſhall confine my CURATIVE INDICATIONS to caſes where the diſorder is in the *head*.

My indications are, I. To remove the cauſe. This is principally to be done by regimen: To abſtain from ſtrong drink; from high ſeaſoned food; from telling wonderful tales: from playing cards; from lying; from regarding that which is not

[*f*] The learned are greatly divided on this part of our author's lucubration; the great Van Bloochood Gertruydenecht, an eminent Dutch Commentator ſays, that our author is a phyſician, but there are others who much doubt this: Gertruydenecht's words are *clyſterſtein givencht*, which implies the practice of phyſic.

[*g*] It does not require, however, much *acuteneſs* to be able to ſwear. *Philopunnic. Hibern. p.* 346. *circa finem.*

worth

worthy of regard: and from the company of perſons labouring under the ſame diſorder, which by the bye, is highly infectious.—The laſt mentioned circumſtance cannot be diſpenſed with on any account.

II. To apply certain remedies—The principal are Reflection, Religion, and Common Senſe; The firſt convinces the patient that he ſtands in need of cure; the latter ſhows the danger of the diſorder; and the laſt demonſtrates its abſurdity. Theſe remedies may be adminiſtered ſeparately, or compounded together. In ſome caſes I have found it beſt to adminiſter them in ſmall doſes at firſt, as in conſtitutions not much uſed to them, they are apt to excite a degree of *nauſea*. The judgement of the phyſician, however, muſt direct him how and when to apply the remedies—in a morning faſting, I think is the beſt time, but the time may be arbitrary.

The patient is to be kept very quiet, and particularly, as I obſerved before, muſt be ſeparated from perſons labouring under the ſame diſorders.——A change of *air* may be neceſſary, and indeed it would much haſten the cure if the patient were to give himſelf no *airs* at all. [*k*]

The Apothecaries muſt not be offended if I preſcribe little or nothing in their way, except one medicine in which they deal largely, I mean *Aqua fontana*—Bleeding has been recommended, but I do not remember but one caſe in which this anſwered, and then neither the lancet, nor the cupping glaſs were uſed. The operation was performed by the right hand clinched in a particular manner, and applied with velocity and momentum to the noſe of the perſon affected: this produced a violent effuſion of blood, and ſtopt the diſorder for a time—but I have in general found my patients averſe to the operation, for what reaſon I muſt leave my readers to determine.

There are many things on this ſubject which I had to offer, but muſt poſtpone at preſent. When I come to conſider the ſubject again, I ſhall communicate the reſult of my practice in particular caſes—for all phyſicians are agreed that much is to be learned from medical caſes.

[*k*] Our author is at his old tricks again. Whether is *punning* acute or chronic? a Queſtion for the Faculty.

## PROCLAMATION.

WHERAS *it has been communicated to US by our Truſty and well-beloved* Dr Periwigmenos Bathos *of the city of Aberdeen, Gentleman, Critic, Phyſician and Antiquarian, that ſeveral malicious and ill-diſpoſed perſons have ſaid, aſſerted, and maintained that he the ſaid* Dr Periwigmenos Bathos *was NOBODY, and that the Trifler himſelf was the ſaid Dr Nobody; this is to inform all perſons whatſoever, that the ſaid* Dr Periwigmenos Bathos *is SOMEBODY who lives ſomewhere, and in a particular ſtreet; and that all perſons who deny the ſame, or countenance thoſe who deny the ſame are to be accounted* "*Falſe Knaves,* "*and not True men.*"

*Extracted by me*

DANIEL DOGBERRY,
*Town Clerk.*

# Poetry.

## ANIMATED EXISTENCE.

TO Him whoſe hand benign beſtows
The good and fair that Nature ſhows,
Let every voice in praiſe aſcend,
And every knee in homage bend:
Nor let the Bard, with grateful fire,

For-

Forget the tribute of his lyre
To celebrate that mighty plan
Which from creative Love began,
When life, in various gifts beſtow'd,
Through every frame and boſom flow'd,
Till all with vital bliſs was ſtor'd,
In perfect meaſure and accord,
And Everlaſting Wiſdom's ear
Around his throne was pleas'd to hear
Thoſe full conſenting members meet
Which Being's ſymphony complete.
Before the rays of morn were ſeen
To gild the orient wave ſerene;
Ere the green earth and murm'ring ſeas
Were travel'd by the flitting breeze;
When yet no voice, at ev'n or morn,
From echoing hill or dale was borne;
Then God, enthron'd in bliſs ſupreme,
From Wiſdom's uncreated beam
Beheld and lov'd, with gracious eye,
Fair nature's dawn and twilight ſky,
Where voice of mortal things was heard,
And gladſome warblings of the Bard.
Anon, in Wiſdom's happieſt hour,
By his ſupreme creative power
He manifeſted from above
The genial day-ſpring of his love,
Whence vital beams inveſt the ſkies,
And circling days and hours ariſe,
And ſun and cloudy moon adorn
The breezy ſphere of ev'n and morn;
Earth, green with woods, uplifts her head,
And Ocean welters on his bed.
The portion hence of vital flame
Deſcends to each organic frame;
Hence men, that bear celeſtial mind,
With all the mute obſequious kind;
The many-colour'd wings of air
That to the leafy woods repair:
And thoſe that under Ocean's wave
Their gilded coats diſporting lave;
The inſect fluttering in its round,
And reptile clinging to the ground.
For God, his goodneſs to reveal,
And nought of wiſdom to conceal,
Where ever life could find a home
Hath kindly fram'd ſome vital dome,
He, gracious power, unfolds an eye
To every beam that chears the ſky,
And gives the fly of morn to hang
Its little hour in Being's pang.
That Love which opes the beetle's wings,
And chears the graſshopper that ſings;
Which fills 'mid rocks and wilds with food
The oſtrich' young, and raven's brood
(If aught the heart of mortal man
Of Love's eternal ways may ſcan);
Is more delighted to unfold
A living frame of earthly mould,
And to inform the conſcious heart
With comfort's glow and feeling's ſmart,
Than to behold the dawning light
Of worlds emerging from the night.
Look round the univerſe, and trace
Creation's wide organic race;
Mark the full energies of things
Life's working womb inceſſant brings:
The eagle's ample airy ſpread,
And ſhell-fiſh clinging to its bed;
The pining ſloth that crops the weed,
The ardour of the generous ſteed;
Behold the dumb and panting worm,
And winged inſect's vocal form;
Then ſay, why thus the hand of God
Repleniſh'd Nature's wide abode
With whatſoe'er could live or move,
But that the fulneſs of his love
No heart of being's gift would rob
That could with health and comfort throb.
Thus every ſhape of breathing clay
That can inhale the chearful day
He reſcues from oblivion's night,
To triumph in the hour of light.
And numerous are the eager hearts
To whom its portion life imparts,
And manifold the frames below
To whom the ſweets of being flow.
What tongue can count the inſect wings

The hour of ev'n and morning brings?
Who can unfold the buſy feet
That on the leaf of Summer meet?
Meanwhile, through Nature's ample range,
'Mid every elemental change,
We ſee each animated breaſt
In its appointed portion bleſt.
Whether it haunt the azure ſcene,
Or dwell in earth's pavilions green;
Through lucid grove of coral ſtray,
Or under icy mountains play,
Each in its ſphere delighted moves,
And holds the manſion of its loves.
See how the Sire protects each race
By means adapted to its place!
Some he endows with cunning arts,
To others the fleet courſe imparts;
And frames of huge ſtupendous ſize
The tribes that few and ſcattered riſe,
While infinite increaſe ſuſtains
The inſect of the ſummer plains.
The tribes that mutual ſuccour need
In gentleneſs together feed;
And thoſe that ſeek their ſavage prey,
Apart and ſolitary ſtray.
While clam'ring rooks and cooing doves
Together celebrate their loves,
Alone the vulture ſeeks his way,
And raven croaks on lonely ſpray.
Mark too, where God unfolds the birth
Of life in water, air, or earth,
How he in goodneſs deigns to lend
The means to ſhelter and defend!
O'er ſome the downy fur he caſt,
To ſhield them from the piercing blaſt;
And ſome within the wreathed ſhell
He lodg'd, among the rocks to dwell,
Where Winter pours relentleſs ſnows,
As where the flower perennial blows,
His providence benign hath ſpread
For life a hoſpitable ſhade.
Thus, far as Ocean's utmoſt ſtream
Reflects the dawn and ſetting beam,
Reſounds the buſy anxious ſtriſe
Ariſing from organic life,
While all with gladneſs celebrate
The beauteous functions of their ſtate;
And with the fleet and ſoaring plume,
Or coat which tinctur'd hues illume,
With creeping frame, or warbling voice,
Or bounding footſtep, all rejoice,
In ſea or air, in wood or hill,
Their various ſpheres of life to fill,
Exulting in the portion given,
Exulting in the ways of Heaven.
Rejoice, oh! Man, thou child of thought!
That for a ſeaſon thou art brought,
With gladſome heart and vocal powers,
Within warm Nature's chearful hours!
Rejoice that thou haſt found a ſhade
For ſympathetic gladneſs made!
Where Love and Peace on downy feet
'Mid the fond ſcene of evening meet.
Rejoice while Nature's kindred forms
Her aſpects mild and flying ſtorms,
Endear thy home, and fill thy ſight
With airy phantoms of delight!
For thee creation's ſcenes extend,
And fountains flow, and hills aſcend;
The ſeaſons thine, the rainbow's ray,
The moonlight bland, and beam of day.
And thou, whoſe dreams and devious ways
Are ſooth'd with Fancy's whiſpering lays,
Thy boſom's choiceſt incenſe pour,
And hail that bleſt primeval hour
Which chac'd Oblivion's damps away
From dawning Nature's glimmering ray,
When the bland vapours of the rills
Firſt ſpread around the morning hills,
And life, exulting in its birth,
With many warblings fill'd the earth.

S. N.

Gent. Mag.]

## A TALE.

IMPATIENT of laborious life,
A huſband thus beſpoke his wife:
Well, let the world ſay what it will,
You wives the eaſier life have ſtill:
Thro' what toils muſt the huſband wade,
Before a ſmall ſupport is made!
Mean while, the wife, in eaſe and pleaſure,
Purſues her duties at her leiſure:
Her houſehold is her only care——
Now, with a friend, ſhe takes the air,
Now pays a viſit, now receives,
Now this mode follows, now that leaves.
Nay, hold, my dear, (the wife replied)
I will not hear my ſex belied:
What nonſenſe now you entertain!
You're ign'rant: be inſtructed then:
Do pleaſure, viſits, modes agree
With houſehold filth and drudgery?
You ſee me ev'ry day thro' life
Exceed the duties of a wife.
Why ſhould I riſe at Six o'clock?
Or raiſe the ſervant with the cock?
Perform the meaneſt work we have?
Does marriage make a wife a ſlave?
In child-bed laid, the wife ſuppoſe;
Does pleaſure then attend the throes?
You'll ſurely with me coincide,
That theſe exceed all pain beſide.
Lord, woman, ceaſe your noiſy chatter! (matter.
(The huſband cried) I ſcorn ſuch
When woman's tongue is put in motion,
Mercy! 'tis like the boiſt'rous ocean;
Which wave on wave rolls to the ſhore,
Daſhing the beach with hideous roar.
But hint a fault—her flippant tongue
Muſt vindicate, tho' e'er ſo wrong:
Tho' e'er ſo diſtant from the ſenſe,
A ſhow'r of words ſhe muſt diſpenſe:
For tho' her logic fail to pleaſe,
Her tongue is ever ſure to teaſe.
So pedant, newly come from college,
A ſelf-thought prodigy of knowledge,
Whoſe formal, ſtiff, conceited mien,
True emblem of his mind is ſeen,
Who ſneers at what by others ſaid is,
And Greek and Latin quotes to ladies,
Swoln with conceit, ſpurns contradiction,
And ſhuts his ears againſt conviction.

A. R. B. E.

*To* MIRA, *on her Wedding-Day.*

ASSUME, my Verſe, thy wonted art,
While all in expectation ſtand;
Can'ſt thou not paint the willing heart,
That coyly gives the trembling hand?

Can'ſt thou not ſummon from the ſky
Soft Venus, and her milk-white doves?
Mark—in an eaſy yoke they fly,
An emblem of unſever'd loves.

Now, Mira, art thou pale with fear,
Look not, thou Sweetneſs, thus forlorn;
She ſmiles—and now ſuch tints appear,
As ſteal upon the ſilver morn.

Quick, Hymen, to the temple lead;
Cupid, thy victory purſue:
In bluſhes roſe the conſcious maid;
Truſt me, ſhe'll ſet in bluſhes too.

Well may the lover fondly gaze
On thy bright cheek and bloom of youth,
Impatient of the calmer praiſe
Of ſweetneſs, innocence, and truth.

Yet theſe ſhall, to thy lateſt hour,
Theſe only ſhall ſecure thy bliſs:
When the pale lip hath loſt its power,
Theſe ſhall give Nectar to the kiſs.

THE

# ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

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## MIRACULOUS ESCAPE *from the* BASTILE.

[Concluded from our laſt.]

WHEN theſe cords were all ready, their meaſure was four hundred feet. We had ſtill to make two hundred ſteps for the great ladder and the wooden one; and to prevent the ſteps of the rope-ladder from ruſtling againſt the wall as we deſcended, we covered them with the linings of our bed-gowns, under waiſtcoats, &c. Theſe preparations coſt us eighteen months work, night and day.

You have ſeen the requiſites we needed, to get through our chimney on the platform of the Baſtile, to deſcend from thence into the trench, to get up the parapet, and enter the Governor's garden; to deſcend again, by means of our wooden ladder, or another, into the great trench by the gate of St. Anthony, the ſpot that was to bleſs us with our liberty. We needed, beſides, a dark, ſtormy night: yet a dreadful evil might intervene; it might happen to rain from five in the evening till nine or ten, and then the weather might become fair. In that caſe, the centinels walking round the Baſtile from one poſt to another, not only all our toils and preparations would be loſt, but to increaſe the diſaſter, inſtead of our receiving conſolation, we ſhould be ſent to the dungeon, and while the Marchioneſs continued in power, be watched with additional rigour. We were much alarmed with the apprehenſion of this danger; but by reflecting on it, I diſcovered the means of its removal. I informed d'Alegre, my companion in misfortune, that ſince the building of this wall, the Seine had overflowed at leaſt three hundred times; that its waves muſt have diſſolved the ſalts contained in the mortar, the depth of half an inch every time, and conſequently it would be eaſy for us to perforate a hole in it, by which we might eſcape with leſs hazard. That we might obtain a gimlet, by drawing a ſcrew out of our bedſtead, to which we would fix a good croſs handle; and with it might make ſome holes in the joining of the ſtones, to ſtick in them our iron bars, by which, between us, we might remove more than five tons weight

with the purchaſe of the lever, and ſo might eaſily pierce the wall that ſeparates the trench of the Baſtile from that of St. Anthony's gate. There would be a thouſand times leſs riſk in iſſuing by this method, than by getting out on the parapet, and paſſing under the very noſes of the centinels, &c. D'Alegre agreed to this, and ſaid, that ſhould we be foiled in this perforation, it would be ſtill leſs hazardous to ſcale a corner of the wall, as we had heretofore intended by the parapet; a reſource that would be left us, ſhould our other attempt be fruſtrated by inſurmountable obſtacles. Accordingly we made wrappers for our iron-bars, we drew out the bed-ſcrew, and made a gimlet of it; in ſhort, when our apparatus was ready, though the river had overflowed, and the water was three or four feet deep in each trench, we reſolved to depart the next day, in the evening, the 25th of February, 1756.

Beſides my trunk, I had a large leathern portmanteau; and not queſtioning that all the clothes on our backs would be ſoaked by croſſing and working in the water, we filled this portmanteau with a complete ſuit, not omitting hats, ſtockings, ſhoes, and the beſt of every article left us. Next day, as ſoon as we had dined, we fitted up our great ladder, with its numerous flight of ſteps, and then hid it under our beds, that it might not be diſcovered by the turnkey, when he brought our ſupper. [An Officer who came with him in the morning, had taken the liberty of ſearching us.] We next adjuſted our wooden ladder, then made up the reſt into ſeveral bundles, being free from the apprehenſion of any viſit, till the uſual hour of five. The two iron-bars for which we had occaſion were pulled down, and put into their wrappers, both to prevent a noiſe, and that we might handle them with effect more conveniently. We had provided ourſelves with a bottle of uſquebaugh, to keep us warm and recruit our ſtrength, ſhould we be obliged to work in the water. This proved a very neceſſary precaution; for without the aſſiſtance of that liquor, we ſhould never have been able to ſtand up to the neck in the wet for ſix hours.

The critical moment now arrived. Our ſupper was ſcarcely brought up when, in ſpite of a rheumatic pain in my left arm, I ſet about climbing up the chimney, and had a hard ſtruggle to reach the top. I was almoſt ſmothered with the ſoot, not being aware that chimney-ſweepers arm their elbows and loins with defenſives, and put a ſack over their heads, to ſecure them from the duſt. My elbows and knees were accordingly flayed; the blood ſtreamed from my elbows to my hands, and from my knees down my leg. At laſt I got to the top of the chimney, where I placed myſelf aſtride, and from thence unwound a ball of packthread that I had in my pocket, and to the end of which my companion had agreed to faſten the ſtrongeſt rope that held my portmanteau: by this means I drew it up, and lowered it on the platform. I returned the rope, to which my companion tied the wooden ladder. I drew up, in the ſame manner, the two iron bars, and the reſt of the parcels for which we had occaſion. When I had theſe, I again let down my packthread to raiſe the rope ladder, drawing up to myſelf the ſuperfluous length, that by the end my companion might mount the chimney with more facility than I had done; and at his ſignal I faſtened it. He aſcended with eaſe; we finiſhed drawing up the remainder, and ſuſpended the whole in ſuch a manner acroſs the chimney, that we deſcended both at once on the platform, ſerving for a counterpoiſe to each other.

Two

Two horſes would not have been able to remove all our luggage. We began with rolling up our rope ladder, which made a volume five foot high and a foot thick, and we wheeled this kind of mill-ſtone on the Tower of the Treaſury, which we thought moſt favourable for our deſcent. We faſtened this ladder ſecurely to a piece of cannon, and then let it gently down into the trench. In the ſame manner we faſtened our block, paſſing through it the rope three hundred ſixty feet long; and when we had moved aſide all our other parcels, I tied my thigh ſecurely to the rope of the block, got on the ladder, and, in proportion as I deſcended its ſteps, my comrade let out the rope of the block; but, nowithſtanding this precaution, every time I moved, my body reſembled a kite dancing in the air, ſo that, had this happened by day-light, of a thouſand perſons who might have ſeen me reeling, not one but would have given me over for loſt; yet I arrived ſafe and ſound in the trench. Immediately my companion lowered to me my portmanteau, the iron bars, the wooden ladder, and all our equipage, which I placed in the dry, on a little riſing above the ſurface of the water, at the foot of the tower. My companion next faſtened the rope of the block, at the other end, above his knee, and, when he had given me a ſignal of his being on the ladder, I performed the ſame manœuvre below, which he had done for me above, to ſuſtain me in the air, and prevent a fall. I took the farther precaution to place the laſt ſtep under my thighs, by ſitting on it, to ſpare him the diſagreeable vibration which I had experienced. He got down to me, though, during the whole, the ſentinel could not be above thirty feet from us, walking on the corridor, as it did not rain; which prevented our mounting thither, to get into the garden, according to our firſt plan. We were therefore obliged to make uſe of our iron bars: I took one of them, with the gimlet, on my ſhoulder, and my companion the other. Neither did I forget to pocket the bottle of uſquebaugh; and we proceeded directly to the wall that parts the trench of the Baſtile from that of St. Anthony's gate, between the garden and the governor's houſe. There was in this place a ſmall trench, ſix feet wide, and about the ſame depth, which wetted us up to the armpits.

At the moment that I began with my gimlet to bore a hole between two ſtones, to inſert our levers, the Major's round paſſed us with the great lanthorn*, but ten or twelve feet at moſt over our heads. To conceal ourſelves, we ſtood up to the chin in water, and when it was gone, I ſoon made two or three ſmall holes with my gimlet; and in a ſhort time we got a large ſtone out. From that inſtant I pledged myſelf to d' Alegre for our ſucceſs; drank a draught on the occaſion, and made him take another; we then attacked a ſecond and a third ſtone. The ſecond watch paſſed us, and we again ſlipped into the water up to our chin. We were obliged to perform this ceremony regularly every half hour that we were diſturbed by that curſed watch. Before midnight we had diſplaced two wheel-barrows of ſtones.

You will perhaps imagine that the trifle I am going to relate, is merely a fiction intended to make you laugh; but you may depend on its veracity. Hearing the approach of the centinel over our heads, the rubbiſh we had made about the breach in the wall, obliged us to ſtand a little more backward in the water. We fancied that he had made ſome diſcovery,

* This is carried at the end of a long pole.

and gave ourſelves over for loſt; but a moment afterwards he patroled the extent of his guard exactly over me. When he was gone, I whiſpered my companion, "that ſcoundrel has p—on my head; but I would not have ſpoken, had he ſ—in my face." He anſwered, "I believe you; but let us take a ſip to revive our ſpirits." However in a few hours we had made a handſome breach in the wall, which, by the Major's account, is four feet and a half thick. I immediately bade d' Alegre get out, and wait for me on the other ſide; and ſhould I meet with any misfortune in fetching the portmanteau, to flee at the leaſt noiſe. Thanks to Heaven! I got it without any diſaſter; he drew it out, I followed, and gladly left the reſt of our baggage behind us.

In the trench of St. Anthony's Gate, we thought ourſelves out of danger; he held one end of my portmanteau, and I the other, taking the way to Bercy. We had ſcarcely advanced fifty ſteps, when we fell into the aqueduct in the middle of that great trench, with at leaſt ſix feet water over our heads. My companion, inſtead of gaining the other ſide, for the aqueduct is not ſix feet wide, dropped the portmanteau, to hang on me. Thus dangerouſly entangled, with a jerk I made him let go his hold, clinging at the ſame moment to the oppoſite ſide, and plunging my arm in the water, drew him toward me by the hair of his head, and afterwards my portmanteau, which floated on the ſurface. We were not till now out of danger. Here ended the horrors of that dreadful night.

As the trench formed a declivity, thirty paces from thence we were on dry ground. Then we embraced each other, and fell on our knees to thank God for the great mercy he had beſtowed on us, that neither of us had been daſhed to pieces in the fall, and that he had reſtored us to liberty. Our rope ladder was ſo exact, as not to be a foot too long, nor too ſhort; every part of it was ſo well diſpoſed, that not an inch was out of its place. All the cloaths on our backs were throughly ſoaked, but we had provided for this inconvenience by thoſe in my portmanteau, which being well covered at top with dirty linen, and carefully packed, were not injured by a drop of water.

Our hands were galled drawing out the ſtones to form a breach; and what may be thought ſurpriſing is, that we were leſs cold up to the neck in the water, than on dry ground, when an univerſal tremor ſeized us, and we almoſt loſt the uſe of our hands. I was obliged to be my friend's valet de chambre, and he in return mine. As we mounted the ſlope, it ſtruck four o'clock. We took the firſt hackney coach, and went to the houſe of Mr. Silhouette, Chancellor of the Duke of Orleans; but as unluckily he was at Verſailles, we flew for refuge to the Abbey St. Germain des-prez.

## Literary Chronicle and Review.

*Select Stories for the Inſtruction and Entertainment of Children. From the French of M. Berquin. Embellished with Four Copperplates.* 12mo. 3s. London, 1787.

THE education of children is an object of the higheſt importance to ſociety. It is impoſſible to determine how far the early impreſſion of good or bad ideas may operate to the happineſs or miſery of mankind. Great care ſhould, therefore, be taken that the ſeed, which

which may be ſo fruitful, ſhould be pure. The cultivation of the heart ſhould be intimately connected with that of the underſtanding. To promote this, the work before us is well calculated. It cannot fail to captivate the attention, and intereſt the feelings. In a ſeries of familiar tales, where children are brought forward as the principal characters, the moſt ſalutary truths are inculcated. This mode of inſtruction is infinitely ſuperior to that of fables, where the veil of allegory is too apt to obſcure the features of vice and virtue.

The following ſtory will give an idea of the entertainment and improvement which may be expected from this volume:

'THE FARMER.

'Sir John Downton had ſhut himſelf up one morning in his ſtudy, in order to give his attention to ſome affairs of conſequence. A ſervant came to inform him that farmer Martin, his tenant, was at the ſtreet door, and deſired to ſpeak with him. Sir John ordered him to ſhew the farmer into the drawing-room, and to requeſt him to ſtay a moment, until his letters ſhould be finiſhed. Robert, Arthur, and Sophia, Sir John Downton's children, were in the drawing-room, when Mr Martin was introduced.

He ſaluted them reſpectfully as he entered, but it was eaſy to ſee that he had not learned his bow from the dancing-maſter; nor were his compliments of a more elegant turn. The two boys looked one at another, ſmiling with an air of contempt. Their eyes meaſured him very familiarly from head to foot. They whiſpered each other, and laughed out ſo loud, that the poor man bluſhed, and did not know what countenance to put on. Robert even carried his incivility ſo ſo far as to walk round him, holding his noſe, and aſking his brother, "Arthur, do not you perceive ſomething of the ſmell of a dung-heap?" And going for a chafing-diſh of hot coals, he burnt ſome paper over it, and carried it round the room, to diſperſe, as he ſaid, the unpleaſant ſmell. He then called a ſervant, and deſired him to ſweep up the dirt that Martin had left on the floor-cloth with his nailed ſhoes. Arthur, mean time, held his ſides, laughing at his brother's impertinences.

'It was not the ſame with Sophia their ſiſter. Inſtead of imitating the rudeneſs of her brothers, ſhe reproved them for it, endeavoured to excuſe them to the farmer, approaching him with looks of good-nature, offered him wine to refreſh himſelf, made him ſit down, and took his hat and ſtick herſelf, and laid them by. In the mean time, Sir John came out of his ſtudy, and approaching farmer Martin in a friendly manner, took him by the hand, aſked how his wife and children were, and what had brought him to town. "Sir," anſwered the farmer, "I come to pay you my half-year's rent;" and at the time he drew out of his pocket a leathern bag full of money. "You will not be diſpleaſed," continued he, "that I have been ſomething beyond my time; our roads were ſo flooded, that I could not carry my corn to the market ſooner."

'I am not at all diſpleaſed with you," replied Sir John; "I know that you are an honeſt man, and have no occaſion to be put in mind of your engagements." At the ſame time he had a table laid before the farmer, to count the money on. Robert ſtared at the ſight of farmer Martin's guineas, and ſeemed to look at him with a little more reſpect.

'When Sir John had counted all the farmer's money, and found it right,

right, the latter drew out of his great-coat pocket a ſmall jar of candied fruits. "I have brought ſomething," ſaid he, "for the young folks. Won't you be ſo good, Sir John, as let them come out one of theſe days, and take a mouthful of the country air with us? I'd try to entertain and amuſe them too, as well as I could. I have two good ſtout nags, and would come for them myſelf, and take them down in my four wheeled chaiſe."

'Sir John promiſed to go and ſee him, and would have kept him to dinner; but Mr. Martin thanked him for his kind invitation, and excuſed himſelf for not being able to accept it, as he had many bargains to make in town, and was in a hurry to return home. Sir John filled his pockets with cakes for his children, thanked him for the preſent that he had made to his, and having wiſhed him good health, as well to ſupport his fatigues as on his family's account, ſaw him down ſtairs, and took his leave.

'As ſoon as he was gone, Sophia, before her brothers, informed her father of the rude reception which they had given to the honeſt farmer.——— Sir John expreſſed his diſpleaſure at Robert and Arthur, and at the ſame time commended Sophia for her conduct. "I ſee," ſaid he, kiſſing her, "that my little Sophia knows how to behave herſelf to honeſt people."

'As it was about breakfaſt hour, he opened the farmer's jar of fruits, and ate ſome of them with his daughter; and they both thought them excellent. Robert and Arthur were at table too, but were not invited to taſte the fruits. They devoured them with their eyes: but Sir John did not ſeem to obſerve their longings. He reſumed his commendations of Sophia, and exhorted her never to deſpiſe a perſon for the plainneſs of his dreſs; "for," ſaid he, "if we were to behave politely only to thoſe who are well clad, we ſhould ſeem to direct our civilities to dreſs, not the perſon who wears it. People in the moſt homely clothing are often the moſt honeſt; we have an inſtance of it in farmer Martin. He not only by his labour ſupports himſelf, his wife, and children, but during theſe ſix years that he is my tenant, he pays his rents ſo punctually, that I have never had the ſmalleſt fault to find with him in that reſpect. Yes, my dear Sophia, if this man was not ſo honeſt, I could not ſupply the expence of maintaining you and your brothers. It is he who clothes you, and procures you a good education; for it is in clothing you, and paying the expences of your inſtruction, that I diſpoſe of the ſums which he pays me every half-year."

'After the breakfaſt was finiſhed, he ordered the remainder to be locked in the beaufet. Robert and Arthur followed it with deſiring eyes, and ſaw plainly that it was not kept for them. In this their father ſoon confirmed them. "Do not expect," ſaid he, "to taſte theſe fruits, either to day, or any other time. When the farmer who brought them ſhall have reaſon to be ſatisfied with you, he will not fail to ſend you ſome."

'*Robert.* But, papa, is it my fault if he did not ſmell well?

'*Sir John.* How did he ſmell, then?

'*Robert.* Of the dung-heap, inſufferably.

'*Sir John.* Whence could he have contracted that ſmell?

'*Robert.* From his loading carts with it every day.

'*Sir John.* What ſhould he do then to get rid of it?

'*Robert* He ſhould—he ſhould—

'*Sir John.* He ſhould, perhaps, not put dung upon his grounds at all?

'*Robert.* There is only that way.

'*Sir*

'*Sir John.* But if he did not enrich his land, how could he draw a plentiful crop from it? And if he had always bad crops, how could he manage to pay me the rent of his farm?

'Robert would have replied, but his father gave him a look in which Arthur and he plainly read his displeasure. The next Holiday very early, the good farmer was at Sir John Downton's door. He sent up his compliments, and kindly invited him to come and take an excursion to his farm. Sir John, pleased with his hearty, obliging manner, would not mortify him by a refusal. Robert and Arthur earnestly intreated their father to make them of the party, and promised to behave themselves more civilly. Sir John yielding to their solicitations, they mounted the four-wheeled chaise with joyful looks; and as the farmer had a pair of excellent horses, and drove well, they were at his house before they had any suspicion of it. Who can describe their satisfaction when the chaise stopped? Cicely, wife to farmer Martin, appeared with a smiling countenance at the wicket, which she opened, and saluted her guests; and taking the children in her arms to help them down, she kissed them, and led them into the yard. All her own children were there in their best clothes, who welcomed the young gentlemen, saluting them with great respect. Sir John would willingly have stopped a moment to talk with the little ones and caress them, but Mrs. Martin pressed him to go in, lest the coffee should grow cold. It was already poured out at a table covered with a napkin as white as snow. The coffee-pot was not of silver, nor cups of china, yet every thing was in the neatest order. Robert and Arthur, however, looked at each other sillily, and would have burst out in a laugh if they had not feared to offend their father. But Cicely, guessing their thoughts by the looks which they exchanged, had made an apology for their fare, which she confessed was not so fine as they would have had at their own house; however, she hoped that they would be satisfied with the cheerful entertainment of poor people. With the coffee they had muffins of a delicious taste. It was easy to see that Mrs Martin had used all her art in kneading and baking them.

'After breakfast the farmer asked Sir John to look at his orchard and grounds, to which he consented. Cicely took all the pains imaginable to make this walk agreeable to the children. She shewed them all her flocks, which covered the fields, and gave them the prettiest lambs to play with. She then led them to her pigeon-house; every thing there was clean and wholsome; there were on the ground two young pigeons which had just quitted their nest, but did not dare as yet to trust their callow wings. Some of the mothers were sitting over their eggs, and others busied in giving nourishment to their young, which had just broken the shell. From the pigeon-house they went to the bee-hives; Cicely took care that they should not go near them; but, however, she gave them a view of the bees at work.

'As most of these sights were new to the children, they seemed very much delighted with them; they were even going to take a second review of them, if farmer Martin's youngest son Tom had not come to inform them that dinner waited. They were served on pewter, and drank out of Delft ware; but Robert and Arthur were still so full of the pleasure of their morning's walk, that they were ashamed to indulge their satirical humour; they thought every thing excellent. It is true,

Ci-

Cicely had ſurpaſſed herſelf in preparing them the beſt cheer.

'After dinner Sir John perceived two fiddles hung up againſt the wall. "What perſon here plays thoſe inſtruments?" ſaid he.

"My eldeſt ſon and I," anſwered the farmer; and, without ſaying any more he made a ſign to Luke, his ſon, to take down the fiddles. They played by turns ſome old tunes on the fiddles, both ſprightly and pathetic; of which Sir John expreſſed his ſatisfaction in the moſt flattering manner.

'As they were going to hang up the inſtruments again, "Come, Robert and Arthur" ſaid Sir John, "it is now your turns. Play us ſome of your beſt tunes," and at the ſame time he put the fiddles into their hands. But they did not know even how to hold the bow; and their confuſion raiſed a general laugh.

'Sir John then requeſted the farmer to put the horſes to, that they might return to town. Martin preſſed him ſtrongly to paſs the night with him, but at length yielded to Sir John's excuſes. "Well, Robert," ſaid that gentleman to his ſon, as they returned home, "how do you find yourſelf after your little journey?"

'*Robert.* Very well, papa. Thoſe good people have done their utmoſt to give us every ſatisfaction.

'*Sir J. Downton.* I am happy to ſee you ſatisfied. But if farmer Martin had not taken ſo much pains in doing the honour of his houſe, if he had not offered you the ſmalleſt refreſhment, would you have been as well pleaſed with him as you now ſeem to be?

'*Robert.* No certainly.

'*Sir John.* What would you have thought of him?

'*Robert.* That he was an unmannerly clown.

'*Sir John.* Robert, Robert, this honeſt man came to our houſe, and, far from offering him any refreſhment, you made game of him. Which then is the beſt bred, you or the farmer?

'*Robert, (bluſhing).* But it his duty to receive us well; he gains by our lands.

'*Sir John.* What do you call gaining?

'*Robert.* I mean, that he finds it his advantage to gather in the crops of our corn fields, and the hay of our meadows.

'*Sir John.* You are right. A farmer has occaſion for all that; but what does he do with the grain?

'*Robert.* He maintains with it himſelf, his wife, and his children.

'*Sir John.* And with the hay?

'*Robert.* He gives it to his horſes to eat.

'*Sir John.* And what does he do with his horſes?

'*Robert.* He uſes them in ploughing the ground.

'*Sir John.* Thus you ſee that one part of what he gains from the earth returns to it. But do you believe that he conſumes the remainder with his family and his horſes?

'*Robert.* The cows have their part of it too.

'*Arthur.* And his ſheep too, and his pigeons, and his poultry.

'*Sir John.* That is true. But are his whole crops conſumed upon his own ground?

'*Robert.* No; I remember to hear him ſay that he took part of them to market to ſell for money.

*Sir John.* And what does he do with this money?

'*Robert.* I ſaw laſt week that he brought you a leathern bag full of it.

'*Sir John.* You now ſee who draws the greateſt profit from my lands, the farmer or I. It is true, he feeds his horſes with hay from the meadows; but his horſes ſerve to plough

plough the fields, which, without these ploughings, would be exhausted by weeds. He feeds his sheep too, and his cows, with the hay; but their dung contributes to make the fallow grounds fruitful. His wife and his children are fed with the corn of the harvests; but, in return, they pass the summer in weeding the crops, and afterwards, some in reaping them, some in threshing; and these labours again tu n to my advantage. The rest of his corn and hay he takes to market to sell them; but it is in order to give me the money that he receives. Suppose that there remains some part for himself, is it not fair that he should have a recompence for his labours? Now, therefore, once more tell me, which of us two draws the greatest profit from my lands?

'*Robert.* I now plainly see that you do.

'*Sir John.* And without this tenant, should I have that profit?

'*Robert.* O! there are many tenants to be had.

'*Sir John.* You are right; but not one more honest than this. I had formerly let this farm to another, who impoverished the land, cut down the trees, and let the outhouses run to ruin. At quarter-day he never had any money for me; and when I would expostulate with him, he shewed me clearly that his whole stock was not sufficient to answer my demand.

'*Robert.* Ah! the knave!

'*Sir John.* If this man were of the same kind, should I receive much profit from my estate?

'*Robert.* Certainly not.

'*Sir John.* To whom then am I obliged for what I do receive?

'*Robert.* I see that you owe it to this honest farmer.

'*Sir John.* Is it not, therefore, our duty to receive a man well who renders us so great services?

'*Robert.* Ah! papa you make me see very plainly that I was wrong.

'For some minutes a deep silence ensued. Sir John then resumed the discourse thus: Robert, why did not you play upon the fiddle?

'*Robert.* You know, papa, that I have never learned.

'*Sir John.* Then farmer Martin's son knows something that you do not.

'*Robert.* That is true. But then does he understand Latin as I do?

'*Sir John.* And do you know how to plough? can you drive a team? can you sow wheat, barley, oats, and other grain, or rear a crop of them? Would you know so much as to fix a hop-pole, or prune a tree, so as to have good fruit?

'*Robert.* I have no occasion to know all that: I am no farmer.

'*Sir John.* But if all the people in the world knew nothing else but Latin, how would things go then?

'*Robert.* Very ill; we should have no bread, no vegetables.

'*Sir John.* And could the world do very well, even though nobody knew Latin?

'*Robert.* I believe it could.

'*Sir John.* Remember then, all your life, what you have just seen and heard. This farmer, so coarsely clad, who saluted and addressed you in so rustic a manner; this man is better bred than you, knows much more than you, and things of much greater use. Therefore you see how unjust it is to despise any one for the plainness of his dress, or the ungracefulness of his manner.'

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There is much variety in these stories; but they all tend to one great object, the implanting of virtue in the human heart. The size, as well as matter, of this volume will render it a convenient and valuable acquisition to those who are engaged in the laborious and useful task of education.

*Poems on various Subjects. By Henry James Pye, Esq. In Two Volumes. Ornamented with Frontiſpieces.* 8vo. 12s. boards. London, 1787.

IT is obſerved by a great poet, that there is no mediocrity in poetry. Whatever is capable of delighting in an extreme degree, cannot with impunity fall ſhort of the effect expected from it. From failing to produce what it is ſuppoſed to promiſe, it is not even allowed the merit which it may really poſſeſs.——— There is perhaps no other intellectual attainment, with regard to the poſſeſſion of which mankind are ſo apt to deceive themſelves, as poetry. The tranſition is eaſy from admiring poetical beauties to believing ourſelves capable of producing ſimilar excellencies: and when any one is poſſeſſed by the rage of verſifying, he will ſoon ſoon miſtake the vapid inſipidity of rhyme for the genuine fire of poetry. It muſt be owing to ſuch a miſtake of their powers, that the preſent tribe of poets is ſo numerous, and that their works are bulky. True poetry is a gem of ſuch an exquiſite luſtre as nature ſeems to have forbidden to be found in a ſpacious quarry.

Theſe obſervations may be thought to introduce invidiouſly two octavo volumes of modern poems. But the author, who is evidently a ſcholar, and as ſuch entitled to our reſpect, ſhall be allowed fairly to plead his title to the character of a poet before the impartial tribunal of the public. His ſubjects are various; but we will endeavour to give a few ſpecimens of his different powers.

The following lines, we are told, were ſent to Mr. Hayley on reading his Epiſtles on Epic Poetry:

'What blooming garlands ſhall the muſes twine,
What verdant laurels weave, what flowers combine,
To crown their favourite ſon, whoſe generous heart
Has check'd the arrogance of critic art.
And ſhewn that ſtill, in their exhauſtleſs mine
The pureſt gems of radiant genius ſhine,
To grace the vent'rous poets who explore
The unſun'd treaſures of their ſacred ſtore?

'Nor this the Syren note of flattering praiſe,
Or the fond tribute partial friendſhip pays;
A voice unknown to fame, to thee unknown,
But wak'd by thy ſuperior worth alone,
Attempts, perhaps with too officious zeal,
Thy thoughts a while from higher cares to ſteal,
And, in preſumptuous numbers, dares eſſay
To hail the glories of thy matchleſs lay.

'O faireſt hope of Britain's tuneful choir!
Why yield to other hands the epic wire?
Say, who of all her bards like thee ſhall ſwell
To ſtrains of ecſtaſy th' heroic ſhell?
When the long ſeries of connecting rhime
Denies the raptur'd flight or march ſublime,
Who ſhall the interval ſo well beguile
With each rich ornament of poliſh'd ſtyle?
Who o'er the thrilling heart ſuch forms ſhall throw
Of frantic horror, or pathetic woe?

Or

Or when the notes from Freedom's clarion blown
Chill the pale deſpot on his trembling throne,
What manly ſon of Britain's warbling throng
Shall join the Pæan with ſo bold a ſong?
And if inventive Fancy love to ſtray
'Mid the wild tracts of Fiction's fairy way,
Say, who ſhall mate thoſe magic powers that ſtole
The nightly viſion o'er Serena's ſoul?

'Then let, illuſtrious bard!—though rude her voice,
A muſe of humble mien divert thy choice.
With timid hand ſnatch no reflected grace
From the ſweet maniac of Heſperian race.
Since Genius' keeneſt rays thy boſom fire,
O! ſtrike with native force the Britiſh lyre,
That, while ſuch virtuous chiefs adorn thy ſtrain,
As Greece and Rome ſhall emulate in vain,
Albion may conſecrate thy deathleſs name,
And found her epic pride on Hayley's fame.

In deſcribing the wreck of the Halſewell the author expreſſes himſelf in the following manner;

'What language can deſcribe, what colours ſhew,
Each varied form of terror and of woe?
With pallid features, and diſhevell'd hair,
In all the agony of dumb deſpair,
Here on the deck the wretched victim lies,
And views approaching death with lifted eyes.
Here piercing cries, drown'd by the ſounding main,
Invoke an abſent mother's aid in vain.
Here ſtony fear arreſts the lab'ring breath,
And dread anticipates the ſtroke of death.
This on the crew her eye attentive throws,
To try if hope one diſtant ray beſtows.
And ſee, ſupreme in ſorrow and diſtreſs,
The wretched ſire his trembling daughters preſs;
Now down his cheeks the ſtreaming torrents roll,
And ſpeak the bitter anguiſh of his ſoul;
And now paternal care his face beguiles,
And hides his heartfelt pangs in tranſient ſmiles,
Throws a faint ſunſhine o'er the brow of care,
And gilds with hope the horror of deſpair.
Heavens!—that ſoul piercing ſhriek!—the conflict's o'er,
Huſh'd are their cries, their boſoms beat no more:
Sad, ſilent all, ſave where the wild winds urge
The ſullen fury of the heaving ſurge;
And, floating lifeleſs, ſee each beauteous form
Drives a pale corſe before the ruthleſs ſtorm.

'Even the ſtern mariner, whoſe ruthleſs hand
Juſt graſps the ſummit of the wiſh'd-for land,
While ſcarce his thoughts the ſenſe of ſafety know,
Eſcap'd from rocks above and waves below,

Amid the conflict keen of hope and fear,
Hears their last cries still vibrate in his ear;
Feels their keen anguish 'midst his dearest strife,
And mourns their sufferings while he pants for life.'

In "The Progress of Refinement," a poem consisting of more than an hundred and thirty pages, we discover a considerable share of knowledge and judgment. The following lines will afford an idea of the style in which it is written. Speaking of the reign of Elizabeth, he says,

'Hail glorious queen! in whose propitious hour
The towering structure rose of Britain's power.
Let the historian, labouring to impart
His favourite paradox with envious art,
Invoke capricious malice to deface
The scene of Albion's ripening strength and grace:
Still shall the voice of former times be heard
To vindicate that worth our sires rever'd.
'Twas thine to bid Britania's native force
Check rash Invasion in her headlong course,
Old ocean's waves with prows triumphant sweep,
And reign unrivall'd o'er the subject deep:
Thine too the milder glory to encrease,
The gentle sway of courtesy and peace.
Though artists with fastidious look behold
The dome its rude magnificence unfold,
Though modern elegance affect to scorn
The rougher manners which thy court adorn,
Yet sure some bosom even those days shall charm,
When love romantic strengthening valour's arm,
Call'd each heroic passion boldly forth,
And gave th' admiring world a Sydney's worth.'

From these quotations our readers will be able to form an opinion of Mr. Pye's poetical merits. Though we believe him to be possessed of considerable knowledge, yet we think he might more advantageously have endeavoured to instruct and entertain the world in some other way. Ingenious reflections, which are tiresome in a long copy of verses, may be highly instructive in an essay. We wish, therefore, to see the provinces of prose and poetry kept entirely distinct, unless in those instances, where the gravity of moral instruction can be enlivened by the genius of a HORACE or of a POPE.

## *On the* SCOTCH FISHERIES.

### LETTER II.

TO lead to a Reformation, and introduction of a better system for prosecuting the Fisheries, with success—I beg leave to suggest the outlines of such a plan as appears to me founded on the most prudential, and least expensive principles. I am well aware I lay myself open to attack, and to be censured for presumption, *by those who practise the Herring and Cod fishing with open coats;* but as the good of my Country is the only view I am actuated by, and as it is impossible for hu

human nature to deviſe any ſyſtem, altogether unexceptionable, I ſhall conſole with the hope of great indulgence from the candid and liberal mind. For the ſake of order, it will be neceſſary to arrange this ſubject under ſeveral heads. The firſt that naturally challenges the preference is,

*Veſſels fit for the Fiſheries.*

Of late, various opinions have been delivered on this ſubject; ſome gentlemen have declared, that large ſhips, ſuch as the Dutch uſe in the fiſhing trade, are the only ones fit for our imitation, both in the conſtruction of the hull and in the rigging. From this opinion, I beg leave to diſſent, being fully convinced that much ſmaller veſſels are ſufficient for our purpoſe; and this conſtitutes one of our greateſt advantages over that people, becauſe the buſineſs can be carried on equally well by us in thoſe of one fourth part the value of theirs, and of conſequence, at leſs advance of capital ſtock—leſs expence of repair from tear and wear, and leſs danger of loſs from ſhipwreck. Could the Dutch have obtained a ſettlement upon the continent of Scotland, or in any of the Iſlands on the Weſtern coaſt, Orkney or Shetland, their Veſſels had been of much leſs burden than they now uſe. They are at a diſtance from the fiſhing ground, and are unable to make, perhaps, more than one or two voyages in the ſeaſon.—They cannot go on ſhore near to the fiſhing ſtations, to barrel their Herrings or Cod—this muſt be done on board, and large ſhips are neceſſary to make one or two cargoes an object of profit. The Dutch Buſs and Dogger, and the Flemiſh and Yarmouth Lugger I have attentively conſidered—any of theſe with ſailors accuſtomed to work them, under the management of a judicious, ſenſible commander, are perfectly competent, for I have found the ſea faring people ſo highly prejudiced in favour of veſſels they were moſt familiariſed to, declare, ſuch only fit for the buſineſs of Fiſhing. But in my opinion the ſhip, leaſt wind taught, (in the ſea phraſe), or upon whoſe rigging the wind has the leaſt impreſſion, is the fitteſt of any—becauſe they drive little—and they ride very eaſy both at their nets or their anchor.—I will endeavour to deſcribe my idea of a veſſel fit to proſecute every branch of the Fiſheries among the Iſlands and lochs on the Weſt coaſt, or in the North ſea, and very ſimilar to ſuch as our anceſtors uſed,† and named a fiſhing galley.—They ſhould be from twenty to thirty tons burden, (or larger), rather longer than the common conſtruction, tolerably ſharp under water, but well thrown out above, having a roomy deck, with a deep waiſt, from two to two and a half feet from ſtem to ſtern. A veſſel of this conſtruction will ſail faſt—eaſily clear a lee ſhore—fall very light in a hollow ſea—and affords an excellent ſhelter for the crew. Her rigging to conſiſt of a pretty large

† The fiſhing in decked ſhips ſtands thus confirmed by the legiſlature, and muſt have been of high importance to the nation, to have engaged their attention at this early period.

'That Barons and Lords along the weſt and north ſeas, eſpecially over againſt the iſles, provide themſelves with galleys for fiſhing.' Ja. I. 1429. Parl. 9. cap. 126.

'That certain Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Boroughs, cauſe make ſhips, buſſes, and great pink boats, with nets and all apparatus for fiſhing.' Ja. III. 1471. Parl. 6. cap. 48.

'That there be ſhips and buſſes made in all boroughs in the realm, and that the leaſt be of twenty tons, with mariners, nets, and all apparatus, &c.' Ja. IV. 1493. Parl. 4. cap. 46.

lug-

lugſail, rather ſquare or broad, in proportion to its hoiſt. The main or principal, maſt, to ſtrike by a ſtay and tackle faſt to the ſtem—to have have cranzes, for ſetting a top maſt, on which, in eaſy weather, a top ſail can be hoiſted—a ſmall foremaſt placed cloſe by the ſtem, on which a ſmall lug ſail may be ſet. And a mizen maſt cloſe abaft for a mizen ſail. The fore and mizen maſts require no rigging. The main maſt only two ſtout ſtays hooked into eye bolts pretty well abaft, taughted by tackle: and the haulyards of each ſail being faſt on the windward ſide form an additional ſtay. It is hardly poſſible to deviſe any rig that is ſimpler and cheaper—or better adapted for the Fiſhing.

I am informed however, this rig requires more hands to work it, than a ſloop does, for ſhifting the lugſails when turning to windward.—But with a ſimple improvement I think the dipping of the lugſail may be intirely avoided, by means of two haulyards in ſeparate ſheeves in the maſt in place of one.

Theſe ſhould be placed on the yards, one third its length diſtant from each other—and in place of lowering the ſail halfmaſt down, to dip it, when turning to windward, in going round it is only neceſſary to pull upon the lee haulyards, to trim the ſail.—This I tried upon a model—I cauſed ſeveral very judicious ſea faring people look at it. They admired its ſimplicity, and they pronounced it to be a capital diſcovery and improvement. The main ſail had double ſhut tackles, one placed about four foot above the other for taughting the leatch or ſide of the ſail, and for raiſing the after part of yard.

This ſimple improvement, would intirely preclude any more additional hands than is abſolutely requiſite for the fiſhing operations. When the main maſt is ſtruck and laid upon crutches fore and aft, and the main ſail ſpread over it—in cold or wet weather it will keep the crew warm and comfortable, and enable them the better to perform the gilping, curing and packing their herrings into caſks. This awning in warm weather, will keep the deck cool, and preſerve the fiſh from being injured by the heat of Sun. Both Herring and Cod fiſh, I will venture to ſay, may be as effectually pined in ſalt, in bulk, as in vatts, or cloſe caſks. For this purpoſe the hold of the veſſel ſhould be divided by three ſtout bulk heads acroſs; theſe again divided by two others fore and aft, making ſix diviſions, which with the ceiling muſt be caulked quite tight, to preſerve the pickle until landed; then to be packed in barrels. The reſt of the hold to be commodiouſly laid out for accommodating the crew, and for ſtowing the nets, proviſions, &c. I have lately converſed with an intelligent capable ſhip carpenter, who offered to contract to build the hull of ſuch a veſſel as deſcribed, of 30 tons carpenters meaſure, upon being furniſhed with wood and other materials, the expence of which ſhould not exceed eighty pounds ſterling.

I am convinced the furniſhing rigging, ſails, anchors, cables, &c. to complete the equipment might be ſixty pounds more.

But if I extend it to 150l. for both hull and rigging, &c. it is no great ſum. Four ſuch veſſels can be ſent to ſea ready for action at the uſual rate of one ſloop of 60 or 70 tons burden, whereby the chance of ſucceſs is increaſed four fold on the ſame capital advanced, and in place of giving a few months wages to 12 or 14 ſailors in the uſual way with the few bounty ſhips, thirty ſix to forty men would be employed the whole year round.

It is a certain fact, almoſt univerſally

ſally admitted that a conern which is carried on by ſubſcriptions or companies, things are done at a greater expence than by individuals, but altho' the profit is the leſs, it is compenſated by the great extent the buſineſs is carried to. Now to adopt this idea, and ſuppoſe a ſubſcription or copartnery in any one place in Britain for carrying on the Britiſh Fiſhery to extent.——Ten ſuch veſſels as above will coſt 1500l.

## THE TRIFLER, No. IV.

*February* 28, 1788.

A LETTER TO THE TRIFLER—THE MISERY OF TRIFLING AWAY THE EARLY PART OF LIFE—ADVANTAGES OF INDUSTRY—A HINT ON EDUCATION—PART OF A CHARACTER——A MOUTHFUL FOR THE CRITICS—A LETTER FROM MR. JOHN IDLE—A NEW CLUB DESCRIBED—LAWS AND ORDERS OF IT—THE TRIFLER INVITED TO BECOME A MEMBER.

IT cannot but afford me ſome ſatisfaction to know that I have ſcarcely been in exiſtence as *The Trifler* above a month, and yet have reached the coaſt of France. The following letter will explain my meaning; but I publiſh it for a more valuable purpoſe. It contains facts to which *they* only can be inſenſible who are inſenſible to advice, and which they only can diſregard who diſregard their own happineſs.

*To the* AUTHOR *of the* TRIFLER.

SIR,

Let a brother trifler intrude without offence for a moment to inform you, that though your productions are calculated to amuſe; and cannot fail to entertain, at the ſame time that they inſtruct the generality of your readers, they affect me very differently indeed. An exile in a foreign land, I have loſt by *trifling* all that is valuable in man, or deſirable in life.

I have been a Trifler all my life long, and it would have been *trifling* a life away to very little purpoſe, if at the end of it my retroſpects could not furniſh ſome hints to a young beginner in the trade, whoſe ingenuity I truſt will turn what I offer, to account. You will excuſe the ſeeming levity in my manner, when I aſſure you that trifling has that peculiar property, that he who is undone by it can yet with the greateſt difficulty leave it off.

I was born on the banks of the Dee, and ſucceeded at the death of my father to a fortune which commanded all the comforts of life, and even many of its luxuries. Beſides my eſtate, he left me alſo a younger brother to look after; but as the more important trifles of the age would not allow me to pay any regard to my eſtate, it cannot be wondered at, that ſo very inſignificant an object as a brother ſhould ſoon be leſt to ſhift for himſelf, the beſt way he could. After trifling away the beſt years of my life, trifling away all the friends that were worth retaining, and deſtroying a good conſtitution and a good name, I am voluntarily a baniſhed, wretched inhabitant of a foreign land, where I muſt paſs the remainder of my days, from the more miſerable neceſſity of avoiding a priſon in the land where I drew breath.

To add to the bitterneſs of the reflections with which my mind is oppreſſed, I owe the bread which ſuſtains me, to the humanity of the brother I diſcarded; for while I was trifling away the patrimony that would have been more than enough for both, he by induſtry and integri-

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ty has acquired fortune, friends, the eſteem of the good, the prayers of the poor, and the diſpoſition as well as the means of relieving his worthleſs brother.

The laſt favour I received from him, included the Publications which introduced you to my notice, and if it is not foreign to your plan, you will oblige me by holding up my unhappy example to your readers, as a proof that, where, under the pretence of giving into the faſhionable trifles of the day, a man becomes a ſlave to diſſipation and extravagance, indifferent to the diſcharge of his debts, and ignorant of the extent of his income, it will be but little conſolation to him that he has done nothing to violate the criminal laws of his country, for his feelings and his ſituation will be as deplorable as my own; while thoſe who purſue the paths of rectitude have an encouraging inſtance before them in my brother's ſucceſs; and like him may one day poſſeſs the ability to ſoften the woes of ſuch ſelf-created wretches as,

Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

A PENITENT TRIFLER.

My correſpondent's letter needs but little commentary. In a private note he has, indeed, deſired me to mould it into what form I pleaſe, and uſe it as I pleaſe; but his own plain tale will be ſuperior in effect to any embelliſhments that another hand might give; and I have accordingly preferred it.

It is a melancholy reflection, That of the many thouſands of young men whom we ſee apparently engaged in the buſy ſcenes of life, the greater part are trifling away that health which they can never recover, and thoſe valuable hours which are to return no more. It is ſtill more melancholy to reflect, that the follies of youth are ſo often preludes to the crimes of manhood, and that both are to be traced up to the neglect of a proper foundation laid in youth. When the mind is capable of impreſſions, it receives none that are ſalutary, and when the affections may be engaged on the ſide of virtue, they are devoted to the purpoſes of vice.

Young *Hirco* has juſt paſſed my window; his ſtep is quick, and his look eager—but whither is he haſting? To a poor ſervant girl, who in the abſence of her maſter and miſtreſs, admits the viſits of *Hirco*, and will be undone by him. But *Hirco* accounts this a piece of harmleſs gallantry, and boaſts of many ſuch, as the way he agreeably *trifles* his hours.

To be able to diſtinguiſh betwixt trifles and ſerious matters, is ſtill wanting to form a part of our education. And as few can tell where the trifle ends, and the miſchief begins, we are wiſely deſired by the inſpired penman to guard againſt the *appearance* of evil. That an immoderate paſſion for the follies of the day will end in ruin, may be eaſily believed; but it ought to be remembered, that no paſſion is *at firſt* immoderate, and no incipient habit unconquerable; that from inattention to *trifles* we may be led too far to retract with ſafety, or to proceed without danger; and that he who was at firſt maſter of his paſſions, may by little and little become their ſlave.

Melancholy are the reflections that follow a youth of levity and indulgence: Time miſpent, health deſtroyed, friends loſt, and fortune diſſipated, create a gloomy remembrance, and a deſpairing proſpect; but how is that gloom deepened by the farther recollection of crimes committed againſt ſociety, of friendſhip abuſed, of innocence ruined, and of filial piety abandoned! ſuch are the ſad catalogue of incidents which appear to have filled up the life of my correſpondent, and all I can add, ſince he

he has not loſt his power of reflection, is a wiſh that he may practiſe in future, and with ſincerity, "that repentance that is not to be repented of."

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The following letter comes from a correſpondent of a different kind, and may ſerve to vary the ſcene, if my readers think I have hitherto been too ſerious.——And by the way, I inform the Critics, that as they cannot be ſuch proper judges of when I ought to be ſerious, and when not, I ſhall on all occaſions take the liberty to determine this weighty matter. Nor is this any new liberty I take. I have precedents for it in the caſe of all my worthy predeceſſors, who generally thought themſelves better judges of this matter than any one elſe could be. But to the letter.

*To the* AUTHOR *of the* TRIFLER.

*My dear Boy,*

YOU can't think what pleaſure I have in ſhaking you by the hand, tho' in print. We are brothers, ſworn brothers, I aſſure you, although you never heard of me before. But who I am, and what I am, and why I write you, you ſhall now hear.

Know then all men by theſe preſents,[a] that I have the honour to belong to a club, called the TRIFLING CLUB, nay and have had the farther honour to be preſident: and as you ſeem to be one of US, we are willing to admit you on certain conditions as an Honorary Member—we meet once a week at a tavern here for the diſpatch—not of buſineſs, for that is againſt the fundamental laws of our ſociety, but to *do nothing*, [b] in which conſiſts the merit of our Club. We are, I aſſure you, tho' I ſay it that ſhould not ſay it, a pleaſant ſet of fellows, for I believe not one of us has done any one thing ſince we belonged to the ſociety, but *trifle*. This is the very eſſence and quinteſſence of our members, and if any of them be found acting otherwiſe, he is expelled, unleſs he makes ſuitable acknowledgements. But that you may have a better idea of us, than any general terms can expreſs, be pleaſed to read our

## RULES AND ORDERS OF THE TRIFLING CLUB.

1. That ſuch of the Members of this Society, as do not forget, ſhall meet every week at nine o'clock in the evening.

2 That he who can prove that it is impoſſible for him to ſay what has become of one moment of time from our preceding meeting, ſhall be Chairman; and in caſe two or more are in the ſame ſituation (which frequently happens) it ſhall be determined by the toſs-up of a halfpenny.

3. That no member ſhall preſume to tell any ſtory which has beginning or ending, or any connexion between its different parts [c].

4. That no member ſhall utter any thing like a rational ſentiment, or uſe any expreſſion that ſeems to contain an idea.

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[a] A very correct tranſlation of "univerſis & ſingulis quorum intereſt." *Martin. Scrib.*

[b] It is the opinion of my learned friend *Dr Bonus Noctius*, that a good treatiſe on the art of *Doing Nothing* would be very acceptable to the learned world.

[c] This law is not confined to the Trifling Club, if we may judge from what we hear. A very wiſe man once informed me in theſe very words; "many a good ſtory is ſpoiled in the telling." *Vide Johnſoni & Miller. Hiſt.* where there are ſome good examples of ſtory telling. *Periwig. Bath.*

5. That, in caſe any ſuch expreſſion be doubtful, that is, in caſe the members are not able to determine whether it contains an idea or not, the matter is to be referred to the landlord, who is determine, or his abſence, any of the waiters.

6. Any member mentioning that he has read a book that day—to be expelled.

7. Any member quoting the Spectator, Tatler, Shakeſpear, Pope, &c. to be fined in a glaſs of ſalt and water.

8. All diſputes that may ariſe, ſuch as concerning the width of two wine glaſſes,[d] the ſize of a pair of tongs, or the mode of ſnuffing the candles, to be determined by a majority of the members that are awake.

9. That all converſation about horſes, dogs, five bar gates, boxing matches, making of punch, hair-dreſſing, and the ſhape of waiſtcoats, to be permitted, provided the parties do not agree on any one opinion.

10. That no perſon in love with any thing but himſelf be admitted into this ſociety; and in drinking, inſtead of *ſentiments*, the members be allowed to toaſt[e] their horſes by name (if they have any) or to drink bumpers to their new boots, buckles, or canes.

Theſe, Sir, are ſome of the principal laws of our Society; if you are diſpoſed to join us, we ſhall be glad to hear from you, but let your letter be ſhort.

I am, yours, &c.

JOHN IDLE.

An anſwer to *Mr Idle* will be given in a future paper.

[d] I remember to have thrown a ſociety of this kind into the utmoſt confuſion once, by propoſing the following queſtion, "How far is it from the firſt "of Auguſt to the foot of Weſtminſter "Bridge?" After many debates, they adjourned the queſtion, and there the matter at preſent reſts. *P. B.*

[e] The author of the Triſter has aſſured me by ſundry epiſtles, that he doth propoſe to write on the ſubject of Toaſts. *P. B.*

## Obituary of remarkable Perſons.

AT Paris, aged 85, M. Combault, advocate. It is related of him, that, being once engaged in a law-ſuit of great importance, he ſtudied the Biſcayan language, in order to examine ſome deeds in that language, which had been neglected by the lawyers his client had employed in a former trial; and that, by means of theſe, he gained the cauſe.

In the South of France, M. de Lancy, one of the greateſt opticians in Europe.

At Limerick, Lucinda Brien, who wanted but 15 days to complete her 108th year. Till within the laſt three months ſhe ſupported herſelf by ſelling fruit at a ſtall.

At Corke, in his 104th year, Thomas Gilburne, who ſerved in Queen Anne's wars, under the Duke of Marlborough, and fought at the battle of Dettingen, 1743.—Alſo, Dan. Herling, aged 107, who enjoyed perfect health till within 3 days of his death.

At Arreton, in the Iſle of Wight, in an advanced age, Mr Bridle, a labouring ſhepherd. He has left 350l. to an aged ſiſter. The firſt money he was poſſeſſed of was a year's wages, which after buying a few neceſſaries, he put out to intereſt. This mode he conſtantly followed to the laſt, which accounts for the wealth he left behind him.

At

At Weſtleton, aged 102, Mr John Mannell, farmer. He was in good health, and walked about as uſual till within three or four days of his death, and had lived to ſee five generations ſpring from his loins.

In Spring-gardens, Charing-croſs, the Rt. Hon. William Tonſon, Baron Riverſdale of Rathcormuck, in the kingdom of Ireland, ſo created Sept. 20, 1783.—He was one amongſt the few inſtances of perſons exalted to nobility who, from the reluctance of peers to introduce them, were for a time prevented from taking their ſeats in the Houſe. The cauſe of this backwardneſs is ſaid to have proceeded from his having been the natural ſon of Col. Tonſon, who, after keeping him for a conſiderable time in the menial employments of his kitchen, was at laſt prevailed on to procure him a commiſſion; and in the end left him heir to the greateſt acquired property in Ireland, next to that of the memorable Damer. The old Colonel, in the variety and extent of the property bequeathed on this occaſion, forgot to include an eſtate of 600l. a year, purchaſed of Mr. Supple, which of courſe deſcended to Mr Hye, the heir at law. His Lordſhip following the accumulating propenſities of his father, the fortune is now computed at about 15,000l. per. ann.

*Nov.* 2. At Algiers, Capt. Zacheus Coffin, who was taken, about two years ſince, in his paſſage from Dunkirk to Philadelphia. The Britiſh Conſul took care of the poor diſtreſſed man during a lingering illneſs. He has left a wife and eleven children at Nantucket.

*Nov.* 18. At Maiden Bradley, co. Lancaſter, in his 95th year, Alex. Marchant, who retained his ſenſes to the laſt. He lived in the Seymour family near 90 years;——firſt as ſtable boy; then whipper-in to a pack of hounds of Speaker Seymour's; huntſman to the firſt Lord Conway; huntſman to the late Sir Edward Seymour; huntſman to the late Duke of Somerſet, and groom to the preſent Duke.

*Nov.* 20. At Potton, co. Bedford, aged 105 years, 3 months and 4 days, Mrs Suſannah Greenfield, a maiden lady. She had, for the laſt 40 years, lived chiefly on flour proviſions, and her only drink was wine and water.

*Nov.* 23. At Manbury, co. Cheſter, Hon. Richard Barry, ſenior maſter and commander in the navy, his commiſſion bearing date April 11, 1745. He was great uncle to the preſent Earl of Barrymore, and elder brother to the Hon. John Smith Barry, formerly well known upon the turf, to whoſe ſon his eſtate, or a part of it, devolves.

*Nov.* 26. At Taplow, Bucks, the Hon. and Rev. Mr Hamilton, brother to the Earl of Abercorn, canon of Windſor, prebendary of Saliſbury, rector of Taplow, and vicar of Bray, co. Berks. He has left nine daughters, to whom the Earl, ſome time ſince, generouſly and unſolicited, gave each a portion of 5000l.

*Dec.* 1. Mr. Francis Moore, of Cheapſide. He was one of thoſe highly-favoured men who, endowed by Nature with inventive talents, raiſed himſelf into very eminent notice without the aſſiſtance of erudition or of patronage. To his own very warm and vigorous mind he was indebted for the rank and fortune which he acquired, and for the various uſeful diſcoveries which he made in the arts. The ſelf-moving machines which he made, and which grew to ſuch a magnitude, in their ſcope and tendency, as to attract the notice of the legiſlature, have very much improved the mechanic arts, and aſſiſted the manufactures of England; for to his original ſuggeſtions we are indebted for many very curious engines in different branches.

At Biſhop Middleham, near Durham, Gen. John Beckwith, who had retired many years from the army. In the war before laſt, he diſtinguiſhed himſelf greatly in Germany, under Prince Ferdinand, by whom he was much and deſervedly eſteemed.

*Dec.* 3. At Barwell, near Hinckley, co. Leiceſter, in his 94th year, Mr Moſes Robinſon, who had paſſed his long life in a ſmall farm at that place; and married a ſecond wife when nearly fourſcore.

*Dec.* 6. At his houſe near Stevenage, Herts, aged 106, Joſeph Manning, eſq. He ſerved as a volunteer in the royal army againſt the rebels, and has ever ſince lived a retired life in the houſe where he died.

*Dec.* 7. At Hertford, Mrs. Mary Pitt, youngeſt ſiſter of the late Earl of Chatham.

*Dec.* 12. In Bury-ſtreet, Edmonton, while ſitting at breakfaſt, after having recovered from her lying-in, the wife of Mr Holmes, formerly a warehouſeman in Biſhopſgate ſtreet.

*Dec.* 15. At Paris, aged 77, M. de Henry, attorney-general of France.

*Dec.* 17. At Dover-place, Surrey, Capt. Waghorn, of the royal navy. He commanded the Royal George man of war at the time ſhe was loſt at Spithead, in Auguſt 1782.

*Dec.* 18. At his houſe in Tilney-ſtreet, aged 82, Soame Jenyns, Eſq; a gentleman well known in the literary world as the author of "The Internal Evidences of the Chriſtian Religion;" "Eſſay on the Origin of Evil;" and various poetical pieces. He was many years M. P. for the town of Cambridge, and one of the commiſſioners for trade and plantations, 1756, till the diſſolution of that board. A mezzotinto portrait of him, after Reynolds, was executed by W. Dickinſon, 1776.

*Dec.* 25. At two o'clock in the morning, at his houſe in Ely-place, P. P. Walſh, M. D. Member of the Royal College of Phyſicians, Lecturer on Midwifery, and Phyſician to the General Lying-in and the Brownlow-ſtreet Hoſpitals, &c. who from extenſive abilities had obtained an eſtabliſhment in his profeſſion, rarely acquired at the age of five or ſix-and-twenty.

## *A Ramble of a Benevolent Man.*

[From Winter Evenings; or Lucubrations on Life and Letters. *Juſt publiſhed.*]

Vir bonus eſt qui prodeſt quibus poteſt, nocet nemini.

SIR,

THE weather was remarkably ſerene, and I reſolved to leave my book-room to enjoy the vernal ſeaſon. I walked careleſsly from field to field, regaled with the ſweet ſmells which aroſe from the new-mown hay, and cheared by every appearance of plenty and tranquillity. External objects have a powerful effect in ſoothing the mind of man. I found myſelf ſympathizing with the appearance of happineſs around me. Every ruder paſſion was lulled to reſt, my heart glowed with benevolence, and I enjoyed for a ſhort time a ſtate of perfect felicity.

As I roamed without any ſettled purpoſe, my feet carried me to the city. Curioſity led me with a crowd into the Seſſions Houſe; and as I had juſt left a beautiful ſcene, in which all was peace, I could not but be particularly ſtruck with the contraſt of the preſent noiſe and tumult. I heard two trials, in one of which a wretch was convicted of murder, and in the other a cauſe was in debate which appeared

peared to involve great numbers in the crimes of fraud and perjury. The altercation of the pleaders, and the prevarication of the witneſſes, contributed to complete a ſcene by no means adapted to inſpire exalted ideas of human nature.

I haſtily left the place, when, to my mortification, I found that in the very court of juſtice I had been robbed of my watch and handkerchief. While I was lamenting my loſs, and encouraging ſome ſentiments perhaps rather too unfavourable to my ſpecies, I was ſuddenly involved in a croud, collected with eager curioſity to ſee two hackney-coachmen terminate a diſpute by the exertion of their ſtrength in ſingle combat. The parties were nearly equal, and terrible was the conflict. The blows reſounded at a great diſtance, and preſently I beheld them both covered with blood and dirt, ſhocking figures to the imagination. The ſpectators expreſſed no wiſh that the combatants might be ſeparated; but ſeemed delighted when a violent blow took place, and diſappointed when it was ſpent in air. I wiſhed to interfere, and promote an amicable adjuſtment of the matter in diſpute; but I found my efforts ineffectual. I ventured to propoſe the ſeparation of the poor creatures, who were thus cruelly bruiſing each other, to a jolly butcher, ſix feet high and three feet broad; but he gave me an indignant look, and threatned to knock me down if I dared to interpoſe. I found indeed that the combat afforded exquiſite pleaſure to the crowd. Some rubbed their hands with glee, ſome ſilently grinned, while others vociferated words of encouragement, and others ſkipped for joy. Great pleaſures are, however, of no long duration, and this amuſement was terminated by one of the combatants ceaſing to riſe on receiving a violent ſtroke on his left temple. Down he fell, and the ground ſhook under him; and though he attempted three times to riſe, he was unable to effect his purpoſe; and the whole circle agreed that he was as dead as a door nail. The conqueror only loſt three of his fore teeth and one eye, and all agreed that he had acquitted himſelf like a man. The crowd, which had been ſo much delighted with the fray, no ſooner ſaw it concluded, than with looks of diſappointment they began to diſperſe. I took the opportunity of examining the ſtate of the vanquiſhed party, and found him ſtill alive, though almoſt in need of the means which are uſed by the humane ſociety to accompliſh his complete revival. An officious acquaintance haſtened to his aſſiſtance with a dram of brandy, which contributed greatly to accelerate his recovery. He no ſooner roſe than he poured forth a volley of dreadful imprecations on his limbs, which had already ſuffered extremely. Inſtead of thanking me, or any of the ſpectators who had endeavoured to reſtore him, he ſwore if we did not ſtand out of his way he would fell us to the ground. We readily gave way, when the hero, putting on his cloaths, walked away, turned down an alley, and was ſeen by us no more.

My reflections on this ſcene were ſuch as tended to the degradation of my ſpecies; and not being in good ſpirits, I determined to enter a coffee-houſe, and ſeek amuſement by a peruſal of the news-papers. I ſat down, and happened to caſt my eye over the laſt column, which conſiſted of nothing but narratives of rapes, robberies, and murders. Tho' I knew that this was not at all uncommon, and that every day's paper of intelligence could furniſh ſomething of a ſimilar hiſtory, yet being in a melancholy mood, I was particularly ſtruck by it, and haſtily laying down the paper, and paying for my diſh of coffee, I put on my hat, and reſolved

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to walk to my little rural retirement, about four miles from this turbulent ſcene.

As I walked along, I could not help calling to my mind, with ſentiments of extreme regret, the pleaſing ideas with which I ſet out in the morning. All was then tranquillity and benevolence. But I had ſeen, in the ſpace of a few hours only, ſuch pictures of human miſery and perverſeneſs, as could not but occaſion uneaſineſs in a mind not utterly deſtitute of ſympathy.

Surely, ſaid I, nature, or the God of nature, never intended that man ſhould be ſo degraded. It is paſſion which deforms the beauty of the moral world; it is wickedneſs and the neglect of religion which renders man more miſerable than the brute, who is happy in his inſenſibility. What then can I think of thoſe writers who argue in defence of immorality, and againſt revelation? What of thoſe governors of the world, who beſtow no attention in preſerving the morals of the common people, and encouraging the teachers of ſuch doctrines as conduce to the raiſing of the reptile man from the voluntary abaſement in which his evil inclinations are able to involve him? Let the magiſtrate, the clergy, the rich and powerful of every occupation, whoſe example is irreſiſtible, exert themſelves to diffuſe good principles and practices among the people at large. Such benevolence, more beneficial than all pecuniary bounty, conſidered only as preventing temporal miſery, cauſes man to approach nearer to his benignant Maker than any other conduct. To that Maker, ſaid I, let thoſe who have charity apply themſelves in prayer for the diminution of evil of all kinds, and the extenſion of happineſs and peace.

I was muſing on ſuch ſubjects, when I found myſelf at the door of my little cottage. The evening was beautiful. The clouds in the Weſt were variegated with colours, ſuch as no pencil has yet been able to imitate. My garden breathed odours, and diſplayed the bloom of ſhrubs, ſuch as might adorn the Elyſian fields of the poets. All conſpired to reſtore the tranquillity of the morning; and when I retired to reſt, my ſpirits being compoſed, I ſoon ſunk into a ſweet ſleep, pleaſingly interrupted in the morning by a dream, which, as it appeared to have ſome connection with the ideas which I had entertained in the day, I ſhall relate.—

I thought I was on a large plain covered over with flocks of innumerable ſheep. They appeared to ſtruggle without a guide. Many had their fleeces torn by brambles, ſome were loſt in a barren wilderneſs, others were purſued by wolves, and not a few were conſtantly engaged in annoying each other with their horns. There was a general bleating, in a tone expreſſive of great diſtreſs. I pitied the poor creatures, but ſaw no hopes of affording them relief, till I turned my eyes to the eaſtern part of the plain, when I beheld a venerable ſhepherd with his crook inviting the ſheep into a fold through which ran a delightful ſtream of clear water. Many ruſhed in, and began to drink with avidity. The alteration in their appearance was in the higheſt degree pleaſing. The lambs played about without any fear of the wolf, and the ſheep lay and baſked in the ſunſhine, or ſought refreſhment in the cool ſhade. The ſhepherd's looks were benevolent beyond expreſſion. He made uſe of every enticement to bring the ſheep into the fold, but many would not hear his voice, and ſome ſeemed to hear it, but perverſely ran away from him. I ſaw thoſe who were ſo unhappy as to refuſe to enter, periſh miſerably by falling from rocks, by famine, by the violence of the wolf, and by diſeaſe. I turned from

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the painful prospect to see the good shepherd and his fold; and I thought at the close of the day he led the sheep into a green pasture, the verdure and fertility of which was increased by the gentle river which flowed thro' the middle of it.

It was so delighted with the scene, that I was going to call out to the shepherd in a extasy of joy, when I awoke.

I could not but lament the absence of so pleasing a vision; but the avocations and necessities of life called me from my bed, which I left with resolutions of devoting the rest of my life to the alleviation of evil wherever I should find it, and to the securing of His favour who can lead me from the vale of misery to the waters of comfort and the fountain of life.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

A Contemplative Rambler.

## *Supposed Blemishes in the late* King *of* Prussia's *Character*— ?

THE extraordinary abilities of his late Majesty of Prussia, Frederick the Great, and the splendor of his reign, will probably, in all future ages, command admiration. If to this he possessed the amiable qualities of the private station, as it is now said he did in an eminent degree, it will altogether form such a character as sages and philosophers will contemplate on with delight: some blemishes in his conduct may no doubt be found, as nothing human can be perfect; but many circumstances, however, may appear to deserve blame from being misrepresented, or the motives misunderstood. It is on this account that I mean to state three instances of his conduct, in hopes that some person, suitably qualified, will be so obliging as to correct them where they shall appear false or exaggerated, and, by explaining his motives, extenuate the fault.

Baron Trenck was born in Prussia; but, by some chance, was brought, when a boy, to Vienna: there educated; and, when of proper age, had a commission given him in the Imperial army. Being a man of respectable conduct, he met with general esteem, and, in his turn, was promoted in rank. The Baron occasionally used to visit Prussia, to take care of his estate and family affairs. At the commencement of the late war he was made prisoner; he had not thought it honourable to throw up his commission, after being permitted so long to enjoy the advantage of the service. The King of Prussia imprisoned him in a close narrow dungeon, almost entirely dark. He was chained to a seat in such a manner that, though he might stand up, he could never lie down. He remained in this situation for years, till the end of the war, when that excellent princess, the late Empress Queen, made it a *sine qua non*, a first point, before she would hear of treaty, that Baron Trenck should be set at liberty, and sent to her. The Baron, during his captivity, composed a poem, and for want of ink, wrote it in his blood; having contrived to get a quill and some scraps of paper. This poem is published, and translated from the German into French. It has been surmised, that when he used to visit his estates, he acted as a spy, and brought intelligence to Vienna. This certainly would have been dishonourable and ungrateful in the highest degree; and, if true, was probably the cause of the King's resentment: but he should have either had the Baron tried, and sentenced to death, or set him adrift, and forfeited the estate.

The next instance is so atrocious, that it is impossible to conceive how a hero and philosopher, and of so noble a mind, could have been capable of

of ſuch conduct. A great lady took a fancy to a poor young Italian, an opera-dancer. She ſent him a meſſage, and an intrigue was the conſequence. No irregular commerce could long eſcape the vigilance of Frederick. The diſcovery, however, was not ſo ſudden but that the young Italian had means to avoid the danger, and fly the country. His Majeſty ſent for the lady; expoſtulated with her; reproached her ſeverely; and then, without much buſtle or expoſure, ordered her into baniſhment, and that ſhe ſhould be treated with decency and humanity. The unaccountable part of his proceeding follows. His reſentment ſeems to have riſen to fury againſt the poor Italian; yet ſurely, allowing for human frailty, his ſhare of the criminality was moſt inconſiderable. The difference of rank is ſelf-evidence that the advances were to him, and ſuch advances are commands. No man now gains by being a Joſeph; and the mode of the age would conſider it as a blemiſh in a man. It is well if public ſentiment be no more depraved, and even deem it a crime. The enraged monnarch employs three truſty ſervants to go in ſearch of the fugitive, and by every means, by force or fraud, to bring him along captive. An obſcure Italian it was not ſo eaſy to trace through Germany; but, after a long ſearch, and never-ceaſing inquiry, he was at laſt found in his native country, Venice. The truſty ſervants began by getting acquainted with him, and ingratiating themſelves by act of kindneſs. They then took the proper opportunity to kidnap him; and having money at command, when they got him out of the Venetian territory there was little difficulty in tranſporting him through the ſtates of Germany to Berlin. He was then thrown into a narrow dark dungeon at Spandaw, chained in a poſture that held his body doubled, his breaſt almoſt touching his knees, ſo that he could never lie or ſtretch himſelf. The affects of nature not removed, overſpread with vermin, he languiſhed in this condition eleven months; when the general deliverer, the univerſal benefactor, the friendly hand of Death, releaſed him from tyranny and the extreme of miſery.—If this ſtory be as repreſented, no terms of cenſure can be too ſevere. That the criminal with the leaſt poſſible proportion of guilt ſhould ſuffer ſo unequally, and with ſuch deliberate cruelty, is repugnant to every inſtance of juſtice or humanity. How unworthy a great prince, to encourage the example of inſulting another ſovereign, and violating the laws of hoſpitality, by ſuch an attack on the perſonal ſaftey of a ſubject! It is earneſtly to be hoped that the circumſtances may admit of being extenuated, and that fuller information may produce the facts in another light.

The laſt inſtance is that of a fellow who was a common ſoldier, who had deſerted, was retaken, and condemned to hard labour at Spandaw. He contrived to get off his fetters; murdered two of the guard, and made his eſcape. He came over to England; but not thinking himſelf in ſafety there, he went in the firſt veſſel to America. He remained in that country many years, and acquired ſome property. Conceiving a longing to ſee his native country, and flattering himſelf that both his crime and his perſon would be equally forgotten, he ventured coming to Pruſſia. He there ſet up a ſhop, and remained unmoleſted ſome little time. It was impoſſible long to be concealed. He was ſeized, and confined at Spandaw; each arm and leg chained together, ſo that if he raiſed or lowered the one, the other of courſe muſt follow. Dirt and wretchedneſs ſurrounded him; and in

in this ſtate he remained at the King's death.—He, beyond doubt, was a great criminal; but one cannot but wonder that the great Frederick ſhould employ his thoughts on deliberate cruelty, and refine ſo much as to determine to prolong life and deſtroy comfort. Some friend, perhaps, of the illuſtrious Frederick may undertake his defence; if he ſucceeds in the attempt, it will be the higheſt gratification to the writer of this letter. Yours, &c.

A. L. L.

*P. S.* Baron Trenck had a print engraved repreſenting himſelf in the priſon. He is in chains, with a ſtool, and a little pitcher, and ſome ſtraw. He gave this about amongſt his friends.

# Monthly Chronicle, and Review of Politics.

*February* 1788.

## FRANCE.

MANY circumſtances concur to render it highly probable, that ſome important political revolution, in France, is at no great diſtance. The ſyſtem of government which there prevails, is not adapted to the enlightened ſpirit of the people. The cloſe intercourſe which has long ſubſiſted between literary perſons in that country and in this, made it impoſſible to prevent our neighbours from imbibing, from the writings as well as private correſpondence of our countrymen, the principles of freedom, and an intereſting idea of the natural rights of mankind: nor can thoſe ideas, when they have once taken poſſeſſion of the human mind, be ever eradicated by any exertion of authority or deſpotiſm. Fear, indeed, may in ſome meaſure prevent them from being freely expreſſed *in public*; but that very fear will tend to cauſe them to be cheriſhed, with an increaſing degree of favour, *in private*; nor is it, perhaps, poſſible, by any ſtretch of power, in a kingdom of ſuch extent, and ſo circumſtanced as France, to prevent thoſe who have a ſtrong conviction of the injury they ſuſtain by being deprived of ſome of the moſt natural privileges of men from communicating their ideas, in one way or other, to their boſom friends and intimate acquaintance. Like a ſmothered flame, therefore, this kind of contagion may ſpread far and wide before it is diſcovered, and at the moment it breaks forth, it may have acquired ſo much ſtrength as to baffle all attempts to repreſs it.

The experience of more than half a century paſt, ought to have convinced the French government, that *ſuch* a ſpirit of freedom was ſecretly cheriſhed among perſons of liberal education in France, and that, tho' this was in ſome meaſure repreſſed among them by a reſpect for the King, and a deſire to preſerve good order in the ſtate, yet it might have been obvious, that if occaſion ſhould ever be given to bring ſpeculations of this ſort within the reach of the *vulgar*, it would be a matter of the utmoſt difficulty to retain *them* within the bounds of moderation and decorum, or to prevent them from aſſerting their rights by every means within their reach. Theſe conſiderations ought certainly to have induced the rulers of France to have acted, on a late occaſion, with an extraordinary degree of caution, if they meant to preſerve undiminiſhed the *regal* authority in that country. But *men* will ever be influenced by paſſions and prejudices, which will frequently ſtifle, for a time, the ſuggeſtions of ſound policy.

When the French adminiſtration ſaw Britain engaged in a ſtruggle with

her colonies, concerning the extent of her juriſdiction over them, the ſpirit of inimical rivalſhip prevailed over every other conſideration, and the opportunity appeared ſo favourable for humbling that dreaded rival, as not to admit of a doubt about the propriety of their openly appearing in ſupport of thoſe colonies. Inſtead, therefore, of *ſecretly* affording the Americans a ſmall ſupport, that might have ſerved to protract the diſpute, and thus probably at laſt effect the purpoſe they aimed at, they ſent numerous bodies of French troops, to act, for many years together, in a country where queſtions concerning the prerogatives of ſovereignty, and the rights of the ſubject, were agitated with the moſt unbounded freedom, among all claſſes of men; and in which diſputes the arguments in favour of the people were ſure to prevail.

In conſequence of that interference, Britain, happily for herſelf, was forced to relinquiſh a ſovereignty, which ſerved only to repreſs her own internal induſtry, and retard her proſperity; while France, in return for the boon ſhe had thus undeſignedly conferred on her rival, imported into her own dominions, at the cloſe of the war, an hoſt of political reformers, whoſe zeal cannot be ſuppoſed to be moderated by prudence, and who, by being diſperſed through all the provinces of the kingdom, muſt ſoon obtain ſuch a numerous body of proſelytes as will quickly command reſpect.

The fruits of this plan of conduct begin already to appear, and will in the end, we doubt not, be productive of much good to the people of that extenſive and reſpectable kingdom, though we fear the ſtruggle for power on both ſides may for a time tend to diſturb public tranquillity. The proſpect of theſe troubles may perhaps afford pleaſure to political ſpeculators; for our own part, as members of the republic of letters whoſe native country is THE GLOBE, we can take pleaſure in nothing that tends to diſturb the tranquillity of mankind; and we ſhall therefore rejoice to ſee a ſpeedy termination of theſe diſputes, by a liberal extenſion of thoſe privileges to France, which have tended ſo much to promote ſcience, and to the improvement of uſeful arts in Britain. [Monthly Rev. App. 1787.

A gentleman who travelled through France in December laſt, on his road to Italy, writes to his brother in a letter juſt arrived, that nothing can equal the miſery of the poor of France.

At Lyons he ſaw large groupes of ſilk manufacturers begging in the ſtreets; and he was aſſured that thouſands of them were in that ſituation. The high prices of ſilk, and the diſuſe of ſilken manufactures, are the local cauſe at Lyons.

The Commercial Treaty is looked upon as a very hurtful meaſure all over the kingdom of France, except to the dealers in brandy.

Several letters from Rouen ſpeak of the diſtreſſes of the manufacturers there, owing to the importation of Engliſh goods. Several thouſands of their labourers have been reduced to the extremity of diſtreſs, and Government is to be applied to in their behalf.

*Extract of a letter from Paris, Jan.* 14.

"The 11th inſt. Parliament ſat till a quarter before twelve at night. The grand queſtion debated was the Proteſtants Bill, which was modified by the word *Non-Catholiques*; the word ſufficiently implies a toleration of all religions; and, in fact, all religions ſhould be tolerated in a well-regulated State, notwithſtanding Machiavel's opinion. The Bill was read, and, after many debates, Parliament have agreed to repreſent to his

his Majeſty, in the firſt place, that the word *Prerogative* in the preamble ill agrees with the circumſcribed rights granted to the Non-Catholics. In the ſecond, it is requeſted that the Catholic Religion alone ſhall enjoy the privilege of a public worſhip. Thirdly, Parliament wiſh to have confirmed the laws againſt thoſe Catholics who do not conform to the canonical laws and conſtitutional orders of the kingdom, in regard to chriſtenings, marriages, &c. Fourthly, it is the opinion of Parliament, that the words *Biens & Droits* (Goods and Rights) ſhould be added to the Bill, in caſe ſuch things ſhould belong to them as their property, or titles of ſucceſſion. Fifthly, Non-Catholics ſhould be excluded from all charges and offices, and from being at the head of public ſchools. Sixthly, their banns ſhall not be publiſhed out of their meetings, nor poſted up at their church gates, &c. Seventhly, proper Juſtices ſhall be empowered to regiſter births, marriages, &c. Eighthly, ſuch fathers as are of a different perſuaſion, ſhall be obliged to make a declaration before one of the ſaid juſtices, that he is of a ſect or belief that does not think baptiſm a neceſſary ſacrament. Ninthly, the deciſion on the epoch of the jointure, in marriages heretofore contracted, beſtowed on wives, ſhall be determined by a Judge, and proper notice be given of it, purſuant to the Edict's orders. Tenthly, Parliament propoſe the abrogation of all the penal laws againſt the Proteſtants, their Miniſters, or others. The 11th clauſe contains a very intereſting article, the reſtitution of all the rents, effects, &c. that are at preſent in the King's poſſeſſion, belonging to fugitives and refugees, provided they prove themſelves the rightful heirs of them. By the 12th clauſe certain profeſſions, arts, and trades are no more to require a certificate of the Roman Catholic religion, as they do at preſent. The 13th mentions the right of advowſon, which the Proteſtants have been deprived of ſince 1656. The Bill will be preſented to his Majeſty's Council, and the affair finiſhed in a ſhort time."

The French Commiſſioners who during laſt ſummer viſited all the hoſpitals in this kingdom, have been received at Paris and Verſailles, both by the French King and the Academy of Sciences, with the moſt flattering applauſe. They have already laid at the foot of the Throne a ſhort analyſis of their report, which they are preparing for the preſs. The Engliſh are ſpoken of in terms of enthuſiaſm exalting above the ordinary limits of praiſe; they ſay no one diſeaſe or accident, incidental to the human frame, is here left neglected by the great and opulent. —The four hoſpitals to be built on our plans near the city of Paris, have been already ſubſcribed for to a conſiderable amount; a Dieu merci, for all accidents; a general hoſpital for all maladies; a lunatic hoſpital, on the model of ours in Old-ſtreet; and one for the ſmall-pox and inoculation, on the model of that at Pancras. Four thouſand young people of both ſexes have received inoculation in the Engliſh method ſince the Commiſſioners' return to Paris. The liberality of the French muſt, in the inſtance of theſe hoſpitals, be acknowledged in taking our examples and methods, notwithſtanding our national oppoſition.

In France, matters are much in the ſame ſituation as they have been for ſome months; the Edict in favour of the Proteſtants, will not be received with much ſatisfaction at Rome; *there*, indeed, is but the ſhadow of that power which once might have been ſaid to rule all Europe with a rod of iron.

## HOLLAND.

The Dutch ſeem inclined to anticipate every wiſh of the Stadtholder; whether the liberty of the preſs be checked, or whether the ſentiments of the people have really been ſo totally reverſed, we know not; but in their Gazettes now it is a difficult matter to pick out a few grains of ſterling intelligence from a huge maſs of panegyric ore. They poſitively diſavow, however, any intention to elect the Stadtholder Premier Noble of the Provinces; and his Highneſs, no doubt, as poſitively would decline accepting the honour.

## FLANDERS.

In Brabant, the Emperor either ſtrikes a blow now or never; and our laſt accounts had a very threatening aſpect; but we are ſo much uſed to *threats* from that quarter, that we are not very apprehenſive of the execution of them. In the ſpring, the Emperor's forces take the field along with thoſe of Ruſſia; all mediation with the Porte being in vain, and all hopes of peace diſappointed.

## GERMANY.

*Extract of a letter from Vienna, Jan.* 3.

"All the military officers in this city who are not charged with ſome particular commiſſion, on account of troops, or in other departments, are ordered to join their reſpective regiments without delay. Every diſpoſition continues going on in the arſenal to prepare for the three grand encampments, which will be formed as ſoon as the ſeaſon of the year will permit. An officer has brought intelligence from Watſburgh, that the detachment of cannon and other military ſtores for Hungary is ſtopped there, being unable to proceed farther from the bad condition of the roads. This affects the Council of War much."

## ITALY.

*Extract of a Letter from Venice, Jan.* 5.

"On the 1ſt inſtant the Sieur Gallis arrived here in the El Sabadone ſloop from Rhodes. The Turks are drawing all the troops from the Levant that can poſſibly be ſpared, in order to ſend them to the Ports of the Black Sea, where the ſeat of war is at preſent. A Pacha is alſo arrived in the Levant to raiſe ſeamen, which are ſent off in ſmall veſſels, 100 or more at a time, to Conſtantinople, where ſeveral large ſhips are equipped but want men. Our Senate has forbid their ſubjects, of every degree, from ſerving in the Turkiſh Navy, under pain of being alienated."

## *DEATH* OF THE *PRETENDER.*

By a letter received from Rome, dated the 1ſt inſtant, we are informed, that Prince CHARLES STUART died there the 31ſt of January, at half paſt nine o'clock.

The Prince has left only one daughter, who aſſumes the title of Ducheſs of Albany. She is about twenty-five years old.

He was juſt 67 years and two months old, on the 31ſt of January laſt, the day of his death. He was born on the 30th of November 1720.

To his brother, the Cardinal, he has left his claim to the Crown of England. It is thought his Eminence will change his title, and aſſume that of the King-Cardinal. His Eminence is a bachelor, and in his 63d year. At his deceaſe, the King of Sardinia will be at the head of the family of Stuart, as heir to King Charles I. from whoſe youngeſt daughter, Henrietta Maria, he is deſcended; the iſſue of her eldeſt ſiſter having become extinct in the perſon of King William III.

SLAVE

## SLAVE TRADE.

There ſeems, and we are ſincerely glad to ſee it, a general diſpoſition, among all ranks of people in this country, to put an end to this cruel and infamous ſpecies of merchandize. May its extinction ſpeedily take place!

It is much to the honour of this country, that its humanity ſhould have produced ſo powerful a zeal in favour of the natives of Africa; and it now remains to wiſh that this zeal may be ſo directed, as moſt effectually to ſerve them, and at the ſame time increaſe the general ſum of happineſs over the whole face of the earth.

Mr Wilberforce's motion in the Houſe of Commons will probably be for the inſtitution of a Committee of enquiry concerning the African Slave Trade.

The ſubſtance of the information, that may be laid before ſuch Committee, may perhaps be preſumed to be contained in the different publications, which men of different ſentiments have lately given to the world. But it is to be regretted, that ſo little attention hath yet been paid to the conſideration of the moſt likely means for effectually ſerving the natives of Africa, and preſerving at the ſame time a proper regard to the intereſts of this country. If the friends of humanity would direct their views this way, it is poſſible, that ſome ſchemes might be ſuggeſted, which being matured by diſcuſſion, would become worthy the attention of our repreſentatives, and conduce much to the wiſdom of their determinations on this intereſting ſubject.

A ſummary of the arguments for aboliſhing this diſgraceful traffic will be given in our next.

## PARLIAMENT.

The Peers met on the 30th of January, and went, as uſual, to the abbey to celebrate, by hearing prayer and ſermon, the anniverſary of Charles I. The ſermon was preached by Dr Haliſax, Biſhop of Glouceſter.

A motion was made by Lord Selkirk, againſt receiving the return of the writ for the election of a Scotch Peer (Lord Cathcart) on account of irregular practices in the election. The motion, as being informal, and premature, was over-ruled.

The Houſe of Commons met the 31ſt. Petitions againſt the ſlave trade were preſented from the city of York, and the towns of Bedford and Hull.

The Engliſh diſtillers complaining to adminiſtration, that their brethren of Scotland underſold them in the market, a bill was brought in, for a further equalizing duty. The Scotch diſtillers had, about two years ago, obtained a change to be made in the mode of levying the duty, which was now ſet at 1l. 10s. per gallon on the contents of their ſtills; by this mode they were enabled to work the ſtills as often as they pleaſed, and to underſell the Engliſh by near 9d. a gallon. On the other hand, the Scotch diſtillers alledged, that their advantages aroſe ſolely from their local ſituation and ſuperior addreſs in manufacturing the commodity in queſtion. A motion was made by Mr Pitt, that 6d. per gallon be laid on all ſpirits imported from Scotland into England; which, after ſome oppoſition from a few Scotch members, was agreed to without a diviſion.

Feb. 5. Sir Elijah Impey, late Chief Juſtice of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bengal, appeared before the houſe to anſwer the charges given in againſt him by Sir Gilbert Elliot—The firſt charge was for the murder of Nunducomar, by capitally convicting him of forgery, and cauſing him to be executed in purſuance of his ſentence. He defended his conduct reſpecting that Rajah on many legal grounds; The authority of the Supreme Court, he

he admitted, did not extend over all the inhabitants of the Engliſh provinces in India, but over the inhabitants of Calcutta it did; the Rajah had not been tried as a native of Bengal, but as an inhabitant of Calcuta, where he reſided, where he committed the crime, and where of courſe he was amenable to the laws of the place. The law too on which he was tried, Sir Elijah affirmed, was not an *ex poſt facto* law; for though the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal was not in exiſtence when that law paſſed, yet it extended to India in conſequence of the charter of juſtice of the late King, ſent over in the 16th year of his reign. This he proved by a ſtrong circumſtance, viz. that in 1765 a native of India had been tried and ſentenced to be hanged at Calcutta for a forgery, but was reſpited and afterwards pardoned by his Majeſty.

After he had gone thro' his deſence, ſeveral witneſſes were called to prove the charge; but the houſe, it is ſuppoſed, will not give a verdict on any ſingle article, till the whole are gone through.

Feb. 5. a petition was preſented to the Houſe of Lords, in behalf of the Earl of Dumfries, ſtating in ſubſtance, that at the late election of a Peer of Scotland, the votes were equal for him and for Lord Cathcart; but that the clerks of ſeſſion had admitted the vote of a perſon claiming the title of Lord Rutherford, though diſcharged by a reſolution of the Houſe 15th March 1762; and the petitioner craved the Houſe to take the matter into conſideration.

The houſe ordered, that the ſaid petition be heard on Monday the 10th of March next.

That George Home and Robert Sinclair, two of the principal Clerks of Seſſion, do attend the Houſe on the ſaid 10th day of March.

That notice of the ſaid petition be ſerved upon John Anderſon of Gowland, in the county of Kincardine, who claimed to vote by the ſtile and title of Lord Rutherford.

A petition was preſented by Lord Cathcart, objecting againſt the vote of Robert Colvill, claiming the title of Lord Colvill of Ochiltree.

Petitions were preſented to the Houſe of Commons, from 43 of the moſt reſpectable Scotch boroughs, praying for a reform in the mode of electing their magiſtrates, and for a controul over the expenditure of the burgh funds.— This great national queſtion will, it is thought, be agitated after the concluſion of Mr Haſtings' trial.

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Trial of WARREN HASTINGS, Eſq;

On Wedneſday the 13th of February, ſoon after eleven o'clock, the members of the Committee appointed to manage the impeachment on the part of the commons, appeared in full dreſs, and ſeated themſelves in the box prepared for their reception. Mr Burke led the proceſſion.

The other Members followed by degrees; as their names were called over in their own Houſe they departed from it, and repaired to the ſeats deſtined for them in the Hall. In the center of the front row was an armed chair for the Speaker.

A little before twelve o'clock her Majeſty entered; ſhe did not appear in the box prepared for her, but in a part of the Duke of Newcaſtle's gallery, which was divided from the reſt by bars and ſide curtains. A large chair of ſtate was placed for her, in which ſhe was pleaſed to ſeat herſelf.

On her Majeſty's right, ſat the Princeſs Royal; on her left, the Princeſs Elizabeth; to the right of the former, the Princeſs Auguſta; to the left of the latter, the Princeſs Mary.

At twelve o'clock began the proceſſion of the Lords from their own Houſe; the march was ſolemn, ſuited

d to the character of Judges, and the occaſion which had impoſed upon them that venerable character.

When the Peers were all ſeated, the Chancellor's mace bearer made a proclamation for ſilence. He then ſaid, in a loud voice. "Warren Haſtings, Eſq; come forth, thou and thy bail, or thou wilt forfeit thy recognizance."

Mr Haſtings was immediately brought to the bar by Sir Francis Molyneux, Gentleman Uſher of the Black Rod. He was attended by his bondſmen, Sir Francis Sykes, and Mr Sullivan; and, kneeling at the bar in the box aſſigned for the priſoner, he was deſired to riſe, which he accordingly did.

The Serjeant at Arms then made proclamation, which he did audibly and with good articulation.

"Oyez, Oyez, Oyez. Whereas Charges of High Crimes and Miſdemeanours have been exhibited by the Hon. the Houſe of Commons in the name of themſelves and of all the Commons of Great Britain, againſt Warren Haſtings, Eſq; all perſons concerned are deſired to take notice, that he now ſtands upon his trial, and they may come forth in order to make good the ſaid Charges."

Proclamation being made, the Lord Chancellor roſe, and addreſſed the priſoner as follows:

"Warren Haſtings,

"You ſtand at the bar of this Court charged with High Crimes and Miſdemeanors, a copy of which has been delivered to you; you have been allowed Counſel, and a long time has been given to you for your defence; but this is not to be conſidered as indulgence to you, as it aroſe from the neceſſity of the caſe, the crimes with which you are charged, being ſtated to have been committed at a diſtant place. Theſe charges contain the moſt weighty allegations, and they come from the higheſt authority: this circumſtance, however, tho' it carries with it the moſt ſerious importance, is not to prevent you from making your defence in a firm and collected manner, in the confidence that as a Britiſh ſubject, you are entitled to, and will receive, full juſtice from a Britiſh Court."

To which Mr Haſtings made almoſt verbatim the following anſwer:

"My Lords,

"I am come to this high tribunal equally impreſſed with a confidence in my own integrity, and in the juſtice of the Court before which I ſtand."

The Clerks of the Houſe then proceeded to read a charge, and an anſwer to it alternately, till they got through ſeven; by that time it was half an hour after five o'clock, and nearly dark.

The ſecond day was ſpend in reading the remainder of the charges, and the anſwers.—On the third day, Mr Burke ſtood up, to ſubſtantiate the charges againſt Mr Haſtings; and continued the fourth, fifth, and ſixth days. His ſpeech was of that animated and intereſting nature, as to affect his illuſtrious auditory very much. But declamation is not proof—and till the ſolemn award of the high court is pronounced, it becomes us to ſuſpend our opinion.

Jan. 28. the Right Hon. Lord George Gordon was brought up to receive that ſentence, which but for his migrations to Holland, Birmingham, &c. he would have received ſome months back. The delay has not, however, proved favourable to his Lordſhip, or tended to mitigate the ſeverity of the judgement which was then ready to be paſſed upon him: on the contrary, the old adage "that juſtice, though ſlow, is ſure," is fully verified as to this unfortunate Nobleman, who by the wild and abſurd courſes which he has given into, is, in the ſhort period of his public life, reduced from the enjoyment of all the advantages to which his birth and rank in life entitled him, to the wretched neceſſity of paſſing months in Newgate, and if releaſed from that ignominious habitation, probably to linger out the reſidue of his days within the walls of another priſon—Such are the fruits of religious fanaticiſm!

The Attorney General, on behalf of the Crown, did not urge the judgment of the Court with any acrimony.

On

On the part of his Lordſhip, Meſſrs. Wood and Dallas ſtated many arguments to ſhew, that though guilty of a libel, yet in point of law, thoſe publications for which a verdict had been pronounced againſt him, were not *in fact* written with a libelous intent, nor ought *legally* to be conſidered ſo. They endeavoured, with much ingenuity, to explain away the obvious meaning of the obnoxious paſſages in both libels.

The Court being of another opinion, Mr Juſtice Aſhhurſt pronounced the ſentence as follows :—

For writing and publiſhing the Priſoners Petition, to be *impriſoned in Newgate for three years.*

For writing and publiſhing the Libel on the Miniſter of the French Court, to be *impriſoned in the ſame Gaol for two years, to commence from the expiration of the firſt Sentence.*

To pay to the Crown a fine of 500l.

To enter into a recognizance at the expiration of his impriſonment—himſelf in 10,000l. and two ſureties, for 2500l. each, for his good behaviour for 14 years.

Lord George's demeanor was ſo different from that which he was wont to obſerve, as to intereſt every one in his miſerable ſituation.

The only check on their compaſſion was the ridiculous figure which his long beard exhibited; the appearance of which proved, that though he had changed, he had not abandoned the hypocritical principles of religious enthuſiaſm, which had proved ſo prejudicial to himſelf as well as to his countrymen.

## EDINBURGH.

February 2. the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, Treaſurer of the Navy, was unanimouſly elected Chancellor of the Univerſity of St Andrew's, in the place of the late Earl of Kinnoul.

John Davidſon, Eſq; and Mr Andrew Steele, are appointed Depute and Subſtitute Keepers of the General Regiſter of Seiſins for Scotland, in conſequence of the death of Alexander Robertſon, Eſq; one of the principal clerks of Seſſion.

Same day died in the Abbey, aged 85, Mr Harry Prentice, who firſt introduced the culture of potatoes into this country.

His Majeſty has been pleaſed to confer the dignity of a baronet on Thomas Miller Eſq; of Glenlee, Lord Preſident of the court of ſeſſion.

—To appoint the revd Mr Grant, to be one of the miniſters of Elgin, vice the late Mr Wm Peterkin.

## ABERDEEN.

On the 16th ult. died at Rothemay, the Counteſs Dowager of Fife, in the 83d year of her age. She retained all her ſenſes and uſual chearfulneſs of temper to the laſt.

The Mariſchal College and Univerſity of Aberdeen, have conferred the degree of Doctor of Medicine on Alexander Gordon, A. M. Phyſician to the Aberdeen Diſpenſary, and formerly Surgeon of his Majeſty's ſhip the Otter.

Laſt week, a female patient was diſmiſſed cured from the Infirmary, who was admitted in the middle of December, with a cancerous breaſt.—After amputation by Dr Livingſton, it meaſured twenty-ſix inches in circumference, and weighed nine pounds Engliſh weight.

In conſequence of a petition to his Majeſty, by a conſiderable number of gentlemen of this city and vicinity, his Majeſty has been pleaſed to pardon Jean Wilſon, on condition of tranſportation for ſeven years.

Peter Young is to appear before the high court of Juſticiary at Edinburgh on Monday the 5d of March, in order to have his perſon identified, and when that is proved, to have his former ſentence renewed againſt him.

THE

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## THE TRIFLER, No. V.

*March* 13, 1788.

SOMETHING ABOUT A LION AND AN ASS——LOVERS——CORRESPONDING TERMS WITH THE TRIBE OF LOVERS—PROSE——REAL NAMES AND PLACES OF ABODE INSISTED ON——CHRISTIAN SYSTEM PREFERRED——RESPECTFUL USE OF THE ELEMENTS—DARTS AND ARROWS——AIR—TORMENTS, TORTURES, &c.—THINGS CELESTIAL AND INFERNAL—JESSAMINE BOWERS, &c. ALLOWABLE—HOW TO DESCRIBE A MISTRESS—UNIVERSALITY OF LOVE—A CASE——CONCLUDES WITH CHOOSING THE LEAST OF TWO EVILS.

SINCE my appearance as a *Triſler*, one would ſcarce credit the number of applications which have been made to me for admiſſion into theſe my lucubrations. The name I have choſen ſeems to apply ſo generally, that I am in no fear of wanting correſpondents or ſubjects. "When "the Aſs ſtruts about in the Lion's "ſkin, he can terrify, but he cannot "hurt, for he is ſtill an aſs; but when "the Lion puts on the ſkin of an "aſs"——ſuch is the beginning of a letter addreſſed to me by a correſpondent who thinks that flattery is the moſt proper introduction to a letter; but I beg leave to inform him, that although I have as much of old human nature about me as to like a little *manly* flattery, I do not wiſh to be conſidered as a Lion, far leſs as a lion in the ſkin of an aſs—"What aſs?" may I not aſk?—Away with ſuch *beaſtly* compariſons.

Among other letters, I have ſome from that ſpecies of men whom we agree to call LOVERS, who think (and not altogether improperly) that they have ſome claim upon me as a brother *Triſler*. But from my very great reſpect to the fair part of the creation, I am induced to inform theſe correſpondents, that LOVE IS NO TRIFLE; it is a very ſerious prologue to a very ſerious Comedy; and I hope they will in future conſider it as ſuch. As I expect to hear much in future from Lovers, I think it neceſſary here to ſtate the terms on which, and on which only I can conſent to attend to their requeſts.

First; I muſt inſiſt upon it, that they write to me in plain Engliſh, and in that kind of Engliſh which is generally known by the name of *proſe*; [*a*] Moſt love letters are a kind of mixture between proſe and poetry, too bad for the one, and not good enough for the other; this part of my requeſt will not I hope appear unreaſonable to ſuch as are not too much in love to ſpeak plain. As for thoſe who have loſt their ſenſes, and are very far gone, I have a plan in my head for the diſpoſal of them in an Hoſpital.

Secondly; I forbid all names that are not real names, or Chriſtian names. I have received a letter from *Jack Trippet* concerning his miſtreſs, whom he calls *Delia*—now I know her name is not *Delia*, but *Barbara*—Another complains of the cruelty of *Clarinda*, although I know that there is no ſuch woman lives in Aberdeen, and that ſhe was chriſtened *Dorothy*—A third wild rogue, worſe than all the reſt, wiſhes me to recommend his ſuit to *Clara Bellgrove* of *Bon Accord-place*; juſt as if I did not know that the young lady of his affections is *Eppy Morgan* of the *Gallowgate!* [*b*] I muſt therefore inſiſt on real names and places of abode—After marriage only, the ladies are to be permitted to change their names.

Thirdly: I require that Lovers will guide themſelves according to the Chriſtian ſyſtem, in preference to the Pagan adminiſtration; what have men that live in a Preſbyterian country to do with *Jupiter* and *Venus*, and ſuch like unbelievers? The lips may be made of coral, for any thing I care, and the teeth of ivory; but I poſitively prohibit all hearts made of adamant, and all boſoms manufactured from ſnow. "The addreſſes of a lover ſoftening a heart of adamant," puts one in mind of the company of projectors we read of in Gulliver's travels, who were employed in ſoftening marble to make pin cuſhions and pillow-caſes.

Fourthly; As I have baniſhed the Pagan religion from Love affairs, I beg alſo no liberties may be taken with the elements [*c*] of which the world is compoſed. I will allow a Lover to be a little warm on receiving a glance from the eyes of his miſtreſs, but I cannot admit ſuch dangerous things as *flames of fire*, of which lovers ſpeak ſo much. It is paying a young lady a very ſorry compliment to call for her aſſiſtance as a mere fire engine, a kind of domeſtic extinguiſher to prevent uninſured buildings from being burnt.

With *flames*, I think it were as well if we got rid of *darts* and *arrows*; this metaphor took its riſe probably when bows and arrows were in faſhion, the original weapons of war; and Cupid is uſually deſcribed with a bow and quiver; but the mode of carrying on war is now altered; and had gun-powder been invented when Ovid and the other amorous poets lived, I have no doubt that Maſter Cupid would have been painted with a pair of piſtols and a car-

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[*a*] I remember a man, who at the age of five and forty did not know what proſe was. Some one informed him that what he ſpoke was proſe—whereat he marvelled greatly, that he had ſpoken proſe all his life, without knowing it.—*Periwig. Bath.*

[*b*] Our author here diſplays that profundity of nomenclature which he is ſo famous for. The Gallowgate is an ancient ſtreet. It leadeth to the gallows: few towns are unprovided with a path of this kind.

[*c*] Philoſophers tell us, that the world is compoſed of four elements, videlicet, earth, air, fire, and water.—Modern philoſophers have added a fifth, MONEY, to gain which they will ranſack the other four.

cartouche-box, or *trailing* a piece of ordnance[*d*]. Yet we are ſo fond of old metaphors and ſimiles, that to ſpeak of a miſtreſs having diſcharged bullets, or grape-ſhot at her lover, would no doubt be laughed at.

In the next place, ſome improper uſe I find has been made of the *Air*. The uſe of that element I need not explain: but in my opinion it is overloading it, to ſend all the perjured vows of perjured lovers into it—"Thus I give my love to the wind" ſays a lover who thought he had reſolution enough to forget his miſtreſs—On this ſubject I ſhall only ſay, that it is very neceſſary for the health of mankind that the air ſhould be kept free of all noxious damps and vapours [*e*]—and the complaints of many lovers may be called ſo in more ſenſes than one.

As to *Tortures*, *Torments*, *Pangs*, *Agonies* and *Deſpair*, I am afraid I muſt allow a little of each to lovers. To make them eaſy all at once indeed, would be cruel; and therefore, I ſhall even leave it to themſelves to torture and torment their days, and nights, as much as they pleaſe; want of appetite may be alſo allowed, as it is occaſionally conducive to health; and if they even ſleep leſs, they would perhaps ſeldomer dream of Love [*f*]. But I will even proceed farther; and when they talk of killing themſelves, and dying for their cruel miſtreſs' ſake, it may not be improper to allow them to make the experiment, as they will moſt probably find it an unpleaſing one.

*Heaven* and *Hell* have lately—indeed always—been very improperly treated by Lovers; but this alſo proceeds from their imbibing the Pagan doctrines; a lover who is preſent with his miſtreſs, is in heaven: when abſent, he is in the other place [*g*]. Theſe lovers I chuſe to claſs among a certain ſpecies of *ſwearers*, mentioned in my Third Paper; and they are to be treated accordingly.

With theſe reſtrictions, I ſhall always be happy to aid and aſſiſt the Love-ſick ſwain in his lawful purſuit; and moreover allow him to make uſe of all the uſual *local* advantages, ſuch as jeſſamine bowers, villa-walks; purling ſtreams; meandring rivulets: ſhepherd's crooks; the linnet's, lark's, and other ſweet notes; together with groves, hills and dales; the pale moon and ſtars; the roſy morn; and all other advantages which the country and the Months of May, June, July, Auguſt and September can afford—for I obſerve that lovers date all their complaints in one or other of theſe months: I hear very little of flames about Chriſtmas; or darts in the month of March.

In deſcribing their miſtreſſes, every licence may be granted; the roſes may be a foil to her cheeks, her eyes outſhine the ſun at noon-day; her voice may make the feathered creation aſhamed; her ſhape may have all the beauties of the Venus de Medicis

[*d*] Incongruous truly to all the laws of Mythology——but I remember to have ſeen in a gallery of paintings at Paris, or Verſailles, I forget which, the twelve apoſtles in bag wigs and ſwords.

[*e*] In Dr Prieſtley's Experiments on Air will be found ſeveral remarks rather different from this; the reaſon of which difference I take to be——that the *Trifler* conſiders the ſubject in one way, and the Doctor in another.

[*f*] Another truiſm: our author abounds with them. He that does not ſleep cannot dream—but this is liable to objection. I wiſh dreaming were more common than it is, for when a man neglects what he ought to do, he ſays, by way of excuſe, "I never dreamt of it."

[*g*] The learned *Swinden*, in his *Inquiry into the Nature and Place of Hell*, has omitted to mention this—and yet I know not if it is not as certain as any thing he has eſtabliſhed in his book.

without any of its blemiſhes[k]; ſhe may walk, juſt as her lover pleaſes: and as for her looks, her ſmiles, her dimples, they may for my part be as undeſcribable as love can make them—in a word, the lover may make her juſt as he pleaſes, and as no human creature ever was made before—but when he has done ſo, let him beware how he *unmakes* her after marriage.[e]

"The paſſion of Love," ſays Steele, "is the moſt general concern among men." I know not whether the author of our Latin Rudiments had this ſentiment in his thoughts, when he compoſed that uſeful little book; but true it is that one of our earlieſt taſks at the Grammar ſchool is to conjugate AMO, *I love*; and whether it be that we retain the impreſſions made on our minds, or on our bodies [k] (by the rod) in conſequence of this comprehenſive verb, certain it is that we fall in love in this country at a pretty early age. The method of ſhowing our love is much the ſame in all countries; poetry we always have recourſe to; but indeed I muſt honeſtly confeſs that, conſidering how faithleſs young lovers frequently are, conſidering alſo that poetry is the proper vehicle of fiction, I have ſometimes been ready to look on love-verſes as ominous of future infidelity. For this reaſon I wiſh my correſpondents to expreſs their thoughts as much as poſſible in proſe——I ſay, as much as poſſible, for without ſome poetic effuſions, it would be a treſpaſs againſt the Court of Cupid, to profeſs love.

My old acquaintance *Tom Dactyl* was a melancholy example of poetic paſſion. One unhappy day, as poor Tom was walking near the Gallowhills—I well remember the place—he firſt met the beauteous *Maria*—from that hour he never ſpoke—in proſe—His very ſighs had ſomething of meaſure in them—He made love firſt in an elegy; vowed eternal conſtancy in an acroſtic; ſwore that ſhe was dearer than life in a ballad; told his whole hiſtory in heroics; was remarkably paſſionate in epigrams; and at length, when he had compoſed an *epithalamium*, which like a blank certificate, wanted only the names to fill it up, the lady married another ſwain. What a pity ſo much excellent poetry was loſt! for Tom never wrote more. He remembered Ovid's words, *Scribere juſſit amor:* and as he never again fell in love, he never again wrote poetry.

General as the paſſion of Love is, it appears to me that it is not ſo ſincere now-a-days as it has been; how any circumſtance can be ſuppoſed to alter a paſſion which is conſidered as born with a man, may ſeem ſtrange; but different qualities in different ages are not the ſame. For inſtance, in the preſent age we are neither ſo manly, ſo robuſt, nor ſo valourous as formerly; and as to love, although we put on the appearance of the paſſion, it is generally with a view to ſerve purpoſes not quite compatible with the purity or the ſincerity of the paſſion. Hence a lady with a great fortune will always have many more admirers than one without fortune; an obſervation ſo trite, that I am almoſt aſhamed to make it. But the remark which is juſt, ought to be common, and therefore there is no harm in making it more ſo. There is, however, one part of this trite obſervation which ought to be amended; we hear it frequently remarked that

[b] This Venus de Medicis is ſaid to have too little *head*——it is much the ſame with ſome of our modern Venuſes.

[i] *Nota bene.*

[k] "Profecto vapulabis—accerſe "janitorem—tolle."——*Apud Alexandrum Milne & alios Scholæ Gram. in Abred.*

that ſuch an one fell in *love* with a young lady on account of her fortune; now this was not really the caſe: he felt no ſenſation, reſembling love: but he *coveted* the fortune, and conſidered that the lady was the means by which he might attain it.

I ſhall conclude this paper with an obſervation which I have ſeldom found to fail; that it is more dangerous to fall in love with *mere beauty* than to marry for money; I ſay *mere beauty*—and for this reaſon; he who gets poſſeſſion of beauty, gets poſſeſſion of that which he cannot keep, and which when gone leaves nothing behind it to retain his affections; he who marries for money may at the ſame time have got an excellent wife: and always has it in his power to uſe the money ſo as to be ſubſervient both to his own comforts and hers—Let it be remembered, however, that I am ſpeaking of two evils—and although I point out which is the leaſt—it ſtill is not leſs an evil [*l*].

[*l*] It was pleaſantly ſaid of one who had married the ſhorteſt of two ſiſters, that of two evils he had choſen the leaſt ——but it is difficult to prove that goodneſs is computable by inches.

# A LETTER ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS, &c.

*Supposed to be written by Dr Franklin.*

[About two years ago, Mr Cadell publiſhed "Obſervations on a late "publication, entitled, Thoughts "on Executive Juſtice," in which the unknown ingenious author vindicates with great ſpirit the lenity of Engliſh Judges, and the frequent exertions of Royal clemency. To his own ſmall work he has annexed a "Letter from a Gentleman "abroad;" introducing it by an advertiſement, in which he ſays—"The ſimplicity of the ſtyle, and liberality of thought, which diſtinguiſh it, cannot fail of diſcovering its venerable author, to ſuch as are already acquainted with his valuable writings. To thoſe, who have not that good fortune, the editor is not permitted to ſay more, than, that it is the production of one of the beſt and moſt eminent men of the preſent age.]

*My dear Friend,*

AMONG the pamphlets you lately ſent me, was one, intitled, *Thoughts on executive juſtice:* in return for that, I ſend you a French one, on the ſame ſubject, *Obſervations concernant l'execution de l'article II. de la declaration ſur le vol.* They are both addreſſed to the judges, but written, as you will ſee, in a very different ſpirit. The Engliſh author is for hanging *all* thieves. The Frenchman is for proportioning puniſhments to offences.

If we really believe, as we profeſs to believe, that the law of Moſes was the law of God, the dictate of divine wiſdom, infinitely ſuperior to human; on what principles do we ordain death as the puniſhment of an offence, which, according to that law, was only to be puniſhed by a reſtitution of fourfold? To put a man to death for an offence which does not deſerve death, is it not a murder? And, as the French writer ſays, *Doit-on punir un delit contre la ſociete par un crime contre la nature?* (Is it fit, that a treſpaſs againſt the laws of ſociety, ſhould be puniſhed by a violation of the laws of nature?)

Superfluous property is the creature of ſociety. Simple and mild laws were ſufficient to guard the property that was merely neceſſary. The ſavage's bow,

bow, his hatchet, and his coat of ſkins, were ſufficiently ſecured, without law, by the fear of perſonal reſentment and retaliation. When, by virtue of the firſt laws, part of the ſociety accumulated wealth and grew powerful, they enacted others more ſevere, and would protect their property, at the expence of humanity. This was abuſing their power, and commencing a tyranny. If a ſavage, before he entered into a ſociety, had been told— "your neighbour, by "this means, may become owner of "an hundred deer; but if your bro- "ther, or your ſon, or yourſelf, hav- "ing no deer of your own, and being "hungry, ſhould kill one, an infa- "mous death muſt be the conſe- "quence," he would probably have preferred his liberty, and his common right of killing any deer, to all the advantages of ſociety that might be propoſed to him.

That it is better a hundred guilty perſons ſhould eſcape, than that one innocent perſon ſhould ſuffer, is a maxim that has been long and generally approved; never, that I know of, controverted. Even the ſanguinary author of the *Thoughts* agrees to it, adding well, that the very thoughts "of *injured* innocence, and much "more that of *ſuffering* innocence, "muſt awaken all our tendereſt and "moſt compaſſionate feelings, and "at the ſame time raiſe our higheſt "indignation againſt the inſtruments "of it. But," he adds, there is no "danger of *either* from a ſtrict adher- "ence to the laws." — Really!—Is it then impoſſible to make an unjuſt law? and if the law itſelf be unjuſt, may it not be the very "inſtrument" which ought "to raiſe the author's "and every body's higheſt indignati- "on?" I ſee in the laſt news-paper from London, that a woman is capitally convicted at the Old Bailey, for privately ſtealing out of a ſhop ſome gauze, value fourteen ſhillings and three pence. Is there any proportion between the injury done by a theft, value fourteen ſhillings and three pence, and the puniſhment of a human creature, by death, on a gibbet? Might not that woman, by her labour, have made the reparation ordained by God, in paying fourfold? Is not all puniſhment inflicted beyond the merit of the offence, ſo much puniſhment of innocence? In this light, how vaſt is the annual quantity, of not only *injured* but *ſuffering* innocence, in almoſt all the civiliſed ſtates of Europe!

But it ſeems to have been thought, that this kind of innocence may be puniſhed by way of *preventing* crimes. I have read, indeed, of a cruel Turk, in Barbary, who whenever he bought a new chriſtian ſlave, ordered him immediately to be hung up by the legs, and to receive a hundred blows of a cudgel, on the ſoles of his feet, that the ſevere ſenſe of the puniſhment, and fear of incurring it thereafter, might prevent the faults that ſhould merit it. Our author himſelf would hardly approve entirely of this Turk's conduct in the government of ſlaves, and yet he appears to recommend ſomething like it for the government of Engliſh ſubjects, when he applauds the reply of judge Burnet to the convict horſe-ſtealer, who being aſked what he had to ſay why judgment of death ſhould not paſs againſt him, and anſwering, that it was hard to hang a man for *only* ſtealing a horſe, was told by the judge, "Man, thou art not to be hanged "*only* for ſtealing a horſe, but that "horſes may not be ſtolen." The man's anſwer, if candidly examined, will, I imagine, appear reaſonable, as being founded on the eternal principle of juſtice and equity, that puniſhments ſhould be proportioned to offences; and the judge's reply, brutal

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nd unreasonable, though the writer " wishes all judges to carry it with " them whenever they go the circuit, " and to bear it in their minds, as " containing a wise reason for all the " penal statutes which they are called " upon to put in execution. It at " once illustrates," says he, " the " true grounds and reasons of all " capital punishments whatsoever, " namely, that every man's proper- " ty, as well as his life, may be held " sacred and inviolate." Is there then no difference in value between property and life? If I think it right that the crime of murder should be punished with death, not only as an equal punishment of the crime, but to prevent other murders, does it follow that I must approve of inflicting the same punishment for a little invasion of my property, by theft? If I am not myself so barbarous, so bloody-minded, and revengeful, as to kill a fellow-creature for stealing from me fourteen shillings and three pence, how can I approve of a law that does it? Montesquieu, who was himself a judge, endeavours to impress other maxims. He must have known what humane judges feel on such occasions, and what the effect of those feelings; and, so far from thinking that severe and excessive punishments prevent crimes, he asserts, as quoted by our French writer, p. 4, that

" *L'atrocite des loix en empeche l'* " *execution.*

(The atrocious severity of laws prevents their execution.)

" *Lorsque la peine est sans mesure,* " *on est souvent oblige de lui preferer l'* " *impunite.*

(When the punishment exceeds all due bounds, it becomes necessary, on many occasions, that total impunity be preferred.)

" *La cause de tous les relachemens* " *vient de l'impunite des crimes et non* " *de la moderation des peines.*"

(The cause of all disorders arises from the impunity of crimes, and not from the moderation of punishments.)

It is said by those who know Europe generally, that there are more thefts committed and punished annually in England, than in all the other nations put together. If this be so, there must be a cause or causes for such depravity in our common people. May not one be, the deficiency of justice and morality in our national government, manifested in our oppressive conduct to subjects, and unjust wars on our neighbours? View the long persisted in, unjust monopolizing treatment of Ireland, at length acknowledged! View the plundering government exercised by our merchants in the Indies; the confiscating war made upon the American colonies; and, to say nothing of those upon France and Spain, view the late war upon Holland, which was seen by impartial Europe in no other light than that of a war of rapine and pillage, the hopes of an immense and easy prey being its only apparent, and probably its true and real motive and encouragement. Justice is as strictly due between neighbour nations, as between neighbour citizens. A highwayman is as much a robber when he plunders in a gang as when single; and a nation that makes an unjust war is only a great gang. After employing your people in robbing the Dutch, is it strange, that, being put out of that employ by peace, they still continue robbing, and rob one another? *Pirateric*, as the French call it, or privateering, is the universal bent of the English nation, at home and abroad, wherever settled. No less than seven hundred privateers were, it is said, commissioned in the last war! These were fitted out by merchants, to prey upon other merchants, who had never done them any injury. Is there probably any one of those privateering merchants

of

of London, who were so ready to rob the merchants of Amsterdam, that would not as readily plunder another London merchant of the next street, if he could do it with the same impunity? The avidity, the *alieni appetens* is the same; it is fear alone of the gallows that makes the difference. How then can a nation, which, among the honestest of its people has so many thieves by inclination, and whose government encouraged and commissioned no less than seven hundred gangs of robbers; how can such a nation have the face to condemn the crime in individuals, and hang up twenty of them in a morning? It naturally puts one in mind of a Newgate anecdote. One of the prisoners complained, that in the night somebody had taken his buckles out of his shoes. "What the devil," says another, "have we then *thieves* among "us? It must not be suffered. Let "us search out the rogue and pump "him to death."

There is, however, one late instance of an English merchant who will not profit by such ill-gotten gain. He was it seems, part owner of a ship, which the other owners thought fit to employ as a letter of marque, and which took a number of French prizes. The booty being shared, he has now an agent here enquiring, by an advertisement in the Gazette, for those who suffered the loss, in order to make them, as far as in him lies, restitution. This conscientious man is a quaker. The Scotch presbyterians were formerly as tender; for there is still extant an ordinance of the town council of Edinburgh, made soon after the reformation, forbidding "the purchase of prize goods, "under the pain of losing the free-"dom of the burgh for ever, with "other punishment at the will of the "magistrate; the practice of mak-"ing prizes being contrary to good "conscience, and the rule of treating "christian brethren as we would "wish to be treated; and such goods "*are not to be sold by any godly men* „ *within this burgh.*" The race of these godly men in Scotland is probably extinct, or their principles abandoned, since, as far as that nation had a hand in promoting the war against the colonies, prizes and confiscations are believed to have been a considerable motive.

It has been for some time a generally-received opinion, that a military man is not to enquire whether a war be just or unjust; he is to execute his orders. All princes, who are disposed to become tyrants, must probably approve of this opinion, and be willing to establish it; but is it not a dangerous one? Since, on that principle, if the tyrant commands his army to attack and destroy, not only an unoffending neighbour nation, but even his own subjects, the army is bound to obey. A negro slave in our colonies, being commanded by his master to rob or murder a neighbour, or do any other immoral act, may refuse, and the magistrate will protect him in his refusal. The slavery then of a soldier is worse than that of a negro! A conscientious officer, if not restrained by the apprehension of its being imputed to another cause, may indeed resign, rather than be employed in an unjust war; but the private men are slaves for life; and they are perhaps incapable of judging for themselves. We can only lament their fate, and still more that of a sailor, who is often dragged by force from his honest occupation, and compelled to embrue his hands in perhaps innocent blood. But methinks it well behoves merchants (men more enlightened by their education, and perfectly free from any such force or obligation) to consider well of the justice of a war, before they voluntarily engage a gang of ruffians to attack their fellow-merchants of a neighbouring nation, to plunder them

of

of their property, and perhaps ruin them and their families if they yield it, or to wound, maim, and murder them if they endeavour to defend it. Yet theſe things are done by chriſtian merchants, whether a war be juſt or unjuſt, and it can hardly be juſt on both ſides. They are done by Engliſh and American merchants, who, nevertheleſs, complain of private theft, and hang by dozens the thieves they have taught by their own example.

It is high time, for the ſake of humanity, that a ſtop were put to this enormity. The united ſtates of America, though better ſituated than any European nation, to make profit by privateering (moſt of the trade of Europe, with the Weſt Indies, paſſing before their doors), are, as far as in them lies, endeavouring to aboliſh the practice, by offering, in all their treaties with other powers, an article engaging ſolemnly, that in caſe of future war, no privateer ſhall be commiſſioned on either ſide; and that unarmed merchant ſhips, on both ſides, ſhall purſue their voyages unmoleſted. This will be a happy improvement of the law of nations. The humane and the juſt cannot but wiſh general ſucceſs to the propoſition.

With unchangeable eſteem and affection,

I am,
my dear friend,
ever yours.

## *PARTICULARS*
OF
MR BURKE'S SPEECH,
UPON THE
*TRIAL OF MR HASTINGS.*

*BEFORE we ſtate any thing he ſaid, we muſt premiſe, that in this ſtage of the buſineſs, our Readers muſt recollect, that, whatever the Right Hon. Gentleman advances, reſts,* AS YET, *upon aſſertion To the aſſertion of ſo reſpectable a man great weight is due; but it is not evidence, and therefore the public ought to wait till Mr Burke has adduced his proofs (which by the bye he aſſures the Peers he has) before they form a judgment of the guilt or innocence of the accuſed.*

Having premiſed thus much, in juſtice to Mr Haſtings, and warned our readers not to miſtake aſſertion for proof, nor *accuſation*, however well founded, for *conviction*, we will give ſome of the principal parts of Mr Burke's ſpeech.

HE ſaid, that the government of Mr Haſtings was founded in bribery and corruption; that his adminiſtration was one continued ſcene of peculation. Nundcomar, a man of high rank, had become the accuſer of Mr Haſtings; but he was ſoon taken off by a proſecution for felony; and the Governor-General ſeemed to think, that, becauſe this accuſer was removed by a ſentence which would ſeem to deſtroy his credit, as well as put an end to his life, he had no occaſion to defend himſelf againſt any charge for peculation. But Nundcomar was not the only accuſer; if every thing that man had ſaid of Mr Haſtings had been ſcandalouſly falſe, ſtill it appeared upon the oath of one of the moſt illuſtrious Ladies, or Princeſſes in Bengal, that Mr Haſtings had received from her, or her agents, a bribe of 40,000l. ſterling. This oath, and this charge of peculation, were upon record in the archives of the Eaſt India Company; but no trace could be found of any anſwer given by Mr Haſtings to a charge ſo injurious to his character.

There was alſo evidence, he obſerved, of a bribe of 40,000l. more, received for a judgment pronounced by Mr Haſtings, in a cauſe wherein the half-brother of a deceaſed Rajah, and an adopted ſon of the ſame Rajah, were concerned; they both claimed the inheritance of the deceaſed, which was of immenſe value; for he had died poſſeſſed of a tract of land equal in extent to all the northern counties of England, Yorkſhire included.

Mr Haſtings gave judgment in favour of the adopted ſon. Mr Burke ſaid, he did not mean to ſay whether

this judgment was legal or not; for the laws of the Gentoos, reſpecting adoption and its conſequences, were very intricate: but this he meant to ſay, that for that judgment Mr Haſtings was to get a bribe of four lacks of rupees, or 40,000l. three of the lacks he actually received; and it appeared from the Company's books, that he had had a miſunderſtanding with his agent, or "Bribe broker," for having withheld from him the fourth lack. This bribe, Mr Burke obſerved, was either a bribe in judgment, or a bribe in office; he would not undertake to ſay which, much leſs did he mean to determine which of the two were the moſt criminal; either of them were ſufficiently criminal to call for public juſtice on the man who could receive it.

The ſyſtem of peculation purſued by Mr Haſtings had met with many checks, from the integrity of General Clavering, Colonel Monſon, and Mr Francis; but it had extended ſo far, that it could not be concealed from thoſe who felt for the honour of the Britiſh name and for humanity: Mr Haſtings knew this, and having reaſon to apprehend that the enquiry inſtituted by Parliament into delinquencies on the coaſt of Coromandel would at laſt reach Bengal, he ſuddenly had recourſe to an expedient for ſcreening himſelf from the reſentment of his conſtituents, by making them gainers by his peculation.

This man, who had never received any bribes, finding himſelf on the eve of detection, paid into the Company's treaſury a vaſt ſum of money which he had received contrary to law; but then he ſaid he did not receive it for his own uſe, but for that of the Company. However, there was in this inſtance, a circumſtance that ſeemed to contradict his aſſertion, "That he had received the money for the uſe of the Company;" it was this: When he paid the money into the treaſury at Calcutta, he took bonds for it; ſo that in fact, the Company, to whom this money was ſaid to belong, was made debtor to Mr Haſtings for the full amount of it. On his being queſtioned at home by the Court of Directors, and aſked why he had taken bonds for money not his own, his anſwer was, "That he did not know; he could not tell at that diſtance of time, (leſs than three years); it might be that it was to prevent the curious at Calcutta from being acquainted with the proceedings of the ſtate; that he ought not to be preſſed now for an account of motives which he no longer remembered, and of which he could not give any account now, as his papers were in India." It was remarkable, that Mr Haſtings's anſwers on this head varied with his ſituation. When in India, he could give the Directors no ſatisfaction on this buſineſs, becauſe he was not in Europe; but when he was examined upon that point in Europe, he could not ſtate his motives, becauſe he was not in India with his papers. Thus he endeavoured to conceal the treachery of his adminiſtration, under the treachery of his memory.

This ſyſtem of taking bribes for the benefit of the Company, might be held out by Mr Haſtings to his conſtituents, not only as not illegal and criminal, but as meritorious. It might be called public-ſpirited bribery, and patriotic peculation.—Beſides, it would have this effect—it would prevent any one from complaining to the Council, or Court of Directors, that the Governor-General, or any other of their ſervants, took bribes; for then the Court might reply—theſe bribes, and this peculation, is for the benefit of the Company.—This would ſilence all accuſers among the Europeans, as effectually as the death of Nundcomar had ſilenced all thoſe among the natives, who might have been able to convict their rulers of corruption and peculation.

Peculation ſlept for ſome time, whilſt Mr Haſtings had a majority of the Council againſt him.—But General Clavering and Colonel Monſon having been removed by death, and Mr Francis, haraſſed and tired of his ſituation, having reſigned, the Council then conſiſted of no more than two perſons, Mr Haſtings and Mr Wheeler; and the former having a caſting voice, had in his own perſon a majority in the Council; or, in other words, the whole Government of India was veſted in himſelf alone—then it was that he reſolved to open a-new the channels of peculation. Six provincial Councils had been and eſtabliſhed for the collection manage-

nagement of the public revenue; theſe Councils had, in the opinion even of Mr Haſtings, ſo well anſwered the end of their inſtitution, that though they had been conſtituted only for a time, and for the purpoſe of experiment, yet Mr Haſtings thought they ought to be made permanent; and actually ſent over to Europe the outline or plan of an act of Parliament, for fully eſtabliſhing them, and giving them all the legal powers neceſſary to their inſtitution. But on a ſudden he changed his mind; he aboliſhed all theſe Councils, without having found any fault with them, nay, juſt after he had himſelf pronounced a panegyric upon them; and in their room he eſtabliſhed one ſingle Council, under whoſe management was placed the adminiſtration of the whole revenue of the kingdoms of Bengal, Bahar, and Orixa; this Council was to be ſupreme, in points relating to the revenue, and conſequently independent of the Governor-General and his Council. It would appear ſtrange, that a man who loved power and patronage, ſhould thus place both beyond his own reach; ſo it would, if he had done ſo in reality: but this was not his object; he wanted to make this Council independent of the ſupreme Council in future, and dependent ſolely upon himſelf: he did not wiſh to truſt to another thwarting majority in his own Council, and therefore he was determined that there ſhould be no connection between the one and the other.—This new Council he compoſed entirely of his own creatures and favourites; but as it was neceſſary they ſhould have for their Secretary ſome native, acquainted with the laws and cuſtoms of the country, he appointed one who was entirely devoted to him——This was the famous, or rather infamous Congo Burwant Sing. Of this man there were not two opinions; all the friends as well as the enemies of Mr Haſtings agreeing, that he was the moſt atrocious villain that India ever produced: The Members of the new Council ſoon felt that they were cyphers, and mere tools to this deteſtable inſtrument of corruption. This they themſelves expreſſed in a letter, which Mr Burke read, in which they ſaid that he dived into the ſecrets of families, availed himſelf of them, and had it in his power to lay the whole country under contribution. Such was the confidential agent of Mr Haſtings. Before that gentleman had appointed him Secretary to the new Council, he knew the public opinion of the man; and yet he wrote to the Court of Directors, that this Congo Sing was generally ſpoken ill of, but that he knew no harm of him: he knew, however, that he was a man of great abilities, and therefore he employed him. Mr Burke ſaid, that it was not in nature, that good could reaſonably be expected from the abilities of a bad man; ſuch men were out of their element, if their abilities were employed in any thing that was good; on that ſide they were always paralytic; they could ſhine only in wickedneſs, and therefore Mr Haſtings muſt have acted contrary to all knowledge of human nature, if, when he employed ſuch a man, he expected to find him honeſt and juſt; but it was not for honeſt purpoſes that he was placed at the head of a ſet of tools; it was not for honeſt purpoſes that he was placed over ſuch dignified tools; for the ſalaries of this board of tools amounted to 62,000l. ſterling a year, a ſalary nearly equal to the ſalaries of the whole Supreme Council of Bengal.

Next in infamy to Congo Burwant Sing, and ſecond only to him in villainy, was Devi Sing; one of the moſt ſhocking monſters that ever ſtained the page of hiſtory. This villain, driven on account of his infamous adminiſtration from one important ſtation which he held, was able to obtain, through his partner in iniquity, Congo Burwant Sing, a moſt lucrative ſituation under the Company; he was admitted at a time when he was a bankrupt, and owed 210,000l. to farm the revenue of a very large diſtrict. One part of his inſtructions was, that he ſhould not raiſe the rents, or impoſe new taxes upon the inhabitants; but ſuch inſtructions did not weigh much with a man, who knew that if he broke through them, he was ſure of impunity, through the powerful influence of Congo Burwant Sing.

He therefore reſolved, by plunder and rapine of every ſort, to make the moſt of his bargain.—He immediately raiſed the rents, contrary to his inſtruc-

ſtructions—he threw the people of quality, as well as others, into priſon, and there made them give him bonds to what amount he pleaſed, as the purchaſe of their liberty. Theſe bonds he afterwards put in force—firſt, he put their demeſne lands up to auction, and they were knocked down at one year's purchaſe, though the uſual price of land in that country was ten.

The real purchaſer was himſelf. Next, he ſold the lands they held by leaſe; next the lands given by the then owners, or their anceſtors, for the pious and humane purpoſes of providing for the ſick and infirm; laſtly, he ſold even the very ground deſtined for the burial of the owners; and this was to them, from the nature of their education and religion, the moſt heart-rending of all their loſſes. This, however, was not all—He made uſe of a ſpecies of pillory, which, in India, is more dreadful than death, becauſe it drives people from their caſt; thoſe who have been diſgraced by this pillory, no matter whether with or without juſt cauſe, are, as it were, excommunicated: they are diſowned by their own tribe, nay, by their own neareſt relations, and are driven into the ſociety of the outcaſts of all ſociety. This pillory is a bullock, with a drum on each ſide, and the perſon who is once ſeated on it, is ever after diſgraced and degraded, he and all his poſterity. Devi Sing had this tremendous bullock walking through the villages; at his approach the inhabitants all fled; and ſo general was their deſertion of their habitations, that an Engliſhman travelled 15 miles without ſeeing a fire, or a light, in any houſe.

The poor myots, or huſbandmen, were treated in a manner that would never gain belief, if it was not atteſted by the records of the Company; and Mr Burke thought it neceſſary to apologize to their Lordſhips for the horrid relation, with which he ſhould be obliged to harrow up their feelings; the worthy Commiſſioner Patterſon, who had authenticated the particulars of this relation, had wiſhed that, for the credit of human nature, he might have drawn a veil over them; but as he had been ſent to inquire into them, he muſt, in diſcharge of his duty, ſtate thoſe particulars, however ſhocking they were to his feelings. The cattle and corn of the huſbandmen were ſold for leſs than a quarter of their value, and their huts reduced to aſhes! the unfortunate owners were obliged to borrow from uſurers, that they might diſcharge their bonds, which had been unjuſtly and illegally extorted from them while they were in confinement; and ſuch was the determination of the infernal fiend, Devi Sing, to have thoſe bonds diſcharged, that the wretched huſbandmen were obliged to borrow money, not at 20, or 30, or 40, or 50, but at SIX HUNDRED per cent. to ſatisfy him! Thoſe who could not raiſe the money were moſt cruelly tortured: cords were drawn tight round their fingers, till the fleſh of the four on each hand was actually incorporated, and become one ſolid maſs; the fingers were then ſeparated again by wedges of iron and wood driven in between them. Others were tied two and two by the feet, and thrown acroſs a wooden bar, upon which they hung, with their feet uppermoſt: they were then beat on the ſoles of their feet, till the nails dropped off.

They were afterwards beat about the head till the blood guſhed out at their mouth, noſe, and ears: they were alſo flogged upon the naked body with bamboo canes, and prickly buſhes; and above all, with ſome poiſonous weeds, which were of a moſt cauſtic nature, and burnt at every touch. The cruelty of the monſter who had ordered all this, had contrived how to tear the mind as well as the body: he frequently had a father and ſon tied to one another by the feet and arms, and then flogged till the ſkin was torn from the fleſh; and he had the deviliſh ſatisfaction to know that every blow muſt hurt; for if one eſcaped the ſon, his ſenſibility was wounded by the knowledge he had that the blow had fallen upon his father; the ſame torture was felt by the father, when he knew that every blow that miſſed him had fallen upon his ſon.

The treatment of the females could not be deſcribed: dragged forth from the inmoſt receſſes of their houſes, which the religion of their country had made ſo many ſanctuaries, they were expoſed

expoſed naked to public view; the virgins were carried to the Court of Juſtice, where they might naturally have looked for protection; but now they looked for it in vain, for in the face of the Miniſters of Juſtice, in the face of the ſpectators, in the face of the ſun, thoſe tender and modeſt virgins were brutally violated. The only difference between their treatment, and that of their mothers, was, that the former were diſhonoured in the face of the day, the latter in the gloomy receſſes of their dungeons. Other females had the nipples of their breaſts put in a cleft bamboo, and torn off: What modeſty in all nations moſt carefully conceals, this monſter revealed to view, and conſumed by ſlow fires; nay, ſome of the monſtrous tools of this monſter Devi Sing had, horrid to tell! carried their unnatural brutality ſo far, as to drink in the ſource of generation and life.

Here Mr Burke dropt his head upon his hands, unable to proceed, ſo greatly was he oppreſſed by the horror which he felt at this relation. The effect of it was viſible through the whole audience: a lady, who was in the Great Chamberlain's box, fainted away.——

Mr Burke having recovered himſelf, ſaid, that the fathers and huſbands of theſe hapleſs females were the moſt harmleſs and induſtrious ſet of men; content with ſcarcely ſufficient for the ſupport of nature, they gave almoſt the whole produce of their labour to the Eaſt India Company: thoſe hands which had been broken by perſons under the Company's authority, procured to all England the comforts of their morning and evening tea; for it was with the rent produced by their induſtry, that the inveſtments were made for the trade to China, where the tea which we uſe was bought.

He then called upon their Lordſhips to prevent the effects of the Divine indignation upon the Britiſh empire, by bringing to juſtice the man who could employ ſo infernal an agent. Thoſe wretched huſbandmen would, with thoſe ſhattered hands lifted up to Heaven, call down its vengeance upon their undoers; he conjured their Lordſhips to avert that vengeance, by puniſhing thoſe who had ſo groſsly abuſed the power given to them by this country.

*Summary of the Arguments for aboliſhing the*

## SLAVE TRADE.

[From the London Chronicle.]

IT is generally admitted, that the African Slave Trade, as now conducted, cannot be reconciled to the principles of humanity and juſtice.

By ſome it is contended, that the evils exiſting in it are neceſſary, becauſe the trade itſelf is neceſſary. They admit, that theſe evils might be conſiderably leſſened by ſuitable regulations, and expreſs wiſhes that ſuch regulations might be adopted. They contend further, that the trade is highly expedient as an object of national, as well as individual emolument: and that it is alſo eſſentially important, as involving in its conſequences our national exiſtence.

By others it is objected, that the evils exiſting in the trade are ſuch as loudly call for an inveſtigation into the ſuppoſed neceſſity of the trade. They believe it would then be found, not only that the trade is not neceſſary, but even that it is not expedient. Yet, whatever might be the reſult of the latter enquiry, they contend, that whilſt a trade cannot be defended on the principles of humanity and juſtice, the plea of either national or individual emolument ſhould be very carefully guarded againſt; and that if it is impoſſible to avoid yielding ſomething to the influence of ſuch a plea at preſent, yet that every poſſible exertion ſhould be made to diminiſh or oppoſe that influence; that the true patriot, the friend of human kind, and the Chriſtian, can never reſt ſatisfied, whilſt any branch of commerce, which is inconſiſtent with the laws of God, and the natural rights of men, remains to be encouraged, or even tolerated by the government of his country.

Of thoſe who hold the firſt of the opi-

opinions herein ſtated, it is obvious, that they wiſh the continuance of the trade in queſtion; and though they expreſs their approbation of the idea of introducing ſome regulations into it, we have certainly no reaſon to inſer, that they themſelves would have moved for the introduction of ſuch regulations, although, as the perſons beſt acquainted with the evils which required redreſs, it might have been expected that they ſhould have been the firſt to move for procuring it. The ſentiments of this claſs in another reſpect deſerve attention; and that is, that it will be no part of their plan that the regulations which they wiſh to promote ſhall have a neceſſary tendency towards the abolition of the trade; much leſs, that this tendency ſhould be ſuch as *ſoon* to render it unneceſſary.

Of thoſe who hold the ſecond of the opinions herein ſtated, it may be remarked, that though they may not all agree preciſely in wiſhing the *immediate* abolition of the trade, yet, that they all unite in wiſhing that it may be brought to a very ſpeedy termination, and that in the meaſures which may be propoſed to effect this, thoſe conſiderations which reſpect humanity and juſtice be uniformly preferred to thoſe which reſpect either national or individual emolument. There is another point in which the perſons of this claſs of opinions perfectly accord, and that is, that if it be abſolutely found deſirable to eſtabliſh ſome regulations for the preſent government and improvement of the trade, that ſuch regulations ſhall have a direct tendency to render the trade unneceſſary, and thereby effect its abolition by the moſt ſpeedy poſſible means; and that this ſhall be the principal, if not the only object in view, when ſuch regulations are framed.

The general attention of the nation is now turned towards this trade; there is every reaſon to believe it will come before Parliament with all the weight which its conſequence demands; and the part of wiſdom therefore ſeems to be, to anticipate the probable conſequences of the meaſures that may be propoſed, and by bringing before the public the different opinions that may be entertained concerning them, to ſecure all thoſe advantages which the diſcuſſion of temperate, candid, well informed minds muſt naturally produce. With this view the following hints are ſubmitted to the public, with a hope that the ſubject will engage the attention of thoſe who are competent to give the proper information concerning it.

The arguments for an immediate abolition of the trade are,

1. From its enormity, and the crimes which it doth, and *neceſſarily* muſt continue to produce, ſo long as it exiſts; the ſituation of the ſlaves, and the nature of the connection between them and the perſons to whoſe care they are committed, both on ſhip-board and in the iſlands, rendering it *impoſſible* for the trade to be conducted without the frequent commiſſion of great cruelty and injuſtice.

2. From the impracticability of forming any regulations which would effectually anſwer the end propoſed.

3. From its not being neceſſary for the ſupport of our iſlands: the preſent ſtock of ſlaves in them being ſufficient, they would naturally increaſe (as on numerous plantations it can be proved that they long have done), were they placed in circumſtances favourable to propagation, and treated with that kindneſs which their condition demands.

4. From the continual deſtruction of the Britiſh ſeamen employed in this trade.

The arguments for a *gradual* abolition of the trade, as oppoſed to an *immediate* one, are,

1. That the trade having been ſan-

ſanctioned by Parliament, and ſupported by annual grants of money from the public funds for its encouragement, it would be unjuſt that thoſe merchants and manufacturers, &c. who, in conſequence of this, have embarked their fortunes, ſhould be injured by the paſſing of a law which would have an immediate and neceſſary tendency to depreciate their property; whereas, by gradual abolition, the mercantile and the manufacturing capitals, ſhipping and mariners would have time to be employed in other channels, and leſſen the riſk of of their being removed to France.

2. That an immediate abolition would be productive of dreadful effects in Africa; the ſlaves being brought down from very diſtant interior parts of the country to the ſea coaſt, where, if they could not be diſpoſed of, it is probable that maſſacres would take place, as was the caſe during the American war, when there were no Europeans to purchaſe them.

3. That an opportunity might be allowed to aſſort the ſexes in each plantation; otherwiſe it would be impoſſible for the expected propagation to take place; and the prevention of this would be injurious to the happineſs of the ſlaves already in the iſlands.

4. That an immediate abolition would induce the planters either to attempt the clandeſtine importation of ſlaves into the iſlands, or to abandon their plantations, by which the national revenue would be greatly impaired.

5. That protection muſt at all events be afforded to the preſent African ſlaves; otherwiſe an immediate abolition, as it will cut off a ſupply, will have the moſt fatal conſequences to them.

6. That the great object in view being the permanent happineſs of Africa, we ought by no means to give up *at once* our preſent intercourſe with them, but to change as expeditiouſly as poſſible the preſent trade for one more natural with them, and endeavour to diffuſe a ſpirit of agriculture amongſt the natives.

7. That gradual abolition would increaſe the probability of other European powers being brought to adopt a ſimilar plan; by which not only the general happineſs of the Africans would be permanently promoted, but an effectual overthrow given to all thoſe fears, that by an immediate abolition we ſhould only relieve ourſelves from the guilt, and place it upon our neighbours the French, without at all leſſening the evils of ſlavery as now experienced by the natives of Africa.

JUNIO.

## Biography.

*A Short Sketch of the Life and Character of*

Mr. ROBERT RAIKES, of Glouceſter.

THE outlines of a character ſo diſtinguiſhed in the annals of this country as that of Mr RAIKES cannot fail to engage the attention of the reader: in proportion as he feels himſelf intereſted in the welfare of mankind, he will intereſt himſelf in every particular which concerns this bright example of unbounded philanthropy. His preſent biographer (who is taking this liberty with him without his permiſſion or knowledge) does not mean to puff him up with ideas of ſuperiority to the reſt of mankind; while, at the ſame time, he cannot withhold from him that commendation which is due to the inſtrument of ſo much benefit to the world.

The

The founder of SUNDAY SCHOOLS was born in the city of Glouceſter in the year 1735, of as worthy and reſpectable parents as any in that city which gave him birth, or in any other. Mr Raikes, his father, had for many years diſtinguiſhed himſelf as the editor and ſole proprietor of a Weekly Journal, which, as it was remarkable for the judicious ſelection of its contents, was, of courſe, very extenſive in its circulation, and very generally approved: the *Glouceſter Journal* for a conſiderable period ſtood unrivalled, extending itſelf thro' the counties of Glouceſter, Somerſet, Hereford, Monmouth, and even to the fartheſt part of South Wales.

The education which this excellent man received was liberal, and well adapted to his future deſignation. At a proper time of life he was initiated into the employment of his father, which was not limited to the buſineſs of a *journaliſt*, but extended itſelf to other branches of typography: and, though I will not compliment my hero by comparing his literary attainments with thoſe of a *Bowyer*, or a *Franklin*; yet I can venture to pronounce, that he entered on his line of buſineſs with acquirements ſuperior to the nature of his employment; which, however, has always been conſidered, when conducted by men of ſcience and education, as very reſpectable; and in which he is not leſs remarkable for his accuracy, than he is for his fidelity and integrity in every part of his conduct.

The firſt object which drew forth the exertions of this friend to mankind, was the wretched ſtate of the county-bridewell within the city of Glouceſter, which being a part of the county-gaol, the perſons committed by the magiſtrate out of the time of ſeſſions, for petty offences, aſſociated, through neceſſity, with felons of the worſt deſcription; with little or no means of ſubſiſtence from labour; with little, if any, allowance from the county; without either meat, drink, or cloathing; dependent chiefly on the precarious charity of ſuch as viſited the priſon, whether brought thither by buſineſs, curioſity, or compaſſion.

We ſhall not wonder to find the "Father of the poor" exerting himſelf in behalf of theſe forlorn and deſtitute creatures, in order to render their ſituation ſupportable at leaſt, if not, in ſome degree comfortable. He was earneſt in his ſolicitations, through the channel of his paper, and perſonal applications to his friends, for money to procure them the neceſſaries of life. We remember to have ſeen remonſtrances, memorials, addreſſes, to thoſe whom it more immediately concerned, to remedy an evil which did ſuch diſhonour to our national humanity.

And whereas extreme ignorance was very properly conſidered by him as the principal cauſe of thoſe enormities which brought them into their deplorable ſituation, precluding all hope of any laſting or real amendment from their puniſhment; his great deſire was, if poſſible, to procure for them ſome moral and religious inſtruction. If among the priſoners he found one that was able to read, he gladly made uſe of him to inſtruct his fellow-priſoners, encouraging his diligence and fidelity in this undertaking by pecuniary rewards, and procuring for him ſuch other kinds of indulgence as his ſituation would admit of. Having thus put them on a method of improving their time, he has met with inſtances of perſons, eſpecially among the younger offenders, who have attained to a competent proficiency in reading; which has ſerved both as an amuſement to them during their confinement, and as a recommendation of them in their reſtoration to the community.

It

It may more eaſily be conceived than expreſſed, what that benevolent heart muſt have felt (and this pleaſure he has often received), when he has heard the priſoner thank God, that by being detected in his crimes, apprehended, and impriſoned, he has had opportunities afforded him of learning that good which otherwiſe he would probably have never known in his whole life. The choice of books being judiciouſly made, and religious inſtruction going hand-in-hand with other information, the teacher himſelf has often learnt while he was inſtructing others, and, from the very nature of his employment, became imperceptibly a better man.

But the care of this philanthropiſt was not confined merely to the buſineſs of literary improvement; it was not leſs his deſire to form their hearts, if it were poſſible, to ſentiments of kindneſs to each other. Indeed, it was one of his principal endeavours to ſubdue in them, if it were poſſible, that ſavage ferocity of temper and behaviour which only ſerved to render their ſituation more hateful and intolerable. Obſerving that idleneſs was the parent of much miſchief among them, and that they quarrelled with another becauſe they had nothing elſe to do, he endeavoured to procure employment for ſuch as were willing, or even permitted, to work: I ſay, *permitted*; becauſe, ſtrange as it may ſeem, though, to the diſhonour of our police, not ſingular, there were no materials or employment found for ſuch as were ſentenced to confinement and *hard labour*; nor were they allowed to earn, by the labour of their hands, what would have been ſufficient, and much more than ſufficient, for their ſubſiſtence. Hence I will venture to ſay, that infinitely more miſchief aroſe from the impriſonment of petty delinquents, both to themſelves and the community, than any benefit which could poſſibly reſult from it. The refractory apprentice, whom ſolitude, and ſence, and labour, might have brought to his ſenſes, and returned him well-diſpoſed to his duty, was herded with the felon and atrocious villain; and he, who, though deſtitute of virtuous principles, had yet been inured to labour before his confinement, could not but contract ſuch habits of idleneſs, during a long impriſonment, as would render him, perhaps, an uſeleſs and worthleſs member of ſociety all the reſt of his life.

It has been owing to the unparalleled exertions of one* of the beſt men, and the remonſtrances of others, his fellow-labourers in the ſame good cauſe, in no ſmall degree, to ſpirited repreſentations repeatedly inſerted in the *Glouceſter Journal* by Mr Raikes, that this matter has been very ſeriouſly agitated; and ſuch a ſyſtem of reform in this reſpect has already begun to take place, and is about to be generally adopted throughout the kingdom, as will do honour to our national character as a wiſe, humane, and underſtanding people.

Mr Raikes could not but have found, from painful experience, what up-hill work he was engaged in, while he was endeavouring to humanize thoſe diſpoſitions which had been long inured to habits of uncontrouled ferocity and ſelf-will. He could not but have obſerved the ſlowneſs and dulneſs of ſcholars unhabituated to any application of the

* On this occaſion the truly reſpectable names of HOWARD and HANWAY will be uppermoſt in the mind of every reader; the firſt of whom has raiſed himſelf a monument, *ære perennius*; and the latter of whom is reaping the fruits of his labours in the harveſt of a bleſſed eternity.

mind, except to miſchief, and muſt needs have ſeen with concern how very unſuſceptible even ſuch as were willing to learn were of literary, moral, or religious inſtruction. He could not but have frequently reflected, in his intercourſe with thoſe wretched delinquents, on the profound ignorance in which they had grown up to maturity, in utter contempt of the wholeſome reſtraints, and a profeſſed diſregard of the ſacred duties, of religion.

The return of every Sabbath, which gave liberty to the lower claſſes of the people to ſhew themſelves, exhibited to his view multitudes of the riſing generation of the poor, purſuing, as he conceived, preciſely the ſame plan which had been ſo unfortunately adopted by thoſe already mentioned within the walls of the priſon. The ſtreets were full of noiſe and diſturbance every Sunday; the churches were totally unfrequented by the poorer ſort of children, and very ill attended by their parents; they were no where to be ſeen employed as they ought to be. Had they been diſpoſed to learn, or attend to any thing that was good, their parents were neither willing nor able to teach nor to direct them; they were, therefore, a perpetual nuiſance to the ſober part of the community. They were riotous, impudent, and regardleſs of all authority whatſoever; in their mode of behaviour, diſreſpectful in the extreme, and frequently detected in ſuch petty offences, as plainly indicated that they were in the road to perdition, unleſs ſomething could be done to reſcue them. It occurred to him, and to a worthy clergyman (Mr Stock) to whom he complained of the diſſolute ſtate of thoſe poor children, that infinite would be the benefit, as well to the community as to themſelves, if any method could be contrived of laying them under ſome proper reſtraint, and inſtilling good principles into their minds. The foundation, they well knew, muſt be laid in the fear and love of God, in a reverence for the duties of religion, and for all things relating to the divine honour and ſervice. Mr Raikes ſoon began to make known his intentions to the parents, and, without much difficulty obtained their conſent, that their children ſhould meet him at the early ſervice performed in the cathedral on a Sunday morning. The numbers at firſt were ſmall; but their increaſe was rapid. The gentleneſs of his behaviour towards them, the allowance they found him diſpoſed to make for their former miſbehaviour, which was merely from a want of better information, the amiable picture which he drew for them, when he repreſented kindneſs and benevolence to each other as the ſource of real happineſs; and wickedneſs, malice, hatred, and ill-will, as the cauſe of all the miſery in the world; the intereſt which they ſoon diſcovered him to have in their welfare, which appeared in his minute enquires into their conduct, their attainments, their ſituation, and every particular of their lives; all theſe circumſtances ſoon induced them to fly with eagerneſs to receive the commands, and be edified by the inſtruction, of their beſt friend. Mr. Raikes very ſoon ſaw himſelf ſurrounded with ſuch a ſet of little raggamuffins as would have diſguſted other men, leſs zealous to do good, and leſs earneſt to diſſeminate comfort, exhortation, and benefit, to all around him, than the Founder of SUNDAY SCHOOLS. The children now began to look up to him with ſuch a mixture of reſpect and affection, as endeared them to him, and intereſted him ſtill more and more in their welfare. At firſt they were, as it may be ſuppoſed, utter ſtrangers to the common forms of public worſhip, and it required ſome time to *drill* them to a decent

cent obſervance even of the outward ceremonies of religion; I mean, to make them kneel, ſtand, and ſit down in the different parts of the ſervice. But they had their eyes fixed on their commander in chief; and they borrowed every motion from him before they could be made acquainted with the reaſon of it.

But it was by no means his deſire or intention that their obſervance of the Sabbath ſhould end here. To prevent their running about in a wild diſorder through the ſtreets during the reſt of the day, was the great object which he had in view; and to place them under the care of proper perſons, to inſtruct them in their Chriſtian duty, was the prevailing object of his wiſhes. But how to effect this, and whence the reſources were to ariſe, *hic labor, hoc opus*.

He loſt no time in communicating his ideas to thoſe of his friends who were as ſenſible of the need of ſome reform in this reſpect as himſelf, and a ſufficient ſum of money was ſpeedily raiſed to procure maſters and miſtreſſes for a large number of children of both ſexes, to be educated in the principles of Chriſtianity. The city of Glouceſter ſoon began to wear a very different aſpect on the LORD's Day. Inſtead of noiſe and riot, all was tranquillity and peace;—— inſtead of quarrelling and fighting, as heretofore, all was concord and harmony; inſtead of lying, ſwearing and all kinds of profligacy, the children gradually imbibed principles of honeſty and truth, of modeſty and humility. Inſtead of loitering about the ſtreets in a ſtate of indolence, as painful to the obſerver as it was miſchievous to themſelves, they were now ſeen, in decent regularity, frequenting the places of public worſhip, evidently much happier in themſelves than in their former ſtate of irreligious idleneſs.

The labours of the teachers have been much aſſiſted, and their ſucceſs has been promoted by the unwearied attention of Mr Raikes to theſe children on every Sunday morning. When the early ſervice is ended, it has been his conſtant practice* to enquire minutely into their conduct, and even to inſpect their perſons, to reprove ſuch as come dirty and ſlovenly, and to commend thoſe who are neat and decent, however homely in their apparel. The diſtribution of little rewards, and the ſlighteſt expreſſion of diſpleaſure, from the man they love, have each its proper effect; and even the external appearance of theſe children demonſtrates their advancement not leſs in civilization than morality.

It is needleſs to obſerve how happily Mr. Raikes's ideas have met the public approbation, and how generally his excellent plan has been adopted and encouraged. Some few perſons have looked upon it with coldneſs and diſregard; ſtill fewer have ventured to oppoſe and object to it. The former, we venture to pronounce, have miſconceived the nature and deſign of the inſtitution; the latter are advocates for a ſlaviſh ſubjection in the poor, which they know will be the beſt favoured by keeping them in a ſtate of abject ignorance. I will not go ſo far as to ſuppoſe any one, that calls himſelf a Chriſtian, capable of envying the advancement of religion, which certainly may be expected from theſe endeavours to inſtruct the children of the poor. It is now a period

* Of the effect of theſe enquiries we gave a remarkable inſtance in an extract of a letter from Mr. Raikes, inſerted in No. 3. P. 67. where he ſays, "A woman told me laſt Sunday, that her boy enquires of her every night, before he goes to bed, whether he has done any thing to day that will furniſh a complaint againſt him on Sunday."

of four years ſince this grain of muſtard-ſeed is now grown to ſuch an incredible extent, that, under its ſhadow, not fewer than 250,000 of our poor fellow-Chriſtians are ſheltered and protected. From this ſpark, excited by the zeal, and ſupported by the indefatigable attention of a worthy individual, ſuch a flame of piety and charity has been kindled, as diffuſes its brightneſs through our own and a neighbouring kingdom, and is even about to extend itſelf to our ſettlements in diſtant countries, comprehending all deſcriptions of the poor, and affording a moſt delightful proſpect to every ſerious mind, of a national reformation of manners among the loweſt orders of the people.

*Recent Inſtance of Indian Superſtition.*

*A letter from a gentleman in Calcutta, to his father in London, contains the following remarkable paſſage:*

I Have lately been an eye-witneſs of a moſt melancholy tranſaction, the ſad conſequence of the ignorance and ſuperſtition that reign in Indoſtan. I ſaw an aged man throw himſelf into a pit ten feet deep, and half full of combuſtibles, which had been ſet on fire. This man had made himſelf a voluntary victim to preſerve, as he thought, the lives of his children, who were at the time attacked by a dangerous and epidemical diſtemper.

"When this diſtemper breaks out among the Hindoos, they believe moſt religiouſly that one of them muſt die to ſave the reſt. This poor man was thoroughly perſuaded, that the lives of his children could not be preſerved, if he did not offer himſelf up as a ſacrifice for them. I uſed every argument with himſelf, his wife, his brothers, and his ſiſters, to convince him and them of the abſurdity of ſuch an opinion, and the guilt of ſuicide; but in vain: they were deaf to my reaſons; and thinking at laſt that I intended to prevent by force this horrible ſacrifice, they threw themſelves at my feet, and begged, with tears in their eyes, that I would not oppoſe the reſolution of the old man!

"The ſelf-devoted victim being ſeated on the brink of the pit, raiſed his hands to heaven, and prayed with great fervour. After he had remained half an hour in that poſture, four of his neareſt relations ſet him on his legs, and walked with him five times round the pit, all of them calling upon Mam and Setaram, two of their ſaints. During this ceremony, the women were tearing their hair, beating their breaſts, and roaring in a moſt horrible manner. The four relations at laſt let go their hold of the old man, who immediately threw himſelf into the pit, and not a groan was heard from him. The byſtanders had each a ſpade in his hand, and immediately began to fill up the pit with earth, ſo that the old man might be ſaid to be burnt and buried alive. Two of his children were preſent, the one ſeven, the other eight years old, and they alone, of all the ſpectators, appeared to be affected. As to the women, they returned home with the greateſt *ſang froid*. Such an event being an object of glory to the relations, the day on which a wretched victim to ſuperſtition is thus ſelf devoted, is a day of triumph to his whole family."

*A genuine and circumſtantial Account of the Death of*

GENERAL MATTHEWS.

GEneral Matthews died on the 7th of September 1783; and,

at the time he departed this life, he was in irons. He had not changed his linen for 20 days, on account of his knowing that the Keeladar had mixed poiſon in the victuals he daily ſent him. It appeared, indeed, from the treatment that the General at firſt met with, that Tippoo meant to uſe unfair means with him. Had he intended to uſe him agreeably to his rank, he ought to have allowed his ſtaff to accompany him during his confinement: but ſo far from that, that he firſt broke a ſolemn treaty with the General and his officers. The General was then ſeparated from the whole of his little captive army, put under a ſtrong guard, thrown into a filthy dungeon: his baggage, cot, and every thing of the ſmalleſt conſequence taken from him; his ſervants removed, and he himſelf thrown into heavy irons; and at laſt, to put a finiſhing ſtroke to the horrid ſcene, was diſpatched by poiſon.

The General, when he learnt from a combination of ſuſpicious circumſtances, as well as hints let fall from thoſe that were occaſionally about his perſon, that it was the Sultan's intention to cut him off by poiſon, refuſed to take of the victuals that was ſent to him at ſtated times from the Keeladar's. Some of the guards, and even the ſervants who carried the poiſoned victuals, took compaſſion on the General, and gave him now and then a little of theirs. The Havaldar, who had charge of the General, connived at theſe acts of humanity at firſt, and manifeſted ſymptoms of uneaſineſs and diſſatisfaction with the part aſſigned to him in the ſcene going forward. But this officer, when it was found that General Matthews ſtill protracted his miſerable exiſtence, was ſent for by the Keeladar, who told him that the General's life, if much longer continued, muſt be paid for by the Havaldar's death.—Upon this the Havaldar communicated his orders, with the threats that accompanied them, to his unfortunate priſoner, who had now no other alternative than that of periſhing by famine or by poiſon. The anxious love of life maintained, for ſeveral days, a ſtruggle with the importunate calls of furious hunger. Theſe, however, prevailed in the iſſue of the conteſt. He eat of poiſoned food, and he drank too, whether to quench the rage of inflamed thirſt, or to drown the torments of his ſoul in utter inſenſibility of the poiſoned cup. Within ſix hours after this fatal repaſt he was found dead.

This is a faithful and true account of the death of Lieut. Gen. Matthews, which has been ſet forth in various ways. The manner in which theſe particulars were brought to light was this: the death of the General being reported to the Keeladar, it was mentioned, on that occaſion, that a braſs baſon was found in his priſon, with ſome writing on it: which muſt have been done with a fork he had with him. This was brought to the Keeladar, read and interpreted by an European, who had engaged in the Sultan's ſervice.

## *On the* SCOTCH FISHERIES.

### LETTER III.

IF ever it be poſſible to rouſe the attention of the people, ſituated along the ſea coaſt of the Kingdom, to proſecute with ſpirit, and upon proper principles, *the deep ſea herring fiſhing in decked veſſels*, the quantity of nets that will be found neceſſary for accommodating Adventurers, will be not only conſiderable, but will form a great part of the expence of outfit.

The manufacture of herring nets, we ſelect as the ſecond branch of the ſub-

ſubject of the fiſheries. The nets uſed in the herring fiſhing are of ſuch various lengths and breadths in the ſheets, or deepings as they are called, in the ſize and value of the twine, and in the price of labour, at the different places where they are manufactured, as to create a deal of embarraſſment to thoſe who have not turned their attention to this ſubject. At Yarmouth, their nets are invariably wrought of a two inch meſh, 21 yards long, and 11 yards deep, or 231 ſquare yards. The price of working is ſaid to be 10d per ſcore, or one halfpenny the yard, being nine ſhillings and ſeven pence halfpenny ſter. the net. The price, including both the working and twine, is ſaid to be 1l. 11s. 6d. ſo that 1l. 1s. 10-½d. is allowed for the laſt article, which in 1785 was worth 85s per cwt. or 9d per lb. ſo that the weight of it is 29 lb.

A Dunbar net is 45 yards long by 10 yards deep, or 450 ſquare yards, valued at 4l. This is 30 per cent. higher than at Yarmouth. At Bute or Campbelton their net is 12 yards long, and 11 yards deep, of a two-inch meſh, or 132 ſquare yards, which I have reaſon to think is done for 3s. 4d. This is 60 per cent under the Yarmouth, and 110 per cent under the Dunbar prices. As I wiſhed, however, to obtain ſome knowledge of the manufacture and price of nets, whereon to form a calculation with ſome degree of certainty of the expence of a fleet of nets of a two-inch meſh ſufficient for a veſſel of 30 tons, I purchaſed rough hemp, had it dreſſed, ſpun, twiſted and netted about 4000 ſquare yards into deepings—had them joined into nets, barked, and completely mounted in the Dutch manner. The twine ſtood me 10d. per lb. and one and a half pound of it made a deeping, and 6 lb. the net. The deepings coſt me 10d. each in netting or working; thus ſix of theſe coſt 8s. 4d. Three and one half of theſe deepings meaſure 42 yards, equal to the Yarmouth ones of 21 yards each. From this ſtatement it appears, nets can be manufactured here, about 30 per cent. lower than at Yarmouth. I am informed by a twine ſpinner, good hemp per cwt. † will yield 84 lb of dreſſed hemp fit for twine, and about 24 lb. tow worth 3s. The twine can be ſpun for 3d more, which will bring it, with oil for dreſſing, to 8d per lb. By this calculation a net of the Yarmouth dimenſions can be made for one pound one ſhilling ſterling.

Seventy ſuch nets will make a fleet of 735 fathoms long of meſh work, and 11 yards or 5 ½ fathoms deep. This, when taken in one third, the uſual allowance on the back rope, is rather more than ſufficient for a veſſel of 30 tons. The expence I rate at 73l. 10s.

*Mounting the Nets.*

The back ropes, upon which the corks are placed, according to the weight of the twine, muſt be double rope, pretty ſtout, one part ſpun, laid, and twiſted the right way, that is, the wheel drove from left to right; the other part drove round from right to left, which prevents it from writhing or twiſting into knots, the parts operating againſt each other.

Each net requires about 7 fathoms of back rope, beſides an eye ſpliced ſtrong on the one end, and about 18 or 20 inches at the other, for tying into the eye of the following net. The ſingle length requires about 530 fathoms, the double 1060, of beſt hemp ſpun, made into ſmall white yarns, laid nine threads and about one inch, and will weigh nearly 170 lb. which at 5d. per lb

† In Auguſt 1786, hemp ſold for 30 l. per ton. The fluctuation of its price will materially affect the price of nets.

is

is 3l. 10s. 10d.

Next is wanted, for mounting each fleet, 2520 fathoms of ſmall line made of beſt white rope yarn, laid three ply, one half laid and twiſted the right way, the other half laid and twiſted the wrong way. Theſe, laid double, are affixed down the upper edge and ends of the nets for adding ſtrength to them, as they are ſuſpended by this double cord to the back ropes.——Short pieces of line or ſtraps are next requiſite, made of ſmall rope-yarn, twiſted hard and laid double about 21 inches long, having a bight or eye, on one end, through which the other end is paſſed round the ſmall double line on the net's ſide, at 7 inches diſtant from each other, for putting them to the back rope. Each net requires about 100 of ſuch ſtraps, or 7000 to the whole fleet; the yarns perhaps weigh about 35 lb. which at 5d per lb. is 14s. 7d. the twiſting and laying may coſt about 5s 6d. more, ſay in all 20s. The hitch or knot to faſten the net to the back rope by theſe ſtraps, is ſimple, but curious, and ſhall be deſcribed. The back rope, whereon the corks are placed, muſt be ſtretched between two poſts about three feet from the ground, the net laid along under it, beginning at the end having the eye. Take the firſt or outermoſt ſhort ſeizing or ſtrap in the right hand, placing the left thumb upon the back-rope, paſs the ſtrap over both the thumb and the rope, the firſt time—then paſs it two turns more, round the ſtrap and rope, a little before the point of the thumb; then a fourth time round the rope only, bringing up the end betwixt the rope and ſtrap—draw out the thumb from below the firſt turn, and put the end of the ſtrap in its place—keep the point of the thumb on the end of the ſtrap; and laſtly pull down the edge of the net with your right hand, ſo as to draw up the ſlack of the ſtrap to keep it ſecure. When all the ſtraps are put on in this manner, exactly 5 inches diſtant from each other, it takes in the net juſt in the uſual proportion of one third.

The ſeizings for fixing the nets to the buſs-rope are uſed of various lengths, from 5 to 10 fathoms; they are made of the beſt hemp, ſpun into ſuch threads, that a rope of eighteen of them meaſures one inch and five-eighths in circumference, and are placed at 10 fathoms diſtance from each other.

Allowing 10 fathoms, which is rather long, the fleet requires 50, or 500 fathoms, which will weigh 150 lb. at 5d. is 3l. 2s. 6d.——We will allow 4l. for twine, and workmanſhip of laying the deepings into nets, and as 10,000 ſquare yards of nets were barked at Greenock for 2l. I ſuppoſe this fleet may be barked for about 9l. but will ſtate it at 10l.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Now 70 nets of the firſt calculation at 21s. is | 73 | 10 | |
| 250 fathoms ſmall line for lacing on the edges and ends of the nets, 200 lb at 5d —— | 4 | 3 | 4 |
| 7,000 ſtraps, with twiſting and making | 1 | | |
| 1060 fathoms of back ropes, weighing 170 lb. at 5d | 3 | 10 | 10 |
| 5 cwt. cork, with cutting, at 21s. —— | 5 | 5 | |
| Spun-yarn for ſecuring the cork on the back-rope, and workmanſhip. —— | 1 | | |
| 50 ſeizings, 500 fathoms long, weighing 150 lb. at 5d — | 3 | 2 | 6 |
| Twine and workmanſhip in lacing the deepings into nets —— | 4 | | |
| Barking nets and ropes | 10 | | |
| L. | 105 | 11 | 8 |

At

At this rate, 20 fleets of nets, being two to each veſſel, will coſt 2111 l. 13s. 4d.

For ſuch a fleet of nets, about 540 fathom of buſs rope is neceſſary. In riding at the nets, 20 to 40 fathom is requiſite to prevent the veſſel's motion from agitating them but as little as poſſible in the water. I will ſuppoſe them to run thus:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 120 | fathoms 5 inch hauſer, containing | | 6 | Cwt. | 1 |
| 120 | ditto | 4½ | 5 | — | |
| 120 | ditto | 4 | 4 | — | |
| 190 | ditto | 3½ | 4 | — | 3 |
| | | | 20 | Cwt | |
| | at 34s. is L. | | 34 | — | |
| 45 | Caſks for buoys, with ſeizings and ſtraps, at 2s | | 4 | 10 | |
| 3 | ditto larger, for more conſpicuous places, at 3s 4d | | | 10 | |
| | Spun yarn for dividing 10 fathoms on buſs rope | | 1 | | |
| | | L. | 40 | | |

Two ſets of thoſe, being one for each veſſel, amounts to 400l.

Theſe calculations, it is hoped, will not be found far from the truth, the more eſpecially as they are made from practical experience, the only ſure guide on ſuch ſubjects.

## ANECDOTES *of the* LIFE *of the late* ATHENIAN STUART.

JAMES STUART, Eſq; was the ſon of a mariner of an inferior ſtation, at whoſe death his wife and four children, of whom Mr. Stuart was the eldeſt, were totally unprovided for: he exhibited at a very early period of life the ſeeds of a ſtrong imagination, brilliant talents, and a general thirſt of knowledge: drawing and painting were his earlieſt occupations; and theſe he purſued with ſuch unabated perſeverance and induſtry, that, while yet a boy, he contributed very eſſentially to the ſupport of his widowed mother and her little family, by deſigning and painting fans for the late Goupee of the Strand.

Some time after, he placed one of his ſiſters under the care of this perſon as his ſhop-woman, and for many years continued to purſue the ſame mode of maintaining the reſt of his family.

Notwithſtanding the extreme preſſure of ſuch a charge, and notwithſtanding the many inducements which conſtantly attract a young man of lively genius and extenſive talents, he employed the greateſt part of his time in thoſe ſtudies which tended to the perfecting himſelf in the art he loved. He attained a very accurate knowledge of anatomy; he became a correct draftſman, and rendered himſelf a maſter of geometry, and all the branches of the mathematics, ſo neceſſary to form the mind of a good painter: and it is no leſs extraordinary than true, that neceſſity and application were his only inſtructors; he has often confeſſed that he was firſt led into the obligation of ſtudying the Latin language by the deſire of underſtanding what was written under prints publiſhed after pictures of the ancient maſters.

As his years increaſed, ſo his information accompanied their progreſs; he acquired a great proficiency in the Greek language, and his unparallelled ſtrength of mind carried him into the familiar aſſociation with the moſt of the ſciences, and chiefly that of architecture.

His ſtature was of the middle ſize, but athletic; of robuſt conſtitution, and a natural courage invincible by terror; and a bold perſeverance, unſhaken

ſhaken by the moſt poignant difficulties.

The following fact may ſerve as a proof of his fortitude:

A wen had grown to an inconvenient ſize upon the front of his forehead. One day being in converſation with a ſurgeon, whoſe name I much regret the having forgotten, he aſked how it could be removed. The ſurgeon acquainted him with the length of the proceſs; to which Mr. Stuart objected, on account of its interruption of his purſuits, and aſked if he could not cut it out, and then it would be only neceſſary to heal the part. The ſurgeon replied in the affirmative, but mentioned the very excruciating pain and danger of ſuch an operation. Upon which Mr. Stuart, after a minute's reflection, threw himſelf back in his chair, and ſaid, "I'll ſit ſtill, do it now."—The operation was performed with ſucceſs.

With ſuch qualifications, though yet almoſt in penury, he conceived the deſign of ſeeing Rome and Athens; but the ties of filial and fraternal affection made him protract the journey till he could enſure a certain proviſion for his mother, and his brother and ſecond ſiſter.

His mother died: he had ſoon after the good fortune to place his brother and ſiſter in a ſituation likely to produce them a comfortable ſupport; and then, with a very ſcanty pittance in his pocket, he ſet out on foot upon his expedition to Rome; and thus he performed the greateſt part of his journey; travelling through Holland, France, &c. and ſtopping through neceſſity at Paris, and ſeveral other places in his way, where, by his ingenuity as an artiſt, he procured ſome moderate ſupplies towards proſecuting the reſt of his journey.

When he arrived at Rome, he made himſelf known to the late Mr. Dawkins and Sir Jacob Bouverie, whoſe admiration of his great qualities and wonderful perſeverance ſecured to him their patronage; and it was under their auſpices that he went on to Athens, where he remained ſeveral years—During his reſidence here, he became a maſter of architecture and fortification; and, having no limits to which his mind could be reſtricted, he engaged in the army of the Queen of Hungary, where he ſerved a campaign voluntarily as chief engineer.

On his return to Athens, he applied himſelf more cloſely to make drawings, and take the exact meaſurements of the Athenian architecture, which he afterwards publiſhed on his return to England, after fourteen years abſence; and which work, from its claſſical accuracy, will ever remain as an honour to this nation, and as a laſting monument of his ſkill*——This work, and the long walk the author took in order to cull materials to compoſe it, have united themſelves as the two moſt honourable lines of deſcent from whence he derived the title of ATHENIAN STUART, accorded to him by all the learned in this country.

Upon his arrival in England, he was received into the late Mr. Dawkins's family; and among the many patrons which the report of his extraordinary qualifications acquired him,

* He travelled five years over Greece, in company with Mr. Revett the famous Architect, from 1750 to 1755; and publiſhed in 1762 the reſult of their accurate obſervations and meaſurements in "The Antiquities "of Athens;" of which the ſecond volume was left by him compleated at the preſs; and the plates ſo forward, that the public may ſoon hope to be put in poſſeſſion of it. The drawings for the third and laſt volume are alſo ready, and ſome of them engraved. EDIT.

the late Lord Anſon led him forward to the reward moſt judiciouſly calculated to ſuit his talents and purſuits: it was by his Lordſhip's appointment that Mr. Stuart became Surveyor to Greenwich Hoſpital, which he held till the day of his death with univerſal approbation—He conſtantly received the notice and eſteem of Lord Rockingham, and moſt of the nobility and gentry of taſte and power.

Beſides his appointment at Greenwich Hoſpital, all the additions and rebuilding of that part which was deſtroyed by the fire there were conducted under his direction; he built ſeveral other houſes in London—Mr. Anſon's in St. James's Square, Mrs. Montague's in Portman Square, &c. &c.

Whatever new project he engaged in, he purſued with ſuch avidity, that he ſeldom quitted it while there was any thing further to be learnt or underſtood from it: thus he rendered himſelf ſkilful in the art of engraving; likewiſe of carving; and his enthuſiaſtical love for antique elegance made him alſo an adept in all the remote reſearches of an antiquary. But in this diſplay of his talents, let me not omit to offer a juſt tribute to his memory as a man. Thoſe who knew him intimately, and had opportunities of remarking the nobleneſs of his ſoul, will join in claiming for him the title of Citizen of the World; and, if he could be charged with poſſeſſing any partiality, it was to Merit in whomſoever he found it.

Raiſed by his own abilities and integrity, from the utmoſt abyſs of penury to the moſt pleaſing condition of reſpectable affluence, without ſervility, without chicane, without any ſtratagem, but by the bold efforts of unconquerable perſeverance, prudence, and an independent mind! Reader, can we refrain from praiſe?

But with ſuch a mind ſo occupied, and ſuch an expedition in the younger part of his life, it is no impeachment to his feelings if they eſcaped ſo long the influence of the *belle paſſion*. We have now conducted him to his 72d year; a time when moſt men have fallen ſo long into their own ways, as to dread the thought of female interruption, and content themſelves with rallying the ſmiles of the world upon their ſullen celibacy. Mr. Stuart, on the contrary, now found himſelf the maſter of a very comfortable income, which he longed to divide with a companion, to whom his long ſeries of events would be amuſing, and whoſe ſmiles would add comfort to his latter days, of which he always reflected, but did not feel the approach. About the year 1781, being on a viſit at Sittingbourne in Kent, he became acquainted with a young lady there, about twenty years of age, whoſe perſonal qualifications were the univerſal admiration of every one who had ever felt the happineſs of ſeeing her. The old Athenian, having always ſtudied the fine arts, was a ſenſible judge and diſcriminator of the juſt line of beauty.—Tho' the experience of years had encreaſed his knowledge, yet it had not impaired the vigour of his robuſt conſtitution—Diſparity of age was no obſtacle with the lady; and Mr. Stuart at the age of ſeventy-two, felt and returned all the happineſs of an accepted lover. The parties were ſoon after married; and the lady and her father and mother accompanied Mr. Stuart to his Houſe in Leiceſter Fields, where the parents found a welcome beyond their utmoſt hopes. The fruits of this marriage are four children. Mr. Stuart died poſſeſſed of a conſiderable fortune, amaſſed, as we have ſeen, by upright aſſiduity alone, and has left an example to his family, and the world, to be for ever revered.

H. A.

[*Gent. Mag.*

LITE-

# Literary Chronicle and Review.

*An Account of the* Memoirs *of* Henry Maſeres de Latude, *during a confinement of thirty-five years in the ſtate-priſons of France; and of the means he uſed to eſcape once from the Baſtile, and twice from the dungeon of Vincennes, with the conſequences of thoſe events.*

*Written by himſelf.*

THE following is an abridgement of this ſingular hiſtory of M. de Latude.

He was the ſon of a lieut. colonel in the Orleans dragoons, and ſent to Paris to ſtudy the mathematics in his twenty-third year.

Deſirous of attracting the notice of Madame Pompadour, miſtreſs to Louis the XVth, he borrowed, with a little variation, the ſtratagem of a famous French wit. He ſent a packet of powders anonymouſly to her, and then pretended to put her upon her guard againſt the effects of them: but the powders, upon experiment, not being found poiſonous, as he pretended them to be, ſome trick was ſuſpected, and he was put (May 1747) into the Baſtile, whence he was afterwards ſent to the dungeon of Vincennes. Being allowed to uſe exerciſe every day, he found an opportunity of eſcaping thence (June 1750) by confining his keeper, and dexterouſly deceiving the centinels.

After a few days, he judged that it would be prudent to ſurrender himſelf: but not placing any confidence upon this occaſion in Madame Pompadour, he was again ſent to the Baſtile, where he was kept for eighteen months in a cell, and removed into a chamber with a companion of the name of *Dalegre*, who had given offence to the ſame lady†.

Dalegre went to Bruſſels, where he was taken up and ſurrendered to the French court; and being again committed to the Baſtile, went raving mad. De Latude being afterwards allowed (as he calls it) "the bar-" barous permiſſion of ſeeing him," told him his name, that it was himſelf who had eſcaped with him from the Baſtile. But Dalegre did not recollect him. He ſaid, " No;—that he was God."

De Latude reached Amſterdam; but his correſpondence being traced, and himſelf ſeized, he was delivered up to the French ambaſſador. Being remanded to the Baſtile, he was ironed and put into a cell, and left to lie upon ſtraw without a covering.

De Latude's activity now led him into the framing of ſeveral political projects; and he particularly claims the merit of having added 23,000 fuſileers to the French armies without expence, by ſuggeſting, in July 1758, the change of the eſpontons of the officers and ſergeants, for fuſils.

At the end of forty months, the overflowing of the Seine occaſioned his being removed from his cell to a common chamber. From the top of one of the towers of the Baſtile he threw to two young ladies, who made ſigns of their wiſh to aſſiſt him, a packet of papers; and one morning in return, they expoſed ſome writing on a great piece of paper, ſignifying the death of Madame Pompadour.

After a month's delay, he wrote to M. de Sartine, ſoliciting his releaſe on account of this event; but refuſing to give information by what means he obtained his intelligence, his confinement was continued. This urged him to write again to M. de Sartine, who ſent orders for his

† See the account of their eſcape from the Baſtile, No III. and IV. of this Magazine.

being put into a cell in one of the towers of the Baſtile, and kept on bread and water. He was afterwards taken to the governor's houſe, and thence to Vincennes, where he was put into a narrow cell.

Being allowed by the kindneſs of his ſuperintendent to walk, with a guard, in the ditch of the caſtle, he availed himſelf of a foggy evening, in November 1765, to run away from his guard, and to elude the centries.

He conveyed aſſurances to M. de Sartine from his retreat, that he would be ſilent as to what paſſed; but finding M. de Sartine not to be ſoftened, he ſurrendered himſelf to the miniſter of war, when he was again taken into cuſtody, and carried back to Vincennes

The death of Louis XV. happened in May 1774, and De Latude received hopes of his releaſe from M. de Malſherbes and M. Albert, who came to take an account of the ſeveral priſoners. But the buſineſs afterwards falling into other hands, particularly that of M. le Noir, though Latude was ſet at liberty in June 1777, he was ſeized again in ſeven weeks, at forty leagues diſtance from Paris, and conducted firſt to the Petit Chatelet, and afterwards to the Bicetre, where he remained ſix years. He was examined in April 1783, by M. le Noir, which was the only notice taken of him during this period; except that ſeveral inſpectors at firſt ſeemed intereſted in his favour, but concluded by leaving him to his fate. Upon the birth of the dauphin of France, a commiſſion was iſſued, at the head of which was the famous cardinal Rohan, for pardoning all priſoners not charged with capital crimes; but M. le Noir giving Latude reaſon to hope that he would procure him an earlier diſmiſſion than he could expect from this commiſſion, prevailed upon him not to be included in it.

At the length baron de Breteuil procured De Latude his liberty, with 400 livres penſion, on the 18th of March, 1787.

It is now time to ſpeak of Madame le Gros, who had no means of ſubſiſtence, but by the education of children. This lady had picked up out of the dirt in the ſtreets, in June 1781, a packet of De Latude's writing, containing his ſtory, ſigned, "Henry Maſeres de Latude, priſoner "at Bicetre, in a cell ſix feet under "ground, and who had lived upon "bread and water for the laſt thirty-"two years." From this moment Madame le Gros became his friend. She was indefatigable in her endeavours to mitigate his ſufferings, and procure his enlargement. No labour was too ſevere, no repulſe was diſcouraging, no quarter was left unaſſailed, no diſtance was too conſiderable, although a part of the time ſhe was with child; ſhe perſiſted unremittingly throughout, and out of a trifling pittance gave him every means of comfort that was permitted. This generous enthuſiaſm, it is ſaid, has been recompenſed by a public prize being adjudged to her; and it is in her houſe that De Latude, who is above ſixty years of age, is now underſtood to reſide.

Such is the ſtory told in theſe memoirs. There may be ſome contradictions, ſome errors, and ſome miſrepreſentations in it: but the eſſential circumſtances of the ſeveral impriſonments and eſcapes that are related, are undoubted.—De Latude aſſigns no cauſe for his continued perſecutions beſides thoſe above intimated, together with the fear entertained of his making his hiſtory public, if he was permitted to be at large; though he ſays, that to palliate his confinement, he was charged at one time with madneſs, at another with turbulence, and again with an attempt

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to extort money from a lady during one of the moments of his being at liberty. At the ſame time he adds, very properly, that theſe circumſtances, had they been real, called for different modes of treatment.—With reſpect to humanity and the public, it is ſufficient to obſerve, that there appears nothing in the cuſtoms of an abſolute monarchy which renders any part of the ſtory *in itſelf* incredible.

The memoir ſtates, that ſo long ago as the 9th of July 1777, De Latude was eſtimated to have coſt the king 127,000 livres.

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Towards the cloſe of his confinement, De Latude computed, that out of 12,163 days, during which he had then been impriſoned, 3157 were ſpent upon ſtraw, and 1218 in irons.

[Edin. Mag.

## *The* SLAVES. *An* ELEGY.

IF late I paus'd upon the Twilight Plain
Of FONTENOY, to weep the FREE-BORN BRAVE;
Sure Fancy now may croſs the*Weſtern Main,
And melt in ſadder pity for the SLAVE.

Lo! where to yon PLANTATION drooping goes
The SABLE HERD of Human Kind, while near
Stalks a *pale* DESPOT, and around him throws
The Scourge that wakes—that puniſhes the Tear.

O'er the far Beach the mournful Murmurs run,
And join the rude yell of the tumbling Tide,
As faint they ply their Labours in the Sun,
To feed the Luxury of BRITISH PRIDE!

E'en at this moment, on the burning gale
Floats the weak wailing of the Female Tongue;
And can that Sex's Softneſs nought avail—
Muſt Naked WOMAN ſhriek amid the throng?

O ceaſe to think, my Soul! what Thouſands die
By Suicide, and Toil's extreme Deſpair;
*Thouſands*, who never raiſ'd to Heav'n the Eye,
*Thouſands*, who fear'd no Puniſhment, but there.

Are Drops of Blood the HORRIBLE MANURE
That fills with luſcious Juice, the TEEMING CANE?
And muſt our Fellow-Creatures thus endure,
For Traffic vile, th' Indignity of Pain?

Yes, their keen Sorrows are the Sweets we blend
With the Green Bev'rage of our Morning Meal,
The while to love *meek Mercy* WE pretend,
Or for *Fictitious Ills* affect to Feel.

Yes, 'tis their Anguiſh mantles in the Bowl,

---

* The Atlantic—Heſperium Mare, ſo called by the Ancients.

Their

Their Sighs excite the Briton's Drunken Joy;
*Thoſe Ign'rant Suff'rers* know not of a SOUL,
That *we enlighten'd* may its Hopes deſtroy.

And there are MEN, who leaning on the LAWS,
What they have purchaſ'd, claim a right to hold—
Curs'd be the Tenure, curs'd its Cruel Cauſe—
—FREEDOM's a dearer Property than *Gold!*

And there are *Men*, with ſhameleſs Front have ſaid,
*That Nature form'd the* NEGROES *for Diſgrace;*
*That on their Limbs Subjection is diſplay'd—*
*The Doom of Slav'ry ſtampt upon their Face.*

Send your ſtern gaze from Lapland to the Line,
And ev'ry Region's Natives fairly ſcan,
Their Forms, their Force, their Faculties, combine,
And own the VAST VARIETY OF MAN!

Then why ſuppoſe *Yourſelves* the Choſen Few,
To deal Oppreſſion's poiſon'd Arrows round,
To gall with Iron Bonds the weaker Crew,
Enforce the Labour, and inflict the Wound?

'Tis SORDID INT'REST guides you: bent on Gain,
In Profit only can ye Reaſon find;
And Pleaſure too———but urge no more in vain,
The Selfiſh Subject, to the Social Mind.

Ah! how can *He*, whoſe daily lot is Grief,
Whoſe Mind is vilify'd beneath the Rod,
Suppoſe his MAKER has for him Relief,
Can he believe the Tongue that ſpeaks of GOD?

For when he ſees the Female of his Heart,
And his lov'd Daughters torn by Luſt away,
His Sons, the Poor Inheritors of Smart———
———HAD HE RELIGION, THINK YE HE COULD PRAY?

Alas! He ſteals him from the loathſome Shed,
What time moiſt Midnight blows her venom'd breath,
And muſing, how he long has toil'd and bled,
DRINKS THE DIRE BALSAM OF CONSOLING DEATH!

Haſte, haſte, ye Winds, on ſwifteſt Pinions fly,
E're from this World of Miſery he go,
Tell him, his Wrongs bedew a NATION's EYE,
Tell him, BRITANNIA *bluſhes for his Woe!*

Say, that in future, NEGROES SHALL BE BLEST,
Rank'd e'en as Men, and Men's juſt Rights enjoy;
Be neither Sold, nor Purchas'd, nor Oppreſs'd,
No Griefs ſhall wither, and no Stripes deſtroy!

Say, that Fair Freedom bends her Holy Flight
To chear the Infant, and conſole the Sire;
So ſhall *He* wond'ring, prove at laſt, delight,
And in a throb of extacy expire.

Then

Then ſhall Proud ALBION'S CROWN, where Laurels twine,
Torn from the Boſom of the Raging Sea,
Boaſt 'midſt the glorious leaves, a Gem divine,
The radiant Gem of PURE HUMANITY.

DELLA CRUSCA.

*Lines on a* Petticoat *which had been borrowed to make a* Mantle; *in which to perſonate the Character of* MARC ANTONY.

THO' now in ſtately pride
Thou flow'ſt, gay Mantle, down an Emp'ror's ſide:
Yet with what nobler honours wert thou grac'd,
When fondly clinging round fair *Delia's* waiſt;
A charm within thy ſilken bond was furl'd,
For which thy preſent Lord well loſt the world.

*I'm off, Ma'am——D'ye ſee——*

BRUNETTA refuſes my kiſs,
Who late was ſo loving and kind.
Fly, Zephyr, and tell the ſweet Miſs,
Ah! tell her——*we're both of a mind.*

If we're left but a moment alone,
She flies with impatience away,
'Tis cruel to fly, I muſt own——
——But *'twere vaſtly more cruel to ſtay.*

Scarce aſk'd, ſhe reſign'd up her charms.
I lov'd her *becauſe I hate trouble.*
Now ſhe drives me, (ſweet nymph!) from her arms,
My love and my tranſports are double.

In my arms ſhe would languiſh and melt—
I felt a dull kind of a joy:
But *what were the raptures I felt,*
When *firſt ſhe began to grow coy!*

To the charmer my mournful farewell,
Ye Echoes and Zephyrs convey;
For *Zephyrs and Echoes may* tell
What *I cannot ſo civilly ſay.*

Forbid her for Damon to mourn;
For *Damon is heartily* glad.
But ſay, ſhould her fondneſs return,
I ſhall die, or run off, or run mad.

## THE FAIR MORALIST.

AS late by *Thames*'s verdant ſide,
With ſolitary, penſive air,
Fair *Chloe* ſearch'd the ſilver tide,
With pleaſing hope and patient care;

Forth as ſhe caſt the ſilken fly,
And muſing ſtroll'd the bank along,
She thought no liſt'ning ear was nigh,
While thus ſhe tun'd her moral ſong.

The poor, unhappy thoughtleſs fair,
Like the mute race, are oft undone;
Theſe with a gilded fly we ſnare,
With gilded flatt'ry thoſe are won.

Careleſs like them, they frolick round,
And ſportive gulp th' alluring bait;
At length they feel the treach'rous wound,
And ſtruggle to be free, too late.

But

But ah! fair ſouls, beneath this ſhew
Of gaudy colours lurks a hook;
Cautious the bearded miſchief view,
And ere you leap, be ſure to look.

More ſhe'd have ſung—when from the ſhade
Ruſh'd forth gay *Damon*, briſk and young;
And, whatſoe'er he did or ſaid,
Poor *Chloe* quite forgot her ſong.

[Edin. Mag.

Truth's *Anſwer to a* Man's *Inquiry*.

INQUIRE for happineſs of me?
The point, I own, is nice;
No lawyer I, ſo keep your fee,
Yet take my beſt advice.

At mammon, why thoſe glances thrown?
Is *Happineſs* with him?
Hark!—let that pity-piercing groan
Confute ſo vain a whim.

Aſk *Honour*; you perceive her hold
A *crown*; the tempter ſcorn;
That crown, though all of ſolid gold,
Within it has a thorn.

Try *Pleaſure*; lo! ſtark ſtaring mad,
She runs, ſhe's out of breath;
She laughs, yet is at heart ſo ſad,
She's in the gaſp of death.

To *Cupid* ſhall we next apply?
Lo! blood has ſtain'd his darts!
Truſt one that is not prone to lie;
His trade is wounding hearts.

See *Virtue!* friend, you look too far!
She's near enough to kiſs;
Her hand from heav'n plucks down a ſtar,
And 'tis the ſtar of bliſs.

[Ibid.

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THE

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## *LITERARY CHRONICLE, AND REVIEW.*

No. VI.] Thurſday March 27, 1788. [Price 3d.

## THE TRIFLER, No. VI.

*March* 27, 1788.

*Quod cuique temporis ad vivendum datur, eo debet eſſe contentus.*
Cato Major de Senectute.

LIFE A JOURNEY———CAUSES OF TRIFLING—BIRTHRIGHT—BLOCKHEAD—ADMIRAL, &c.—A CRUMB OF COMFORT FOR YOUNGER SONS—CERTAIN PROFESSIONS—GENTLEMEN—GENTLEMEN-TRIFLERS——FATIGUES OF TRIFLING—LETTER FROM A DISTRESSED TRIFLER——DISPOSITION TO TRIFLING——SCHOLIA UPON TRIFLING.

IF a being unacquainted with the duration of human life were to contemplate the buſineſs and actions of the real *Trifler*, that being would very naturally ſuppoſe that he was doomed to exiſt for a period as great, if not greater than that of the Antidiluvians. To obſerve with what anxiety the Trifler diſſipates his hours, how very heavily his time paſſes, and how unwilling he is to commence a life of activity, one would think that *time* was one of the greateſt evils of human nature, and that it was ordained to be the puniſhment of human crimes. Yet, when we attend to experience, we find that life is ſhort, that in that ſhort time much is to be done, and that moſt men leave much undone. Hence ſays the excellent author of my motto, *ex vita diſcedo tanquam ex heſpitio, non tanquam ex domo.* It is indeed but a journey; yet it is a journey, not of pleaſure, but of buſineſs. ———Of this your genuine trifler knows nothing; if it be a journey, he ſeems uneaſy till he has come to the end of it, and as he never enquires why he ſet out, he is not very inquiſitive as to what he is to do on the road, or where he is to alight at laſt. But ſo many writers have treated of life under the ſimilitude of a journey, that I cannot think it neceſſary to purſue the ſubject in that ſhape [*a*]. Be it a journey, or as ſome ſay, a dream, it is a journey which muſt have an end, and a dream

[*a*] The ancients as well as the moderns have hit on this compariſon,—"Quot dies vitæ peragimus quaſi in "*itinere*," &c.—*Gregor. Vide Senecam paſſim, et alios.*

from which we must awake. It has, indeed, been found very convenient to compare it to a *dream*, as that is the only way to account for absurdities which persons with their eyes open would scarcely have been guilty of [*b*].

Since the commencement of my papers, I have received several letters from eminent *Triflers*, some of whom are not too hardened, but are conscious that they have been *Triflers* all their lives. This consciousness may be considered as a favourable omen [*c*], if it comes early: otherwise I must confess it has a very bad aspect; for I have known many triflers who never repented of their trifling, till they were not able to do any thing. If I remember right, Dr Young says, that "at *thirty*, man "suspects himself to be a fool."—I would advise all persons to examine about the same time, if not sooner, and, if they find on enquiry that they have been, or actually are triflers, to begin directly to amend their life; for of most men it may be said, that thirty years is more than half their existence.

There are some external circumstances of lot which incline men to be triflers; although I do not say that such circumstances are the only causes of trifling. On those I wish to dwell for a few minutes.

The first is, *A man's being the heir of his father's fortune*, when that is so great as to enable him to live without business, or active application to any profession. I have known many heirs apparent, who would have made excellent merchants, lawyers, divines, &c. had they not unfortunately been born before their brothers and sisters; but being born to seniority, and being taught by their nurses, school-masters, and servants, that they were never to do any thing, but ride in a coach, and wear fine cloaths, they imperceptibly acquired such a disposition of mind as is contented with an existence of indolence and inactivity [*d*]. To dispute the *law* of many nations, and the *custom* of many more, would be in vain; but I have always thought that there is something injudicious in educating a child to know that he will be required to perform no duty, nor acquire any knowledge but what he pleases; and that the life already chalked out for him is a life of ease, plenty, and pleasure. But such is the custom of nations, and we must consent to it. Hence in some families of rank, it is not uncommon to find a blockhead [*e*] the representative, the second brother a Bishop, the third an Admiral, the fourth a Lawyer, &c.—The history of the most eminent geniuses of this or any other country shows, that they were nine cases of ten younger brothers. I hope I shall receive the thanks of younger brothers for putting them in mind of

[*b*] A poet hath said, "Life is a "j—t"—a very vile comparison, but sundry times repeated by persons whose brains are obnubilated by the beverage of Sir John Barleycorn.——*Periwig. Bath.*

[*c*] The Romans sometimes took their *omens* from the internal parts of certain animals. Our author, however, I speak from authority, does not recommend this method to be adopted in the case of Triflers, it being so frequently found that there is nothing in them.

[*d*] "Stultus dives, mancipium at- "reum."—Socr.

[*e*] This is a word about which Doctors do not differ. It is derived from *head* and *block*; the word I think is not altogether proper; the last part the *head* ought to be left out: there can be no *heads* where there are *blocks*. Shakespear is of my opinion:—

"What tongueless *blocks* were they, would they not speak," Rich. III. and Shakespear was a judge of nature. Vide a note on the ακεφαλοι or men without heads in the Trifler, No. II.—*Circa fin.* this

his fact.—But it ſerves a better purpoſe; it ſerves to ſhew, that the poſſeſſion of riches (acquired not by our own means) is dangerous to the head and the heart; and that talents well applied will be ſufficient to reſcue him who poſſeſſes them not only from poverty and dependence, but from every occaſion to regret that he did not ſucceed to the hereditary eſtates of his family.

The ſecond cauſe of trifling ariſes from being connected with a profeſſion, the active duties of which are temporary, or limited to certain hours, and perhaps even minutes, of each day, and from which a diſpenſation can eaſily be procured. Theſe profeſſions too carry with them the character of *gentleman*, which unleſs we are very careful of it, is another inducement to trifling. And indeed in moſt that I have ſaid, or may hereafter ſay of trifling, I would be underſtood to advert to *Gentlemen-Triflers*.—The poor can ſeldom afford to trifle, for they cannot afford to be in debt [*f*]! But what the particular profeſſions are, which I have juſt glanced at, muſt be left to my reader to determine, as I take it for granted he has a knowledge of the ſeveral profeſſions ſufficient to enable him to do it [*g*].

A third cauſe of trifling may be the difference ariſing from the place of reſidence. In the country, a trifler has ſo little to do, that he is ſometimes tempted to do ſomething. In great cities he has no temptation to do any one thing; but on the contrary, from day to day and from night to night has repeated opportunities of employing his time in trifling. Hence ariſe the *fatigues* of Triflers; and when you hear a trifler complain of his being fatigued, you may gueſs that he has attained the zenith of his ambition. Of great towns, I ſuppoſe my readers, either from report or obſervation will agree to conſider London as the greateſt; for in it a trifler may be as inceſſantly employed as a day-labourer, as conſtantly at work as an African Slave, and as much fatigued as a brewer's horſe; and yet not have it in his power to recollect having performed any one action—which he wiſhes to recollect [*h*]. This active life cannot be purſued in the country; where it muſt be confeſſed that triflers labour under many hardſhips; to ſet which in a clear light, I ſhall preſent my readers with the following letter from one of them.

*To the Author of* THE TRIFLER.

Sir, *Aberdeen*, Feb. 29. 1788.

I am happy to ſuppoſe, from the title of your paper, that you ſhow yourſelf a friend to triflers. I aſſure you, Sir, we are in a very deplorable ſituation in this place; the people are ſo methodical and ſtupid, that, would you believe it, Sir? they actually employ a great part of the day in the vulgar cares of their ſhops and their families. We have a ſet of players, it is true, but they ſtay only a few weeks, when I am a conſtant attender; our concerts laſte only during the winter, and that but once a week [*i*]; and our aſſemblies are given up before the uſual ſeaſon—As to *goff*, it is a very pretty amuſe-

[*f*] Our author by this plainly proves debt to be a conſequence of trifling.

[*g*] Humph!

[*h*] *Stulto nulla re opus eſt, nulla enim uti ſcit; ſed omnibus eget; omnis ſtultitia laborat faſtidio ſui.*——Seneca had a ſhrewd notion of trifling.

[*i*] When the firſt muſic of Drury-lane theatre was played, Partridge ſaid, "It was a wonder how ſo many fiddlers "could play at one time without put-"ting one another out." *Fielding's Hiſt. Tom Jones. lib.* 16. *c.* 5. *edit.* 8*vo.* 1764.

ment, but one can play at it only during the day; cards are well enough, but we can't make up a party above once in three or four days; and as to drinking, there are, I ſpeak it to their ſhame, very few in this place who wiſh to get drunk above once in a year or ſo, and then perhaps on a birth-day—In ſhort, Sir, you have no idea of the deplorable ſituation of a trifler in a country-town—Alas! when I reflect on the happy ſix months I once ſpent in London! Ah! London is the place for triflers, Sir—In a morning I rode on my nag for a few hours—came home at 3 o'clock to dreſs, which employed me very ſeriouſly till 5, when I went to the coffee-houſe to dine, where I was ſure to meet with my fellow-creatures—about 8 I went to the play, where I remained until ten—then to the coffee-houſe or tavern, or perhaps a dance, maſquerade, or other entertainment calculated to annihilate that horrid ſpace of time known by the name of *midnight*—Next day, and every day the ſame, with the agreeable variations of auctions——morning concerts—learned pigs——fencing matches—ſales of horſes—reviews—card parties, &c. &c. &c. Why I left this land of delights, I cannot now inform you; my father obliged me to it, and added ſome motives which I have now quite forgotten—But, pray, Sir, do take our caſe into conſideration, and think of ſome proviſion for diſtreſſed and diſabled triflers, and your petitioner ſhall ever be

Your very humble Servant,

NICH. NONENTITY.

After ſtating this gentleman's melancholy caſe, I need add little more on the ſuperior advantages of trifling in great towns.

To the cauſes which have juſt been mentioned may be added another, which I think will include every poſſible caſe: I mean, DISPOSITION TO TRIFLING. Without this, indeed, neither birth-right, riches, nor London itſelf will conſtitute a real trifler.

I ſhall conclude this paper with a few maxims on the preceeding ſubject, which I earneſtly recommend to the attention of triflers of all degrees [*k*].

I. From the ſtructure of our *bodies*, and particularly from the ſuppleneſs of our limbs, and pliancy of theſe articulations which connect the bones of our ſeveral limbs, it appears that we were made for motion, and that if this were not the caſe, men might have grown up as the trees do, in the place where they were firſt planted [*l*].

II. From what philoſophers and divines have been able to know of the nature of the *mind*, it appears that it was alſo deſigned for activity; and that to exerciſe it on no other queſtions than what we ſhall eat, or drink, or how we ſhall be cloathed, is to claim no great ſuperiority over dogs, or other animals, not to ſpeak of the *Ouran-outang*.

III. That life is ſhort to the moſt active, and uncertain to the moſt inactive; but that the former have ſome ſatisfactions ariſing from a remembrance of what they have done: and the latter have no little uneaſineſs from

[*k*] Theſe maxims are to be committed to memory, and repeated every morning and evening for ſix months, with a ſpare diet and a good deal of exerciſe.

[*l*] An ancient phyſician wrote a book againſt exerciſe; the foundation of his argument was, that trees which never move from their places grow faſter and ſtronger than men. I quote from memory; but an account of this may be found in *Mackenzie's Hiſtory of Health*. [*This note is added by my ingenious friend Dr Bolus.*]

re-

remembrance of what they have neglected.

IV. That although triflers may plead that they do no harm, it has not been clearly proved that this is the caſe; and that body and mind are corruptible and corrupted, in proportion as they are not applied to the purpoſes of their creation.

## Literary Chronicle and Review.

*An Eſſay on the National Debt, with Copper-plate Charts, for comparing Annuities with perpetual Loans. By William Playfair.* 4to. 2s. 6d. ſtitched. London, 1787.

AMONG all the nations of antiquity it was the uniform practice to make proviſion during peace for the neceſſities of war, and to hoard up wealth in the treaſury as the future means of conqueſt or defence. ——In the ſhort period between the Perſian and Peloponneſian wars, the Athenians collected in the citadel more than ten thouſand talents. Appian, who was a native of Alexandria, and extracted his account from the public records, affirms that the Ptolemies had amaſſed treaſures to the amount of ſeven hundred and forty thouſand talents, or upwards of two hundred millions of our money. According to the ſame author, the other ſucceſſors of Alexander, intent on plans of economy, had, many of them, laid up treaſures not much inferior. Ancient hiſtorians deſcribe the immenſe riches of which Alexander got poſſeſſion on the conqueſt of Suſa and Ecbatana, ſome of which had been reſerved ſince the time of Cyrus. The Spartans, whoſe laws prohibited the acquiſition of private wealth, had collected a great public treaſure; and even the ancient republics of Gaul, according to Strabo, had commonly large ſums in reſerve. When Julius Cæſar entered Rome, during the civil wars, he found a vaſt accumulation of wealth; and the ſubſequent emperors, who diſcovered any traces of wiſdom, gave examples of the prudent economy of laying up great ſums againſt any public exigency.

In modern times "*nous avons change tout cela.*" Inſtead of laying up ſunds for futurity, it has become the cuſtom of the European nations to mortgage the public revenues, and to *bequeath* to poſterity the *legacy of debts* contracted by their anceſtors. One age follows the example of another, until at laſt the neceſſity is eſtabliſhed of farther mortgaging the public property, conſuming the revenues, and waſting the patrimony of their deſcendants. It requires no great effort of reaſoning to diſcern the certain and pernicious conſequences of this ſyſtem of policy, as the ſame analogy holds between individuals and ſtates when on the road to bankruptcy.

But, independent of reaſoning and preſent obſervation, we have the experience of paſt times to convince us that the practice of funding has gradually enfeebled every ſtate by which it has been adopted. The Italian republics ſet the firſt example of this practice, to which ſome of them owed their ruin; Genoa and Venice, the only two which retain any independent exiſtence, have been much weakened by its continuance. Spain adopted this practice from the Italian commonwealths, and, by a leſs judicious impoſition of taxes, has, in proportion to its natural ſtrength, been much more enfeebled. The national debt of Spain had increaſed to a very conſiderable amount before the end of the ſixteenth century, a hundred years before the public debt

of

of England commenced. France, notwithſtanding its fertility and prodigious natural reſources, languiſhes under the oppreſſion of the ſame burden. The republic of the United Provinces is as much reduced and weakened by its debts as either Genoa or Venice. Britain, though late in beginning, has made rapid advances in the ſame career of contracting thoſe enormous debts which at preſent oppreſs, and will finally ruin, all the great nations of Europe.

The public debts of Great-Britain, and the pernicious practice of perpetual funding, began at the revolution, and have rendered it extremely doubtful whether that event was a greater bleſſing or curſe to the kingdom. It did not ariſe from any accidental neceſſity, but from a regular plan of policy adopted from Holland, to attach individuals to the new government which took place on the abdication of James. At the concluſion of the war which began in the year of the revolution, and was concluded by the treaty of Ryſwick in 1697, the public debts of Great-Britain, funded and unfunded, amounted to twenty-one millions and a half. As a great part of thoſe debts had been contracted on ſhort anticipations and annuities for lives, in leſs than four years upwards of five millions had been paid off; the greateſt reduction that has ever been known in ſo ſhort a period of time.

In the war which began in 1702, the public debts were ſtill more accumulated; and, at the concluſion of the treaty of Utrecht, they amounted to fifty-three millions ſix hundred and eighty-one thouſand pounds. During a profound peace of ſeventeen years, little more than eight millions were paid off.

At the concluſion of the war with Spain and France, (which began in 1739, and was concluded on the laſt day of December 1748), the national debt was augmented to ſeventy-eight millions two hundred and ninety-three thouſand pounds.

At the cloſe of the war which broke out in 1755, the public debts, funded and unfunded, amounted to a hundred and thirty-nine millions and a half.

During a profound peace of eleven years which followed, ten millions only were paid off; and, during the American war, which continued only for ſeven years, a new debt of a hundred and twenty millions was contracted!

We have drawn out this faithful ſtate of the riſe and progreſs of our public debts, that the reader may be enabled, from conſidering the paſt, to form ſome judgment with regard to the future. In every war ſince the revolution the expence has gradually augmented, and the ſums paid off in times of peace have gradually decreaſed. In all probability future wars will be ſtill more expenſive. While Britain continues to take a part in the ſyſtem of European politics; while ſhe retains diſtant and foreign poſſeſſions, an empire in Aſia, and ſettlements in the Weſt Indies, the operations of war on ſo wide a ſcene of hoſtility, cannot be eſtimated at leſs than twelve millions a year. As wars, in whatever manner they commence, are always converted into jobbs for individuals, they ſeldom terminate in leſs than ſix or ſeven years. When the ſword is next drawn, this country will, in all probability, be involved in an additional debt of ſeventy or eighty millions before it is ſheathed.

The manner in which the accumulation of debts affects the nation, and its probable conſequences, are thus illuſtrated by Mr Playfair:

'Perhaps the beſt mode of finding in what manner the debt affects the nation, is to conſider the whole body of the people as being divided into two

two diſtinct claſſes, the *induſtrious* and the *idle*; and that every increaſe of debt is alſo attended with an increaſe in the number of theſe laſt, who, it is indiſputable are maintained by the labour, and at the expence, of the induſtrious; and that while the proportion of theſe two claſſes is ſuch, that the burdens laid upon the induſtrious are not too heavy for them to bear, they may perhaps act in exciting to greater exertion; but whenever the burdens are above the proportion which the nature of things is fitted to bear, then induſtry will be cruſhed, our foreign trade will leave us, and we ſhall ſink down into poverty and inſignificance with accelerated rapidity; and we ſhall become a nation without induſtry, without power, and without conſequence in Europe.

'This is the worſt effect that a great national debt can poſſibly have; and it is alſo the laſt that we have to apprehend. A revolution of government is more likely to be the event that will be brought on by heavy burdens; for when the career of deſtruction ſhall fairly have begun, its operation will be ſeverely felt among the induſtrious and the lower claſs of people, who are in this, as in every other country, the moſt numerous, and, whenever they pleaſe, the moſt powerful; after they feel themſelves begin to ſink under a load which they are unable to ſupport, it is probable that they will refuſe to pay the intereſt of an enormous debt which they did not contract, and which cruſhes them to ſupport the idle and the indolent.

'The idea of a perfect equality of ranks, though exploded by the good ſenſe of mankind on account of the impoſſibility of its exiſtence, has never been entirely baniſhed from the human mind; it is that which is the original principle upon which the ideas of right and wrong, and of liberty, are founded; it is that which reſtrains power, and ſays to it in Britain, "Thus far ſhalt thou go, but no farther;" it is that which makes men abhor what they think is unjuſt; and it is to that we owe the free conſtitution which we enjoy.

'There is certainly ſome propriety and juſtice in paying the debts that have been contracted by our foreſathers, ſo far as they are balanced by the inheritance which they have left us, whether it is an inheritance of wealth or of liberty; but there is not any juſtice in it beyond that point; and though habit inures men to bearing of burdens to which they are not naturally inclined, yet it only does ſo to a certain degree, which, whenever it exceeds, the feelings and innate principles of juſtice break forth. Liberty indeed we have inherited from our foreſathers, and the meaneſt labourer is not denied his ſhare; but it is his only portion; his labour, the ſweat of his brows, was mortgaged before he was born. He comes into a world where numbers are in eaſe and affluence, but of which he has no ſhare; not an inch of the fertile plains which ſurround him is his, nor a morſel of the bread which they produce; labour, and toil, and care, are his portion; but the rewards of labour and toil are not his own; the miſconduct of ages that are paſt has loaded him with debts that are attached to his exiſtence; nor has he the conſolation of reflecting that thoſe debts were incurred to purchaſe liberty, or that they are applied to preſerve it. Before the debt exiſted, the free conſtitution was formed by the patriots of the laſt century, who left it as an unincumbered patrimony to their poſterity. The price of a large portion of whatever induſtry can produce muſt now be applied, not for the adminiſtration of juſtice, not for the protection of the ſtate, but for the ſupport of a new order of men,

who

who have an ideal property in the funds; men who, if not the moſt uſeful, are at leaſt the moſt wealthy part of mankind; men who are attired like unto the lily of the valley, without labour and without care.

'Whatever arguments ingenuity may ſuggeſt to ſome, or intereſt to others, and in however complicated a manner the national debt may act or re-act upon certain ranks in ſociety, this is the manner in which it alone affects the tillers and ſowers of the ground, and thoſe other labourers whoſe hands produce that wealth of which they are allowed to enjoy only ſo ſmall a ſhare; and who, though the loweſt rank of ſubjects, are the moſt numerous and powerful, and can become the maſters whenever they pleaſe.

'We have ſeen the ſhort period of little more than ſeven years lay a tax on the induſtry of our country to the amount of more than nineteen thouſand pounds every labouring day; and fifty years will elapſe before this burden will be ended; before which time alſo the eyes of moſt people who labour now will be cloſed for ever. As the period is long, during which we ſhall be employed in paying off the debts already contracted, there is no reaſon for doubting that more debt will be contracted in that time, and of conſequence that our annual burdens will ſtill increaſe. If our burdens ſhould continue to increaſe for fifty years to come, the time when the meaſure of our patience ſhall be full may arrive before relief is brought by a ſinking-fund; and if it does, anarchy and confuſion will ſucceed, and, along with the debt, the illuſtrious family now upon the throne, and the authority of parliament, muſt be at an end. The burden that continues to increaſe, muſt either break the back on which it is laid, or it muſt be thrown off.'

Such violent conſeqeunces, however, *as a revolution in the government, and the expulſion of the reigning family from the throne*, are not likely to happen on a ſudden. Whenever the trade and commerce of Great-Britain begin to decline, owing to the accumulation of taxes, palliatives will be applied by government, and the intereſt of the national debt reduced. In this natural and neceſſary progreſs, there is one, and but one conſolation, that the other nations of Europe are oppreſſed and burdened with debts, though not in ſo great a degree as ourſelves; and when England is reduced to bankruptcy, France will be on the brink of ruin.

Our author concludes by recommending the ſinking fund of one million which has been lately eſtabliſhed by parliament. On this ſubject we have frequently delivered our opinion and conſidered it in the light in which it muſt appear to every wiſe man in kingdom, as merely intended to deceive the people, and to increaſe the influence of government. If paſt adminiſtrations have, on every emergency, prodigally diſſipated the patrimony of poſterity, it is not to be expected that any future adminiſtration will ſpare treaſures that are already in their poſſeſſion. Whenever war breaks out, the ſavings of the ſinking fund will be the firſt money that is applied to the exigencies of the ſtate.

Although this eſſay be deficient as a whole, it contains many ingenious and uſeful obſervations; and the ſtyle, notwithſtanding ſome inaccuracies, is remarkable for clearneſs and ſimplicity. On turning to the charts, we found that the firſt contains none of the alphabetical guides, A, B, C, and to which reference is made. Plain arithmetical tables would have anſwered the purpoſe much better. Theſe lineal repreſentations appear to us like the uſe of hieroglyphics after the invention of letters.

Eng. Rev.] Ac

# Biography.

## *Account of an Infant Muſician.*

YOU will much oblige me by inſerting in your valuable Miſcellany the following ſhort account of an infant muſician, Sophia Hoffman. This child, when only nine months old, diſcovered ſo violent an attachment to muſical ſounds, that if taken out of a room where any perſon was playing on an inſtrument, it was frequently impoſſible to appeaſe her, but by bringing her back. The nearer ſhe was carried to the performer, the more delighted ſhe appeared to be, and would often clap her little hands together in accurate time. Her father, who is a very induſtrious and ingenious muſician, applied himſelf to the cultivation of theſe favourable ſymptoms. He taught her by a very ſingular proceſs the names of the notes, and their ſituation on the harpſichord; and ſo ſucceſsful were his inſtructions, in aid of her natural genius, that in leſs than 12 months, being then not more than a year and three quarters old, ſhe could, with tolerable correctneſs, play a march, a leſſon, and two or three ſongs, beſides a few bars of many other tunes which ſhe had accidentally heard. At the time I firſt ſaw her, which was in November laſt, ſhe was two years and four months old, and had been under her father's tuition about a year and a half. She played a leſſon of Stamitz, a gavot, the air of Malbrouk, La Belle Catherine, a German march, and many other tunes with ſurpriſing correctneſs, and, conſidering the weakneſs and diminutive ſize of her fingers, it is really unaccountable how ſhe contrived to manage very diſtant intervals, and to ſcramble through difficult paſſages, without interrupting the time or deranging the connection of the harmony. I obſerved, that, if ſhe ſtruck a wrong note, ſhe did not ſuffer it to paſs, but immediately corrected herſelf. When ſhe had played for about ten minutes, ſhe ſeemed inclined to quit the inſtrument; but, deſiring her to play *Malbrouk* again, ſhe readily complied, and, to my aſtoniſhment, tranſpoſed the whole, without the leaſt heſitation or defect, into another key than that in which ſhe had firſt played it. Her father told me, that he had often heard her do the ſame by many other tunes when ſhe has been left alone at the harpſichord. Of this I had a proof ſoon after; for while I was converſing with Mr. Hoffman at the other end of the room, ſhe tranſpoſed "God ſave the King" from the key of D. Her whole ſtock of tunes, I believe, conſiſted of about ſixty or ſeventy, beſides many which ſhe could play by fragments.

It was with a good deal of trouble that ſhe could be prevailed on to ſing, but, having once begun, ſhe continued voluntarily, at intervals, to accompany "How Sweet in the Wood-lands," "Dans votre lit," and two or three other ſongs, with her voice. When ſhe touches a note which is very much out of tune, ſhe ſometimes ſtops and laughs; but I have reaſon to think, her ear is not ſo very ſenſible of ſuch defects as Crotch's is reported to be: for if the diſſonant note be ſtruck by itſelf, or, indeed, if it do not occur in one of her own tunes, ſhe does not ſeem to be aware of it, or to be affected by it. A gentleman, I remember, told me, that having put his finger one day on an organ which was out of tune, in a room where Crotch was ſitting, the boy, then only three years old, turned away with looks of great uneaſineſs, and cried very vehemently when his brother attempted to bring him back to the inſtrument. He added, that his ear was ſo exquiſite as to enable him, when even an unſkilful perſon

preſſed down nine or ten of the keys together, to name every note which compoſed the ſound with great rapidity and accuracy. It would be injuſtice to neglected genius, were I to loſe this opportunity of reminding the public, of what they ſeem to be ignorant, that William Crotch is ſtill living, and at Cambridge; and that this extraordinary boy, after maintaining a mother and brother for more than nine years out of a life of twelve, by the exhibition of talents which nature has, it is hoped, endowed him with for nobler purpoſes, is ſtill left to rely on precarious bounty for his ſupport. If we conſider his origin, and his unſettled courſe of living, his powers muſt appear very wonderful. At ſeven years of age he became his own inſtructor in the mechanical part of muſic, and ſo well has he ſucceeded, that now, in his thirteenth year, he has almoſt finiſhed an Oratorio, which is ſaid to contain ſuch marks of invention, and ſuch ſublime combinations of harmony, as promiſes one day to give us, what we yet want, an original Engliſh ſtyle. Independent, indeed, of his favourite art, he poſſeſſes an active and vigorous mind, which, under proper cultivation, may hereafter diſplay a combination of talents, rarely, if ever, found in a muſician. The newſpapers have lately been boaſting of a laudable propenſity, among the rich and noble of the preſent day, to muſical patronage; will none of theſe ſtep forward to reſcue the name of Crotch from our already too copious catalogue of deſerted genius?

But to reſume the little heroine of my narrative. SOPHIA HOFFMAN is certainly more indebted to the perſevering ingenuity of her father, than to any effort of her own natural talents, for thoſe extraordinary powers which ſhe diſplays at ſo early an age; at the ſame time it ought to be obſerved, that had nature afforded a leſs favourable ſoil, the ſeeds of inſtruction could ſcarcely yet have taken root, much leſs have produced ſuch promiſing fruits from an infant mind. She appears to be perfectly well acquainted with muſical notation, for, if you ſhew her any tune which ſhe can play, ſhe knows it at the firſt glance, and will ſtop, her father tells me, at a wrongly pointed note. The foregoing remarks are haſtily made, after a firſt viſit. I mean, when I go to London, to ſtudy her more accurately; and will take an opportunity of giving you more particular information on a ſubject well worthy not only of public attention, but of public patronage. B. A.

Gent. Mag.]

## SOME PARTICULARS OF LAWRENCE EARNSHAW,

*An univerſal Genius.*

Sir,

IF you can find room in your valuable Repoſitory for the following laudable attempt to reſcue the memory of ſo extraordinary a man from oblivion, it is much at your ſervice.

To the writer of this, in the early part of his life, Lawrence Earnſhaw was well-known; and that he could regularly go through the proceſs of making a piece of cloth, from ſheering the fleece to its laſt ſtage, he believes true, and the knowledge of which was obtained, in ſome degree, from ſerving a kind of apprenticeſhip to his father, who followed that buſineſs. He afterwards bound himſelf apprentice to a brother who was a tailor. His firſt rudiments of knowledge in his laſt profeſſion (a clockmaker) was in part obtained, or rather ſtolen, and that curiouſly; for,

for, as tradition goes, he was ſo delighted with the mechaniſm of a clock that he embraced every opportunity to examine its movements; for which purpoſe he would abſent himſelf from church, and, as ſoon as the family were gone, haſtened to take the parts of it ſeparate, and replace them again before their return. And this exerciſe ſo far excited his mechanic powers to action, as to contrive and erect ſome trifling, but ingenious machinery, &c. Theſe little efforts were noticed by ſome with ridicule, and by others as marks of genius. By the neighbours he was employed occaſionally to clean their clocks, to him a moſt grateful ſervice, inſomuch, that to them (in this ſtage of life) he would willingly work without pay, if they would only find him employ. To render him complete in what ſeemed dictated by Nature for him to follow, he engaged himſelf apprentice a third time to one Shepley, a clock-maker in Stock-port.

An old family clock, which but too often wanted repair, very frequently occaſioned Lawrence to pay a viſit to the houſe of my father; and it is with pleaſure I ſtill call to mind the great holiday when this wonderful genius performed his taſk. No one of the family wiſhed to be abſent, for his converſation was a feaſt. He worked and talked, whilſt a ſurrounding group liſtened; and, if he came in the morning of the firſt day, it was generally the morning of the ſecond day before he took his departure. Comfortleſs at home (for he had a ſick wife who kept her bed for many years), he here found a hoſpitable roof, and a moſt cordial welcome. He was a worker in wood as well as in metals, far different to what is termed a clock-maker at preſent; he performed every part; he made both the inſide movements, and the outſide caſe; but was not (as might naturally be expected) a neat workman; his great genius ſoared higher, and was more calculated to give directions to the artificer than to work with tools.

Upon a firſt approach, his manner and general aſpect were unmeaning; his countenance, far from exhibiting the marks of ſuperiority, was rather that of a man poſſeſſed of weak intellects. It was curious enough to obſerve what a difference of feature was exhibited when he diſplays his abilities in animated converſation. He had a good flow of words, clearly explaining his ſubject in the provincial phraſes and dialect of his country. The celebrated Mr Brindley and our friend were intimately acquainted; and whilſt the former was conducting the Duke of Bridgewater's great work near Manchester, they ſometimes met; and, when they did, theſe two congenial ſpirits did not very ſoon ſeparate.

Beſides the buſineſs of the clock-making, &c. Lawrence had generally ſome project going forward. He contrived a ſimple, but ingenious, piece of machinery, to raiſe water from a coal-mine at the Hague, near Mottram; the mine was not worth the expence of labour, or he would have received ſome ſhare of the profits for erecting this engine. He contrived and executed, on a new plan, a machine for twiſting of cotton, a buſineſs then in its infancy. The calculation of his aſtronomical clock ſeems to have been his laſt *great* project; upon which (he declared to a friend*) his thoughts had been intenſely employed for ſeven years; nay, from which they had never wandered nor ceaſed but during the

* Mr Samuel Hadfield (a gentleman now living at Manchester, who was born and brought up in the neighbourhood where Lawrence Earnſhaw lived, and who often went to viſit him, to enjoy his converſati-

hours of ſleep; but which he could not accompliſh for want of money. Being aſked by his friend, how much? his reply was, two guineas; which was immediately advanced, and ſome time afterwards *three* more; he was likewiſe aſſiſted a little by other friends †. He lived to accompliſh his ſcheme, and finiſhed, as I underſtand, four pieces. He fell lame, and for many years was under the neceſſity of uſing crutches; his mind to the laſt continued vigorous and ſtrong. He died poor, but not pennyleſs; for, to the honour of his family, Mr. Hadfield mentions, that they repaid him the greateſt part of the five guineas which their father had borrowed.

Whilſt we record and admire the extraordinary talents of this wonderful man, and at the ſame time lament that ſuch abilities ſhould not meet with better ſucceſs, let us endeavour to inveſtigate and account for this cauſe; for the memoirs of ſuch characters may not only be conſidered as ſubjects of curioſity, but leſſons of inſtruction to the riſing generation. It is generally allowed, that one profeſſion, properly followed, is ſufficient for one perſon; but this univerſal and ſelf-taught genius graſped at too much; his aims ſeem to have been as *extenſive* as his capacity was *great*. The old proverb is well known—but our great artiſt was an engraver, painter, and gilder; he could ſtain glaſs, foil mirrors, or ſilver looking-glaſſes; he was a blackſmith, a whiteſmith, a copperſmith, and a gunſmith; he made and erected ſun-dials, mended fiddles, and made coffins; he repaired, tuned, played upon, and taught, the harpſichord and virginals; made and mended organs; made and repaired optical inſtruments; read and underſtood Euclid; in ſhort, in that quarter of the world, there was nothing deemed too great for the abilities of Lawrence Earnſhaw to execute. What do I ſay? The powers of mortal men have ſtill their bounds; and that it was the caſe with this great man, the mention of one example may ſuffice, which may ſeem as wonderful to ſome as any thing here related: With all his ingenuity and many efforts (for it ſeems he frequently attempted), he never could make a wicker-baſket!

Gent. Mag.] J. HOLT,

*Walton, near Liverpool.*

on) communicated ſome of theſe particulars.

† Amongſt whom was Mr Myles Dixon, a literary gentleman now living, who made a journey on purpoſe to ſee the clock, and converſe with this ingenious mechanic.

## ACCOUNT

OF

## GRANVILLE LEVISON GOWER,

*Marquis of Stafford.*

THIS Nobleman is one whoſe weight in the Senate and importance in the State have been long known and acknowledged. To conſiderable talents he has united application; to great connections, no ſmall ſhare of perſonal ability. In the ſervice of Government he has been active, firm, and perſevering; in oppoſition, ſedulous and determined. Head of a conſiderable party, his conſequence is known, and muſt be always courted. Where ſo much influence reſides, power and favour cannot but be expected.

Granville Leviſon Gower is the third ſon of John Earl Gower; a nobleman who during a great part of the late reign, was eſteemed one of the principal ſupporters of the Tory

Tory intereſt, whoſe favour he loſt by his acceptance of the office of Lord Privy Seal, in the famous change in the year 1742. The preſent ſubject of our attention was born, as we conjecture, about the year 1720. After an education from which he received ſuch improvements as might be looked for from the advantages beſtowed upon him by nature, he early entered on the line of public life, in which courſe he has ever ſince continued: and in 1744 was elected to parliament for the borough of Biſhop's Caſtle in Shropſhire. In the next parliament, in 1747, he was unanimouſly choſen for Weſtminſter; but in November 1749 having accepted a place at the Board of Admiralty, he again declared himſelf a candidate. At this criſis thoſe who ſtiled themſelves the independent electors of Weſtminſter, being now incenſed to an uncommon degree of turbulence by the interpoſition of miniſterial influence, determined to uſe their utmoſt endeavours for baffling the deſigns of the Court, and at the ſame time taking vengeance on the family of Earl Gower, who had entirely abandoned the Oppoſition, of which he had been one of the moſt reſpected leaders. With this view they held conſultations, agreed to reſolutions, and ſet up a private gentleman named Sir George Vandeput, as competitor, declaring they would ſupport his pretenſions at their own expence; being the more encouraged to this enterprize by the countenance and aſſiſtance of Frederick Prince of Wales and his adherents. They accordingly opened houſes of entertainment for their partiſans, ſolicited votes, circulated remonſtrances, and propagated abuſe; in a word, they canvaſſed with ſurpriſing ſpirit and perſeverance againſt the whole intereſt of St. James's. Mobs were hired and proceſſions made on both ſides, and the city of Weſtminſter was filled with tumult and uproar. The mutual animoſity of the party ſeemed every day to increaſe during the election, and a great number of unqualified votes were on both ſides preſented. All the powers of inſinuation, obloquy, and ridicule were employed to vilify and depreciate both candidates. At length, the poll being cloſed, a majority of votes appeared in behalf of Lord Trentham: but a poll being demanded, it was granted, and after every mode of obſtruction had been uſed, the buſineſs was brought before the Houſe of Commons by the way of complaint. The conſequence of this was, that ſome of the parties were cenſured and impriſoned; but Lord Trentham was allowed to be the ſitting member.

Though ſucceſsful to his conteſt, Lord Trentham, from whatever cauſe, was not a candidate for Weſtminſter at the next General Election in 1758. In that parliament he was choſen for Litchfield, but ſat only a ſhort time, as by the death of his father, Dec. 24, 1754, he ſucceeded to his title, and removed into the Houſe of Lords. On this event he was conſtituted Lord Lieutenant and Cuſtos Rotulorum of the County of Stafford. On Dec. 19. 1755, he was appointed Lord Privy Seal, and in January following was ſworn of the Privy-Council. Reſigning the Privy-Seal, he was on July the 2, 1757, conſtituted Maſter of the Horſe. He continued in office during the remainder of the late King's reign; and on the 25th of November 1760, ſoon after his preſent Majeſty's acceſſion, he was nominated Keeper of the Wardrobe. On April 23, 1763, he was declared Lord Chamberlain of the Houſehold, and in that quality ſtood proxy for the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, on the baptiſm of the preſent Duke of York. In the year 1765,

1765, on the change of Miniſtry, he was removed from his poſt, and during the Rockingham adminſtration was in oppoſition to the Miniſtry. During this period he voted againſt the repeal of the Stamp-Act, and other ſtatutes relative to America. Another change ſoon afterwards happening, he was on Dec. 23, 1767 appointed Preſident of the Council. On the 11th of February 1771 he was elected one of the Knights Companions of the Order of the Garter, and was inſtalled July 25, in the ſame year. His Lordſhip has been ſince advanced to the dignity of Marquis of Stafford. He has been married three times, viz. 1. In 1754, to Elizabeth, who died in 1745, daughter of Nicholas Fazakerly, of Preſcot, in Lancaſhire. 2dly, In 1748, to Lady Louiſa Egerton, who died in 1761, daughter of Scroop, Duke of Bridgewater. And 3dly, to Suſanna Stewart, daughter of John Earl of Galloway.

*Extracts from the* Marquis de Langley's *Journey through* Spain.

SOME years ago an œconomick ſociety was inſtituted at Madrid, under the title of *Societad de los Amicos del Pays*, or the *Society of the Friends of the country*. The object of this Inſtitution was the encouragement of agriculture and induſtry.

The cabinet for natural hiſtory daily increaſes. The collection of foſſils, ſhells, minerals, and medals is immenſe. The court ſupports naturaliſts at Mexico, Macao, and Lima.

Madrid has an academy for ſurgery; but that ſcience has made ſo little progreſs in Spain, that it would be better, in a manner, to break a leg elſewhere, than prick a finger here.

The medical art has made ſo little progreſs in Spain, that when a perſon falls ſick there, it is uſeleſs to ſend for a Phyſician; he may as well take the advice of a tailor.

I know not whether temperance be the cauſe of their longevity; but, let be what it will, the inhabitants of Madrid live to a greater age than we do; and old age, alſo, diſfigures and affects them leſs. I frequently ſee men of eighty walking without a cane, and reading without ſpectacles; nor are any wrinkles to be obſerved, but when they are laughing or eating.

The Spaniards themſelves, when they come to a certain age, think juſtly on the matter; they allow, that they are ſuffered to live ſo long by a peculiar indulgence and favour, and talk of their death as they would of a letter they expected every day to receive.

The churches of Madrid are extremely magnificent; gold and ſilver ſhine in profuſion on the walls and altars, and hang reſplendent from the roof. A noble city might be built with the riches concealed in the veſtries.

But all theſe riches are nothing when compared to the grand *cuſtode*, which they make uſe of in carrying the large hoſt on the feſtival of the holy ſacrament. The circumference of the ſun and rays is as large as one of the wheels of my chaiſe. The rays are of gold, and profuſely adorned with Emeralds. The Chalice is on a ſilver pedeſtal, three feet high. The whole *Cuſtode* weight 500lb. and reſts on a golden baſe. No goldſmith or jeweller has been able to eſtimate the value of this *cuſtode*. It is the gift of an archbiſhop of Seville.

Every body wondered how that archbiſhop could amaſs ſo much money; but it has been ſince diſcovered, that a brother of his died in Peru, and left him immenſe ſums.

Quarrels are unfrequent here. A Spaniard is in general not only ſober, but even his inebriation is peaceful; when

when he drinks to excefs, he goes to fleep.

The fafety of the highways is intrufted to *miquelets*, a fort of runners, whofe bufinefs is to feize robbers, carry them to prifon, efcort them to the gallows, and conduct Jack Ketch back to his houfe.

A long train of domefticks is the luxury and pride of Spaniards; they are the worfe ferved by that means. I have no where feen any fervants more flow, aukward, and ignorant; they break every thing they lay their hands on, know nothing of dreffing, or even tying up the hair properly; are two hours making a bed, and yet make it fo badly that it requires to be made again: if they are fent with a letter any where, they do not return until they are fent for: they bring back no anfewer; they either lofe it by the way, or forget it before they come back.

Three-fourths of Spain are uncultivated, becaufe the Spaniards would much rather beg than till the ground.

Foreigners are in vain invited to fettle there: not only they never gain fufficient numbers, but the climate is too hot for them; and the taxes and duties of every kind oblige them to return to their own country.

The prefent monarch has done every thing in his power to encourage agriculture; he has inftituted premiums, but without any beneficial effect: people are expecting every day to fee him begin cultivating a corner of one of his own parks. That would be the only way to conquer the national prejudice which looks upon tilling the land as a difgraceful occupation.

What! a Spaniard turn husbandman! And why not? Hear Cyrus:—"I, a-ne, (fays he) have meafured, dug, and fowed, the large garden I have at the gate of Babylon; and, when I am well, I never dine until I have laboured a couple of hours with my gardeners: If there is nothing to be done in my Garden, I fplit wood, draw water, or labour in my orchard." Charles III. will, I hope, follow the example of Cyrus. Alphonfus the third or fourth, I have forgot which, was called the aftronomer and alchymift; Charles III. will be furnamed the husbandman or farmer. Telefcopes and bottles have been engraved on the tomb of Alphonfus; on that of Charles will be drawn fheafs of wheat, and other grain. It is of more ufe to feed his people, than to tell the number of the ftars, to be blowing charcoal, and wallowing in afhes.

The manufacture of Aranjuez, which furnifhes the largeft looking-glaffes in Europe, was eftablifhed by an Iriflhman. A Frenchman introduced the filk manufactures of Valencia.

The canal of Caftille owes the firft fuccefs of its works to the talents of M. Le Maure, a native of France: It is the fame M. Le Maure who is now labouring to improve the principal roads of Spain. It was a Frenchman, named Mariti, who fome years ago made great improvements in the artillery and foundery of Seville. The marine wanting reformation as much as the artillery, Spain folicited France for a Ship-builder; M. Gautier was fent. It is likewife to foreigners that the Spaniards owe the plan and execution of the canals of Murcia and Arragon.

The only ufeful Inftitution of which the Spaniards can boaft, for a century paft, is a *mifericordia*, or hofpital, eftablifhed at Saragoffa, where all beggars that are in health are fed and lodged, if they will but fpin or card wool.

Many people have laboured to difcover a fafe and eafy method for curing the gout. Thefe pretended difcoveries have only contributed to enrich fome quacks, whom the art of producing palliative cures has given a name to.

But an infallible remedy for the gout

gout has been lately diſcovered in the mountains of the principality of Neufchatel, where it is known by the name of *Biere de Sante*, literally, in Engliſh, beer of health. This beer alſo cures a great many diſorders that phyſicians have termed incurable, only becauſe they knew not the method of curing them.

It is pleaſant enough to ſee in the rooms of every gentleman of Madrid, the genealogical tree of their family, engraved on a large ſheet of vellum. You will find theſe trees lopped, clipped, without moſs, without any decayed wood, or rotten branch. A miniſter of ſtate, a general, or an Admiral, &c. always appears at the head. No notice is ever taken of the humble mechanick, or huſbandman, who gave birth to this illuſtrious perſon from whom the deſcent is traced; one would think that the founder of the family never had a father; and oftentimes the honeſteſt man of the whole race is paſſed over without any notice.

## A DESCRIPTION *of an* EASTERN HARAM, *by an* ENGLISH OFFICER.

*Extracted from Memoirs of the late War in Aſia, juſt publiſhed.*

AS the ſubject of the Eaſtern Harams naturally excites curioſity in the Europeans, and the author of this Journal may, perhaps, gratify ſome of his readers by the following ſtory—of the truth of which he is perfectly certain; although the parties concerned in it being ſtill alive, it would be improper to mention names, or to be particular as to dates or places.

On the concluſion of the late war in India, a certain Officer appointed to collect the revenue in a diſtrict dependent on the India Company, became acquainted with the Governor, or head man, of a town and territory belonging to it, who held that ſtation in the name of a ſovereign Prince, whoſe court was eſtabliſhed in another part of the country. This delegated power he had ſwayed for a long courſe of years, with advantage indeed to himſelf, but without oppreſſing the people. A report had been ſpread that he had become exorbitantly rich; in conſequence of which, the Prince his maſter, agreeably to the manner of Eaſtern deſpots, recalled him from his government to the city where he had fixed his Throne, that he might plunder him of the wealth which he had acquired among his diſtant ſubjects.

The Governor having received orders to return home, was ſtruck with all thoſe apprehenſions which trouble and diſtract the Deputies of Aſiatic Chiefs and Princes in ſimilar ſituations. To conciliate the favour of the Tyrant by preſents, to pacify him by a liberal ſhare of the ſpoil, is the meaſure which prudence naturally dictates to the Viceroy, who cannot appeal to any other law than the will of his Sovereign. But nothing leſs than the whole is commonly found ſufficient to gratify the rapacity of the Prince himſelf, or thoſe that are about his perſon. Nay, the whole is not always enough to redeem the poſſeſſor from impriſonment, torture, and death. For fame exaggerates the utmoſt amount of his fortune. The more he gives, the greater the ſtore is ſuppoſed to be from which he gives it. A conſiderable hoard is thought to remain; and, in order to wreſt this imaginary treaſure from the hands of the miſerable owner, every inſtrument of terror is employed that cruel ingenuouſneſs can deviſe.

The perſon whoſe hiſtory has given occaſion at preſent to thoſe obſervations, was fully aware of the extreme danger of his ſituation; and in

In the anxiety of his mind, communicated what had happened to him to the Engliſh officer above-mentioned. This gentleman, touched with his diſtreſſes, and ſenſible that he would riſque all that was deſirable or dear to man, if he ſhould return to his maſter; undertook to repreſent his caſe to the Preſidency of——, and at the time to make them fully ſenſible how well he deſerved of the Engliſh, to whoſe intereſts, indeed, he had ſhewn an uniform attachment. This the officer did without delay, and comforted the Governor with the hope of the Company's protection. This was, in fact, readily granted. The Governor was invited within the boundaries of the Preſidency's juriſdiction, with aſſurances of perfect ſecurity to his property, and ſafety to his perſon.

Upon this he moved off with his family, his furniture, and his wealth, carried on a number of elephants, to the town of——, where he now reſides.

To the officer who had been the means of procuring him this aſylum, he was anxious to ſhew his gratitude by all poſſible marks of affection, eſteem, and confidence. He declared, that, notwithſtanding the difference of their religions, he could not help conſidering the officer as of kin to his family, of which, under God, the *common Father of mankind*, (that was his expreſſion) he had been the Saviour. As the utmoſt mark of confidence and favour he could beſtow, he invited the Engliſh gentleman to his Haram, that he might preſent him to his wives and family. The gentleman was very well pleaſed with this invitation: but he obſerved, ſmiling, that this favour would be a treſpaſs againſt the laws and cuſtoms of his religion, which was the Mahomedan. The generous Muſſulman ſaid, that there was no reaſon why all the world ſhould be made acquainted with what paſſed between them; and, for the act itſelf, if he conſidered it as a deviation from duty in any degree, he ſeemed to think it a very venial and light one.

Upon a certain day, then, at an appointed hour in the forenoon, the officer went to viſit his friend, who received him in a large veſtibule, attended by a numerous train of ſervants. He was conducted by a ſpacious and elegant ſtair-caſe, to a gallery that led to the women's apartments, called the *Haram*, and alſo, in the Gentoo language, the Zenana, which look into a ſpacious garden, where the ladies occaſionally take the benefit of the freſh air, incloſed with high walls. In certain apartments, at either end of this gallery, there were ſeveral females whoſe office it was to wait on the ladies of the Haram. As ſoon as the Engliſh officer entered within the Hall, or what reſembled a ſpacious drawing room, all the ladies roſe up from the rich carpet on which they reclined on cuſhions of the fineſt crimſon velvet, and inclining their heads towards the ground, paid him the compliment of the Salam with inexpreſſible benignity and grace. Four of theſe ladies, diſtinguiſhed by the richneſs of their apparel, and the eaſe and dignity of their mein, were in the rank of wives; one of whom ſeemed to exerciſe a ſpecies of authority to which the others paid a ready and chearful deference. The other girls, to the number of ten or twelve, ſerved as concubines to their maſter, and, in ſome reſpects, as handmaids to their miſtreſſes. They were all of them, thoſe eſpecially who were in the honoured rank of wives, and deſcended from good families, very great beauties. They were well dreſſed, and highly perfumed; but the exquiſite comelineſs and elegance of the wives was ſent off and heightened with coſtly jewels which adorned their ears and necks, and arms and ancles, and were ſtuck in their thick

and long black hair, which was braided and turned back in the moſt graceful manner.

They were aware that this ſtranger was to be introduced; they had been informed of what he had done for the family, and it was, perhaps, in compliance with their ſolicitations, that he was admitted to their apartments; for, like other females, as afterwards appeared, they poſſeſſed great curioſity; and they had never, probably ſeen, and certainly never before been preſent and converſed with a native of Europe; yet, they were not the leaſt abaſhed or conſtrained in their deportment. They were perfectly at their eaſe, and behaved with great attention and complaiſance to the Engliſhman, as well as with complacency towards each other; they invited him, after he was ſeated on a kind of low ſopha, to partake of a collation, conſiſting of various delicacies, preſented, from time to time, by female ſlaves, who did not ſeem to be under the influence of any fear or awe, but were, on the contrary, as well as the ladies, who were their miſtreſſes, though reſpectful and ſubmiſſive, unconſtrained and cheerful.

The ladies of the Haram, and eſpecially thoſe who were in the rank of wives, were very inquiſitive concerning the people, the cuſtoms, and manners of the Feringees*, and eſpecially of the Feringee ladies. One of them aſked, if England was a large country, and how many gates it had. This was a natural queſtion; for what could ſhe reaſon but from what ſhe knew? The only ſpot of ground with which ſhe was at all acquainted was the garden adjoining to the Haram, or, at moſt, the town in which ſhe had formerly, or that in which ſhe now reſided. Another aſked him if it was true, that the ladies in his country went openly into the ſtreets, and into the moſques, without veils, and in the company of men; and another, whether the men were confined, by the law, to one wife. Many other queſtions were put concerning European manners and cuſtoms. The anſwers that were given to thoſe by the Engliſh officer, appeared ſo improbable to the ladies, that one of them, who ſeemed either to poſſeſs, or to affect greater penetration than the reſt, whiſpered to one that ſtood by her, that ſhe was afraid that her *protector*, the title with which they honoured the gentleman, was telling a ſtory.

The maſter of the houſe, the common huſband of all the ladies, who ſat by them all the while ſmoaking his hooker, laughed very heartily both at their curioſity and their unbelief. The Engliſh officer, at his departure, was complimented with a diamond ring, by one of the ladies, who ſeemed to be the moſt favoured and reſpected Sultana, and with a moſt graceful and benign Salam from the whole.

* White people, or Europeans.

# Poetry.

## *CRITICS.*

*The following moſt Exquiſite* Poem, *was written in* Italy,

*By Mr.* MERRY,

*The Author of* PAULINA.—*It is addreſſed to the* CRITICS, *who are now further called on to ſay, what there is in the* BATH GUIDE, *in* SWIFT, *or* PRIOR, *with more* Eaſe and Vigour—more Whimſical and Delightful.

YE Critics of the Britiſh Nation!
I here invoke you,
Not in madneſs,
Nor to joke you;
But in ſerious ſadneſs:
And pathetic admiration!

For

For I reſpect you all together,
Birds of a Feather!
Or where you ſeparately go,
On Mules, in coaches, or Culaſhes,
With upper lips indignant curl'd,
That give a vigour to your flaſhes!
I know you, thro' out all the World,
Or by the *Danube*, or the *Po*,
Or on the *Tiber's* ſide,
Or where the *Tagus* loves to glide;
Or here where *Arno* makes his bed
In ſummer time
Amidſt his ſand, and ſlime,
Aſham'd to ſhew his head.
Yes, in the Florence Gallery,
I've often heard your raillery,
And keeneſt obſervation
On every Statue under contemplation.
E'en in the Tribune you will ſay,
Your judgement to diſplay,
The famous Wreſtlers have no merit,
And no ſpirit.
The Arretino, or the Whetter,
Is nothing better;
As for the *Medicean Venus*,
Extremely bad, indeed, and heinous.
Methinks you roll your eyes about,
And fiercely glout;
And ſourly look
Upon our little Book.
Forgive this time
Our careleſs rhyme—
For we together ſwore
Never to do ſo any more.
No flatterers we need;
But only aſk,
By way of taſk,
Before you laugh, that you would read.
All that I mean t'obſerve is this,
That tho' your criticiſms,
And lively witticiſms,
May not be much amiſs;
Yet if from ſpite,
You load with curſes
Our hapleſs verſes,
We only ſay,
That, Gentleman, we wiſh you all good day,
And a good night!

We ſcribble and we print, for private pleaſure,
And at our leiſure,
Juſt as *Domitian* kill'd the flies.
Or if you pleaſe, for our employment,
And enjoyment,—
As children eat their apple-pies.
Not that we think our lines are worſe than others;
For in bad writing, we have many brothers!
We therefore, do not make apology,
Nor excuſes,
Nor complimentary tautology,
To ward off abuſes.
But willingly ſubmit to Candid Senſe,
His ſmile our only recompence.
As for all common folks, who halt
At our proceeding;
And quote their reading,
To find fault;
Whether they beſt me know, or I,
'Tis neceſſary to declare,
That he who cenſures Poetry,
Should have himſelf at leaſt ſome ſhare.
And for example, you would think,
(And give a wink)
That Wiſeacre to be extremely quaint,
Who, though born blind,
Should have a mind
To ſay that HAMILTON can't paint.
You laugh, when deaf and dumb men ſneer
At others, who can ſee and hear.
Many, perhaps, may ſay,
Who do not much adore us,
That ours is baby play,
For POPE and DRYDEN writ before us:
And give it as their Creed,
That later Bards no man ſhould read.
There's no complaining
Of ſuch odd Sparks:
I think they're entertaining
And comical, as larks.
Becauſe NARDINI plays the fiddle
Muſt every other man ſit idle?
Such men are like the horſe and aſs,
Who

Who ſhould refuſe hay and graſs,
Becauſe their throats
Had once been tickled with ſome oats.
I know it may be ſaid,
By thoſe who read the panegyrics
In our own lyrics,
That all our trumpeters were dead;
But we were cunning elves,
And as we entertain'd ſome doubt,
Of having much praiſe from without,
We ſtaid within, and prais'd ourſelves.
We lik'd each other not a little,
And correſponded to a tittle.
Now too, with breaking heart,
We all prepare to part;
Whether to *Naples*, or *Sienna*,
To *Paris*, or *Vienna*,
To *Sicily*, or *Spain*;
And I would bet an Engliſh Penny
Or a Tuſcan Paul,
We never all
Shall meet again,
Till Death has bound us up together
With everlaſting leather
In Univerſal Miſcellany.

## *To Mr.* MERRY.

*On his admirable* VERSES *called* CRITICS, *publiſhed in* Saturday's World.

*By* * * * * * *

MERRY! thy Name and thee
So well agree,
It is moſt clear
The Nine appear,
Thro' Reaſon and thro' Fancy's bound
Of ſenſe and ſound,
In verſe
Pointed and terſe,
To leave awhile their fountains gay!
With thee to keep their holiday.
Not driving, daſhing,
Flound'ring, ſplaſhing,
With modern rhymers,
(Miſerable chymers!)
Whoſe *Pegaſuſs's* ſeem at *Plough*;
MERRY! *thy* Steed,
Of Arabian breed,
Wild and free
Skims Italy,
Light, as if the Graces
Were running races,
To overtake the loves
Drawn by their mother's doves!
Beſhrew my heart,
But thy frolic art
Deſerves the *Biſhoprick* of *Derry*!
Not the Dean of PATRICK's,
(With all his *pa-pa* tricks)
Had verſe ſo clean,
Or fit to be ſeen;
Nor was thine Dan PRIOR ſo neat,
Poliſhed or ſweet,
As the ſprightly meaſure of thee,
Dan MERRY!
Tho' ſwift as a ſail
Before the gale,
Thou mak'ſt thy tour like Fairies,
When bent on vagaries,
Blitheſome they ramble
To a moonſhine gambol.
As to Pindaric PEIER,
That Solomon-gundy of metre,
Who drives thro' thick and thin
Like Harlequin.
His talents waſting
In royal baſting,
A wholeſale dealer in poetic treaſon,
Knocking down things in rhime—
without reaſon—
Tho' we own that his Muſe is
A pleaſant lady when ſhe chooſes,
Arm'd with ſmiles,
Wit and wiles,
Scatters her honey, darts her ſting,
Sweet and keen as bees in ſpring;
Tickles now with ſilken laſh,
Now with cleaver gives a gaſh,
Free and eaſy,
To vex or pleaſe ye,
The Muſe of MERRY ſtill ſhall win the Prize.
While he the Proverb heeds——
HE MERRY AND BE WISE!

[Bell's World.]

Lines

## LINES BY A *MARRIED LADY*,

*Occaſioned by reading* LORD CHESTERFIELD's LETTERS.

YE lords of creation, who make it your pride,
That Cheſterfield's precepts are your only guide,
Say, can you approve your acquaintance in life
Should viſit your houſe to diſhonour your wife?
For 'tis his advice to the youths of the nation,
To tempt married ladies, whatever their ſtation;
If virtuous, or modeſt, to draw off their mind,
Yet ſtudy the Graces, in theſe be refin'd:
But Cheſterfield's Graces with honour ne'er dwell,
But rather proceed from the demons in h—ll:
For ſure if the Graces admit of ſuch deeds,
Tho' flowery they ſeem, they are pois'nous weeds.
But tempt not, ſays he, the giddy young fair,
But only the married attend to with care;
For by your addreſſes to ladies of ſenſe,
The fruits of politeneſs you'll gather from thence;
By them you've no children, expence, or diſeaſe,
And honour regard not, if '*ſelf* you can pleaſe:
What tho' at the firſt they ſeem modeſt and nice,
Their virtue regard not, the breach is no vice!
If you ſtill perſevere, nor fear a denial,
No virtue in woman you'll prove on the trial!
Of family, honour, or virtue, ne'er mind,
Theſe are not the Graces I wiſh you to find.———
This doctrine may pleaſe all the vicious at large;
But pray, all ye huſbands, bring home this fine charge,
And ſay, does it pleaſe you the cenſure ſhould fall
On your wives, on your mothers, your ſiſters and all?
Will theſe ſuperficials this Lord recommends,
For ſuch horrid tenets, e'er make you amends?
No wonder divorces and vice ſtill increaſes,
Since copied by all my Lord Cheſterfield's Graces.
Tho' God has commanded, and man has decreed,
That huſbands and wives ſhould be faithful indeed;
Yet Cheſterfield thought not of God when he wrote,
But only of gaining a parliament vote:
Where hands muſt be clean, and nails very nice,
High finiſh'd the dreſs, in the neweſt device;
The teeth white as ſnow, the arms drop with eaſe,
Each word and each action be ſtudied to pleaſe:
All theſe, it is granted, are right in their place:
But virtue appears with a far greater grace.—
Had my Lord ſaid, my ſon, look out for the poor,
Wipe the tear from diſtreſs, try their ſickneſs to cure,
Be generous, tender, compaſſionate, kind,
Theſe, theſe are the Graces moſt truly refin'd;
In the evening, be ſure to examine with care

If conſcience approves, you conclude then with prayer;
But pardon, my Lord, I had really forgot,
The God he muſt pray to is *Le petite Blot*;
To flatter, ſpeak well, and make a good ſhew,
Is the whole of religion I wiſh you to know;
Beſides, ſuch religion is grateful to ſenſe,
As will with the breach of all honour diſpenſe,
Allow that our friends ſhould our friendſhip return,
By evils they will through eternity mourn:
Eternity! fye,——how untimely the thought,
Muſt Lords and gallants e'er to judgement be brought!
Muſt theſe give account for the ſin of their lives,
For the ruin they bring upon huſbands and wives!
If they muſt, is it thought that in Cheſterfield's time
Adultery was e'er thought a ſin or a crime!
If it had, he'd have pointed ſome better purſuit,
Other Graces producing more innocent fruit;
The ſweet placid pleaſure of generous deeds;
Such as felt by a *Howard*, in moments of need;
Whoſe time is devoted to ſeek out diſtreſs,
And hourly attentive to make it the leſs;
To ſoften the pain, and to dry up the tear,
Which affliction oft ſtarts with a harſhneſs ſevere;
Sure this is a joy moſt exalted, refin'd,
Yet this was a Grace ne'er in Cheſterfield's mind.
Ye pupils of his, who make him your guide
Far more than your God, whoſe laws you deride;
The path he points out, tho' with flowers it is ſpread,
Will prove at the laſt but to cover the dead:
When death ſhall detect you, and ſtand in your faces,
Where then will be all your fine Cheſterfield's Graces?
Will they comfort your hearts, will death ſhew reſpect?
No! death will theſe damnable precepts detect;
Will throw off the maſk, when all is too late,
When you'll wiſh other Graces than falſehood and cheat.
The Graces of Virtue, the Grace of your God,
You'd purchaſe with millions to ſcreen from his rod:
Then rouſe you in time, e'er yet it's too late,
God's mercy ſtill ſpares you, conſider your fate;
Leave Cheſterfield's Graces, your bibles go read,
And you'll find that in Virtue there's Graces indeed.

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## *On the* SCOTCH FISHERIES.

### LETTER IV.

BESIDE the nets already mentioned, it would be neceſſary to employ from 500 l. to 1000 l. in the in the manufacture of nets fitted for the herring fiſheries, as it will be found of great conſequence to every adventurer to bring forward a gradual ſupply, becauſe the old ſtock will be conſtantly decaying and wearing out. A particular attention to this circumſtance is the more neceſſary, as a quantity of that article cannot

cannot be bought at a ſhort notice. About all towns there are a number of youths of both ſexes, who are incapable at their time of life to be employed at any weighty labour, or by the neglect of their parents, trifle away their time in idleneſs, which renders them dangerous in ſociety. Were theſe employed in making nets, they would earn a tolerable ſubſiſtence, and by being inured to early habits of induſtry, might prove uſeful members in the community. At Yarmouth and Leoſtoffe nets are made ſolely by young people, who are put to it, as early as ſix, ſeven or eight years old, and by the boys in the charity work-houſe; it is a ſimple and light work, and better fitted for boys and girls than for people of an advanced period of life. In early ages, when our anceſtors underſtood, and practiſed the fiſhing buſineſs *in decked veſſels in deep water*, they were at great pains to land and ſhift their nets as often as poſſible. The Yarmouth fiſhers never uſe a whole fleet of nets for three or four weeks at one time without ſhifting, even altho' they meet with no accident to need repairs. It is notorious that the Dutch ſhift their nets, but their diſtance from home prevents their repeating this ſo often as the Yarmouth people. Reaſon points out the propriety of this meaſure; for nets are as liable to be injured in the early as well as in any other part of the ſeaſon, and if it ſo happen, without another fleet to ſhift them, the chance of the beſt of the ſeaſon may be loſt, altho' it might have been ſuch a ſucceſsful one that one or two nights fiſhing would have compenſated for the expence of the additional fleet. The ſooner nets are repaired after they begin to break, ſo much the better; therefore prudence ſhould dictate to every intelligent adventurer, that for whatever quantity his veſſel will fiſh with, there ought to be a good proportion kept in reſerve; for ſhould no accident happen to need repairs, which is hardly ſuppoſable for an article ſo liable to danger, in the long ſeaſon when the operations may be continued, it will be abſolutely neceſſary that they be not only well dried but barked, elſe they will be ſo weakened by being continually wet, that they may be compleatly worn out in one ſeaſon. Fiſhing lines is neceſſary to be provided for every veſſel. Hand lines are uſed of various lengths and thickneſs, according to the depth of water they are employed in; ſuch as is uſed in the Iceland cod fiſhery will anſwer well for long lines, and I will adhere to them in this calculation. They are uſually made 120 fathoms long, and weigh from 8 to 9 pound, and ſold at 10d. per pound, or 7s. and 6d. Suppoſe the crew to conſiſt of ten people, it will be neceſſary there be 2 or 3 ſpare lines for each veſſel, which at 7s. and 6d is - L. 15

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 200 Fathom of ſmall lines for ſnoods weighing 4 pound at 1s is - | | 4 |
| 200 Hooks of different ſizes and value from 2s 6d to 8s per 100 is - | | 10 |
| 20 Leaden ſinker properly fitted with wires, made of various weights from 2, to 8 or 9 pounds at 5s | 2 | |
| 10 Bram ſkins or leather aprons at 4s each is | 2 | |
| 10 pound ſmall twine for putting to the hooks at 1s - - | | 10 |
| 1 Iron clip with a wooden handle for taking on board the fiſh | | 4 |
| 6 ſhifting knives at 4d | | 2 |
| Such a ſet to each of the ten veſſels will amount to - - | L. | 20 10 |
| | L. | 205 |

Long

Long lines ſhould be furniſhed, and I will ſtate their expence. Their length is quite optional, as well as the manner in which they are mounted. The Dutch and Engliſh in the cod fiſhing veſſels, while they uſe the long line, mount them with ſnoods of 27 inches in length placed one fathom diſtance from each other. Theſe when on board are baſkets of a long form, baited from end to end, having pieces of wood with deep notches or groves in them, ſtanding upright in one of the ſides of the baſket, into which the ends of the ſnoods are put, the hooks hanging outwards. This prevents their entangling the lines, and is extremely handy for baiting.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 3550 fathoms of lines reaches 4 miles, this at 7s and 6d per 120 is | L. | 11 | 2 |
| 3550 ſnoods 30 inches long is 1500 fathoms worth 2s per 100 | | 1 | 10 |
| 600 fathoms of line for buoy ropes at 7s and 6d per 120 is | | 1 | 13 |
| 3 buoys of wood fitted with flag ſtaffs at 5s is | | | 15 |
| 3 Leather ditto at 20d is | | | 5 |
| 5000 Hooks to give ſome ſpare ones at 7s per 100 is - - | | 7 | 10 |
| 12 lb ſmall twine for puting to the hooks, with a reſerve, at 1s is | | | 12 |
| 10 Baſkets ſuppoſe each 2s - - | | 1 | |
| | L. | 24 | 7 |
| Tenſuch fleets, being one to each veſſel, amounts to - - | L. | 243 | 10 |
| It will be neceſſary to keep a reſerve of lines and hooks, which we ſhall ſtate at | L. | 200 | |
| | L. | 443 | 10 |

It will be of much importance in carrying on this buſineſs, to keep always a conſiderable quantity of ſalt on hand. And I will ſtate the commencement with 10,000 buſhels, which can be delivered from Liverpool at 8d per buſhel, is 333l. 6s. 8d. Caſks muſt alſo be provided in ample ſtore. As Coopers muſt alſo be had for trimming, repairing, and heading theſe, it will be neceſſary to have the greateſt part of theſe depoſited at the principal rendezvous. I will ſuppoſe 5000 of them purchaſed, being 500 to each veſſel. The preſent price upon this coaſt is 3s 6d each, and amounts to L. 875

Proviſions next follow.

As fiſh ought to compoſe a great part of proviſions, I will calculate for beef, bread &c. at 6d per day for each man, which I imagine to be fully ſufficient, thus 100 people at 10 to each veſſel is 50l. per day for 4 months the ſuppoſed length of of the voyage is L. 300

Perhaps it may be found neceſſary to advance 400l. or 500 for procuring proper inſtructors from abroad for aſſiſting our own fiſhermen, and this ſum appears to me neceſſary for the ſupport of themſelves or their families, before any return from the produce of the fiſhing can be brought into caſh.———The principal expences being now enumerated, we will recapitulate them, to collect the whole amount of the ſtock neceſſary for carrying on this buſineſs. Ten veſſels 150 l. each is L 1500

Twenty fleets of nets, two to each veſſel is, 2111 13 4

3611 13 4

Ten ſets of buſh ropes with corks with buoys, caſks &c. 400

Ten

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Ten ſets of handlines &c. is | 205 | |
| Ten fleets of long lines is | 443 | 10 |
| Money employed in bringing forward the ſtock of nets | 500 | |
| 10,000 Buſhels of Britiſh ſalt at 8d is | 333 | 6 8 |
| 500 Caſks of 32 Gallons at 3s 6d | 875 | |
| Proviſions for 100 people for 120 days at 6d | 300 | |
| Money ſuppoſed advanced to fiſhers | 500 | |
| L. | 7168 | 10 |

Such a ſtock would do much to carry forward with ſpirit the Britiſh fiſheries, upon the ſame principles as was practiſed by our anceſtors, and has been by our neighbours the Dutch, who have benefited by this trade to ſuch a degree, that they have emphatically pronounced it, in their placards, their *golden mine*.

(To be continued.)

# Monthly Chronicle, and Review of Politics.

## FRANCE.

THE paſſing the Proteſtant bill by the Parliament of Paris, is one additional glorious evidence of the approaching eſtabliſhment of freedom in religion in Europe: the hierarchy of the Roman church is the great obſtacle, and always has been, to the admiſſion of liberty to the people of the Continent. Toleration for Proteſtants is the firſt ſtep towards this proſpect, and when the ſtrong barriers againſt true faith are removed, the ſuppreſſion of the civil rights of mankind muſt in due time bend to the illuminating influence of truth.

They write from Cherburg, that beſides the four cones in the road on the weſt ſide of Querqueville, which had been nearly deſtroyed on the 24th and 25th of December, the fifth, which was to indicate to ſhipping the entry of the road, has been as much damaged by a ſtrong North North Eaſt—on which account, they are raiſing a proper mark to prevent any damage being done to thoſe ſhips which wiſh to paſs Fort Artois.

## GERMANY.

### THE EMPEROR'S DECLARATION OF WAR.

It is well known in Europe, with what honeſty and uprightneſs the Imperial Court has for many years ſtrove to keep a peaceful neighbourhood with the Porte; and with what indefatigable pains ſhe has ſtrove to maintain the ſame, even by offering to mediate, to heal the breach between the Ottoman Porte and her neighbours, and to remove every obſtacle which might prevent it.

As a freſh convincing proof of this, his Imperial Majeſty's care is demonſtrated in the united efforts of his Majeſty with the Court of France, our ally, to ſtrive, if poſſible, to heal that breach which hath ariſen between the Ruſſians and the Ottoman Porte.

And whereas, according to the words and meaning of the Treaty, the juſtice of the Empreſs of Ruſſia's demands are manifeſt, and that her Imperial Majeſty was willing, if poſſible, to bring about an accommodation, which his Imperial Majeſty alſo did not doubt, but that the united powers of the Court of France and his Imperial Majeſty, would have effected, and prevented the flames of war from breaking out, by preſerving peace. His Majeſty was very ſoon ſurpriſed, at the unexpected and ſtrange behaviour of the Porte, who appeared ſo far from being attentive to the endeavours of the United Courts, that ſhe would not permit the

Ruſſian Ambaſſador a delay of neceſſary time to ſend to his Court for inſtructions; but demanded, that he ſhould immediately ſign an inſtrument, by which the Treaty of Commerce, and the tranſactions relative to the Crimea, were to be null and void; but he, knowing he poſſeſſed no ſuch power, nor that any durſt make uſe of ſuch a power, refuſed it—on which, in violation of all faith, and in ſhort, of all faith whatever, he was ſent to the Seven Towers, as a priſoner, and war was declared immediately by the Porte againſt the Ruſſians.

Moreover, notwithſtanding, after after all this had happened, his Majeſty ſtrove to prevent matters coming to an open rupture, and would not give up all hopes of accommodation: for his Majeſty ſuppoſed, that all the Foreign Miniſters would unite and inſiſt upon the Porte giving the Ruſſian Ambaſſador his liberty, for it is a breach of the law of all nations to impriſon an Ambaſſador, and by releaſing him, a means might have been thought of to eſtabliſh a good underſtanding.

However, the Porte took no notice of all theſe his Majeſty's wiſhes. She has, in ſhort, made the firſt hoſtile attack;———ſhe has conſequently rouſed the Ruſſian Court, has cauſed her to do what ſhe was not willing, and has drove her unexpectedly, and precipitately to take up arms, and for her juſtification, to repel force by force.

The Porte knows the bonds, friendſhip, and obligation of the alliance between his Imperial Majeſty and the Court of Ruſſia fully—for they have been communicated by word of mouth and in writing, at the latter end of the year 1783, repeatedly in a friendly manner, and were alſo in an eſpecial manner, laid before the Porte.

Therefore the Porte may blame herſelf, that his Imperial Majeſty, after ſo many years peace and good neighbourhood, and ſtriving by every opportunity, to mediate and keep from diſunion, is now neceſſitated to adhere to his true friend and ally, her Ruſſian Majeſty, and thereby put in execution all thoſe obligations between them, which will cauſe his Imperial Majeſty to partake in the war.

And whereas, this declaration will be the beginning of hoſtilities, therefore it is to be printed in the Vienna Gazette; and the public, the army, and all other corps, are to notice it as authentic, and to give no credit whatever to any other writings or ſtories which people may write, propagate, or ſay, either through want of being better informed, perhaps wilfully.

And his Imperial Majeſty has ordered by a decree from his Court, ſince the foregoing declaration was drawn out, the following notice to be given:

That all Turks, or ſubjects of Turkey, who have an inclination to remain in his Majeſty's dominions, may carry on their trade, occupation, or merchandize, without any interruption; and thoſe who wiſh to go home, ſhall have free liberty, and be provided with proper paſſports. And it is to be hoped, that his Imperial Majeſty's ſubjects will be treated in a like manner.

Given at the Court of Vienna, the 13th of February 1788.

This declaration was accompanied by a note from the Prince of Kaunitz Reiſberg, Chancellor of State, repeating the ſame meaning as the declaration, and adding, that theſe ſentiments were announced at Conſtantinople, by the Imperial Internuncio.

Hoſtile operations commenced on the borders of the Save and the Unna, immediately after the declaration of war. By order of General de Venas, Colonel Pearrick ordered the little town of Dreſnick, and the citadel of Ru-

Rula, to ſurrender under the Empe-ror's protection. The Turks anſwer-ed with a ſmart cannonade, which ob-liged the Colonel to play off ſeveral pieces of cannon and two howitzers. Dreſnick was ſoon in flames, and the Turks, who had retired to the for-treſs, after loſing 30 men in vigorous attacks, next day ſurrendered, to the number of 70, and were ſent on to Carlſtadt.

The General was humane enough, to order proviſions for the women and children, ſufficient for their ſup-port, until their arrival at the next Turkiſh ſettlement.

The Auſtrian arms were not equal-ly ſucceſsful in their attack on Dubtza, a fortreſs on the banks of the Unna. Colonel Ruſwick who con-ducted the expedition, was forced to retire with loſs. They were to have renewed the attack on the 12th, and the iſſue is anxiouſly waited for.

There are already upwards of 20, 000 Croats on the Ottoman terri-tories.

## PARLIAMENT.

In one ſhape or other, our con-nection with India is likely to afford ſufficient matter for political ſpecu-lation. On the alarm of war in autumn laſt, four new regiments were raiſed for the defence of our Eaſt India ſettlements. When the fear of hoſtilities ceaſed, the neceſſity of ſending out the additional force ceaſ-ed alſo. But government had gone too far to recede; and a meſſage was ſent by Lord Sydney to the chairman of the Company, acquainting him, that three of the regiments were ready for embarkation. A meeting of proprietors was held, when it was carried by a majority to approve the conduct of the directors, in withdraw-ing their conſent from ſending out the four regiments, which they were fully juſtified in by the change of public affairs; and more eſpecially as 86 new officers would be thereby ſent to India, at a time when 600 of the company's officers, inured to the climate, were out of employ—and upwards of 1800 officers would be ſuperſeded in their ranks.

*In the* HOUSE *of* COMMONS *on the 26th of February,*

*The Chancellor of the Exchequer* roſe and ſaid, that unfortunate diviſi-ons having taken place upon the principle of conſtruction of the India bill, and particularly as to the right of ſending four regiments to India, which the miniſtry, in October laſt, came to a reſolution of ſending; this reſolution aroſe from the ſolicitation of the Company, and at their expreſs deſire, ſince which time they have reſiſted the receiving of thoſe regi-ments, upon the grounds of miniſtry having refuſed to allow them the nomination of officers. Mr Pitt obſerved, that there exiſted in his mind no doubt upon the conſtruction of the act of Parliament; but as ſeveral learned gentlemen had been conſulted on the conſtruction of the act of Parliament, paſſed in the year 1784, and which created the Board of Controul, ſome of whom expreſſed ſome doubts upon the ſubject, parti-cularly one, who certainly was eminent, who poſſeſſed once a ſeat in that Houſe, and he would have been glad to ſee him there now (this alluſion was to Mr Erſkine) Mr Pitt obſerved, that as this gentleman's opinion might influence the opinion of others, it would be neceſſary to re-move all poſſible doubts by an expla-natory bill; he ſhould therefore move, "That leave be given to bring in a bill, for removing any doubt re-ſpecting the power of the Com-miſſioners for the affairs of India, to direct the expence of raiſing, tran-ſporting, and maintaining ſuch troops as may be judged neceſſary for the ſecurity of the Britiſh territories and poſſeſſions in the Eaſt Indies, to be

defrayed out of the revenues arising from the ſaid territories and poſſeſſions."

On the firſt reading, and in every ſtage of the bill, it was warmly combated by the oppoſition, which was on this occaſion joined by ſeveral of the miniſter's friends. Though the bill was carried through by a conſiderable majority, yet oppoſition had the good effect of obliging the miniſter to introduce ſeveral clauſes, to reſtrain the powers of the board of Controul. Firſt, Mr Pitt ſaid, it had been argued, that if the Commiſſioners for the affairs of India were empowered by the act 1784, to ſend out troops to India at the expence of the Company, they might by an improper exerciſe of that power, eſtabliſh an army in India without conſent of Parliament. To prevent ſuch abuſe, it was his intention to propoſe a clauſe, enacting not only that an account of the Britiſh forces in India ſhould be annually preſented to Parliament, but that no troops ſhall in future be ſent out without their authority. The next objection was the poſſibility of the Commiſſioners perverting the application of the revenues of India for the purpoſe of creating undue influence, by directing any increaſe of ſalaries, or perquiſites of their ſervants abroad; or in the improper diſtribution of gratuities, to the prejudice of the true intereſt of the ſervice. With reſpect to theſe, he had prepared two clauſes. The firſt to prohibit any increaſe of ſalary, unleſs ſufficient reaſons were given, and ſubmitted to Parliament by the Board. The other clauſe was, that it ſhall not be lawful for the Board of Controul to order any gratuity, unleſs it originate in the Court of Directors, and receive Parliamentary ſanction. It was alſo his intention to propoſe to make it a ſtanding order of the Houſe, that accounts of the revenue of India, and the application of the ſame, ſhall annually be laid before the Houſe. Theſe clauſes he truſted would be ſufficient to obviate every objection made to the bill.

The concluſion of Mr Erſkine's ſpeech, as counſel for the Eaſt India Company, is well worth recording; whether the facts contained in it are founded or unfounded, it is not for us to determine; but as they are the very point on which the late Miniſtry were deprived of power and favour, and on which the preſent ſucceeded to it, they certainly ought to be attended to by the people at large, who are to judge of the merits of its repreſentatives. Mr Erſkine wound up his ſpeech as follows:

S I R,

I have now laid before you all the principal reaſons which induced and confirmed the opinion I originally gave to the Directors of the India Company, concerning this extraordinary bill; whoſe authors are reduced to the wretched dilemma of being defeated upon every conſtruction which can poſſibly be put upon it; laughed at for ignorance if they fail, and diſgraced by what is worſe if they ſucceed: for, if after all, my opinion be erroneous, and the act of the twenty-fourth of the King, does in fact beſtow the powers which this declaratory bill ſuppoſes; if the dominion of this new commiſſion, though maſqued under general and covert expreſſions, does nevertheleſs in legal and well-founded conſtruction, ſubvert, annnihilate, and ſwallow up every right, power, privilege, and authority, claimed and exerciſed by the Directors and Proprietors of the Company under repeated charters, confirmed by repeated acts of Parliament; and to make a ſtill larger conceſſion,—if the deſtruction of all thoſe rights were thought by the authors of the bill that deſtroyed them, to be juſt and neceſſary, then by what language ſhall I expreſs the contempt and abhorrence, which, in common with all honeſt men, I feel for that low, mean, deſpicable, deteſtable hypocriſy, which, to deprive others of the fame, and advantage of carrying into execution a great political work, availed itſelf of the prejudices inſeparable from ſuch a project, and ſtanding upon the fame of oppoſing what

what they were themſelves meditating and projecting, defeated the meaſure, and defamed and diſplaced its authors, by raiſing a clamour, that the chartered rights of the Company were invaded, and by ſounding through the kingdom the alarm of a Parliamentary truſt over the Directors, as a baſe, unprincipled attack upon private property, and utterly inconſiſtent with the firſt principles of a free government; offering to the deluded company their own bill, as their ſaviour and redeemer, reſerving to themſelves the future expoſition of it, which they had given to-day; at a time when it had loſt all power in the country, and all ſupport but their own. By this hypocriſy, whoſe adjectives I am too much exhauſted again to detail, but which I leave my hearers to extract by exhauſting the moſt copious dictionary, ſome of the moſt excellent and illuſtrious perſons in the kingdom were driven from the higheſt ſtations in the government, the people of England ſet at war with their own repreſentatives, the ſacred revered privileges of this Houſe bowed down and ſacrificed to the hereditary privileges of the Peers, and the prerogatives of the Crown, and the Parliament of Great Britain diſſipated and diſperſed;—not by the ſtroke of the ſceptre, but by the voice of a generous people, acting under an impoſture, the groſſeſt which the hiſtory of the world ever recorded of the moſt barbarous and credulous ages;—indeed, it will ſcarcely be believed, when time has made it matter of hiſtorical faith, that the Engliſh nation and the Eaſt India Company ſhould have united under the banners of the authors of that act, to preſerve thoſe very rights which we are now told, we are fools for not being able to read upon the face of it, that every one of them are abſolutely and utterly taken away. Thank God, however, the veil has been, for ſome time, beginning to fall off, and the buſineſs of to-day will tear it to pieces for ever.—I hope, Sir, that it will afford a memorable leſſon to the people of England, not to entertain raſh or light jealouſies of the fidelity of their own repreſentatives, and not to indulge in the vain and drunken hope, that the other branches of the conſtitution will be more propitious to their popular privileges, than their own friends and ſervants, who by the moſt glorious and perſevering ſtruggles through every age of the government, have procured them at the price of their blood, and who enjoy them along with them as a common bleſſing: Moſt of all, it will, I hope, be a ſolemn warning, not to expect from unknown, untried, unproved individuals, more integrity or wiſdom, than is to be found in the collective repreſentation of a whole nation; and that if, in future days, there ſhall ariſe any of thoſe falſe Chriſts, with a plauſibility, which, according to propheſy, might almoſt deceive the elect,—they will ſet down their ſuperiority of pretenſions, and profeſſions to ſelf-ſufficient pride, and domineering ambition, under the maſque of hypocriſy, which cunning ever ſuggeſts to little minds, but which is as repugnant to the nature, as it is inconſiſtent with the dignity of men, who are born to rule over a free, brave, and enlightened people.

Sir, the very enumeration of thoſe bright qualities, which are neceſſary for the formation of a great ſtateſman, would preſent to my imagination, if his preſence did not offer to my ſenſes, the image of my excellent friend, (meaning Mr Fox) under whoſe auſpices I willingly acted whilſt a member in this Houſe: I enter with a juſt ſenſibility into his feelings at this moment, and anticipate the victory he muſt obtain to-day, whatever may be the event of your deciſions; which, tho' they may declare or repeal laws, cannot declare ſhame to be honour, nor repeal the memories and judgments of mankind, that are to diſtinguiſh one from the other. My name too, Sir, happily indeed ſheltered by its obſcurity, has, upon this ſubject, received its little portion of reproach, and comes in therefore to-day, for its proportional ſhare of triumph; I confeſs that it fills me with pride and ſatisfaction, to have been ſelected by the Proprietors of the Eaſt India Company, to defend thoſe privileges which I was branded for having violated, againſt thoſe who aſſumed the characters of their preſervers.

Sir, if therefore, the object of this bill, which has ſo long lain concealed, be juſt and political, proceed to enact it;

it;—hear the East India Company againſt it, as they were before heard when they prevailed, and then, whatever your judgments may be, they will be received with reverence and ſubmiſſion;—nor ſhall I preſume, as a ſubject, to murmur or lift up my voice againſt them:—but if, inſtead of exerciſing that high legiſlative diſcretion, you proceed to declare that a law means what language pointedly contradicts, and what ſound judgment revolts at, though I muſt certainly obey it as you are pleaſed to expound it, yet I will not ſurrender to it the evidence of my own underſtanding; I will continue to inſiſt upon the juſtice of my opinion; I will publiſh it to the world, with the reaſons on which it was founded, and ſubmit the differences of our judgments to an enlightened and impartial public.

The diſpute between the Board of Coutroul and the majority of the Directors of the East India Company, revived every argument for and againſt Mr Fox's India bill. Connected as we are with no ſet of men by party-attachment, we have ever ſpoken our minds freely on meaſures, without regarding who propoſed them—and, in the preſent inſtance cannot but regret that the miniſtry ſhould attempt to realize in their own perſons thoſe fears, which were once entertained only of their opponents. The declaratory bill appears to us to be a third India bill, and may ſerve as a foundation for the complete extenſion of the power of the Board of Controul to that length which was originally intended by Mr. Fox's bills. But the fears which have been expreſſed relative to the diſſatisfactions which this meaſure will create in India cannot be without foundation. To a brave officer, ſuperſeſſion is a diſgrace not to be endured; it breaks his ſpirits, and no ſenſe of duty can preſerve his attachment to the ſervice afterwards.

In the Houſe of Lords, the bill was carried by a great majority—and the proprietors, at a ſpecial meeting held for the purpoſe, reſolved, "That it is abſolutely neceſſary the troops ſhould be ſent off; and that it be recommended to the Court of Directors, to uſe all poſſible diligence in embarking them on board the Company's ſhips, now under ſailing orders at Graveſend and Portſmouth, as moſt convenient."

A motion was made in the houſe of Commons for leave to bring in a bill for repeal of the ſhop-tax, which was negatived by a majority of 43.

## IRELAND.

*Dublin, Feb.* 27. The poſt-boy with the mail from Drogheda for this city, about twelve o'clock laſt night, was robbed about a mile on this ſide Drogheda, by two men with their faces blacked, who carried off the entire north mail.

*Dublin, Feb.* 28. The poſt-boy with the mail for this city, was again robbed laſt night at nine o'clock, between Dunleer and Drogheda, by two men, one of whom tied the poſt boy's hands behind his back with a garter; then took the entire mail away.

## EDINBURGH.

A diſcovery is made of a gang of thieves, the moſt experienced in their line of any that ever were diſcovered in this country; they had addreſs to induce a William Brodie to enliſt among them.—Brodie being addicted to gambling, had fallen into their acquaintance;——he is a man of property, above L. 600 a year coming in from rents, had been Conveener of the Trades, and Deacon, and frequently on the Council, and reputed a ſhrewd man. On ſearching Brodie's houſe, there have been a great quantity of keys found, and many of them with labels fixed to them, purporting to be the keys of ſuch a perſon's ſhop, deſk, &c.; and on applying theſe keys to the places marked,

marked, they were found to open them. One of the parties turned King's evidence, and Brodie thought proper to abſcond. For the diſpoſal of their goods, they had agents at Mancheſter, Dublin, and other towns; in ſhort, they had conducted their matters with great ſecrecy, and in a ſyſtematic manner.

The following perſons are committed to priſon, on ſuſpicion of being concerned in the above robberies: George Smith, grocer, and Andrew Ainſlie, ſhoemaker in Edinburgh: alſo Smith's wife and ſervant maid.

They write from Kilmarnock, that laſt week died in the pariſh of Galſton (Ayrſhire) one Andrew Wilſon, a farmer who was born in the year 1664, in the reign of Charles II. He remembered the battle of Airdſmoſs, in the pariſh of Auchinleck, and of the dragoons ſearching his father's houſe after the battle for Mr Cargill and other whigs. He went about till a day or two before his death, and retained his ſenſes till the laſt.

The following melancholy accident happened in a coal pit in the pariſh of Campſie, in the land of Benclough, belonging to Sir Archibald Edmonſton of Duntreath, Bart. about 9 miles from Glaſgow, on Monday the 25th of laſt month.—Three colliers went down the pit in the morning with the view of making an opening into an old waſte, wherein they expected to find a quantity of water, which upon opening the waſte, accordingly they did; the water came ſlowly forward to the bottom of the pit, when two or more young men went down out of curioſity to ſee the water let out; immediately after they went down, the water came out in a great quantity, which run up the pit, two or three yards, but immediately ſubſided, when the pit filled with bad air, and they all periſhed, and were not got out next day, though the greateſt diligence has been uſed in ſinking a new pit, which is now done, in order to open a communication with the old pit, and thereby draw off the foul air.

A few days ago, a boy of about 14 years of age, with his ſiſter ſomewhat older, of the name of Cameron, were found dead in the ſnow, on the mountains between Glenco and Lochaber.—They are ſuppoſed to have lain there ſince the fall of ſnow in November laſt. The girl had ſtript herſelf of moſt of her clothes, to preſerve her brother in heat, and is ſuppoſed to have fallen a victim to her affection for him.

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.

March 15. Patrick Young was brought to the bar. On a former day he had denied his being the perſon, and his counſel contended that it was his privilege, as a Britiſh ſubject, to have his identity tried by a jury. The counſel for the Crown, maintained, that in ſuch caſes it was the practice for the Court to order the former ſentence to be put in execution, on a proof of the priſoner's identity. The Judges this day delivered their opinions at great length, and with great ability. Two of them, Lord Eſkgrove and Lord Swinton, were of opinion that a jury was neceſſary; four of their Lordſhips, viz. the Lord Juſtice Clerk, Lord Hailes, Lord Henderland, and Lord Stonefield, were of opinion, that as the priſoner had been already tried by a jury, the court were competent to take a proof of his identity.

Next day the Court again met, and having examined William Stewart who acted as macer at the laſt circuit at Aberdeen, and Alexander Guthrie, circuit clerk, who having both poſitively depone to the identity of the ſaid Peter or Patrick Young, their Lordſhips ordained him to be executed at the common place of execution at Edinburgh on Wedneſday the 2d of April next.

The Highland Society of Edinburgh have ordered a Gold Medal, value

value Five Guineas, with a proper Device, to be ſtruck, and preſented to Mr John Roſe, late of Aberdeen, now at Greenock, Author of an Eſſay on the Britiſh Fiſheries, in teſtimony of their approbation of his many uſeful and excellent ſuggeſtions on that ſubject.

The following are the appointments for the enſuing Spring Circuits:

WEST—LORD JUSTICE CLERK, and LORD SWINTON.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Stirling, | Saturday, | 12th April. |
| Inverary, | Thurſday, | 17th April. |
| Glaſgow, | Tueſday, | 22d April. |

SOUTH—LORDS HENDERLAND aud STONEFIELD.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Jedburgh, | Saturday, | 13th April. |
| Dumfries, | Friday, | 18th April. |
| Ayr, | Wedneſday, | 23d April. |

NORTH—LORDS HAILES and ESKGROVE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Perth, | Monday, | 21ſt April. |
| Aberdeen, | Saturday, | 26th April. |
| Inverneſs, | Saturday, | 3d May. |

## ABERDEEN.

FIARS of Aberdeen for crop and year one thouſand ſeven hundered and eighty ſeven.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Great Oats with Fodder, | L. 0 | 15 |
| Ditto without Fodder | | 13 4 |
| Brocked Oats with Fodder, | | 12 |
| Ditto without Fodder, | | 10 |
| Small Oats with ditto, | | 10 |
| Ditto without ditto, | | 8 |
| Bear with ditto, | | 18 |
| Ware Bear with ditto, | | 15 |
| Ditto without ditto, | | 13 |
| Farm or Market Malt without ditto, | | 16 |
| White Meal, nine ſtone, | | 15 6 |
| Farm Meal, eight ſtone, | | 13 4 |
| Market Malt, | | 17 6 |
| Peaſe, —— —— | | 13 4 |
| Wheat, —— —— | | 18 |
| Rye, —— —— | | 13 |

Extracted by
ALEXr SHIRREFS,
Sheriff Clerk Depute.

FIARS of Kincardineſhire for crop 1787.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| The Boll of Oatmeal, | L.0 | 13 0 |
| White Oats with Fodder, | | 15 |
| Ditto without ditto, | | 13 4 |
| Brocked Oats with ditto, | | 11 |
| Ditto without ditto, | | 9 6 |
| Bear with ditto, | | 15 |
| Ditto without ditto, | | 13 |
| Peaſe with ditto, | | 17 8 |
| Ditto without ditto, | | 14 |
| Wh at, —— —— | | 18 |

Extracted by JOHN BURNETT.

ON Saturday being the firſt of March, came on, in Mariſchal College, the election of a Lord Rector, Dean of Faculty, and the Lord Rector's Aſſeſſors, of that Univerſity, for the year commencing the ſaid firſt of March; when, according to the forms of the rules preſcribed by the Foundation Charter, the following gentlemen were unanimouſly choſen:

The Hon. FRANCIS GARDEN, ESQ. of GARDENSTOWN, one of the Senators of the College of Juſtice, LORD RECTOR.

GEORGE MOIR, ESQ. OF SCOTSTOWN, Dean of Faculty.

The Lord Rector's Aſſeſſors.

JOHN ABERCROMBIE, Eſq; Lord Provoſt of Aberdeen,
DR GEORGE SKENE, Phyſician in Aberdeen,
REVD DR DUNCAN SHAW, One of the Miniſters of Aberdeen.
JOHN ROSS, Eſq; Profeſſor of Oriental Languages in King's College, Aberdeen.

Commiſſioners to the General Aſſembly, from the Preſbytery, viz. Meſſrs James Forſyth at Belhelvie, Jas. Hogg at Skene, James Sheriffs at Aberdeen, and William Wilſon at Dyce, miniſters; with Provoſt Cruden and Mr Cunningham of of Hyndhope, ruling elders.

THE

# ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

## *LITERARY CHRONICLE, AND REVIEW.*

No. VII.] Thurſday April 10, 1788. [Price 3d.

## THE TRIFLER, No. VII.
*April* 10, 1788.

A LETTER TO THE TRIFLER——ON THE THEATRE—RECIPE FOR MAKING A COMEDY—SQUARETOES——TRUE LOVEYERS—THE TRIFLER'S SENTIMENTS——CURIOSITY AN INDUCEMENT TO AMUSEMENT——LEARNED PIG—MRS SIDDONS——DANCING DOGS—SUBLIME CONCERT——LETTERS FROM MARGARET ROBSON, HANNAH FROLIC, AND WILLIAM QUIDNUNC——A HINT WHICH MAY OR MAY NOT BE TAKEN, BUT IS MEANT GENERALLY.

*To the* AUTHOR *of the* TRIFLER.

SIR;

AS you have but lately entered on your office, we cannot as yet judge what ſubjects you intend to admit, and what you may conſider as improper; but taking it for granted that you will allow that the buſineſs of the Stage is not beneath your attention, I have therefore preſumed to addreſs theſe few lines to you on that ſubject; and as they are deſigned for the general good of all mankind, I hope you will not refuſe them a place in your Miſcellany of Triflers.

In the days of the Spectator we find that there were many great abſurdities tolerated on the Stage. Men performed the parts of *flower-pots*, *garden chairs* and *trees*; and happy was he who could diſplay his powers in a *ſtool* upon the theatre. It is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that the well-timed ſatire of Addiſon was effectual in baniſhing ſuch monſtrous abſurdities, at leaſt in ſome degree.—But we are ſtill far from being near *nature* on the ſtage; I have been attempting to reconcile our comedies and our tragedies to *nature* theſe twenty years, but I have never been able to ſucceed. The genius of the author, if he happen to have any, is leſs conſulted than the abilities of the carpenter and taylor; and now a-days all the wit of a comedy conſiſts in a cloſet door, or a ſcreen, or a diſguiſe of dreſs. As for Tragedies, they have always been ſuch ſtrange deviations from nature, that I deſpair of making any thing of them. I have ſeen a hero wounded with a ſmall ſword, and yet inſtead of ſending for a ſurge-

on, as you or I would have done, the reſt of the people went on making ſpeeches, until the poor fellow died for want of help. It is a maxim, in examining whether a play be natural, to aſk oneſelf, "would I have done ſo and ſo in a ſimilar caſe?" And I am ſure, Sir, if this queſtion was to be aſked, the anſwer in moſt caſes would be, "I deſerve to be hanged if I did."

But to return to comedy: the way to make a Comedy is this;

You muſt take a hero—no matter from where—give him a title, a Baronet, or a Lord, for modern playwrights have never ventured on a Marquis or a Duke. This hero muſt be in love with ſome lady, who is the very laſt perſon in the world he ought to be in love with—for without that there can be no embarraſsment; he is to take every method in his power to perſuade the lady that he wiſhes to conceal his paſſion, and the lady muſt diſcover hers by every method which ſhe takes to conceal it. But in order to perplex the hero, he muſt have a father, whom he is to honour with the name of Squaretoes, Old Dad, or any other *natural* epithet—and the lady, that ſhe may be alſo dramatically tormented, muſt have an aunt—there are not a ſet of more uſeful people in the world than fathers and aunts, they are ſo provoking and ſo plaguy teazing.

As the lady muſt be of that kind whom every body is in love with, we muſt provide her with a gallant or two, devoted to her ſervice, that is as far as gallants generally are. Theſe gallants ſerve two purpoſes; firſt, that the hero may be jealous; and ſecondly, that the heroine may crack her jokes upon them. But the heroine is not be without her portion of jealouſy; for this purpoſe, his father is to propoſe a match for the hero with a lady whom he refuſes, becauſe—he ought to marry her; however to deceive his father (for without deceiving one's father, what is a lover?) he flirts with this lady, or perhaps writes a letter or two to her, juſt to amuſe the *old gentleman*, and "without meaning any thing"—One of the letters muſt of courſe fall into the hands of the heroine; but how is this to be done? By means of a chamber maid, one or two of which kind of agents are always at hand in Comedies, whoſe lies and bribes afford an excellent leſſon to ſpectators of that rank! The heroine having procured the letters, raves, and is in fits, and vows never to ſee the perjured man—ay, and keeps her vow until the laſt act of the play.

Such is the furniture in general of a Comedy, with ſome little additions to fill up the blank ſpaces, as a chattering widow very rich, an intriguing footman, or a pair of *true loveyers* from the country, who, becauſe they happen to be attached to each other by virtuous love, are brought on the ſtage to be laughed at. How the play ends, we may always know from the beginning, without any ſpirit of prophecy.

The materials neceſſary to make a modern tragedy you ſhall have hereafter—Mean time I recommend the ſtage to your notice, and hope you will think of ſome means of reforming it—

I am, Sir, yours.
DRAMATICUS.

Although I have admitted my correſpondent's letter, as in duty bound, yet he is not to expect that I am to be driven into a ſerious attempt to reform an amuſement which follows the taſte of the times ſo cloſely, that it is impoſſible to get between and rectify the one, that the other may be alſo rectified—My creed concerning the ſtage happens to be very unfavourable; not one moral

purpoſe, in my opinion, can be ſerved by it; and as an amuſement, the leſs young people frequent it, the better—In all caſes of mere amuſement, the time waſted is to be taken into the account; for next to health, time is of moſt value, and that which it is criminal to ſport with.

Much has been written on the ſubject of the ſtage; it is an amuſement which we are fondeſt of when young; ſeeing many plays becomes irkſome; and when reaſon is improved by experience, as it generally ought to be at a certain time of life, the love of amuſement becomes cold; and we have no other motive to ſee a play but curioſity, or, as we ſometimes look with pleaſure on a picture the ſubject of which may be diſagreeable; but our pleaſure ariſes from contemplating the ſkill of the artiſt. An eminent actor, or actreſs, attracts admiration and crouds, much more than any play, a proof of the remark juſt made. Few people, if they would candidly confeſs, are pleaſed with the unnatural ſcenes and woes of tragedies, but every body muſt ſee Mrs Siddons.

The ſame remarks may be extended to other amuſements. Few people now have a taſte for Handel's Muſic, but what man who could beg or borrow, or any how poſſeſs a guinea, would not go to hear the Commemoration at Weſtminſter Abbey? In ſhort, if we analyſe our thoughts, we will find that few amuſements have attraction of themſelves ſufficiently powerful, if it were not for curioſity, the deſire of ſeeing and being ſeen, idleneſs, and many other motives—motives which render any amuſement welcome, and give as much celebrity to a pig as to Mrs Siddons, to dancing dogs as to a ſublime Concert. Whatever many people may affect in their purſuit of amuſement, they would act a candid part if they confeſſed that their higheſt motive was curioſity, and their ſtrongeſt inducement, idleneſs. I am afraid that what Dr Johnſon ſays of the Comedies of Congreve, who is allowed to be the firſt of Engliſh Dramatic writers, may be juſtly applied to Comedies in general. "It "is acknowledged with univerſal "conviction, that the peruſal of his "works will make no man better; "and that their ultimate effect is to "repreſent pleaſure in alliance with "vice, and to relax thoſe obligations "by which life ought to be regulated." Dr Johnſon's authority is valid here. He was himſelf attached to the Drama.

I ſhall conclude my paper with a letter or two, which ſhow what expectations ſome of my readers entertain.

## TO THE TRIFLER.

SIR,

I hope you will contradict your name, as the Popes of old did; when any of them was more than ordinarily worthleſs, he called himſelf *Pius*; when cruel, *Innocent*, and ſo on. Let us have good ſerious letters on the duties of children to their parents, and on ſtaying at home, and not gadding about like fine madams.

I am, yours,
MARGARET ROBSON.

## To Mr. TRIFLER.

Dear Mr Trifler.

We expect you will ſend us an account of all new plays and new novels as ſoon as they are publiſhed; and if you could procure the laſt new caps from Paris, it would vaſtly improve your paper. We know nothing here, and depend on you entirely, being,

Dear Mr Trifler,
yours,
HANNAH FROLIC.

## TO THE TRIFLER.

SIR,

I make no ceremony in telling you, that although you have publiſhed ſix papers, you have been very negligent. Solon, a very wiſe magiſtrate in his time, and provoſt of Athens, made a law, that he who in a time of public diviſion did not take a ſide, ſhould be baniſhed; and you, Sir, have not yet given your opinion as to our *reform*, or the *union of the Colleges* —DON'T YOU MEAN TO DO IT, SIR?

Yours,
WILLIAM QUIDNUNC.

*Anſwer.* NO!

Others of my correſpondents, whoſe ſuggeſtions accord with my plan, will hereafter find that I ſhall attend to them. To pleaſe every-body is not in any body's power—nay, I am confidently aſſured I have already made an enemy or enemies. This I am ſorry for, *on their account*, as they muſt be greatly diſtreſſed to enjoy all the feelings of hoſtility, without communicating any to me. Beſides, to be envied is a ſituation moſt enviable, and which, notwithſtanding what I have heard, I have ſcarcely the vanity to ſuppoſe I am entitled to.—But be it ſo or not, I am determined to offer no ſentiments but what have a moral tendency, and I admit of no ſatisfactions but the conſciouſneſs of meaning and doing well. Men who enter the liſts with every enemy, only degrade themſelves, and raiſe from obſcurity a being deſigned to remain unknown, and ſcreened from contempt only by being ſcreened from ſight.

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*Advertiſement.* Dr P. Bathos being abſent on a journey, hopes his notes will be excuſed from appearing until his return.

## CURIOUS ORIENTAL ANECDOTES, *with the* ORIGIN OF ROYAL JESTERS.

THOUGH the ſyſtem of eaſtern government veſts, often, the almoſt unlimited uſe and abuſe of power, in the hands of men, whoſe frantic caprice is a dreadful ſatire upon human nature; we nevertheleſs, frequently diſcover, among the Princes of Aſia, not only an uncommon deference to the complaints of their ſubjects, but many inſtances where the moſt ferocious tyrants have borne without reſentment, the ſevereſt truths and the keeneſt ſarcaſms, when delivered with a bold ſpirit and a ready wit.

The great deſert of Naubendigan had long been infeſted by banditti, who robbed the caravans, and murdered the merchants. About the beginning of the eleventh century, ſoon after Perſia had been conquered by Mahmoud, Sultan of Ghezna, a caravan was plundered; and, amongſt thoſe who fell, was the ſon of a widow. The poor woman immediately ſet out for Ghezna, and demanded juſtice of the Sultan for the life of her ſon.——Mahmoud heard her complaint with attention; and then told her, that Irac being far removed from his ſeat of government, it was impoſſible to remedy every diſorder which might happen at ſuch a diſtance. 'Why then,' ſays the widow, 'doſt thou conquer more than thou canſt govern? Will not an account of this be required of thee at the day of judgement?'——Struck with the juſtice of the widow's reply, Mahmoud was not offended. He made her, on the contrary, rich preſents, and promiſed her ſpeedy juſtice. He haſtened immediately to Iſpahan, and iſſued a proclamation, promiſing ſecurity,

ſecurity, in perſon and property, to all travellers through the deſert. Many merchants flocked, in conſequence, to Iſpahan: but, when the caravan was ready to depart, they were ſurprized to find only an hundred ſoldiers appointed for their guard. They repreſented to the King, that the robbers were ſo numerous and bold, that a thouſand would be quite inſufficient. He knew, however, the meaſures he had taken, and deſired them to depart with aſſurance of perfect ſafety. The Sultan had, in the mean time, privately ordered a number of hampers of moſt choice friuts to be poiſoned, and gave orders to the commander of the guard to halt in a certain place where the banditti generally made their attack; and there to unload the fruits, under pretence of drying them in the ſun. This was done: and, the robbers ſoon appearing, the guards, as they were ordered, fled. As nothing, in thoſe ſcorching deſerts, could be more tempting than ſuch cool and delicious fruits, the thieves knowing that the caravan might be ſoon overtaken, allowed them to move on; and devoured the fruits with ſo little moderation, that, before they could diſcover the poiſon, it began to operate; and all of them periſhed on the ſpot.

Tamerlane, whoſe common ſaying it was, that a Sovereign could never be ſafe upon his throne, unleſs it was ſurrounded with blood: who could, with indifference, make pyramids of heads, and bake thouſands alive in a mud pie, or pound them in a mortar; this Tamerlane could yet liſten, without reſentment, to the raillery of poets, the cenſure of the learned, and the perſonal inſults of real or pretended fools. Indeed the ſuperſtitious reſpect, which eaſtern people have entertained for idiots, is wonderful. Their ſayings have been conſidered as bordering upon inſpiration; and, in this idea, they have been indulged with an uncommon freedom of ſatirical licence. This ſingular degree of veneration which has been ſhewn for natural idots, might often, we may eaſily believe, induce artful men to counterfeit folly; either to advance fortunes, or to give them the power of ſpeaking freely their reſentments, with impunity. And to this cauſe, I think, it is not unnatural to trace the origin of Royal Jeſters. At what period the King's fool was introduced into European courts, it is not material to inquire: but we find him in the eaſt in the eighth century; and he was probably much older. At the court of the Khalif Arraſhid there was one named Bahalul; ſome of his ſayings have been preſerved. He appears to have poſſeſſed vivacity, wit, and obſervation; and he was permitted to take every kind of licence with the Khalif and his courtiers: 'I wiſh, ſays Arraſhid to him one day, 'you could procure me a liſt of all the fools in Bagdat.' 'That would be difficult, Commander of the Faithful; but, if you deſire to know the wiſe men, the catalogue may be ſoon completed.'——A courtier telling him, that the Khalif had given him the charge of all the bears, wolves, foxes, and monkeys, in his dominions: 'The Commander of the Faithful has given me then a very extenſive charge: for it comprehends his whole empire; and you are one of my ſubjects.'—Entering one day into the preſence chamber, and finding the throne empty, he ſeated himſelf on it; when the officers in waiting, perceiving him, pulled him down, and baſtinadoed him out of the hall. Bahalul fell a-crying; and the Khalif, ſoon after appearing, inquired into the matter. The officers told him, that it was on account of a few blows he had received for his inſolence.' 'No,' ſays the fool, 'my complainings ariſe not from the blows: they are cauſed by my compaſſion for the Commander of

of the Faithful; for, if I have received ſo many baſtinadoes for ſitting upon the throne but for one minute in my life, how many ſhould he endure, who mounts it every day!'

A real or affected fool, during the reign of this Prince, had the preſumption to call himſelf God Almighty. The Khalif, thinking him an impoſtor, ordered him to be brought before him; and, that he might diſcover the truth, he ſaid to him, 'A fellow the other day, who aſſumed the manners of an idiot, pretended to be a prophet of God. I had him immediately tried, when his impoſture appearing evident, I commanded his head to be ſtruck off.'——'You did right,' replied the fool, and like a faithful ſervant of mine; for I never gave that fellow a commiſſion to be my Prophet.' The ready coolneſs of the anſwer left the Khalif at a loſs how to decide: he inclined therefore to the merciful ſide, and the fool was diſmiſſed.

When Mahmoud, Sultan of Ghezna, conquered India, he had diſtreſſed the people greatly by plundering, as well as by the contributions and taxes which he impoſed. Whilſt he was one day ſitting in his divan, in converſation with his nobles, a fool wandered into the hall; and, ſtaring wildly around, ſpoke much to himſelf, but took no particular notice of any perſon. The Prince, obſerving him, deſired his officer to aſk him what he wanted. He ſaid, he was hungry; and wiſhed of all things, to eat a roaſted ſheep's tail. The Sultan, in a frolic, ordered them to cauſe a particular ſort of radiſh to be roaſted, much reſembling in ſhape thoſe tails, which in ſeveral eaſtern countries are very fat, and of an extraordinary ſize. The Sultan then aſked him, how he liked it: to which he anſwered, 'That it was exceedingly well dreſſed; but he could eaſily perceive, that, under his government, the ſheep's tails had no longer the fatneſs, nor the excellent flavour, for which they were famous in former times.'——Mahmoud felt the poignancy of the anſwer, and gave immediate orders to relieve the people of many burthens under which they groaned. Eccentric ſayings indeed from eccentric men, we ſhall often find, will more powerfully influence a haughty Prince, than the moſt ſerious remonſtrances of his Miniſters, or the loudeſt murmurings of his people.

From ſuch ſlight obſervances as theſe, we ſhall often judge more truly of the genius of a people, than from more ſolid objects: for, as Selden juſtly remarks, if we throw a ſtraw into the air, we may eaſily ſee how the wind ſits; which we ſhall not do by caſting up a ſtone.

## *Importance to Britain, of the African Slave-trade.*

A Gentleman here has ſent us the following exact ſtatement of the amount of goods manufactured at home and abroad, taken by ſhips fitted out from the port of Liverpool (only) in the year 1786, employed in the African Slave trade, received from a reſpectable Merchant of that Place, which (with a petition of near 14,000 of the Inhabitants and country gentleman, voluntarily ſigned for the aiding of that buſineſs) will be laid before our ſenators.

A trade of ſuch vaſt importance, that our nation is envied by all Europe for its ſucceſs in, and which the French are encouraging by a national bounty of from ſeven to ten pounds per head for every ſlave brought to their Weſt India iſlands. How ſtrangely different then is the conduct of the French, to that of the numerous petitioners for the aboliſhing a trade of ſuch magnitude? for the deſtroying it would be like amputating from the body politic one of its ſtouteſt

ſtouteſt members;—a trade which the French are cultivating as the beſt nurſery for hardy ſeamen to endure all climates; and as they improve, and we neglect it, ſo will their naval ſtrength gain advantage, and our's ſuffer in proportion. As ſuch, the wiſdom of our government will undoubtedly aid, and not endeavour to diſtreſs a trade which is a ſource of wealth, of employment to many thouſands, an aid to our ſtrength in war, a refuge for the wretched outcaſts of Africa (who would otherwiſe be puniſhed with death by their Laws) a ſupply to all Europe with uſeful delicacies, which theſe Africans are, from the nature of their own climate, beſt capable of cultivating; and, from their frequently marrying with the natives of the country they are taken to, many millions of their progeny are now in the Spaniſh Weſt Indies, and other parts, quiet inhabitants, and many of them in affluent circumſtances.—To combat the various arguments made uſe of, by zealots for aboliſhing, and who are totally ignorant of the nature of the ſlave trade, would be madneſs exceeding their own. There needs only one univerſal truth, founded in nature; that the countries the Africans are taken to, want their aſſiſtance; the countries they are taken from want their diſmiſſion; and he would deſtroy the congeniality of univerſal good, whoſe folly led him, from an overflowing humanity, to deſtroy a trade whoſe conſequences would involve his country in diſtreſs; the Weſt Indies and Spaniſh Settlements in America in diſtreſs; Africa in diſtreſs by being obliged to put to death thoſe offenders they ſell us, and have not other property ſufficient to give us for goods they want. If a man breathes, who could wiſh ſo ſerious a miſchief to mankind in general, the puniſhment of a ſlave for life would be but trifling to the enormity of his guilt.

EXPORTS from LIVERPOOL.
Anno 1786.

| | £. | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Eaſt India Goods | 100,787 | 11 | 10 |
| Britiſh Ditto | | | |
| Salt - - | 1,759 | 16 | 0 |
| Brandy (Engliſh) | 13,445 | 1 | 11 |
| Gunpowder - | 29,816 | 1 | 0 |
| Loaf Sugar - | 1,087 | 0 | 10 |
| Lead - - | 2,840 | 16 | 2 |
| Pewter and Tin - | 4,794 | 15 | 2 |
| Copper and Braſs | 30,021 | 7 | 8 |
| Wrought Iron, Guns, &c. | 39,913 | 14 | 5 |
| Glaſs - - | 2,586 | 19 | 5 |
| Earthen Ware - | 1,744 | 14 | 7 |
| Coopers and Joiners Ware - - | 11,992 | 17 | 9 |
| Cotton Checks | 88,363 | 3 | 10 |
| Linen Ditto - | 17,507 | 12 | 10 |
| Woollens - | 16,468 | 0 | 0 |
| Silk manufactured | 7,247 | 10 | 7 |
| Printed Goods | 19,620 | 0 | 0 |
| Dyed Cottons - | 14,310 | 8 | 5 |
| Hats - - | 3,949 | 3 | 9 |
| Sundries - | 34,995 | 3 | 2 |
| Rum, Sugar, &c. Weſt India Produce | 21,061 | 18 | 0 |
| Iron Bars, Beads, &c. | 50,229 | 7 | 0 |
| Ships Value - | 124,482 | 15 | 8 |
| Outfit - | 118,562 | 13 | 10 |
| | £ 757,596 | 10 | 3 |

Excluſive of 7 per Cent. Inſurance.

The Exports in 1787, amounted only to 680,072. 4. 9. owing to the encouragement given by the French in bounty to their merchants, to enable them to rival us in this valuable trade. [Brim. Gazette.

It being determined to reduce the Regiments of Heavy Horſe—the following ANECDOTES of LIGONIER's Regiment have been ſent us by a Veteran.

HIS Majeſty's 4th regiment of horſe was upon the Iriſh eſtabliſhment, from the concluſion of Queen

Queen Anne's war to the year 1742.

This long period of 30 years naturally brought that corps to be compoſed almoſt entirely of Iriſh, as I do not recollect at any time above one or two men of any other country.

A regiment eminently diſtinguiſhed at the Revolution, and in the Queen's war, found no difficulty in recruiting——it was in general compoſed of the younger branches of ancient and reſpectable families—nor was it uncommon to give from twenty to thirty guineas to become a trooper.

In the ſummer 1742, the regiment was ordered upon ſervice ſo very unexpectedly, that all the troop horſes were taken up from graſs, and the clothing of the men was in the laſt month of its wear; under theſe diſadvantages it was landed in England, and upon their march for embarkation, was reviewed without reſpite or preparation at Hounſlow, by the King, in the centre between the Oxford Blues and Pembroke's Horſe, of nine troops each, newly and completely appointed, and which had only marched from the neighbouring cantonments for that purpoſe. No wonder that there was a manifeſt diſparity in the corps, the poor meagre horſes of the Blacks ſcarcely able to crawl under the rawboned half-naked Hibernian. The old King, however, had judgment to ſee, and generoſity to make the proper allowance, and wiſhed to afford their dejected colonel ſome conſolation, who no doubt found not a little uneaſineſs on the occaſion, ſaid, Ligonier, your men have the air of ſoldiers—their horſes indeed, look poorly—how is it?

Sire, replied he, the men are Iriſh and gentlemen—the horſes are Engliſh. The regiment ſhortly after embarked for Germany, and in the enſuing campaign, in June 1743, were of the brigade of Engliſh cavalry, at the battle of Dettingen—the army being ſurpriſed into action, the regiment on that day was but 180 ſtrong; after ſuſtaining a very heavy cannonade for an hour and forty minutes, they charged the French Gens d'Armes drawn up 6 deep, to ſuſtain the weight of the Britiſh horſe from a failure in one of the regiments of the brigade, of which the enemy availed themſelves—the regiment was ſurrounded, (and killed Capt. Robinſon, Quarter-maſter Jackſon; wounded Col. Ligonier, Capt. Stewart, Lieutenant Chomley, Cornet Richardſon) and overpowered and forced to fight their way back, as the only means of preventing their being totally cut off in this charge. —The regiment had fifty-ſix men and ſix officers killed and wounded, making nearly one-third of the whole, ſo that for the remainder of the campaign they did duty but as one ſquadron.

Many had hitherto been the taunts and ſneers which the two Engliſh regiments had thrown upon the Virgin Mary's Guards, (for ſo the Blacks were termed;) but from this period the tables were changed, and St. Patrick protected the honour of his countrymen.

Having ſerved at that time in the 33d regiment of foot, I fortunately preſerved the life of a French nobleman, and having occaſion to fall into the rear of the line to protect my priſoner, I came immediately behind the Blacks, and ſaw an old veteran corporal and about half a dozen comrades, who had fought through and were covered with wounds, addreſs my companion; he obſerved to them their preſent wretched condition, that they had began the day well, and he hoped they would end it ſo; upon which, collecting his ſmall ſquadron of heroes he charged the thickeſt of the enemy, and in a ſecond not a man ſurvived.

Cornet Richardſon who carried the ſtandard received thirty-ſeven ſhots and cuts on his body and through his clothes,

clothes, beſides many upon the ſhaft of the ſtandard, and being queſtioned how he contrived to preſerve the colours? he obſerved, like a true Hibernian, that if the wood of the ſtandards had not been made of iron, it would have been cut off. The regiment being provided with new ſtandards the enſuing winter, each Cornet was preſented with the ſtandard he carried, as the moſt honourable teſtimony of their good behaviour.

In 1745 the regiment was at the battle of Fontenoy, and upon that field, there was not wanting a ſingle man or horſe of their full complement; one man indeed had been left behind in Bruſſels, having been ſhot through the thigh a few days before in a duel; but there having been brought up thirty-ſeven recruits, which was one man more than the regiment wanted, Sir John Ligonier having obſerved a young man in the deepeſt diſtreſs, at being told, he would not be received—Ligonier ordered him to be kept at his expence till there ſhould be a vacancy, ſo that in reality the regiment was by one more than completed.

In this action there was a trooper, named Stevenſon, whoſe horſe had been ſhot early in the morning; the regiment ſaw no more of him till next evening, that he joined them, at Ath—the men of the troop inſiſted upon it, that he ſhould give an account of himſelf, that he was unworthy of being a Ligonier, and that he ſhould not attempt to ſtay in the lines; the man demanded a court-martial; next day it ſat, and being queſtioned, what account he could give of himſelf, he produced lieutenant Izard, of the Welſh Fuzileers, who declared, that in the morning the priſoner addreſſed him, and his horſe being ſhot, he requeſted to have the honour of carrying a firelock in the grenadiers, which was complied with; that through the whole action, he behaved with uncommon intrepidity and conduct, and was one of the nine grenadiers he brought out of the field; the man was reſtored to his troop with honour, and next day the Duke gave him a lieutenancy in the regiment in which he had behaved ſo well.

Quarter-maſter Jackſon was the ſon of a Quarter-maſter in the regiment; his father not being in circumſtances to provide for him, the young fellow went on board a man of war; going to the Mediterranean, a party of the crew made a deſcent on the coaſt of Spain; the party was ſurpriſed, and Jackſon taken priſoner; in order to obtain his liberty, after living a year in gaol, he liſted in the Spaniſh ſervice, and the year following, being upon command on the coaſt of Spain, his party was ſurpriſed by the Moors; he was made priſoner, carried to Oran, and exhibited for ſale as a ſlave—The Engliſh Conſul, ſeeing ſomething in his appearance that beſpoke him an Engliſhman, addreſſed him, and finding him a Britiſh ſubject, purchaſed him, brought him home, and made him ſuperintendant of his family; after ſome years, he obtained his diſcharge, returned to Ireland, and found his father living.

General Ligonier ſuffered the father to reſign the warrant to the ſon, in the year 1734—the regiment being upon Dublin duty, Mr. Jackſon paſſing through the Caſtle-yard, obſerved a man ſtanding centinel at the Provoſt-gate; in walking by him obſerved the ſoldier turn his face from him—Jackſon returned to the barracks, and in the evening he found himſelf uncommonly diſtreſſed; he could not get this ſame centinel out of his head. He had an anxiety he could not ſuppreſs, to know who he was, and went to the Caſtle, and waited until the guard was relieved. He found the man he wanted; Jack-

ſon addreſſed him, told him his face was familiar to him, and begged to know where he had ſeen him. In ſhort, in this ſoldier he found his protector, the Conſul of Oran, who had redeemed him from ſlavery. The account he gave of this extraordinary change of fortune, was, that he had outrun his allowance and over-drawn, was recalled, and obliged to return to England, where upon his arrival, he enliſted with the firſt recruiting party, and now he was a ſoldier, with his whole fortune in his knapſack. Jackſon made every return to his benefactor, got him diſcharged, and had him made a trooper in the Blacks, where Jackſon ſhared his pay with him. In the courſe of ſix months, the unfortunate Conſul died of brandy and a broken heart.

I returned with the regiment to Ireland in the year 1742; from the time of their leaving Ireland, there never was an inſtance of a man having deſerted—of a man or horſe taken priſoner, nor a man tried by a general court-martial. There were but ſix men died a natural death; and there were 37 private men promoted to commiſſions. Sir John Ligonier kept a ſecond ſurgeon for the regiment at his own expence.

## Literary Chronicle and Review.

LETTERS *to and from the late* SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D. *To which are added, Some Poems never before printed. Publiſhed from the Original MSS. in her Poſſeſſion, by* Heſter Lynch Piozzi. 2 vols 8vo.

THE publication of this correſpondence will no doubt excite the curioſity of the Public; and, notwithſtanding the cenſures of a few individuals, it muſt be admitted that it paints the character of the Author in an amiable point of view. The letters in general are written with the true eaſe of the epiſtolary ſtyle, and diſplay the Writer's attachment to his friends and connexions.

We ſhall occaſionally ſelect a few extracts from this collection.

### LETTER CXXXVIII.

*To Mrs* THRALE.

*Lichfield, Aug.* 5, 1775.

Dear Madam,

IT is ſaid, and ſaid truly, that experience is the beſt teacher; and it is ſuppoſed, that as life is lengthened, experience is increaſed. But a cloſer inſpection of human life will diſcover, that time often paſſes without any incident which can much enlarge knowledge, or ratify judgement. When we are young we learn much, becauſe we are univerſally ignorant; we obſerve every thing, becauſe every thing is new. But after ſome years, the occurrences of daily life are exhauſted: one day paſſes like another, in the ſame ſcene of appearances, in the ſame courſe of tranſactions; we have to do what we have often done, and what we do not try, becauſe we do not wiſh to do much better; we are told what we already know, and therefore what repetition cannot make us know with greater certainty.

He that has early learned much, perhaps ſeldom makes, with regard to life and manners, much addition to his knowledge; not only becauſe, as more is known there is leſs to learn, but becauſe a mind ſtored with images and principles turns inwards for its own entertainment, and is employed in ſettling thoſe ideas which run into confuſion, and in recollecting thoſe which are

are ſtealing away; practices by which wiſdom may be kept, but not gained. The merchant who was at firſt buſy in acquiring money, ceaſes to grow richer from the time when he makes it his buſineſs only to count it.

Thoſe who have families or employments are engaged in buſineſs of little difficulty, but of great importance, requiring rather aſſiduity of practice than ſubtilty of ſpeculation, occupying the attention with images too bulky for refinement, and too obvious for reſearch. The right is already known, what remains is only to follow it. Daily buſineſs adds no more to wiſdom, than daily leſſons to the learning of the teacher. But of how few lives does not ſtated duty claim the greater part!

Far the greater part of human minds never endeavour their own improvement. Opinions once received from inſtruction, or ſettled by whatever accident, are ſeldom recalled to examination; having been once ſuppoſed to be right, they are never diſcovered to be erroneous; for no application is made of any thing that time may preſent, either to ſhake or to confirm them. From this acquieſcence in preconceptions none are wholly free; between fear of uncertainty, and diſlike of labour, every one reſts while he might yet go forward; and they that are wiſe at 33, are very little wiſer at 45.

## LETTER CXLI.

*To Mrs* THRALE.

(*On the* DEATH *of* HER SON.)

*Lichfield, March* 25, 1786.

Dear Madam,

THIS letter will not, I hope, reach you many days before me; in a diſtreſs which can be ſo little relieved, nothing remains for a friend but to come and partake it.

Poor dear ſweet little boy! When I read the letter this day to Mrs Aſton, ſhe ſaid, "Such a death is the next to tranſlation." Yet however I may convince myſelf of this, the tears are in my eyes, and yet I could not love him as you loved him, nor reckon upon him for a future comfort, as you and his father reckoned upon him.

He is gone, and we are going! We could not have enjoyed him long, and ſhall not long be ſeparated from him. He has probably eſcaped many ſuch pangs as you are now feeling.

Nothing remains, but that with humble confidence we reſign ourſelves to Almighty Goodneſs, and fall down, without irreverent murmurs, before the Sovereign Diſtributer of good and evil, with hope, that though ſorrow endureth for a night, yet joy may come in the morning.

I have known you, Madam, too long to think that you want any arguments for ſubmiſſion to the Supreme Will; nor can my conſolation have any effect but that of ſhewing that I wiſh to comfort you. What can be done, you muſt do for yourſelf. Remember firſt that your child is happy; and then, that he is ſafe, not only from the ills of this world, but from thoſe more formidable dangers which extend their miſchief to eternity. You have brought into the world a rational being; have ſeen him happy during the little life that has been granted him; and can have no doubt but his happineſs is now permanent and immutable.

When you have obtained by prayer ſuch tranquility as nature will admit, force your attention, as you can, upon your accuſtomed duties and accuſtomed entertainments. You can do no more for our dear boy, but you muſt not therefore think leſs on thoſe whom your attention may make fitter for the place to which he is gone. I am,

Deareſt, deareſt Madam,

Your moſt affectionate humble ſervant.

*Letter from Mrs Piozzi to a Gentleman, on his marriage.*

My dear Sir,

I received the news of your marriage with infinite delight, and hope that the ſincerity with which I wiſh your happineſs, may excuſe the liberty I take in giving you a few rules whereby more certainly to obtain it. I ſee you ſmile at my wrong-headed kindneſs, and reflecting on the charms of your bride, cry out in a rapture, that you are happy enough without my rules. I know you are! but after one of the forty years, which I hope you will paſs moſt pleaſingly together, are over, this letter may come in turn; and rules for felicity may not be found unneceſſary, however ſome of them may appear impracticable.

Could that kind of love be kept alive through the marriage ſtate, which makes the charm of a ſingle one, the ſovereign good would no longer be ſought for; in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found: but reaſon ſhews us that this is impoſſible, and experience informs us that it never was ſo; we muſt preſerve it as long, and ſupply it as happily as we can.

When your preſent violence of paſſion ſubſides however, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not haſty to cenſure yourſelf as indifferent, or to lament yourſelf as unhappy; you have loſt that only which it was impoſſible to retain, and it were graceleſs, amid the pleaſures of a proſperous ſummer to regret the bloſſoms of a tranſient ſpring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's inſipidity, till you have recollected that no object however ſublime, no ſounds however charming, can continue to tranſport us with delight when they no longer ſtrike us with novelty. The ſkill to renovate the powers of pleaſing, are ſaid indeed to be poſſeſſed by ſome women in an eminent degree, but the artifices of maturity are ſeldom ſeen to adorn the innocence of youth; you have made your choice, and ought to approve it.

Satiety follows quick upon the heels of poſſeſſion; and to be happy, we muſt always have ſomething in view. The perſon of your lady is already all your own, and will not grow more pleaſing in your eyes, I doubt, though the reſt of your ſex will think her handſomer for theſe dozen years. Turn therefore all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by poliſhing. Study ſome eaſy ſcience together, and acquire a ſimilarity of taſtes while you enjoy a communicy of pleaſures. You will, by this means, have many images in common, and be freed from the neceſſity of ſeparating to find amuſement; nothing is ſo dangerous to wedded love as the poſſibility of either being happy out of the company of the other; endeavour therefore to cement the preſent intimacy on every ſide; let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expences, your friendſhips, or averſions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; conſider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have any thing to *find out* in your character, and remember, that from the moment one of the partners turns ſpy upon the other, they have commenced a ſtate of hoſtility.

Seek not for happineſs in ſingularity, and dread a refinement of wiſdom as a deviation into folly. Liſten not to thoſe ſages who adviſe you always to ſcorn the counſel of a woman, and if you comply with her requeſts, pronounce you to be wife-ridden. Think not any privation, except of poſitive evil, an excellence, and do not congratulate yourſelf that your wife is not a learned lady, that ſhe never touches

touches a card, or is wholly ignorant how to make a pudding. Cards, cookery, and learning, are all good in their places, and may all be uſed with advantage.

With regard to expence, I can only obſerve that the money laid out in the purchaſe of diſtinction is ſeldom or ever profitably employed. We live in an age when ſplendid furniture and glittering equipage are grown too common to catch the notice of the *meaneſt* ſpectator; and for the *greater* ones, they only regard our waſteful folly with ſilent contempt, or open indignation. This may perhaps be a diſpleaſing reflection, but the following conſideration ought to make amends. The age we live in, pays, I think, peculiar attention to the higher diſtinctions of wit, knowledge, and virtue; to which we may more ſafely, more cheaply, and more honourably aſpire. The giddy flirt of quality frets at the reſpect ſhe ſees paid to Lady Edgecombe, and the gay dunce ſits pining for a partner, while Jones the orientaliſt leads up the ball.

I ſaid that the perſon of your lady would not grow *more* pleaſing to you, but pray let her never ſuſpect that it grows *leſs* ſo: that a woman will pardon an affront to her underſtanding much ſooner than one to her perſon, is well known; nor will any of us contradict the aſſertion. All our attainments, all our arts, are employed to gain and keep the heart of man; and what mortification can exceed the diſappointment, if the end be not obtained? There is no reproof, however pointed, no puniſhment, however ſevere, that a woman of ſpirit will not preſer to neglect; and if ſhe can endure it without complaint, it only proves that ſhe means to make herſelf amends by the attention of others for the ſlights of her huſband. For this, and for every reaſon, it behoves a married man not to let his politeneſs fail, though his ardour may abate; but to retain, at leaſt, that general civility towards his *own* lady, which he is ſo willing to pay to *every other*, and not ſhew a wife of 18 or 20 years old, that every man in company can treat her with more complaiſance than he who ſo often vowed to her eternal fondneſs.

It is not my opinion that a young woman ſhould be indulged in every wild wiſh of her gay heart or giddy head, but contradiction may be ſoftened by domeſtic kindneſs, and quiet pleaſures ſubſtituted in the place of noiſy ones. Public amuſements are not indeed ſo expenſive as is ſometimes imagined, but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well-choſen ſociety of friends and acquaintance, more eminent for virtue and good ſenſe than for gaiety and ſplendour, where the converſation of the day may afford comment for the evening, ſeems the moſt rational pleaſure this great town can afford; and to this, a game at cards now and then gives an additional reliſh.

That your own ſuperiority ſhould always be ſeen, but never felt, ſeems an excellent general rule. A wife ſhould outſhine her huſband in nothing, not even in her dreſs. If ſhe happens to have a taſte for the trifling diſtinctions that finery confers, ſuffer her not for a moment to fancy, when ſhe appears in public, that Sir Edward or the Colonel are finer gentlemen than her huſband. The bane of married happineſs among the *city* men in general has been, that finding themſelves unfit for polite life, they transferred their vanity to their ladies, dreſſed up gaily, and ſent them out a gallanting, while the good man was to regale with port wine or rum punch, perhaps among mean companions, after the compting houſe was ſhut; this practice produced the ridicule thrown on them in all our comedies and novels ſince commerce began

began to proſper. But now that I am ſo near the ſubject, a word or two on jealouſy may not be amiſs, for though not a failing of the preſent age's growth, yet the ſeeds of it are too certainly ſown in every warm boſom, for us to neglect it as a fault of no conſequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, *watch* your wife narrowly, but never *teize* her; tell her your *jealouſy*, but conceal your *ſuſpicion*; let her, in ſhort, be ſatisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troubleſome attachment, that makes you follow her; but let her not dream that you ever doubted ſeriouſly of her virtue even for a moment. If ſhe is diſpoſed towards jealouſy of *you*, let me beſeech you to be always explicit with her, and never myſterious; be above delighting in her pain of all things; nor do your buſineſs, nor pay your viſits with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed perhaps in the pariſh veſtry. But I will hope better than this of your tenderneſs and of your virtue, and will releaſe you from a lecture you have ſo very little need of, unleſs your extreme youth and my uncommon regard will excuſe it. And now farewell; make my kindeſt compliments to your wife, and be happy in proportion as happineſs is wiſhed you by,

Dear Sir, &c.

## ANECDOTES
### OF THE
### LATE RICHARD WINSTONE,
### COMEDIAN.

THE late Mr. Richard Winſtone, comedian, was an *eleve* of Quin's; and, though greatly inferior to him in point of theatrical merit, was one of the groupe diſtinguiſhed by his friendſhip, and often admitted to his convivial enjoyments. From this intimacy, Winſtone uſed to relate many pleaſant ſtories of Quin, many of them much to the credit of his benevolence, and, amongſt the reſt, the following: "Winſtone once had a quarrel with his manager, and, abruptly leaving the London ſtage, contrary to the advice of Quin, went ſtrolling into Wales. After two years abſence, on his return from Swanſea to Briſtol, by ſea, he was near being drowned, having met with a ſtorm which ſtranded the ſhip, by which he loſt all his cloaths, and what little money he had in his ſtrong box. In this ſituation he ſcrambled up to London, and getting to one of his old haunts about the Garden, went to bed, and ſulked for two days, without ever getting out of it. Quin, by accident, heard of his ſituation, and immediately calling on the manager, had Winſtone put upon a ſalary, and his name actually advertiſed in the bills for next day's performance. He then called upon his taylor, who having Winſtone's meaſure, took him to Monmouth-ſtreet, and bought him a full ſuit of clothes. Thus accoutred, Quin called in upon his old friend, whom he found in bed, very melancholy. After ſome converſation, in which Winſtone related all his misfortunes, Quin aſked him why he was not at rehearſal? This at firſt aſtoniſhed poor Winſtone, untill the other, explaining the circumſtance, he fell upon his knees with gratitude. 'But zounds, my dear Jemmy,' ſays Winſtone, 'what ſhall I do for cloaths, and a little money?' "As for the cloaths," ſays Quin, "there they are; but as for the money, by G—you muſt put your hand in your own pocket." Winſtone experienced his friend's humanity even in this expreſſion, for, on ſearching the breeches pocket, he found ten guineas." Old Winſtone uſed to tell

tell this ſtory with tears of gratitude. He reſided at the Hotwells, Briſtol, for ſome years before his death, where he lived partly on letting lodgings, and partly on what he ſaved in his earlier days.—He was the perſon alluded to by Fielding in his "Tom Jones," where Partridge panegyriſes the repreſentative of "the King in Hamlet." After having paid an handſome compliment to Mr Garrick's acting, by making this humorous and original character declare, with ſome contempt, that he ſhould have been frightened juſt in the ſame manner at the ſight of a ghoſt, Partridge is aſked, which of the performers he likes beſt? to which he indignantly replies, 'The King, without doubt. Talk of Hamlet! No; the King for my money; he ſpeaks all his words diſtinctly, and half as loud again as the other; *any body may ſee that he is an actor!*'—The performers at Briſtol generally gave him a yearly benefit, which, as he had many friends, turned to account. On thoſe nights he ſpoke an occaſional prologue, written by a gentleman of London, of acknowledged taſte and abilities; the publication of which would add to the credit of prologue-writing.

## ON PLANTING.

*By the EARL of FIFE.*

[*From the Annals of Agriculture.*]

Duff-houſe, Dec. 17, 1787.

SIR,

AT your deſire I ſend you ſome general account of my plantations, in this diſtant part of the kingdom.

There has been for ſome years a great ſpirit in this country for promoting agriculture and manufactories; the draw-back is the expence of fire, and want of timber, the coal being brought by ſea, at a great expence of freight, and what is ſtill more grievous, a heavy and unjuſt tax on it; for thoſe who are at the greateſt diſtance from the coal pit, pay a higher tax than thoſe that are nearer it; in many places there is no peat or turf, and that wretched fire coſts more expence in loſs of time than it is worth.

My great inducement to promote extenſive plantations, was to aid agriculture and manufactories, and to ornament and beautify the country.—It is now above thirty years ſince my plantations commenced, and from their infancy to the preſent period I have nurſed them with care, regularity, and perſeverance; every year has enlarged the old, or has given birth to a new planted incloſure; by theſe means about ſeven thouſand acres * of bleak and barren moor have been cloathed with thriving and flouriſhing trees, in the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Murray.

My experience, I ſhould hope, has in ſome degree kept pace with the extenſion of my plantations; every publication on the ſubject naturally attracted my attention; but my knowledge has been principally founded on my obſervation of the different ſoils, and of the various ſituations, in which I have tried experiments, with almoſt every ſpecies of foreſt trees. Should my wiſhes of communicating information, or of inſpiring emulation, be anſwered, I ſhall moſt willingly embrace every opportunity of laying before you a

* This is planting on a magnificent ſcale indeed! nor is it eaſy to conceive a more truly patriotic exertion, than covering ſuch immenſe waſtes with thriving Woods for the comfort of the poor—the facility of every branch of induſtry—the decoration of the country—and the benefit of poſterity! A. Y.

full

full and accurate account of my proceedings *. I began first at this place to incloſe my park; it is in the county of Banff;—there were many natural beauties from ſea views, a fine river, much variety from inequality of ground, and fine rock ſcenes in different parts of the river; but there was not a tree, and it was generally believed that no wood would thrive ſo near the ſea coaſt; I have proved that to be a miſtake: my park is fourteen miles round, and I have every kind of foreſt trees, from thirty years old, in a moſt thriving ſtate; and few places better wooded; this is an encouragement to thoſe who love planting, where the climate is more favourable.

I ſhall not trouble you with any account of what I have done for the ornament and decoration of my grounds; as that, although it employs many poor labourers, may be conſidered as foppiſh dreſs, and changeable like other faſhionable cloathing; but ſhall proceed to lay before you, a narrative of the methods which I have adopted in planting barren moors and lands, waſte and uncultivated.

Where there are ſtones in the moor, I incloſe with a ſtone wall five feet high, coped with two turfs, which coſts about 15s. every Scotch chain of twentyfour ells, and where there are no ſtones, which is moſtly the caſe in the moors in the county of Murray, I incloſe with a fence of turf, five feet high, four feet wide at the foundation, and twenty-two inches at top, at 4s. the Scotch chain.—I find thoſe fences anſwer as well as the ſtone, for there are many of them now above twenty years old, as good as at firſt.—I plant in every acre about 1200 trees (I uſed to plant above 3000, but, by experience, I find it better not to plant them ſo thick, but make them up, if neceſſary, the third year, (eſpecially in my plantations in the county of Murray, where ſcarcely a tree planted ever fails); the greateſt number of the trees are Scotch firs, raiſed by myſelf, or purchaſed at ten-pence the thouſand, and planted from the ſeed bed at three years old; I only conſider them as nurſes to my other trees, for they are regularly cut out when they have done their duty as nurſes, and are profitable for fire, and uſeful in agriculture. I plant every other ſpecies of foreſt trees intermixed with the firs.—I order different pieces of the moor to be trenched where the ſoil is beſt, and moſt ſheltered, and lay a little lime and dung on it, and in thoſe places I ſow ſeeds of trees for nurſery.—I alſo plant in beds, year-old trees of different kinds, taken from my other nurſeries;——— I nurſe them for three years, and then plant them all over the plantation; this I find very beneficial, as they are raiſed in the ſame ſoil.—When I am filling up the plantation, the firs are then, for the firſt time, cut down, or they are tranſplanted, being raiſed with balls of earth, when the moor is wet with rain, which is very eaſily done, and they are carried to incloſures of ten or twelve acres, where, from a deſire of forward woods, I am planting trees more advanced.—They are planted in pits about 40 feet diſtance, and ſeldom or ever fail, and anſwer a ſecond time as nurſes.

My firſt care after the incloſure is properly filled up, is to guard againſt injury from cattle; a ſmall allowance given to a few labourers anſwers that purpoſe, and if the fences are properly executed, they require very little repair. After the plantation is filled up, the moſt regular attention muſt be

* Every future communication, from ſo great and ſucceſsful a planter, will certainly be received by the public with ſingular attention. Such an offer of communicating knowledge is truly liberal. A. Y.

be had to the weeding of it, and this is carried on over my plantations, of all ages, in the moſt exact manner; I make roads through all the plantations, which are carried forward according to the ſituation, never in a ſtraight line ſo as to draw violent winds, and thoſe roads go to all parts of the plantation; they make agreeable rides through fine woods, formerly a bleak moor, and anſwer not only for filling up, but alſo for carrying away the neceſſary weedings; as I obſerved before, the value and proſperity of the wood depends upon the unremitted attention in weeding it.

I begin to plant in October, and continue till April; if the weather is froſty and not for planting, all the people are employed in weeding the woods.

My great plantations for this laſt eighteen years have been near Innes-houſe in the county of Murray, and for your more particular information, I convey to you, along with this, an account of my plantations there ſince the firſt of February 1784, and continued down to the laſt of March 1787, atteſted and ſigned by my planter. I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervt.

FIFE.

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PLANTATIONS *of the* EARL *of* FIFE *about* INNES, &c. *in the* County *of* Murray.

*Planted ſince the firſt of February* 1784, *and continued down to the laſt of March* 1787, *with the number of acres contained in each plantation, and the ells of dykes.*

| | *Acres.* | *Ells of Dyke.* |
|---|---|---|
| Binn Hill of Spey | 520 | 6114 |
| King's road ſide | 5 | 718 |
| North the Glebe | 5½ | 644 |
| Moſſtowie | 14 | 1944 |
| Bridge of Darkland | 5 | 586 |
| | 549½ | 10006 |

The above five hundred and forty nine and a half acres, are planted with the following trees, at about one thouſand two hundred and thirty to the acre, and are as follow:

| | |
|---|---|
| Sycamore | 8000 |
| Common Firs | 266600 |
| Oaks | 65100 |
| Beech | 64306 |
| Larch | 50000 |
| Birch | 100000 |
| Poplar | 10000 |
| Allar | 12000 |
| Willows | 8000 |
| Mountain Aſh | 29500 |
| Laburnum | 6000 |
| Elms | 12000 |
| Aſh | 12000 |
| Hazle | 6000 |
| Spruce Fir | 5000 |
| Sweet Cheſnut | 22000 |
| | 676,566 |

The above plantations are well ſecured from cattle, and the planting in a moſt thriving ſtate at preſent.

Beſides the above incloſures, there is on the farm of Darkland, ſeventeen hundred and eighteen ells of a hedge and belt; and on the farm of Forreſter Seat, one thouſand five hundred and two ells; likewiſe from the Mains of Innes to the church of Urquhart, one thouſand five hundred and twenty ſix ells; the above hedges and trees all kept clean, and in a very thriving ſtate at preſent.

JAMES GEORGE.

Innes-Houſe, Dec. 7, 1787.

There are, beſides what is ſtated above, about 60,000 firs and 100,000 oaks, birch, aſh, larch, and other foreſt trees, planted ſince February 1784, in the plantations in the counties of Aberdeen and Banff, all in a thriving ſtate.

Mr Arthur Young, the Editor of the Annals of Agriculture, adds,—

" It is not eaſy to expreſs the ſatis-
" faction I feel on laying before the
" public ſo fine a detail of plantation
" as this of the Earl of Fife. The
" noble Lord's experience muſt have
" kept pace with the merit of his ex-
" ertions, and he will permit me to
" requeſt him, in the name of that
" public he has been ſo ſolicitous
" thus amply to ſerve, to ſend me
" an account of the particular me-
" thods which, relative to different
" ſoils and circumſtances, have an-
" ſwered beſt." A. Y.

## EXTRACT
FROM
## Dr. PRIESTLEY's SERMON
ON THE
## *SLAVE TRADE.*

FEW of you probably imagine, or will readily believe, that, in order to raiſe our ſugar, and other Weſt India commodities, perhaps half a million of perſons are annually deſtroyed, and in a manner peculiarly ſhocking to humanity. To die by an earthquake, by peſtilence, or even by famine, would be merciful compared with the manner in which many of theſe poor wretches often periſh. All the European plantations taken together are ſaid to require an annual ſupply of ſixty thouſand freſh ſlaves; but theſe are thoſe that remain after ſo many have died in what is called the *ſeaſoning*, before they can be brought to bear the labour to which they are made to ſubmit; and after ſo many more have been loſt during the voyage, owing to the mode of their confinement, and ill uſage on board, that it is ſaid not leſs than a hundred thouſand are annually exported from Africa. And, ſome ſay, that before this ten are deſtroyed for one that is ſecured, and ſafely lodged on board the ſhips. Certainly, however, many periſh, and many more ſuffer very cruelly, before the ſhips can have got their proper number, and be ready for ſailing.

You will aſk *who* are the perſons that are reduced to this wretched ſervitude? I anſwer, ſome criminals, whoſe offences may be ſuppoſed to deſerve it. But theſe, from the nature of things, can only be a few.—Others are priſoners taken in war. Thoſe wars, however, are undertaken for the ſake of making the priſoners, and of diſpoſing of them in this manner. But very many are thoſe of their own innocent ſubjects, whom the tyrannical princes of the country ſeize upon, and ſell. Great numbers alſo are continually kidnapped by any that can ſurprize and overpower them. And theſe ſcenes of horror extend above a thouſand miles within land, for a vaſt extent of ſea coaſt. It is ſaid by ſome, that crimes and wars together do not now furniſh one ſlave in an hundred of thoſe that are tranſported to America, they being generally ſuch as are kidnapped, or ſold by their tyrants.

What theſe poor wretches are made to ſuffer while they are conducted to ſuch a diſtance for ſuch a purpoſe, before they reach the ſhips; what they ſuffer in the ſhips, and in their cruel bondage afterwards, may in ſome meaſure be imagined by us, when we conſider that theſe men have the ſame feelings with ourſelves, and conceive themſelves to be as unjuſtly treated as we ſhould do, if we were violently ſeized, conveyed away from all our friends, and confined to hard labour all our lives in Africa.

In general, it is ſaid, that in our plantations ſlaves are employed ſo many hours every day, excepting Sundays, in the ſervice of their maſters, that they have only one for themſelves, and but little for ſleep.

For

For remiſſneſs in labour they are ſeverely beaten, and for rebellion (as any attempt to recover their liberty is called) they are generally gibbetted alive. The ſhocking indecencies to which the females are ſubjected during the voyage, and afterwards, and the cruel ſeparation of the neareſt relations and friends, huſbands and wives, parents and children, both when they are put on board the ſhips, and at the place of ſale, would be heard with horror by all but thoſe who are habituated to this traffic.

This buſineſs was begun by the Portugueſe, but the Engliſh entered into it ſo early as the year 1551, though contrary to the expreſs orders of queen Elizabeth; and no Europeans whatever uſe their ſlaves with ſo much cruelty as the Engliſh. The Spaniards have made excellent regulations in their favour, in conſequence of which the ſlaves can work out their own freedom; and the French government has alſo interpoſed by a code of laws enacted for this very purpoſe. But the ſlaves belonging to the Engliſh are almoſt wholly left to the mercy of their maſters; and the annual conſumption of them is itſelf a proof of the moſt cruel uſage. For with good treatment even ſlaves will increaſe, as the Iſraelites did in Egypt, and as theſe very negroes do where their maſters are men of ſenſe and humanity. But for this they have no obligation to our laws.

Conſidering how long this abominable traffic has ſubſiſted, ſurely, my brethren, it is high time to put an end to it. Hitherto the nation in general has been but little apprized of the enormity and extent of this evil; and thoſe who have been intereſted in the continuance and extenſion of it have likewiſe been intereſted to conceal the horrid circumſtances attending it. Conſequently, hitherto the national guilt has been leſs than it otherwiſe would have been in conniving at it. But now that the eyes of the nation in general are in a great meaſure opened to it, and in the way of being ſtill more ſo, the national guilt will certainly be greater than ever, if an immediate ſtop be not put to a ſpecies of iniquity which calls ſo loud for the vengeance of heaven.

It may be ſaid that the particulars I have recited are only the *abuſes* of this traffic, and that thoſe only are to be blamed who are concerned in them. But this is a caſe in which all that is worth retaining of the thing itſelf is the abuſe of it. For can you believe that the proper criminals of a part of the African coaſt, or of the whole country of Africa, or indeed of the world (thoſe whoſe crimes could, by any equitable conſtruction, be deemed worthy of ſo ſevere puniſhment) ſupply our iſlands with ſixty thouſand ſlaves annually, beſides more than an equal number, that periſh in various ways before they can be brought to a ſtate of ſettled uſeful ſervitude. Small, indeed, would be the ſtock, and little would it be worth the while of the planters to encourage this traffic, if it procured them only the criminals of Africa, ſuch as it would be for the intereſt of the country to have baniſhed from it. And all the reſt are innocent men, women, and children, unjuſtly deprived of their liberty, and condemned to the moſt cruel bondage, to gratify the avarice of their brutiſh princes, and of our traders and planters. But no leſs guilty are we ourſelves, who, in order to have our ſugars, and other Weſt-India commodities, a little cheaper (though this will be found to be a miſtake) connive at, and encourage, theſe iniquitous proceedings. It is not, therefore the *abuſe* of a trade, but the *trade itſelf*, that muſt be

abolished, if any good be done in the case.

It is in vain for the country in general, or ourselves, as a part of it, to pretend innocence, and leave all the guilt upon those who are immediately concerned in this traffic. For while it is not prohibited by public authority, it will of course be continued; and you must be sensible that it cannot be continued without the shocking abuses I have mentioned. The trade itself, and the abuse of it, are so connected, that to authorize the one is to authorize the other also. And it is an universal maxim, that he who makes himself responsible for any measure whatever, is responsible for all that he believes will be the *actual* consequences of that measure, whether, strictly speaking, they be the *necessary* consequences of it or not.

All the distress, therefore, that is occasioned in the country of Africa by the abuse of power, and frequent wars in order to procure slaves; all the injustice continually exercised by private individuals to trepan others for that purpose; all the barbarities exercised towards the poor wretches so secured, in forcing them on board the ships, in keeping them there, and in their servitude afterwards; nay all the vices in which the slaves are indulged, all the cruelties exercised by them, in their attempts to recover their liberty, and the greater cruelties with which such attempts are always punished, will be laid to the account of the people of this country in general, so long as, *knowing this to be the actual state of things*, we suffer it to proceed. Both the guilt of the oppressors, and the misery of the oppressed, will be equally laid at our door.

This guilt will lie the heaviest, no doubt, upon ministers of state, and all those who have the greatest influence in public measures; but a due proportion of it will be imputed to all those who do not exert whatever influence they may have to prevent it; which includes all who do not petition and remonstrate on the subject. For so much is what every man may do. This is the least we can do to wash our hands, and assert our innocence.

## ANECDOTES
### OF
### THE MARGRAVE OF BADEN.

I Reckon the few days I spent at Carlsruhe among the happiest of my life. I saw a prince who truly lives only for his people, and seeks his own happiness in theirs; one whose active and enlightened mind pervades the whole country, and by its influence makes all those who have a share in the administration patriots like himself. Education, police, encouragements to industry and agriculture; every thing, in short, here breathes a spirit of philosophy and a warm love of mankind. O that I could make many millions as happy as the margrave of Baden makes two hundred thousand men!

After the electors, and the houses of Wirtemburg and Hesse Cassel, the margrave of Baden is one of the greatest potentates in Germany. The princes of Bareith and Darmstadt are the only ones who can enter into any competition with him; his revenue is one million two hundred thousand florins, *i. e.* one hundred and twenty thousand pounds *per annum*. The margrave's country extends along the right side of the Rhine from Basil to near Philipsburg, and from thence through part of Alsatia to the Moselle. If it all lay together, it would be more productive.

They carry on a large trade in cattle, wood, and wine, which last is ex-

extremely good in the environs of Baſil. The country, likewiſe, produces a kind of marble, which ſome think equal in goodneſs to the Florentine or Carara, but this is exaggeration. The mildneſs of the government ſecures to the people the enjoyment of the rewards of their induſtry. There are not indeed opportunities of making great fortunes, as the court is very œconomical, and lives at a ſmall expence; but the ſame cauſe prevents the preſſure of extreme poverty from being felt by any one. The facility of exporting their labours, which is afforded by the navigation on the Rhine, is a great incitement to induſtry.— The manufactures in conſequence increaſe every year, and ſome of them, particularly the earthen-ware one at Durloch, are in high eſtimation. They have likewiſe made ſome ſucceſsful experiments in making ſilk.

The margrave is as amiable in private life as he is reſpectable in public. He and the margravine, who is a princeſs of Darmſtadt, have every polite accompliſhment, ſo that the court is the beſt ſociety in Carlſruhe. Strangers find little difficulty to gain admiſſion there.

This court has been much reflected upon for its economy, and poſſibly may have gone rather beyond the line in ſome points; but whatever the exceſſes may have been, the prince himſelf is not chargeable with them. ——The fact is, that the debts of the family were numerous and great. Thoſe in the hereditary dominions have ariſen from frequent wars, and the neceſſary proviſion for the younger part of the family; but beſides theſe, when the margrave ſucceeded to the government of Baden, which fell to him by the extenſion of another branch of the family, he found every thing in the utmoſt confuſion. Prieſts, miſtreſſes, huntſmen, and cooks, had long vied with each other for the honour of accelerating the bankruptcy of the court of Radſtadt; and in the laſt adminiſtration every thing had been purpoſely left to go to ruin, on the principle that the ſucceſſor was a proteſtant. Under theſe circumſtances the prince's mother thought the greateſt œconomy neceſſary, and ſhe carried it ſo far as to cauſe the flowers which grew in the court garden to be ſold, inſtead of permitting her daughters to wear them in their boſoms. For this, though without the ſtricteſt œconomy the family muſt have been ruined, ſhe was much ridiculed; perhaps in ſome degree deſervedly; but the mirth was kept up by ſome *beaux eſprits* in the neighbourhood, whoſe mercenary expectations the court had failed to gratify.

Carlſruhe is a neat little town, conſiſting entirely of wooden buildings. It is built on a regular plan, and ſtands in the middle of a large foreſt, the remnant of that which, in the time of Tacitus, covered all Germany. Through this foreſt there are thirty-two regular avenues extending to a great diſtance. The town, built in the ſhape of a fan, ſtands upon nine of theſe.

I cannot omit an anecdote which happened about forty years ago, and does the prince of that time great honour. A traveller who paſſed through, expreſſed his ſurpriſe at ſeeing a palace entirely of wood. 'True, Sir, ſaid the prince, you may think it ought at leaſt to have been of brick, but I could not be more magnificently lodged without laying expenſive taxes on my ſubjects, and I wanted only a roof to lay my head under.' Certainly the difference between a king of France and a margrave of Baden is very great; and yet it would not have been amiſs if the builders of the Louvre, Verſailles, and Marli, had attended a little more to ſuch conſiderations.

[Rieſbeck's Travels.

THE

# The LORDS PROTEST ON THE INDIA DECLARATORY BILL.

[Thoſe who wiſh to ſee the arguments againſt the Declaratory bill ſubſtantially yet conciſely arranged, ſhould read with attention the Lords Proteſt—To add any thing to that is not neceſſary, and to enlarge at preſent on either ſide of the argument may be ſpared, as the bill has paſſed through its regular proceſſes, and has received the aſſent. It remains to be conſidered by thoſe who can recollect the proceedings of 1783-4, whether a bill of this nature would have been then propoſed; whether clauſes contained in this bill could with ſafety have been added to Mr Pitt's bill; and whether the India Company did not then clearly conceive, that no ſuch powers as the preſent bill gives was then meant or intended.

The ſtruggle in the Houſe of Commons moſt particularly, and in the Houſe of Lords, has been uncommonly hard. But we are perfectly of opinion with an Hon. Director, that the real ſtate of the queſtion was leſs conſidered than the comparative merits of the two bills—and after all the force with which Oppoſition have reſiſted this bill, they cannot do away an idea as plain as the ſun at noonday, namely, that this bill reſembles that for which they loſt their places.———If this gives power and patronage, how much more ſo did their famous bill, which took from the Eaſt-India Company, their Houſe in Leadenhall-ſtreet, together with all books, papers and documents, veſting the entire management, the appointment of all officers and ſervants, the rights of peace and war, and the diſpoſal of the whole revenue, in the hands of certain commiſſioners, appointed apparently by Parliament, but really by the party?]

## DISSENTIENT.

Becauſe we object altogether to the very ſtile and form of the preſent bill, inaſmuch as it purports to be a declaratory bill of a kind as dangerous in its application as it is certainly unuſual, if not new in its principle. If the act of the 24th of his Majeſty be clearly expreſſed, any declaration of its ſenſe is evidently unneceſſary; if it be worded, whether from accident or deſign, in dark and equivocal terms, we conceive, that, in order to do away every ambiguity, the mode moſt open and candid in itſelf, as well as moſt regular and conformable to the uſage of Parliament, would have been by a bill to explain and amend, and not to declare; and we cannot but behold this extraordinary bill with yet greater alarm, when it has been avowed that it is intended to operate as an act of indemnity for paſt meaſures not explicitly ſtated. Surely it is a propoſition abſurd and monſtrous on the very face of it, to call on this Houſe to declare what was and is law, ſubject to proviſions which ſhall be. A declaration ſo qualified is a new ſpecies of bill of indemnity, which, unlike all others, does not content itſelf with holding forth terms of protection againſt the penal conſequences of an illegal act committed, but retroſpectively alters and reverſes the nature and eſſence of the action itſelf from its very origin, if certain proſpective conditions be ſubſequently obſerved.

2dly, Becauſe the preamble of the preſent bill, which muſt be preſumed to ſet forth the legal grounds of the propoſed declaration, does not appear to us in reality to contain any ſuch grounds. It offers nothing more than partial and pieced extracts, from various ſections of the 24th of his preſent Majeſty, two of which evidently convey only general powers to be exerciſed "in ſuch manner as in the ſaid act is directed," that is, ſubject to limi-

limitations and modifications not recited in the preamble; and the third of theſe extracts, which is taken from the concluſion of the 11th ſection of the act above mentioned, is in truth part of a clauſe imperative on the Directors, not enabling to the Commiſſioners; binding the former to obey the orders of the latter (that is, all ſuch orders as they may lawfully iſſue under other parts of the act), but not conferring on the latter any portion of diſtinct power. Their powers, whatever they may be, muſt be ſought in the enabling clauſes of the act, by which alone this imperative clauſe can be conſtrued, but of which not a trace is to be diſcovered in the preamble.

3dly, Becauſe the limitations and reſtraints on the power of the Commiſſioners, which are now impoſed for the firſt time in this bill, carry with them an intimation highly derogatory to the honour and wiſdom of this Houſe; inaſmuch as they imply, that in the very moment when this Houſe felt the moſt tender apprehenſions for the ſafety of chartered rights, and when they were moſt anxiouſly alarmed for the conſequences of transferring the power and patronage of the Company even for a time, they conſciouſly and deliberately paſſed an act, by which thoſe rights were to be ſuperſeded, and that power and patronage in effect veſted in the Board of Controul for ever, without ſufficient checks and guards to protect the one, or to prevent the corrupt uſe of the other. The authors of theſe limiting and reſtraining clauſes have left to the majority of this Houſe, no other refuge from the imputation of this inconſiſtency, but in an ignorance of that meaning, which we are now called upon to declare.

4thly, Becauſe if any ſuch limitations and reſtraints be indeed neceſſary, the proviſions of this bill, we are perſuaded, muſt prove nugatory and inefficient.

5thly, Becauſe coupling the act of the 24th of his Majeſty, with all its accumulated explanations and amendments, and underſtanding the powers there conferred on the Commiſſioners, to the extent implied in the preamble and limiting clauſes of the preſent bill, the ſyſtem eſtabliſhed by that act, in truth realizes all the dangers which were ever attributed to another meaſure then recently rejected by this Houſe, and is certainly fruitful of formidable miſchiefs proper to itſelf, friendly to corrupt intrigue and cabal, hoſtile to all good government, and eſpecially abhorrent from the principles of our popular conſtitution.

The patronage of the Company (and this ſeems to be the moſt ſerious terror to the people of England) the Commiſſioners enjoy in the worſt mode, without that reſponſibility which is the natural ſecurity againſt malverſation and abuſe. They cannot immediately appoint, but they have that weight of recommendation and influence, which muſt ever inſeparably attend on ſubſtantial power, and which in the preſent caſe has not any where been attempted to be denied.

Should this fail them in the firſt inſtance, they can intimidate and encourage; they can ſuppreſs the approbation and the cenſure of the Directors or their own ſervants; they can ſubſtitute blame for praiſe, and praiſe for blame, or they may inſtantly recall whomſoever the Directors may appoint againſt their will; and this they may repeat, till they ultimately compel the Directors, harraſſed and overawed, to nominate and appoint the man whom the Commiſſioners may wiſh to favour. Nor is this diſpoſal of patronage without reſponſibility, the only evil that characteriſes the ſyſtem; all the high powers and prerogatives with which the Commiſſioners are veſted, they may exerciſe inviſibly, and thus, for a period at leaſt, invade, perhaps in a great meaſure finally baffle all political reſponſibility; for they have a power of adminiſtering to their clerks and other officers an oath of ſecrecy framed for the occaſion by themſelves; and they poſſeſs in the India Houſe the ſuſpicious inſtrument of a Secret Committee, conſiſting only of the Chairman, the Deputy Chairman, and one other Director, all bound to them by an oath.—Through them they have ſent an arrangement for paying the debts of the Nabob of Arcot, beneficial to individuals, injurious to the Company, and fundamentally contradicting the plain principle of an expreſs clauſe in that very act by which their own Board was inſtituted; and through theſe they

have

have concurred to tranſmit a diſpatch, altered too by themſelves, on a ſubject of mere trade, over which they profeſs to diſclaim all right of management. After ſuch examples, we muſt confeſs, that our imaginations cannot figure to us any deſcription of buſineſs, which may not be ſheltered behind the thick veil of the Secret Committee; and from our paſt experience, relative to the firſt of theſe tranſactions, we are ſo juſtly ſenſible of the great advantages with which the ſervants of the Crown muſt argue on ſuch topics before an aſſembly conſtitutionally diſpoſed to a general confidence in them, that we ſhould be ſanguine indeed, did we but expect any conſiderable check to be given to the poſſible miſconduct of the Board of Controul, by the fears of a parliamentary enquiry.

6thly, Becauſe the operation of this bill, and of the act, the meaning of which is to declare, ought to have been limited to the duration of the exiſting charter. Whatever may be the right of the legiſlature to ſubject the trade and the general revenues of the Company to the inſpection and controul of a Board of Commiſſioners nominated by the Crown, ſo long as the Company continue in the enjoyment of an excluſive trade, and in the management of great territorial revenues; we muſt, however, maintain, that to perpetuate ſuch inſpection, and to render the ſignatures of that Board neceſſary to all the Company's diſpatches of every kind, when they may carry on their trade merely as a commercial corporation, without any monopoly, and when they may remain in the management only of their own proper eſtates, is a meaſure of injuſtice wholly unprecedented, and an example liable to much reaſonable jealouſy in a commercial country like Great Britain.

On all theſe grounds of objection; to the ſtile and form of the bill, as a declaratory bill; to the incongruities, abſurdities, and deficiencies of the bill itſelf; to much of the principle, and to all the diſtinguiſhing characters of the ſyſtem which it is meant to declare, as well as to the perpetual operation which it gives to that ſyſtem, we think it incumbent upon us, here ſolemnly, on the Journals of Parliament, to record our hearty diſſent, for the ſatisfaction of our conſciences, and for our juſtification to our fellow citizens and to poſterity.

*Portland*, *Devonſhire*,
*Carliſle*, *Cholmondeley*,
*Wentworth Fitzwilliam*, *Powis*.
*Craven*, *Cardiff*,
*Sandwich*, *Bedford*,
*Porcheſter*, *Loughborough*.
*Derby*,

*An eccleſiaſtical Novelty—A Biſhop in New England created and conſecrated by his Congregation.*

THE Wardens, Veſtry, and Congregation of the Stone-Church, lately the King's Chapel, in BOSTON, have elected and conſecrated James Freeman, Eſq; to be Biſhop, Rector, Miniſter, Paſtor, Prieſt, Teaching-Elder, and Deacon of the Firſt Epiſcopal Church in the State of Maſſachuſets.

They inveſted him with power to preach the word, to adminiſter baptiſm, confirmation, and the Lord's Supper; and to do and perform every office appertaining to a Scripture Biſhop and Prieſt.

All Clerical Characters, of every denomination, were excluded from this ordination! in order, it was ſaid, to convince the world there was one Epiſcopal Church in this dark age founded upon Goſpel Rules, and the practice of the firſt Churches in New England.

Being ſo conſecrated by the Congregation at Boſton—there was a proteſt taken againſt the meaſure.

To that proteſt the anſwer argues thus.

That all Societies may form churches, or churches diſcipline, for themſelves.

That every congregation is independent and ſovereign—and according to natural right, antecedent to national uſurpation of civil conſtraints and military force; that the Church alone

alone poſſeſſes the keys of the diſcipline, and the ſpiritual gifts of the prieſthood—and not Magiſtrates or Biſhops. Vide St Matthew, 18.

In Rome—The *people elected* their Biſhops till ann. 1147!

By *Canon Law*, the ordination of a Biſhop, was *void*—unleſs elected——"*Cum omni conſenſu Eccleſiæ.*"

Henry the VIIIth—Created head of our national church, was a ſimple layman, and by *lay power* ſo created. Vide Act 25 of Hen. 8.

That where the churches depend on Popes, Biſhops, and Magiſtrates, all is perplexity and diſtraction in the United States.

A Jacobite Biſhop is in Connecticut—Two Georgite Biſhops at New York and Pennſylvania—another in Nova Scotia!—All impugn the doctrines, and authority of the others.

Neither the Congreſs—nor any of the States, have delegated to Foreign Princes, the right or order to conſecrate Biſhops for America. Anno 1688, William IIId. withdrew his regal commiſſion from Biſhops——who therefore as Biſhops ceaſed to be.

Oxford Univerſity——by regal charter, is ſubject in eccleſiaſtical concerns, only to lay juriſdiction, as Chancellor &c.——who may excommunicate even Biſhops in their juriſdiction—and in defrance of all Biſhops whatever, authorize ſtudents to preach all over England.

Any civil power may do the ſame, in their own juriſdiction—and till they delegate that power, in no foreign country, can it be exerciſed!

What foreign Biſhop can ſhew a right to officiate in theſe ſtates?

What foreign King can exerciſe juriſdiction, beyond the limits of his land?

Kings indeed make Biſhops—but people make Kings.

The PEOPLE alſo can MAKE BISHOPS, Prieſts, and Deacons.—— And by the authority of Chriſt given to his church, WE OF THIS CHURCH, have created JAMES FREEMAN, Eſq; BISHOP, Prieſt, and preaching Elder of THIS CHURCH, according to the rule and order of Melchiſedeck.

And we require and charge ALL GOD'S PEOPLE, to receive him as ſuch, being perſuaded that no one will diſpute our authority, except thoſe who have joined themſelves to IDOLS—inſtead of JESUS CHRIST.

## Poetry.

### *Thanks to a Friend for a Hare.*

DEAR friend, as I find I've a moment to ſpare,
I take up my pen to ſend thanks for the hare;
Indeed 'twas a nice one as need to be found,
I don't think a better is left on the ground.
And in it your kindneſs and friendſhip I view,
Which I well know is grateful, reſpectful, and true.
A well roaſted hare, if the ſauce be but good,
To me is a diſh of agreeable food.
Some perſons there are, who are ready to ſay,
(Tho' I think they're miſtaken a bit by the way)
That a hare and twelve penn'orth of ſauce put together
Are both worth a ſhilling, and ſcarcely that either;
But as to myſelf, as I hinted before,
I really look on them worth many times more.
One objection indeed I have to declare,
And that's to the method of killing the hare:

By hunting with horſes, with dogs, and with men,
As tho' 'twas a lion arous'd from his den.
As ſoon as they ſee her, dear me, what a cry!
And away over hedges and ditches they fly.
Such a ſhouting and hallowing and bawling is there,
Sure the men are more mad than any March hare.
And yet theſe employed I 've ſeen heretofore,
Dogs, horſes and men, full a hundred or more.
I ſometimes have thought, ſuppoſe there were found
As many fierce lions as hares on the ground,
Or blood thirſty tygers, or ravening wolves,
'Tis a queſtion with me if they'd venture themſelves
So boldly and bravely as now they can do,
When a poor ſqueaking hare is the game they purſue.
It brings to my mind a ſtory, I've heard,
And that it is true I think needn't be fear'd,
A patient from Bedlam not long ago came,
Who was got pretty well, and grown pretty tame,
Was advis'd to ſome diſtance from town to repair,
In hopes he would mend in the countrified air.
He took the advice; to the country he went,
Where chiefly the mornings in walking he ſpent.
And tho' he grew better, yet might it be ſeen,
His whims and vagaries he had now and then.
One morning as uſual, while walking abroad,
He heard a moſt terrible noiſe near the road,
On a hare as ſhe paſſed him he juſt caſt his eye,
Not ever once dreaming 'twas ſhe caus'd the cry.
As onward he went, the noiſe nearer drew,
He ſoon had dogs, horſes, and hunters in view.
The ſight and the noiſe were ſo ſudden and ſtrange,
They made the man ſtart, and his countenance change;
In ſhort, from the whole of the ſenſes he had,
At once he concluded the people were mad.
And ſo to one of them who followed on foot,
He ſtepped up in haſte and this queſtion he put,
Pray tell me, my friend, what's all this ado?
Theſe dogs, men, and horſes, pray where will they go?
Why, maſter, they're going a hunting, he cries
A hunting! ſays the other, quite ſtruck with ſurprize,
A hunting of what, pray to me declare?
Why, maſter, they're going a hunting a hare.
A hare! ſays the madman, what is that I pray?
Why it paſſed, ſays the other, juſt now in the way.
What! that little thing that paſt me juſt there,
Is that what they're hunting? is that called a hare?
And are all theſe horſes, theſe dogs, and theſe men,
Engaged in purſuing that little thing then?
I wiſh, ſaid the madman, they'd take my advice,
And leaving their hunting, get home in a trice,
For if that my maſter ſhould be coming this way,

He'd

He'd take them to Bedlam as ſure as the day.
Dear me, the poor creatures are certainly mad,
And that not a little, they're all very bad.
I know that myſelf have had that diſeaſe,
But never was I half ſo mad as are theſe.
If theſe are th' effects of the countrify'd air,
I'll go back to Bedlam, they're far better there.
For tho' in that houſe there are ſcenes of diſtreſs,
Yet no madneſs on earth can be equal to this.——
From the whole this remark may on Bedlam be made,
More patients are *Out* than are *In*, who are mad.

## LINES,

*From a diſappointed Lover to his obdurate Miſtreſs, after recovering from his Paroxyſm of Love.*

AN angel of the darkeſt hue
Sent here from Satan's realm below,
Would torture leſs by far than you,
Maria, author of my woe.
For you by necromantick art,
My ſoul did fill with dire deſpair;
Of vivid joy bereſt my heart,
And plac'd in it corroding care.
But now each charm, each winning grace,
Which once my raviſh'd ſoul did pleaſe,
And all the beauties of thy face
Have no effect; my mind's at eaſe.
No more on bended knees I crave
On me to look with piteous eye;
No more I beg my life to ſave;
No more ſhalt thou my ſuit deny.
For on thoſe ſparkling eyes ſo black,
And lips ſo ſweet of roſy hue,
And breaſt of ſnow, I've turn'd my back,
Care not a fig for them or you.

## ODE *to* NIGHT,

*Addreſſed to* Cyril Jackſon, D.D. *Dean of Chriſt-Church, Oxford.*

THE buſy Cares of Day are done,
In yonder Weſtern Clouds the Sun
Now ſets, in other Worlds to riſe,
And fill with Light the nether Skies:
With lingering Pace the parting Day retires,
And ſlowly leaves the Mountain-Tops, and gilded Spires!
Yon azure Cloud, enrob'd with White,
Still ſhoots a Gleam of fainter Light;
At length deſcends a browner Shade;
At length the glimmering Objects fade;
'Till all ſubmit to Night's impartial Reign,
And undiſtinguiſh'd Darkneſs covers all the Plain!
No more the Ivy-crowned Oak,
Reſounds beneath the Woodman's Stroke,
Now Silence holds her ſolemn Sway,
Mute is each Buſh and every Spray;
Nought but the ſound of neighb'ring Rills is heard,
Or, from the mould'ring Tow'r, Night's ſolitary Bird;
Hail, ſacred Hour of peaceful Reſt!

Of power to charm the troubled Breaſt!
By thee the captive Slave obtains
Short Reſpite from his galling Chains;
Nor ſighs for Liberty nor native Soil;
But for a while forgets his Chains, and ſultry Toil.

Thine is the Hour of Converſe ſweet,
When ſprightly Wit and Reaſon meet;
*Wit*, the fair Bloſſom of the Mind,
But fairer ſtill with Reaſon join'd.
Such is the Feaſt thy ſocial Hours afford,
When Eloquence and *Jackſon* join the friendly Board.

*Jackſon*, whoſe poliſh'd Mind is fraught
With all that Rome or Greece e'er taught;
Who pleaſes and inſtructs the Ear,
When he aſſumes the Critick's Chair;
Or from a Cheſterfield or Plato draws
The Arts of well bred Life, and Spirit of the Laws.

O let me often thus employ
The Hour of Mirth and ſocial Joy!
And glean from Jackſon's learned Store
Fair Science and true Wiſdom's Lore;
Then will I ſtill implore thy longer Stay,
Nor change thy feſtive Board, for Sunſhine and the Day.

## PITY FOR THE POOR AFRICANS.

*Video meliora, proboque;—deteriora ſequor.*

I.

I OWN, I am ſhock'd at this purchaſe of Slaves,
And fear thoſe who buy them, and ſell them, are knaves;
What I hear of their hardſhips, their tortures and groans,
Is almoſt enough to draw pity from ſtones.

II.

I pity them greatly—but I muſt be mum,
For how could we do without ſugar and rum:
Eſpecially ſugar, ſo needful we ſee,
What! give up our deſerts, our coffee and tea!

III.

Beſides, if we do, the French, Dutch, and Danes,
Will heartily thank us, no doubt, for our pains;
If we do not buy the poor creatures, they will,
And tortures and groans muſt be multiply'd ſtill.

IV.

If foreigners, likewiſe, would give up the trade,
Much more in behalf of your wiſh might be ſaid;
But while *they* get riches by purchaſing Blacks,
Pray tell me, why *we* may not, likewiſe, go ſnacks!

V.

Your ſcruples and arguments bring to my mind,
A ſtory ſo pat, you may think it is coin'd
On purpoſe to anſwer you, out of my mint,
But I can aſſure you, I ſaw in print.

VI.

A youngſter at ſchool, more ſedate than the reſt,
Had once his integrity put to the teſt;
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And aſk'd him to go and aſſiſt in the job.

VII.

He was ſhock'd, Sir, like you, and an-

anſwered, "Oh no—
What rob our good neighbour! I pray you don't go;
Beſides, the man's poor, his orchard's his bread,
Then think of his children, for they muſt be fed."

VIII.

"You ſpeak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we'll have;
If you will go with us we'll give you a ſhare,
If not, you ſhall have neither apple nor pear."

IX.

They ſpoke, and Tom ponder'd—I ſee they will go,
Poor man! what a pity to injure him ſo!
Poor man! I would ſave him his fruit, if I could,
But ſtaying behind will do *him* no good.

X.

If the matter depended, alone, upon me,
His apples might hang, till they dropp'd from the tree;
But ſince they will take them—I think I'll go too,
He'll loſe none by me, tho' *I* get a few.

XI.

His ſcruples thus ſilenc'd, Tom felt more at eaſe,
And went with his comrades the apples to ſeize;
He blam'd and proteſted, but join'd in the plan,
He ſhar'd in the plunder, but pitied the Man.

HOMO.

THE following verſes are the production of the ingenious Miſs Seward: they have never yet appeared, I believe, in print. The object of them was the wife of a clergyman, who ſtrictly merited the Eulogium.

"ERE ten ſhort months had run their ſwift career,
Three lovely Siſters preſs'd th' untimely bier.
Laſt of the fallen bloſſoms, griev'd I pay
At thy white ſhrine this tributary lay.
If ever dwelt in mortal woman's mind
Angelic worth, from Sin's dark ſtains refin'd;
Oh, lovely Hannah! in thy beauteous frame,
From heaven to earth, the ſoft perfection came.
Unhappy huſband, who art doom'd to mourn
The lamp of joy extinguiſh'd in her urn;
Oh, may thy ſorrowing breaſt her meekneſs prove!
Oh, live to emulate thy ſainted Love!
So ſhalt thou, paſſing a few patient years,
With pious hope illume thy falling tears:
And, when thy clay this ſacred duſt ſhall join,
Be ever hers, who tranſiently was thine."

Gent. Mag.] S. J.

## TO THE COWSLIP.

COWSLIP, of all belov'd, of all admir'd,
Thee let me ſing, the homely Shepherd's pride;
Fit emblem of the maid I love, a form
Gladdening the ſight of man, a ſweet perfume
Sending its balmy fragrance to the ſoul.

Daughter

Daughter of Spring, and Meſſenger of May,
Which ſhall I firſt declare, which moſt extol,
Thy ſovereign beauties, or thy ſovereign uſe?
With thee the rural dame a draught prepares,
A nectarous draught, more luſcious to my taſte
Then all thy boaſted traſh, vine-nurturing France.
Maidens with thee their auburn treſſes braid,
Or, with the Daiſy, and the Primroſe pale,
Thy flowers entwining weave a Chaplet fair,
To grace that pole, round which the village train
Lead on their dance, to greet the jocund May;
Jocund I'll call it, for it lends a ſmile
To thee, who never ſmil'ſt but once a year.
I name thee not, thou poor, unpitied wretch,
Of all deſpis'd, ſave him whoſe liberal heart
Taught him to feel your wrongs, and plead your cauſe,
Departed Hanway.——Peace be to his ſoul!
Great is that man, who quits the path of fame,
Who wealth forſaking, ſtoops his towering mind
From Learning's heights, and ſtretches out his arm
To raiſe from duſt the meaneſt of his kind.
Now that the Muſe to thee her debt has paid,
Friend of the poor, and guardian of the wrong'd,
Back let her pleas'd return, and view thoſe ſports,
Whoſe rude ſimplicity has charms for me,
Beyond the ball, or midnight maſquerade.
Oft on that merry morn I've join'd their throng
A glad ſpectator, oft their uncouth dance
Ey'd moſt attentive, where with tawdry ſhew
Ill ſorted ribbons deck'd each maiden's cap,
And cowſlip-garland every ruſtic hat.
Who that has eyes to ſee, or heart to feel,
Would change this ſimple wreath which Shepherds wear,
Ev'n for that golden circle which ſurrounds
The temples of a King? Beneath theſe flowers
Sits blooming health and ever-ſmiling joy;
While that bright orb, which girds the Monarch's brow,
Is but a crown of thorns to vex the ſoul
Of him who wears it.—Happineſs, thou good,
Which all men pant for, and which few poſſeſs,
Thou art not found in palaces of Kings;
If thou haſt place on earth, 'tis ſure thou bideſt
Midſt cots and villages and rural ſcenes.
Let fools with ardor in that chace purſue,
Whoſe game is empire, and whoſe pleaſure, pain!
Mine be the lot to ſtray thro' nature's walks,
But not in Gardens, where man's barbarous ſkill
Has ſtarch'd thoſe looſer folds I've oft admir'd
In nature's robe, and turn'd to lifeleſs form
Such artleſſneſs, ſuch elegance, ſuch eaſe!
Give me to wander in the ſpacious fields,

Or

Or 'long the margin of meandring ſtream,
Or down the vale, or up yon ſteep hill's ſide,
Where thouſand Cowſlips cover all the ground
In wild luxuriance. There within a copſe,
Far from the ſearch of every eye but mine,
I've mark'd one tall and ſtately o'er the reſt,
In whoſe fair ſemblance Man's majeſtic mien
Vied with the ſoftneſs of a Virgin's grace.—
Thus in ſome village lone, midſt trees obſcure,
Far from the notice of the buſy world,
I've ſpied ſome maiden of more princely tread,
Of ſhape more fine, more elegantly turn'd,
Of manners ſweeter, and of hue more freſh,
Than e'er was ſeen at modern Routs or Drums,
In ancient Baron's hall, or courts of Kings. P. H.

*Inſtance* of extraordinary *Memory*.

WHILE the celebrated Monſieur de Voltaire reſided at Potzdam, as the literary friend and companion of the late king of Pruſſia, an Engliſhman was introduced to his majeſty, as one that poſſeſſed ſuch an extraordinary memory, that he could repeat, word by word, a very long diſcourſe, after having heard it once only. Frederick put him to an immediate proof of this wonderful retention, and the Engliſhman juſtified the character that had been given of him. At this inſtant, Voltaire was to wait upon his majeſty, to read to him ſome verſes that he had juſt finiſhed. The king, who was deſirous of enjoying ſome amuſement from this ſingular circumſtance, cauſed the Engliſhman to be concealed in a cloſet adjoining, and deſired him to get by heart all that the poet might read. Voltaire entered, and read the verſes with great animation. The king heard them with an air of coldneſs and indifference to which the poet had not been accuſtomed. 'Indeed, my dear Voltaire,' exclaimed his majeſty, 'you have taken it into your head, for ſome time paſt, to ſteal verſes from others, and to repeat them to me as your own.' Voltaire affirmed, with great earneſtneſs, that the verſes were abſolutely his, and that he had finiſhed them but that very morning. 'This is very extraordinary, indeed,' anſwered the king, 'I have ſeen an Engliſhman, who has juſt ſhewn theſe very verſes to me as his.'—He ſent for the Engliſhman, and ſaid to him, 'I beg, Sir, that you will repeat to me the verſes you ſhewed me this morning.'—The Engliſhman, without heſitation, and without the omiſſion of a ſingle ſyllable, repeated the whole of what Voltaire had read. The poor poet was aſtoniſhed and enraged, and ſwore that he muſt be the devil himſelf. The king did not fail to enjoy his anger and agitation for ſome time; but, at laſt, he confeſſed the whole trick; and the ſcene concluded by his making a handſome preſent to the Engliſhman for the pleaſure he had afforded him. This extraordinary fact is recorded in a work juſt publiſhed abroad, entitled *Vie de Frederic II. Roi de Pruſſe.*

*A ſingular* DISCOVERY *of a* FORGERY.

THE late Mr. FORD, a gentleman well acquainted with the law, and the modes of diſcovering and detecting infamous villains, was ſent for by a foreign miniſter, to trace a villain who had forged his name, and his

drawn large ſums out of the hands of his banker.

Mr. Ford, obſerving that the forged notes were all ſpelt according to auricular orthography, inſtantly conceived that the forgery was committed by a foreigner, and ſoon after ſtrongly ſuſpected the miniſter's own ſecretary, (then preſent) to be the forger; with that man however he was left by the miniſter, to conſider what were the moſt prudent ſteps to be taken to make a diſcovery;—after a little converſation between them, Mr. Ford propoſed inſerting advertiſements in all the public papers, offering therein a reward to the diſcoverer, to which the ſecretary very readily agreed;—but Mr. Ford, under pretence of having left his ſpectacles at home, deſired the ſecretary to write, and that he would dictate; and ſo contrived it that he introduced into the advertiſement every word, which in the forged drafts had been ſpelt according to auricular orthography, and as every word tallied to a tittle, Mr. Ford retired, ſatisfied in his own mind that he had diſcovered THE MAN;—the advertiſements were however printed in the public papers, and about a fortnight afterwards, Mr. Ford waited upon the miniſter, but found only the ſecretary at home.—After mutual civilities, Mr. Ford placed himſelf near, and almoſt oppoſite to the ſecretary, who aſked him whether he had diſcovered the forger?—Mr. Ford looking the ſecretary ſtedfaſtly in the face, replied "I have;"—he then perceived ſuch a ſudden change of countenance, that as ſoon as the ſecretary had ſo far recovered his alarm, as to aſk him, who is the man? Mr. Ford clapping his hand violently upon the knee of the ſecretary, ſaid "You, Sir, are the man!"—Conſcious guilt ſtruck him to the ſoul; and the window being near and open, he inſtantly jumped out, and impaled himſelf upon the iron rails before the door!

## ORIENTAL APOPHTHEGMS.

AS by repeated efforts, a ſtone is mounted upon a ſummit of a hill, and inſtantly thrown down; ſo may we ourſelves, by our virtues and our vices, be elevated and caſt down.

He is a wiſe man who knoweth, that his words ſhould be ſuited to the occaſion, his love to the worthineſs of the object, and his anger according to his ſtrength

*Acknowledgements to Correſpondents.*

*The* Love Elegy, *ſigned* B. *is received.*

*The poor author's caſe ſeems deſperate indeed, if we take his word, for he ſays,* "Heav'n itſelf no comfort "can beſtow."———

*A wicked wag who happened to be in company with the editor, when the Elegy was brought in, wrote the following Lines Extempore.*

Away with Elegiac Strains,
Of weeping Nymphs and dying Swains,
I'm confident there are none ſuch,
At preſent, even among the Dutch.
(As virtuous and chaſte a people
As ever ſung beneath a ſteeple)
When men need neither *wed* nor *burn*,
Why ſhould they ſigh, and mope, and mourn?
And if they did, moſt modern Laſſes
Would call ſuch whining lovers Aſſes.
*Some may indeed ſincerely grieve,*
*But theſe are marry'd, I believe.*

*The Letter ſigned* Candour, *dated from Stromneſs, is alſo received. To criticiſe the labours of a fellow-editor is no part of our plan.*

Erratum in our laſt, p. 192. for Farm or Market Malt, read, "Farm or Market BEAR without fodder, 16s."

THE

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## THE TRIFLER, No. VIII.

April 24, 1788.

ON BEHAVIOUR IN COMPANY——FIRST AMBITION OF THE YOUNG—LORD CHESTERFIELD——IMPROPER EMULATION OF YOUNG MEN——FRIVOLOUS MANNERS—DISADVANTAGES OF AN ENLARGED ACQUAINTANCE——OBJECT OF THE IDLE AND THE GIDDY—HOW TO ESTIMATE THE COMPANY YOU HAVE BEEN IN—CONSOLATION TO THE RATIONAL—REAL POLITENESS RECOMMENDED—CONCLUSION.

THERE are ſome of the duties of human life which it is almoſt as difficult to define and regulate, as it is by directions *only* to make a man happy. After all the care of parents, after all that preceptors and precepts can do, ſomething yet remains, on which every man's reaſon is to operate for itſelf. What we owe to each other as members of the ſame ſociety is eaſily aſcertained, becauſe the laws of nature and of our country have defined the obligation; but the inferior duties of life, or to ſpeak more plainly, the art of regulating our behaviour towards each other in company, muſt be learned by obſervation.

On the ſubject of company, many authors have given their ſentiments. The beſt of thoſe ſentiments, if attended to, will do ſomething, but they will not do all; they may render a man inoffenſive to his company, but they cannot render him agreeable. To acquire this happy talent of being agreeable, is the firſt ambition of a young perſon on coming into public life;— but of many who make the attempt, how few ſucceed? And after all the ſpeculation we can indulge, all the rules we form, and all the attentions we can pay, we come at laſt to this diſcovery, That it is our duty, if we would be pleaſed, to forbear with each other; and where each comes ſhort of expectation, to ſet it to the general account of human imperfection.

Lord Cheſterfield threw the reſult of many years experience into the form of letters on this ſubject; but his precepts will only *then* be of real value, when hypocriſy is reckoned

the accompliſhment of a gentleman, and when picking the teeth, and cleaning the nails are enumerated among the great duties of a rational creature; for after every allowance that may be made by his Lordſhip's admirers, nothing can protect that writer from infamy who would reduce hypocriſy to a ſyſtem, and who recommends the ſeduction of married women as one of the genteel employments of genteel life. It is to be feared his letters have made many hypocrites, and added to the number of ſops—but they give the rational mind very unfavourable impreſſions of the author's principles. I know no criminal ſo deſerving of puniſhment, as him who would poiſon the ſources of ingenuouſneſs, and relax the obligations of truth.

To be agreeable in company is an ambition which we all indulge in the early period of life, when health, gaiety, vivacity, and ſpirit are, it may be ſaid, in perfection; but every diſpoſition is not ſuited to be agreeable, and therefore in moſt young men we diſcover a forward anxiety to excel in the arts of pleaſing; if they fail, they rarely diſcover why; if they ſucceed, they are apt to impute their ſucceſs to cauſes which had but little ſhare in it. It is my deſign in this paper to offer a few remarks, which I hope will tend to moderate the improper ambition of youth in this reſpect, and conſole thoſe who have honeſtly endeavoured at what they have not accompliſhed.

It is to be regretted that moſt young men, when they come into life, and endeavour to pleaſe both ſexes, generally exert themſelves to acquire accompliſhments which can pleaſe only the moſt trifling part of either ſex. Thus, with ladies, they think it incumbent to dance well, and acquire the petty language of frivolous minds, to deſcant on trifles, and to be, in a word, every thing but rational; with the men, they learn to drink, to ſing or roar, to ſwear, and to talk indecently. By this means, they acquire the character of *ladies men* and of "*fine-hearted fellows.*" Having ſucceeded in both characters, they are in general welcome gueſts at the tea table and the tavern; and ſatisfied with what they have acquired, they diſregard every accompliſhment of a ſuperior kind. In ſuch companies men of modeſty can ſay little; men of learning have no opportunity to ſpeak; and men of intrinſic worth are of no higher value than as they accommodate themſelves to the manners of their company.

That this unfortunate miſtake is frequent, any one muſt be convinced who has mixed with ſociety, where he has ſeen promiſing talents unemployed in any thing worthy of the attention of a rational creature, and nothing cultivated but an agreeable exterior. But theſe young men delude themſelves, if they think that they are really valued by the ladies or the gentlemen in a ſuperior degree. Frivolous as the manners of the age are, the moments of recollection are not a few; and when the lady who has paid more attention to a fop than to a wiſe man, reflects on the comparative merit of the two, ſhe prefers the former as a ſervant, but the latter as a friend, an adviſer, or a huſband. Let it be remembered I am ſpeaking of the better part of the fair ſex—of the others, I can only ſay, that no man will envy a fop the entire poſſeſſion of their eſteem.

Next to the improper ambition of ſhining in company by little arts, I know of nothing more dangerous for young perſons than to deſire to increaſe their acquaintance. They are not aware of the many inconveniencies which ſuch an unbounded acquaintance naturally brings, nor are they ever ſenſible of thoſe inconveniencies until it be too late to remove

move them. Beſides the loſs of time, which to a rational creature muſt appear as very heavy, ſuch and ſo many are the caprices, petty jealouſies, concerns, animoſities and encumbrances of promiſcuous ſociety, that he who increaſeth acquaintance may be ſaid to increaſe ſorrow.

It is not in a *multitude* that we find friendſhip, or comfort; it is in the company of a few friends, ſelected with judgment, and tried by experience, connected perhaps by the relative ties, but more ſo by continued offices of reciprocal kindneſs and confidence. Compared with ſuch ſociety, the rout or the ball-room is but a *mob* of the well-dreſt kind.

Beware of raſhly adding to the number of your acquaintances. This advice is dictated by one who now ſighs at the recollection of many ſorrowful days, which he had never known, if at all times he had avoided the proffered acquaintance of ſtrangers. The idle, the indolent and the giddy are ever ready to add to their liſt of *friends*, as they call them, becauſe the whole object of their lives is to deſtroy time, and to deaden reflection; but this is an object which the man of reaſon will deſpiſe becauſe it is impoſſible to attain it; and the man of religion, becauſe it is impious to purſue it.

In promiſcuous companies, it is ſeldom you obtain ſatisfaction. You think they give you ſpirits and divert you, but you forget that theſe ſpirits are falſe, and that ſuch as they are, you perhaps owe them to the bottle. Reflect, when you leave a promiſcuous company, in which you have ſpent ſix or ſeven hours, whether you have heard any thing you wiſh to remember, and whether you have not heard many things which you ought to forget; whether your remembrance of the whole is not irregular and confuſed; and laſtly, whether a much ſhorter ſpace of time would not have been ſufficient to relax your mind from important ſtudies, if you have any.

If you have not been able with all your knowledge of men and books; if from your intellectual ſtores you have not been able to produce any treaſure which the company would allow to be put in competition with the little arts of the fop, who has outſtripped you in converſation, and ſilenced you without argument; if, in a word, you find that you cannot acquire that facility of doing and ſaying trifling things, you may be comforted by reflecting that ſuch arts may be performed at all times better by a fool than by a man of genius; and that they are, although neceſſary in certain places, yet beneath the attention of him who goes into company to impart and receive additions to mental improvement, who endeavours to divert by exciting reflections, and who calls forth information in the form of play. You may alſo be aſſured that no man can be fit company for another who is not fit company for himſelf, and that they who dread ſolitude are conſcious of the helpleſſneſs of their naked minds, while you may be able to ſay with the ancient philoſophers, that "you are never leſs alone than when alone."

There is nothing to regret in the favour of the giddy part of mankind. They have no claims upon the rational part, and muſt be content if by ſuch they are treated with common civility. The beſt ſociety I know is with men and women of virtue and ſenſe. With others, however neceſſary it may be at ſome times to aſſociate, time muſt be loſt, and not unfrequently health impaired, and the obligations of morality and decency looſened.

Let not, however, any thing here advanced, be conſtrued into a contempt of the arts of real politeneſs—for theſe I hold to be very neceſſary

in our intercourſe with each other. But the baſis of all politeneſs is ſincerity; and diſcernment and judgement will render any man of ſenſe polite. When politeneſs degenerates into a ſyſtem of hypocriſy, a wanton uſe of words and ſentences without a meaning, or without a meaning *intended*, we have made a very great progreſs in corrupting that which ought to enter into every part of our intercourſe with each other, honeſt truth, and manly boldneſs.

To conclude; Time is an invaluable poſſeſſion, for we know not when, as to us, it may ceaſe; and whatever amuſement, or pleaſure we may ſuppoſe there is in the promiſcuous aſſembly, in the midnight revel, or the gay circles of vivacity, youth and beauty, that pleaſure is to be ſparingly indulged which deprives us of reflection, unfits us for the ſociety of our own thoughts, and embitters thoſe hours of retroſpect from which no man is free. In the choice of company there can be but one rule, which I ſhall give in the language of the greateſt of Moraliſts, "*He that walks with the wiſe will be wiſe.*"

## MEMOIRS

OF

## RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, *Eſq.*

RICH. BRINSLEY SHERIDAN is of a family which, during the greateſt part of the preſent century, has been eminent for genius and learning. The fame which it has acquired, has been built on the moſt ſecure foundation, and promiſes to receive ſtill further increaſe from the branches of it now in being.

He is ſon of Thomas Sheridan, Eſq; (heretofore manager of the theatre in Dublin, and well known in London for ability as an actor, and his merit both as an orator and author) by Frances his wife, a lady who has produced ſeveral dramatic pieces, novels, &c. particularly the comedy of The Diſcovery, and the juſtly-admired novel of Miſs Sidney Biddulph; and grandſon of Dr Thomas Sheridan, the celebrated friend of Dean Swift. Mr Sheridan, the object of our preſent inquiry, was born at Quilca, near Dublin, about the year 1750, and at the age of ſix years, was brought to England by his father (who, at that time, was compelled to leave his native country) and placed at Harrow ſchool, where he received his education under the care of Dr Summer, a gentleman who was particularly ſucceſsful in the arduous and important employment of a ſchool-maſter. During his reſidence at ſchool, he was not ſo much diſtinguiſhed for application to learning, as a quickneſs of apprehenſion, ſtrong memory, and lively imagination, which occaſionally diſplayed themſelves in an extraordinary degree. It does not appear that he ever was a member of either of the univerſities, but chuſing the law for his profeſſion, he entered himſelf of the Middle Temple, with a view of being called to the bar.

In this dry ſtudy, where ſucceſs is only to be obtained by unremitted application, and in which the brighteſt geniuſſes have found themſelves ſometimes below the common run of mankind, Mr Sheridan did not long perſiſt; his attention was ſoon drawn aſide by the flattering and irreſiſtible charms of beauty and poetry. At the age of eighteen years, he joined with a friend in tranſlating the Epiſtles of Ariſtænetus, from the Greek, and about the ſame period printed ſeveral works, which are known only to his intimate friends; and ſome of them, perhaps, not even to them.

At

At the critical ſeaſon of youth, when the paſſions are apt to lead their poſſeſſors into extravagancies, and conſequent difficulties, Mr Sheridan reſided chiefly at Bath, where he became acquainted with the amiable lady (Miſs Linley, daughter of Mr Linley, a muſican of eminence at Bath, and ſiſter of Mr Tho. Linley, now one of the patentees of Drury-Lane Theatre; a gentleman much diſtinguiſhed by his ſcientific knowledge in muſic, and taſte as a compoſer. From the father and his ſons being muſicians of the firſt claſs, and the daughters unrivalled in the melodious ſweetneſs of their voices, they were at Bath diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of *The Muſical Family*. It was on the circumſtances of this lady's contract with a certain Baronet, the late witty ſatiriſt, *Foote*, founded his admired comedy of *The Maid of Bath)* who afterwards was united to him by the bands of matrimony. That an attachment to each other ſhould be the reſult of this acquaintance, will appear no way ſurpriſing, nor that one in whom the charms both of mind and body were to be found, ſhould be the object of admiration by ſeveral pretenders. A diſagreement on this ſubject, as is ſuppoſed, took place between Mr Sheridan and a gentleman of the name of Matthews, which occaſioned much converſation at Bath during the time that the event was recent there. The particulars of this quarrel are only important to the parties themſelves, and as it is probable they may not have any wiſh to perpetuate them, at ſo great a diſtance of time, we ſhall only obſerve, that a duel enſued, which was conducted in a manner that diſplayed both the courage and ſpirit of the combatants in a very ſingular manner; perhaps no conflict of this kind ever exhibited more ſymptoms of inveterate reſentment than this we are now alluding to; which, however, may be eaſily accounted for, when we conſider the cauſe of the quarrel, and the youth of the gentlemen.

On the 13th of April 1773 he married the lady we have already mentioned; a lady no leſs diſtinguiſhed for the moſt aſtoniſhing vocal powers that ever charmed a liſtening auditory [*A*], than for every perſonal accompliſhment that can add grace or dignity to virtue. Soon after his marriage, he turned his attention to the ſtage, and produced a comedy in 1775, at Covent-Garden theatre, called *The Rivals*. This play abounds in character and ſituation, but, on its firſt appearance, was received with ſo little favour, that it required ſome management and alteration to obtain for it a ſecond hearing. Several cauſes conſpired to occaſion this extraordinary treatment; one of the actors, Mr Lee (now dead, but well remembered in the dramatic world, both as an actor of eminence, and for his diſputes with the late Mr Garrick, whom he charged with keeping him back in parts, through jealouſy of his abilities. He was father of the two celebrated Miſs Lee's, who have ſo ably diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their literary productions—the eldeſt being authoreſs of the Receſs, The Chapter of Accidents—the youngeſt, of the New Peerage, brought out with ſucceſs this ſeaſon at Drury-Lane) mangled and miſunderſtood the character of an Iriſhman in ſuch a manner, as to render every ſcene in which he was concerned ridiculous and diſguſting. The performance was alſo too long in the repreſentation. A change, however, in the performer, and the pruning knife judiciouſly applied, procured the piece the applauſe it deſerved, though its reputation has been much leſs than the ſucceeding dramas of the ſame author.

The perſon who ſucceeded Mr Lee in perſonating the Iriſhman, was Mr Clinch, who received ſo great applauſe in the character, and rendered himſelf ſo great a favourite, that at his benefit he

he was complimented with the firſt repreſentation of the farce of St Patrick's Day. Early in the next ſeaſon the Duenna appeared, and was honoured with a degree of approbation which even exceeded what had been formerly beſtowed on the Beggar's Opera. About this period, Mr Garrick began to think of quitting the ſtage in earneſt; Mr Sheridan, Mr Linley, and Dr Ford, entered into a treaty with him, which, in the year 1777, was perfectly completed, and the new managers inveſted with the powers of the patent.

The efforts of theſe gentlemen were by no means proportioned to the importance of their undertaking, a number of deſpicable pieces were brought forward, and the School for Scandal [*B*] which alone was calculated to keep up the credit of the houſe, and fill the treaſury of it, was deferred until the 8th of May, when the ſeaſon ought to have concluded. This piece can receive no honour from additional praiſe, nor can it be injured by the ſevereſt critical examination; but what is moſt ſingular, confeſſedly great as is the merit of this comedy, Mr Sheridan was either ſo dilatory in finiſhing, or haſty in writing it, that in order to get it out within the ſeaſon, the managers were obliged to rehearſe an act at a time, as it was got ready; nay, we have been informed, that when the firſt three acts were put in rehearſal, not a line was wrote of the laſt, and but little of the fourth—an aſtoniſhing proof of the extent of his genius, and the exertion it is capable of. It has been followed by The Camp, The Critic, and Robinſon Cruſoe.

On the general election in the year 1782, through the intereſt of the Devonſhire family, Mr Sheridan was returned member for the borough of Stafford, which place he has continued to repreſent through the ſucceeding parliaments, and has ſince devoted his time to political inquiries.—Theſe new purſuits have had a fatal effect on his dramatic exertions. Seven years are now elapſed ſince the appearance of The Critic; and though we have frequently been informed, that an opera called The Foreſters, and a comedy entitled Affectation, that wanted little to compleat them, were to be produced; we have expected them ſo long, that we have now no reliance on any aſſurances that can be given reſpecting theſe pieces. We even begin to ſuſpect, that he is no longer to be conſidered as a follower of the Muſes, and are ſincerely ſorry to ſee his defection from their ſervice, ſince no modern votary was more capable of giving them ſupport.

Mr Sheridan's character as a writer and a manager, is calculated to impreſs ſeparate and diſtinct ſenſations on thoſe who contemplate it. In the former, he has diſtinguiſhed himſelf by an early prematurity, which has enabled him to outſtrip every veteran competitor in the ſame race. His comedies abound in wit, humour, ſatire, ſituation, and pleaſantry; in ſatire, which is calculated to improve, without wounding any individual; in pleaſantry, ſo general, that it cannot but delight every ſpectator and reader of taſte and judgment. His verſification is equally elegant and poliſhed, and his prologues and epilogues exhibit the excellencies of thoſe of the late Mr Garrick, without their defects. In point of compoſition, they are certainly ſuperior, and with reſpect to wit and humour, will loſe nothing in the compariſon. With excellencies like theſe, Mr Sheridan might ſupport the reputation of the Engliſh theatre, and in this line he ſeems to have been intended to ſhine without any rival. Regarding the ſtage, however, here our eulogium muſt end. As a manager, perhaps no perſon is ſo totally unequal to the duties of that office. Nor need we wonder at this, as the labour and at-

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tention neceſſary in the character of manager, but ill accord with the genius of a young and ſucceſsful author. So indifferent did he appear in this avocation, that he ſubjected himſelf to the imputation of ſome malevolent and diſappointed play-wrights, of having received the worſt pieces, with a view to ſet off his own. This inſinuation, however, is only mentioned to afford an opportunity of declaring our thorough conviction of its want of foundation; for we cannot now boaſt any of thoſe ſuperior enlightened geniuſes with whom he would loſe by compariſon, or who are gifted in a degree to excite either his envy or jealouſy. The brilliancy of his dramatic performances require no foil to add to their luſtre. He has, however, for ſome years reſigned every concern in the management of the theatre to Dr Ford, and his brother-in law, Mr Linley, under whom Mr King acts as deputy-manager, reſerving to himſelf only the emolument ariſing from his ſhare of the patent, abſtracting himſelf from every ſtudy, unleſs that eſſential to form the complete ſtateſman and politician.

Although we cannot but regret his loſs to the public as a dramatiſt, we muſt, at the ſame time, congratulate them on the valuable acquiſition of an able and diſintereſted ſtateſman in the ſtead. When the motives which induced him to quit the drama, and engage in politics, are impartially conſidered, he will derive additional honour, from no ſiniſter motives having influenced his conduct. He attached himſelf to the patriotic party, when he could have no hope of intereſt from their favour, and no ambition to gratify, except that of deſerving well of his country. He withdrew from an employment in which he had acquired unrivalled reputation and proportionable profit, and encountered prejudice and difficulty, to manifeſt the ſpontaneous feelings of his heart.

On the change of Lord North's adminiſtration, when the Rockingham party came into place and power, he was appointed Secretary, under Mr Fox, for the Foreign Department; in which office he manifeſted the greateſt diligence and ability. But the demiſe of that worthy nobleman occaſioning a diſpute for pre-eminence and power among the leading members, with his patron and friends he relinquiſhed his ſituation, and once more dealt his *Philippics*, than whom no man could utter more ſevere, from the Oppoſition ſide. The Shelburne adminiſtration being too feebly textured to withſtand the joint powers of North and Fox, when with their powerful auxiliaries they were cemented by a *Coalition*, he ſoon retired from the helm of ſtate. The Rockingham party, or at leaſt thoſe who profeſſed ſtill to be governed by the principles and politics of that deceaſed nobleman, headed by the Duke of Portland, again came into power; and Mr Sheridan reſumed his former ſituation under Mr Fox; till the famous India Bill exciting a jealouſy in the breaſts of many, that it too far trenched on the royal prerogative, they received a ſignification that his Majeſty had no further occaſion for their ſervices, and the preſent Adminiſtration were appointed to their places; but to eſtabliſh whoſe power it was found expedient to have a general election; ſo that Mr Sheridan has but in a very ſmall degree realized by his political, what he might have inſured by his literary purſuits.

When he firſt took his ſeat in the Commons, he gave little preſage of thoſe aſtoniſhing powers which have ſince diſtinguiſhed him as an orator. Though poſſeſſing the advantage of having been brought up under one ſo capable of directing his ſtudy thereto as his father, he appeared, on firſt entering the liſts as an orator. to have benefited little by his inſtruction; his man-

manner was aukward and embarraſſed; and his language, though good, much diſarranged: the diffidence which particularly predominates where genius is moſt powerful, frequently overwhelmed him, and the brilliancy of his conception was loſt in the inadequacy of his delivery. Conſcious of his defect, but ſenſible by perſeverance it might be overcome, he abſtracted himſelf from every other ſtudy, determined, as he has otfen ſaid, to ſpeak to every road or incloſure bill, till he had effectually conquered that timidity which arreſted him in the career of fame as an orator. In the ſecond ſeſſion of his ſitting in the Houſe, he ſhewed a greater degree of confidence in himſelf, and made no inconſiderable figure as a debater. If his ſpeeches were leſs diffuſive than thoſe of others more accuſtomed to this School of Eloquence, they were generally more replete with argument and wit, and adhered cloſely to the point, of which he never loſt ſight. The ſevere retort he gave Mr Pitt, who, feeling the keenneſs of his obſervation, rather ungenerouſly, and with much anger and aſperity, adviſed him to exerciſe his talents on another ſtage, and on that line they were beſt adapted to excel in, will be long remembered, as giving a deſerved check to the contumacy of birth or power. When Mr Sheridan in turn replied to the young Stateſman, among many other pointed remarks, he obſerved, that if he ſhould again dedicate his time to dramatic ſtudy, however vain and preſumptuous the taſk might appear, it would to improve on the *Kaſtrill*, or *Angry Boy*, in the Alchymiſt of Ben Johnſon. In the courſe of that, and the ſubſequent ſeſſions, he made the moſt rapid progreſs toward perfection; ſo that when out of place few could more ſucceſsfully attack, or in, more ably defend, the meaſures of adminiſtration. It was not, however, till the laſt ſeſſion, he fully eſtabliſhed his character as an orator of the firſt claſs, who would loſe no credit by compariſon with the moſt renowned ſages of antiquity, or the moſt admired ones of modern times. We allude to his ſpeech on the charges againſt Warren Haſtings, Eſq; which took him five hours and forty minutes in the delivery; an oration of unexampled excellence, that commanded the univerſal attention and admiration of the whole Houſe; uniting the moſt convincing cloſeneſs and accuracy of argument with the moſt luminous preciſion and perſpicuity of language, and alternately giving force and energy to truth by ſolid and ſubſtantial reaſoning; and enlightening the moſt extenſive and involved ſubjects with the pureſt clearneſs of logic, and the brighteſt ſplendor of rhetoric. Every prejudice, every prepoſſeſſion, were gradually overcome by the force of this extraordinary combination of keen, but liberal diſcrimination; of brilliant, yet argumentative wit. It will be a permanent record of Mr Sheridan's unrivalled abilities, that, on this trying occaſion, which, of all others, had divided not only the Houſe of Commons, but the nation at large into a variety of parties, this memorable ſpeech produced an almoſt univerſal union; with the ſlight exception of thoſe only, who, from perſonal gratitude, and the venial influence of even abſolute attachment, perſevered ſilently ſupporting what they wanted both inclination and ability to defend.

The apoſtrophe with which he concluded this unexampled effort of genius, in an appeal to the juſtice and humanity of the Houſe, has in it ſo much of beauty, ſo forcible and pathetic, that we cannot reſiſt the opportunity of laying it before our readers: He remarked, that he heard of factions and parties in that Houſe, and knew they exiſted. There was ſcarcely a ſubject upon which they were not broken

broken and divided into ſects. The prerogative of the crown found its advocates among the repreſentatives of the people. The privileges of the people found opponents even in the houſe of Commons itſelf. Habits, connections, parties, all led to diverſity of opinion. But when inhumanity preſented itſelf to their obſervation, it found no diviſion among them; they attacked it as their common enemy, and as if the character of this land was involved in their zeal for its ruin, they left it not till it was compleatly overthrown. It was not given to that Houſe, to behold the objects of their compaſſion and benevolence in the preſent extenſive conſideration, as it was to the officers who relieved, and who ſo feelingly deſcribe the extatic emotions of gratitude in the inſtant of deliverance. They could not behold the workings of the hearts, the quivering lips, the trickling tears, the loud, and yet tremulous joys of the millions whom their vote of this night would for ever ſave from the cruelty of corrupted power. But though they could not directly ſee the effect, was not the true enjoyment of their benevolence increaſed by the bleſſing being conferred unſeen? Would not the omnipotence of Britain be demonſtrated to the wonder of nations, by ſtretching its mighty arm acroſs the deep, and ſaving by its *fiat* diſtant millions from deſtruction? And would the bleſſings of the people thus ſaved diſſipate in empty air? No! If I may dare to uſe the figure, we ſhall conſtitute Heaven itſelf our proxy, to receive for us the bleſſings of their pious gratitude, and the prayers of their thankſgiving.

In his private character, Mr Sheridan is humane and generous in the extreme; ſocial in his temper, and friendly in his habits; and, when in his power, more ready to confer than ſolicit a favour. He has been charged with indolence; but perhaps thoſe who have attributed this to him have little conſidered, that minds elevated like his, capable of exertions beyond belief, need relaxation from ſeverity of ſtudy perhaps more than the hind, whoſe mouth never receives but what the ſweat of his brow procures, does from his labour. The difficulties he may have encountered in pecuniary matters are more chargeable to the goodneſs of his heart than the extravagance of his conduct: an amiable weakneſs, that harbours no ſuſpicion, and makes him too prone to believe men what he wiſhes them. On the whole, it appears his public character is irreproachable, his abilities ſuper-eminent, uniting in one the firſt dramatic writer with the moſt accompliſhed orator of his time; and to his private, we may juſtly ſay with Goldſmith,

His very failings lean to Virtue's ſide.

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## NOTE [*A*].

The following inſtance may convey ſome idea of her great merit as a ſinger:—As Saliſbury muſic-meeting, in July 1770, Miſs Linley, (now Mrs Sheridan) while ſinging the air in the oratorio of the Meſſiah, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," a little bullfinch that had found means, by ſome accident or other, to ſecrete itſelf in the cathedral, was ſo ſtruck with the inimitable ſweetneſs, and harmonious ſimplicity of her manner of ſinging, that, miſtaking it for the voice of a feathered choriſter of the wood, and far from being intimidated by the numerous aſſemblage of ſpectators, it perched immediately on the gallery over her head, and accompanied her with the muſical warblings of its little throat through great part of the ſong. This was perceived by all preſent with great ſatisfaction and pleaſure, and conſidered as the ſtrongeſt proof in nature that could be produced of Miſs Linley's merit, except a lubberly, ſenſeleſs fellow that played on the baſſoon, who took aim with his inſtru-

ment, as with a gun, at the gallery, and the bird immediately frightened, flew away.

NOTE [*B*]

At one of the repreſentations of this comedy, moſt of the wits of the time attended behind the ſcenes, highly delighted with the entertainment they received; each applauded the genius of the author, except Mr C——, who never was ſeen to laugh at the humour, or betray any mark of ſatisfaction at the excellency of the piece. One of them informed Mr Sheridan of this, who replied, "It was very "hard, indeed, and I think he uſed "me ill, for I ſure the other night "I *laughed* the whole time his tra-"gedy was performing."

## Remarkable Conviction *of a* Murderer *in* Ireland.

About two years ago it was reported and believed that one Boardman, an old batchelor with a ſmall freehold in the county of Fermanagh, was going to be married—This report alarmed his brother and nephew, who expected to fall heirs to his fortune. It is ſaid that the father and ſon conſpired the death of this unfortunate man. The ſon, with one accomplice, went in the cloud of the night to his uncle's houſe, and demanded admittance, which an old domeſtic, thro' terror, gave him. And ſuch was this ruffian's rage for blood, that without ſecuring this domeſtic, he went directly into his uncle's room, denouncing his murderous intention. The uncle propoſed *directly* to ſettle his freehold upon him—but no intreaty could prevail—he ſnapped his piſtol at the old man, which miſſed fire, and might have given pauſe for reflection to a mind leſs depraved than his—but this only whetted his rage; he diſpatched him at length after a repetition of the moſt inhuman blows and ſtabs. The domeſtic, expecting his turn would come next, fled, as ſoon as he ſaw the beginning of this barbarous act; a child who lay in the old man's bed alone remained in the houſe.

Notwithſtanding the notoriety of the foul deed, the murderer frequented all public places as uſual, and ſeemed as unconcerned as if no ſuch thing had happened. And ſo hardened was he in ſecurity from the connivance of aſſociates and ſome of his own family, and from that contempt of the law, which is our national reproach, that for twelve months he walked at large, and no body in the neighbourhood thought of calling him to an account. At length a gentleman in a diſtant part of the country, fired with indignation at this barefaced defiance of all decency, and, what does him ſtill greater honour, ſcandalized that a perſon, to whom it ſeems he was allied, ſhould thus brave the laws and diſgrace his connections, he undertook the arduous taſk of making him a priſoner: intrenched as he was in a ſpot, almoſt inacceſſible for horſemen, on the banks of Lough Erne.

However Mr. William Noble, Captain of the Clones Volunteer Dragoons, aſſociating with himſelf a Mr King and another gentleman of the neighbourhood, were ſo fortunate as to ſurpriſe this monſter naked and unprepared. And as "murder will reveal itſelf with the moſt miraculous organ," the capture of this now helpleſs wretch, was immediately owing to that very child, who had been a witneſs of the murder of the old man, and was either brother or couſin to the murderer, in whoſe bed he this very night lay. For the caitiff had provided a hold into which he crept through a trap-door; and there he was hid whilſt every part of the houſe was ſearched for him in vain.

vain. At length the child being asked where he was, he, without speaking a word, pointed to the trap door, and there they found him trembling and unresisting.

He was found guilty at the last assizes at Enniskillen, and executed in a day or two after his sentence. Lord Belmore has got great praise for his diligence in his business. He took care that the principal evidence should not be tampered with, and by these means justice had its course.

## Literary Chronicle and Review.

*Memoirs of the late War in Asia. With a Narrative of the Imprisonment and Sufferings of the Officers and Soldiers. By an Officer of Colonel Baillie's Detachment.* 8vo. 2 vols. 12. boards. London, 1787.

THE late war, though unsuccessful, and in some respects disgraceful to individuals, and even to government, will convey to posterity the highest ideas of the power and resources of Britain. Though governed by undecisive and ruinous councils, though feebly defended by many of her naval and military commanders, with rebellion abroad and faction at home, the native vigour of the state nobly resisted, we may say, the combination of a hostile world; and Britain now flourishes with renovated strength, while her enemies remain enfeebled and exhausted. Among the causes which contributed to this prosperity, our success in India is entitled to particular distinction. Had we been as unsuccessful in the East as we were in the West, England must have sunk under its accumulated misfortunes, and at this moment would have exhibited only the ruins of former greatness. To the superior mind, and astonishing exertions of one man, do we owe the preservation of our Indian dominions. Mr Hastings, though embarrassed and teazed by those he was obliged to act with in India, and thwarted by ministry, yet steadily pursued his views: his discernment foresaw events; his vigilance and activity provided for every exigency. His success was what his talents and exertions deserved; and as a great minister once affirmed that America was conquered in Germany, Mr Hastings may boldly pronounce that he saved Britain in India.

No general and detailed account of our transactions in that quarter of the globe had appeared till the publication of the Memoirs now before us, at least none of authority. The author draws his information from the actors in the scenes that he describes; his account is therefore to be considered as authentic, as far as the passions and prejudices of men will allow them to convey the truth. Whether in another sphere of being we shall ever attain to it in its utmost purity, we cannot pretend to say; but every thing tells us that, in our present situation, we must be contented with the inferiority of approximation.

The writer of the Memoirs begins his narrative with the Marratta war, which was occasioned by the interference of the presidency of Bombay in the internal government of that state; introductory to which, he presents us with the following account of the territories, revenues, government, military establishment, &c. of these freebooters of India:

'The territories of the Marrattas, if we except that which was lately usurped by Hyder-Ally-Cawn, extended from Travancore, near Cape Comorin, at the southern extremity of the peninsula of Hindostan, to the river Paddar, which discharges itself

in the gulf of Scindy, and which divides Guzzarat from the dominions of Persia. On the east, they are bounded by the Carnatic, the Company's northern circars, and the dominions of the Nizam-ul-Muluk, the Soubah of the Deccan-Bazalet-Jung; but the province of Catac stretches in a winding course to the bay of Bengal.

'The Maratta states in the Deccan are the only people of Hindostan who were never effectually subdued, and who never unanimously acknowledged themselves fiefs to the throne of Delhi. The great Aurengzebe himself, unable to conquer the Marrattas, found it prudent, for the sake of peace, to yield to them the sovereignty of the Deccan. They even carried the terror of their arms into the heart of Delhi, whence they carried off vast treasures; and they continued their depredations, first in the country around that seat of empire, and then in the kingdoms of Bengal, Bahar, and Orixa; until, in consideration of the cession of Catac, and an annual tribute of twelve lacks of rupees, they concluded a treaty of peace with Alveredi Cawn, who had usurped the subahship of Bengal, in 1750.

'Their natural fastnesses and inaccessible mountains, which conspired with their native bravery to preserve the Marrattas from the Mogul yoke, account for their predatory habits, their neglect of agriculture, and invincible love of arms. Among this race of warriors that generous hospitality, both towards strangers and each other, which in former time so eminently characterised the manners of the East, is still observed with sacred, and even superstitious exactness.

'The Marrattas, like the other nations of Hindostan, were originally governed by princes distinguished by the title of Rajah, whose throne was established at Settera. United under time, each subordinate chief assuming the prerogatives of an independent prince, and one link of that chain which united them being broken, they were separated into a number of petty states; yet they still continued to yield a kind of tacit allegiance to the Ram rajah, who had a power of assembling the chiefs, and ordering out their troops, as often as any public cause required their service.

'The Marratta revenues were originally very great. Before the usurpations of Hyder-Ally-Cawn, in the kingdom of Mysore and around it, they amounted to about seventeen millions of British pounds. It is computed that their annual revenue is equal still to twelve millions.

'The military establishment, which is composed of cavalry, is yet about three hundred thousand; but these are not to be considered as regulars, or permanent troops, but as an established militia. In judging of the Marratta force we are also to observe, that it is an invariable custom among the troops, when an expedition is concluded, to retire with what plunder they may have to their respective abodes, leaving with the chiefs only what may be called their body-guards.

'The Sou, or Ram rajah, exists now but in name. The actual administration of government, as well as the sovereign authority, is possessed by a family of the bramin cast, under the title of Paishwa, or chancellor; and, in case of infancy, the state is governed by a regent, who is generally the nearest of blood.'

The writer then enters into a minute detail of the various transactions which took place during the first and second Marratta war. Here the reader will find a particular account of the marches, countermarches, sieges, battles, negociations for peace, &c. which filled up the busy period he describes. The machinations of the French in that quarter of the globe, the weak irreso-

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lute conduct of the presidency of Bombay, and the able and decisive measures of the governor-general, Mr Hastings, are likewise brought forward to view.

He next introduces to the reader another formidable opponent, Hyder-Ally-Cawn. As this extraordinary personage has rendered himself an interesting object to the English nation, the reader will not be displeased with the following extract:

'Hyder-Ally-Cawn was regent of the kingdom of Mysore, a dignity to which he had raised himself by abilities and by crimes; by valour and policy in arms, by intrigue, by treachery, and by blood. He was the son of a Mahommedan soldier of fortune, who commanded a fort on the confines of Mysore, and followed, of course, the profession of arms. When he first entered into the Rajah of Mysore's service, he was distinguished by the name of Hyder Naig, or Corporal Hyder. He rose by degrees to the command of the Rajah's army; and, on the death of that prince, he seized the reins of government, under the title of guardian to the young prince, whom he confined in Seringapatam, together with the whole royal family; exhibiting them only at certain stated seasons, in order to soothe and please the people. He possessed great vigour of body and mind; but his manners were savage and cruel; and he frequently inflamed the natural ferocity of his temper by intoxication. Like many other chiefs in India, with whom it is not accounted any disgrace to be ignorant of letters, he could not either read or write; so that he was obliged to make use of interpreters and secretaries. The method he contrived for ascertaining whether his interpreters made faithful reports of the letters they read, and if his secretaries expressed in writing the full and precise meaning of what he communicated, displays at once that suspicion which was very natural to his situation, and that subtlety which belonged to his nature. He confined three different interpreters in separate apartments, who made their respective reports in their turns. If all the three should make different reports, then he would punish them by a cruel death. If two should coincide in their report, and one differ from these two, then that one would suffer death. But the interpreters, knowing their fate if they should depart in one single instance from the truth, explained, as might be expected, the letters committed to their inspection with the utmost fidelity. As to the method by which he discovered whether his amanuenses were faithful or not, he placed three in separate places of confinement, and to each of them apart he dictated his orders. Their manuscripts he put into the hands of any of those that were about him who could read, from whom he learned whether his clerks had faithfully expressed his meaning. When he passed sentence of death, he was, on some occasions, like the Dey of Algiers and other barbarian despots, himself the executioner; for though he affected to consider his army as his guards, he well knew that he reigned in their hearts not from love, but fear, mixed indeed with an admiration of his singular address and intrepidity. The force of this man's mind, such is the advantage of nature over art! burst thro' the prejudices of education and the restraints of habit, and extended his views to whatever European improvements he deemed the most fitted to secure his government, to extend his empire, and to render his name immortal. He invited and encouraged every useful and ingenious manufacturer and artisan to settle in his dominions; he introduced the European discipline in his army; and

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laboured, not altogether without ſucceſs, for the formation of dock-yards, and the eſtabliſhment of a navy.

'At the ſame time that he was ſublime in his views, he was capable of all that minute attention which was neceſſary for their accompliſhment. His ends were great; his means prudent. A regular economy ſupplied a ſource of liberality, which he never failed to exerciſe whenever an object, which he could render in any ſhape ſubſervient to his ambition, ſolicited his bounty. He had his eyes open on the movements of his neighbours, as well as on every part, and almoſt on every perſon, within his dominions. Hence he knew where to anticipate hoſtile deſigns, and where to take advantages; where to impoſe contributions without drying up the ſprings of induſtry; and where to find the moſt proper inſtruments for his purpoſes, whether of policy or war. He inſpected, in perſon, every horſeman or ſepoy that offered himſelf to his ſervice; but with every officer of any note he was intimately acquainted. He made a regular diſtribution of his time; and, although he ſacrificed to the pleaſures of life as well as to the pomp of ſtate, in buſineſs he was equally deciſive and perſevering.

'With regard to the perſon of Hyder-Ally, for every circumſtance relating to ſo diſtinguiſhed a character becomes intereſting, he was of a middling ſtature, inclining to corpulency, his viſage quite black, the traits of his countenance manly, bold, and expreſſive; and, as he looked himſelf with a keen and piercing eye into every human face that approached him, ſo he judged of men very much from the phyſiognomy, connecting in his imagination a baſhful, timid, and wandering eye, with internal conſciouſneſs of guilty actions, or pravity of intention; but a bold undaunted look, on the other hand, with conſcious innocence and integrity.

'With ſuch qualities, and by ſuch arts as theſe, Hyder-Ally-Cawn raiſed a ſmall ſtate into a powerful empire; and converted into a race of warriors an obſcure, peaceable, and timid people.'

With the following anecdote, which is highly expreſſive of French vivacity, we ſhall conclude our account of this volume. The author thus deſcribes one of the critical ſituations which took place during the various manœuvres, and many indeciſive engagements, between Sir Edward Hughes and Monſ. de Suffrein:

'The hopes that were entertained, on the arrival of Sir Edward in ſuch force from Bombay, were ſuddenly exchanged for an apprehenſion that a large and valuable fleet from England, whoſe near approach was announced by the arrival of one of its ſhips, would fall into the hands of the French admiral. The ſituation of Suffrein to windward, and that of Hughes to leeward, afforded matter of ſerious alarm. But heaven ſoon relieved the anxiety of our countrymen. The arrival of the Briſtol man of war with ten Indiamen and three ſtoreſhips, gave upwards of ſix hundred men to the ſquadron, and about one thouſand recruits to the army. A French officer, who ſtood by when this fleet landed at Madras, exclaimed, "There is but one God, and that God muſt be an Engliſhman!" [Eng. Rev.

*The* NEGRO MAKANDAL, *an authentic Hiſtory.*

[From the French of the Mercure de France.]

IT is not above twenty-five years ago, that the iſland of St. Domin-

mingo trembled at the single name of Makandal. Born in Africa, in one of the countries at the foot of mount Atlas, he was unquestionably of high rank; for his education had been attended to with an assiduity not common among the negroes. He could read and write the Arabic language; nor was he the only negro, fallen by chance into slavery, and conveyed to our colonies, that could boast of this talent. Makandal, moreover, had a fine taste for music, painting, and sculpture; and although he was no more than twelve years of age when he was sent to the West Indies, he had great knowledge of the medicine of his country, and of the virtue of simples; a knowledge so useful, and often so dangerous, in the burning zone that extends between the tropics.

Makandal was sold to a planter in the vicinity of Cape Francois. He not only gave great satisfaction to his master, by his uncommon understanding and assiduity; but he was beloved and revered by all the slaves, on account of the care he took to contribute to their amusement, by multiplying their holidays; and by curing their diseases, when the white physicians had given them over. He soon became the soul of all their dancing assemblies, of which the negroes are passionately fond; and, from one end of the island to the other, the sick that were given over invoked the name of Makandal, and sent to him, to intreat some leaf of an herb, or some root, which almost constantly restored them to health.

At this period, young Makandal was distinguished for beneficence, and a passionate fondness for pleasure. Happy, indeed, had he made no other use of such extraordinary talents. But they proved, in the sequel, to be sources of the most enormous crimes.

At fifteen or sixteen years of age, love displayed its influence in his soul with the most astonishing impetuosity. Instead of an exclusive inclination for a single female, all those that possessed more than ordinary attractions, participated in his homage, and inflamed his desires. His passion acquired greater energy and activity, in proportion as the objects that inspired it became more numerous. From every quarter he selected his mistresses. It is well known, that, among the negroes, desire is soon succeeded by enjoyment, and that enjoyment is commonly followed by indifference and satiety. Makandal, on the contrary, seemed constantly more charmed with the woman that contributed to his happiness; and an uncommon fierceness of jealousy defended the empire of his love.

The white overseer of the plantation in which Makandal was a slave, was smitten with a young woman, with whom Mackandal also fell in love. We may imagine how much the poor girl must have been embarrassed to choose between a despotic and severe master, and the most distinguished of all the negroes; but, at last, her heart voted for her equal, and the overseer was refused.

Enraged at this indignity, he discovered that Makandal was the cause of it, and resolved to be revenged. Makandal, notwithstanding his nocturnal courses, and the attention he devoted to pleasure, performed his duty, as a slave, with so much zeal and punctuality, that he had never been exposed to the slightest punishment; a very astonishing circumstance in a country where the whip incessantly tears the bodies of the wretched negroes, and excites terror and compassion in the breast of an European, not rendered callous by barbarous habit, to the horror of such a sight.

The overseer, impatient to surprise Makandal in some fault, redoubled his vigilance, but in vain; the slave

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was uniformly irreproachable.—His enemy, not finding any reason to puniſh him, determined to form ſome pretext; and, one day, in the midſt of a new plantation of ſugar-canes, he ordered him to lie down on the ground, and receive fifty laſhes. The high-ſpirited Makandal appeared ſhocked at this injuſtice. Far from humbling himſelf, and imploring the interceſſion of the other ſlaves, who were all aſtoniſhed and affected, he fiercely threw his working tools at his rival's feet, and told him that this inhuman order was now the ſignal of liberty. At the ſame time, he fled towards the mountains, and eſcaped, notwithſtanding the fury of the overſeer and the feigned purſuits of the negroes, who had no inclination to take him.

From that moment, he was in the number of the runaway negroes, and continued to be ſo for twelve years before he could be apprehended. He conſtantly lived, however, in the midſt of his comrades. There was not an entertainmant of any conſequence at which he was not the head. How, indeed, could any one of the negroes be induced to betray their friend, their comforter, and their prophet? For he had the dexterity, at laſt, to perſuade them that he was poſſeſſed of ſupernatural virtues, and favoured with divine revelations.

He had curiouſly engraved, at the head of an orange ſtick, a ſmall human figure, which, when it was touched a little below the head, moved its eyes and lips, and ſeemed to be animated. He pretended, that this fetiche* anſwered all his queſtions as an oracle; and when he thought fit to predict the death of any one, it is certain that he was never miſtaken.

From the great knowledge which Makandal had of ſimples, he was enabled to diſcover, at St. Domingo, many poiſonous plants; and it was by this that he acquired ſuch extenſive credit. Without explaining the means that he employed, he would declare that ſuch a negro, whether male or female, who lived ſometimes fifty leagues from the place where he uttered the prediction, would die the ſame day, or the day after; and thoſe who heard him ſoon learned, with terror, that the prediction was accompliſhed.

It is now proper to explain the means that he employed in the commiſſion of crimes, that were not conceived to be ſuch, till they had been carried to an extreme of enormity.

The negroes, in general, have a great propenſity to commerce. Numbers of them act as hawkers and pedlars, in diſperſing the European goods about the country; and, in the French colonies, they are called *pacotilleurs*. It was among theſe that Makandal had his diſciples, and moſt confidential partizans: and theſe, in particular, he employed in all the good he did, or all the evil of which he was the author.

Another cuſtom, moreover, among the negroes, is to exerciſe the virtues of hoſpitality with a religious attention, and to take a repaſt together on ſeeing each other again, after the ſmalleſt abſence. Now, whenever Makandal had determined that any particular perſon ſhould periſh, he diſpatched one of theſe pedlars that were his friends, to preſent to the devoted perſon ſome fruit that he gave him, declaring, at the ſame time, that it contained the death of the perſon who was to eat it. The pedlar, inſtead of ſuppoſing that Makandal had

* *Fetiche* is a name given in Guinea to their divinities; one of whom is ſuppoſed to preſide over a whole province, and one over every family. This idol is a tree, the head of an ape, a bird, or any ſuch thing, as fancy may ſuggeſt.

had poiſoned the fruit, trembled at the power of his fetiche, executed the command of the pretended prophet, without daring to mention it to any one: the victim expired; and, at a diſtance from the tragical ſcene, the preſence of Makandal was the ſubject of admiration.

His friends ever found in him a formidable avenger; and his rivals, his inconſtant miſtreſſes, and thoſe, in particular, that refuſed his ſolicitations, never eſcaped from his cruelty. But, at laſt, love, which had ſo much favoured him; love, for which he had committed innumerable crimes; love hurried him to deſtruction.

Makandal had two accomplices, or lieutenants, blindly devoted to his will. The one was named Teyſſelo, and the other Mayombo; and it is probable, that they alone were partly in the ſecret of the means which he employed to eſtabliſh his dominion.

In the day time, he retired with theſe two chiefs, and a conſiderable number of other runaway negroes, to the almoſt inacceſſible heights of the mountains, where they kept their wives and children, with well-cultivated plantations. Bands of armed robbers ſometimes deſcended thence, at the command of Makandal, to ſpread terror and devaſtation in the habitations of the adjacent plains, or to exterminate thoſe who had diſobeyed the prophet.

He ſeemed, moreover, to be attached to many young negroes, who gave him an account of whatever paſſed in the plantations where they were ſlaves. Among theſe was one named Zami, about 18 years old, beautiful as the Apollo of Belvedere, and diſtinguiſhed by courage and underſtanding.

One Sunday, Zami had repaired to a dance, about three leagues from his maſter's houſe. The whole aſſembly, with tranſports of admiration and pleaſures, encircled a negro girl called Samba, who danced with an inchanting grace, and who, to a tender and voluptuous air, united the moſt timid modeſty. Her ſhape was elegant, eaſy, and like thoſe pliant reeds that are balanced by the winds. Her eyes beamed inexpreſſible luſtre. Her teeth eclipſed the whiteneſs of ſnow; and her complection, as black as ebony, added faſcination to her charms.

Zami beheld this uncommon beauty, and, for the firſt time, felt the tender ſenſation. Samba, at the ſame inſtant, fixed her fine eyes, by chance, on Zami, and was ſtruck with the ſame dart that had pierced the young negro.

After the dance was over, a converſation took place between the two lovers; their mutual flame was avowed; and they became inſeparable for that day. When it was neceſſary to part, they promiſed to ſee each other as often as poſſible. In the day-time, each was occupied in labour; but when the ſun vaniſhed from the horizon, they repaired to a private rendezvous. There, in a grove of odoriferous orange-trees, they repeated the ardent expreſſions of mutual paſſion; conſoling each other by the tendereſt careſſes, for that reſtraint in their ſituation, which obliged them to ſeparate as ſoon as the ſun aroſe to gild the azure ſkies.

Their happineſs laſted about ſix months, when Samba perceived that ſhe was to be a mother. She communicated this diſcovery to Zami, whoſe tranſports on the occaſion were inexpreſſible.

He was ſtill in all the intoxication of his joy, when, on quitting his beloved Samba, at break of day, and entering his hut, he found Makandal waiting for him. Makandal, who was unacquainted with Zami's paſſion and good fortune, thus addreſſed him:

"Zami, thou knoweſt the dreadful power of my fetiche. Rejoice, therefore, that thou haſt found favour in his ſight, and merit his confidence. Go, and find out Samba, the negro woman, who has hitherto rejected the ſolicitations of all her admirers, and who, for a year paſt, has even irritated my pride, by her obſtinate refuſal. Demand hoſpitality of her; and when ſhe is about to eat, dexterouſly put this powder into her meſs: it will be her death." At the ſame time, he gave him a piece of the banana leaf, which contained the fatal powder.

Theſe words ſtruck Zami like a clap of thunder: he threw himſelf at Makandal's feet, and, burſting into tears, thus addreſſed him:

"Oh, Makandal, canſt thou require me to ſacrifice to thy vengeance the moſt perfect beauty, the pureſt ſoul that ever did honour to our country? Know that I adore Samba; I am tenderly beloved by her; and ſhe will ſoon give the title of father to the unfortunate Zami."

While he was thus ſpeaking, he embraced the knees of the ferocious Makandal, who enraged to ſee a favoured rival, drew his cutlaſs, and was doubtleſs going to ſacrifice him on the ſpot, if the voices of the white men, who were calling the ſlaves to work, had not been heard. Makandal had but juſt time to eſcape with precipitation; and he inconſiderately left the poiſonous powder in the hands of Zami.

The latter was determined, at firſt, to diſcover the whole to the white overſeers; but he ſtill dreaded Makandal; he dreaded, particularly, his fetiche; and he kept the ſecret.

The day appeared to him inſupportably long. He was overwhelmed with inexpreſſible grief and anxiety; and, at laſt, when the hour of reſt was come, he repaired, with impatience, to the wonted rendezvous. Samba was not yet arrived. Her lover waited for her with unſpeakable anxiety. Agitated alternately by hope and fear, every moment he thought he heard her coming. The leaſt noiſe, the ſlighteſt trembling of the trees, augmented the illuſion. But perceiving that the hour of rendezvous was paſt, his mind was filled with the moſt gloomy apprehenſions; and he loſt, at length, all hopes of ſeeing her when midnight came. He then ſuddenly ſprung forward, and flew towards the dwelling of Samba, impatient to know what could have happened.

Imagine the conſternation, the grief, the deſpair of the unhappy Zami, when, on approaching the hut of his beloved Samba, he heard the lamentations of ſeveral negro women. He enters: he perceives her extended on her mat: he flies to her. Samba turns her dying eyes towards him: ſhe takes his hand; and, pronouncing the beloved name of Zami, expires.

The wretched Zami himſelf ſunk lifeleſs by her ſide. He was conveyed out of the hut; and it was not till the next day that he was informed, that a female pedlar had come to the hut, and dined with Samba. He then diſcovered all that he knew of Makandal's deſign, and delivered up the powder, which a chemiſt of Cape Francois examined, and declared to be a violent poiſon.

The cauſe of a very great number of ſudden deaths was then ſuſpected. The danger which threatened the whole colony excited univerſal conſternation. The marechauſſees were ſent into all parts of the country, to apprehend Makandal. But they already began to deſpair of ſucceſs, when Zami undertook to take him.

He armed himſelf with a ſmall club, made of the Indian pear tree; and he placed himſelf in ambuſcade in one of the defiles of the mountain to which Makandal had retired.

Then

There, he patiently waited for him five days. At laſt on the ſixth, before break of day, he heard him walking with two other run-away negroes. Zami inſtantly ruſhed upon them, and killed the two comrades of Makandal. The latter drew his cutlaſs, which Zami, with one blow of his club, beat out of his hand, knocking him down at the ſame time. He then tied his arms behind him with his long girdle, and brought him to the Cape.

Among the accomplices of Makandal, Teyſſelo and Mayombo were alſo taken; who, when tortured, confeſſed the ſecret of the poiſons. But Makandal himſelf would make no confeſſion. He preſerved, even in the flames, his audacity and fanaticiſm; which led the crowd of ignorant negroes to believe that his fetiche would ſave him; and for a moment, indeed, a ſingular circumſtance ſeemed to favour that opinion. Makandal was faſtened to the ſtake by an iron collar. When the pile was kindled, his ſtruggles were ſo violent, that he tore up the ſtake, and run ten or twelve ſteps in the midſt of the crowd. All the negroes inſtantly exclaimed, "A miracle! A miracle!"—But a ſoldier, with a ſtroke of his ſabre, convinced them, that he was more powerful than the fetiche; and the inhuman Makandal was thrown into the flames.

As for Zami, he had no ſooner avenged his beloved Samba, than he put a period to his own exiſtence, in the hopes of ſpeedily rejoining her, without whom his life was become an inſupportable burthen.

## *On the* SCOTCH FISHERIES.

### LETTER V.

MY laſt letter concluded with the eſtimate of ten veſſels, twenty fleets of nets, buſs-ropes, lines, caſks, &c. &c. When the proper method of fiſhing in *decked veſſels* is eſtabliſhed round all our coaſts, and they ſail to the northward to meet the ſhoals of herring, then would our fiſheries wear quite another aſpect than they do at preſent. There would be no complaint heard of having only half cargoes during the courſe of the ſeaſon, by the veſſels on the bounty fiſhing, who conſtantly employ boats, and cannot be conſidered in any other point of view, than as magazines for curing of the herrings caught by theſe boats. Early in June, the Dutch fiſhermen ſail to the northward, and upon the 24th day of that month, when in the latitude of Shetland, they ſhoot their fleet of nets at night, at ſun-ſet; theſe they take in, in the morning, and if ſucceſsful, they inſtantly pack and barrel their herrings. They continue every night and morning this regular operation, and ſail ſouthward with the ſhoals of herrings until they have compleated their cargo. The ſhooting and hauling is a ſimple proceſs, and might be eaſily acquired by thoſe accuſtomed in working herring nets by boats, and it might not be improper to ſuggeſt that this ſhould be done in fine weather, to accuſtom the crews to ſhoot and haul the nets with eaſe and ſafety. To place the propriety and the neceſſity of ſetting a good example by uſing of decked veſſels by companies upon an extenſive ſcale, I muſt beg leave to take a retroſpective view of the trade. At a very early period it appears from the hiſtory of this country, the fiſheries engaged the attention of the people. The unfortunate diſpute about the ſucceſſion to the throne, after the death of Alexander the third, betwixt Bruce and Baliol, diverted their attention, not only from this buſineſs, but from agriculture and manufacture, and

deluged the nation in blood. During the reigns of Robert the ſecond, the firſt of the Stuart family, Robert the third, and the five James's,* many excellent laws had engaged the attention of Parliament reſpecting the buſineſs of the fiſheries. The dawn of the reformation, the period of the covenant, and the melancholy reign of the fanatics again checked this buſineſs, and involved the country in war and bloodſhed. James VIth's acceſſion to the Britiſh throne diverted his attention to other matters, and from this period to the preſent day, the nation has periodically been amuſed with the importance of our fiſheries, in the diſplay of which many valuable performances have been wrote by Sir William Monſon, Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr Knox, Dr Anderſon, and others.

Had not misfortunes overtaken Charles the firſt, we have reaſon to think the herring and other fiſheries would have been put upon a moſt reſpectable footing; then was the time that the importance and the true value of this branch of commerce ſeems to have been properly underſtood, and would doubtleſs have arrived, under the royal patronage, to an exalted degree. But the troubles of this reign, and the bitter animoſities which agitated the opinions both of church and ſtate until the Revolution, almoſt entirely annihilated the trade. From the year 1690 till the union in 1707, and till the preſent time, many ſalutary laws have been enacted for encouraging the fiſheries, and within the laſt 35 years it appears the Parliament of Great Britain has generouſly beſtowed not much leſs than 400,000l. in bounties to veſſels,† entirely employed in ſhifting from loch to loch, and retained as magazines for receiving herrings from the boats. Notwithſtanding this heavy ſum of money, generouſly beſtowed by Government to veſſels on the bounties, the real importance and the true value of the fiſheries round the coaſts of the kingdom remain in the ſame problematical ſtate as ever, and I will dare to maintain that in all human probability they will continue to be ſo, until the ſpirit of the public is awakened, and the practicability and advantage of an alteration from boat fiſhing to that of decked veſſels by the buſs-rope is adopted

Let us not, my countrymen, allow ourſelves to be amuſed and deceived any longer with vain hopes. Let us take example from former diſappointments; and as time may have convinced us, that no reliance or dependance ought to be placed upon a boat fiſhery, every effort ſhould be uſed to make a beginning in the cod and herring fiſhing in decked veſſels.

* Erecting villages is no new idea. The original deſign for erecting villages in the highlands of Scotland was undoubtedly laid by James the fifth, and meant to have been carried into execution by his grandſon James the ſixth, and for which a ſpecial Act of Parliament was made, to erect one in Kintire, one in Lochaber, and a third in Lewis. James the VI. Par. XV. 1597. chap. 263.

† Vide Dr Adam Smith on the wealth of nations.

*New and Curious* ANECDOTES *of* FREDERICK-WILLIAM, *King of* PRUSSIA, *Father to his late Majeſty* FREDERICK II.

[Tranſlated from a Work juſt publiſhed at Straſburgh, entitled, Vie de Frederic II. Roi de Pruſſe.]

IT is not yet a century ſince the electoral houſe of Brandenburg, ſo

ſo powerful at preſent, was limited to poſſeſſions of very ſmall extent. Brandenburg, at that time, reſembled thoſe petty ſtates of Germany whoſe politics were ſolely confined to diſcover among the great potentates of the empire, which was likely to preponderate, in order to take ſhelter in any exigency, under the protection of the moſt powerful.

The elector George-William, who died in 1649, ſaw his territories deſolated in a war of thirty years, and had not even the liberty to chooſe his allies.

Frederick-William, his ſucceſſor, who was called the Great Elector, re-eſtabliſhed affairs by his wiſdom and courage. Powerful enough to aid the emperor Leopold, he excited his jealouſy by the very ſervices he rendered him.

On the death of George-William, the laſt duke of Sileſia of the race of the Piaſtes, his three principalities, Mignitz, Brieg, and Wolaw were to revert to the elector, by virtue of a compact of ſucceſſion made in 1537, between the elector Joachim II, and the dukes Piaſtes, ſovereigns of theſe three countries. But Leopold, dreading the vicinity of a proteſtant prince, at whoſe power he had taken umbrage, ſeized the three principalities, and declared them hereditary.

The only recompence he gave him was the circle of Schwibus, a ſmall territory on the confines of Brandenburg; and he even affected to cede this country to him, as a reward for his paſt ſervices.

He did more. In ceding the circle of Schwibus with one hand, he endeavoured to reſume it with the other. The hereditary prince of Brandenburg, whoſe underſtanding was weak, and his vanity unbounded, ſuffered himſelf to be won by the flattering promiſes of Leopold. Fed with the hope of one day obtaining the title of king, he promiſed, by a ſecret treaty, to reſtore Schwibus, whenever he ſhould accede to the electorate; and he kept his word. This is that prince, who, in the ſequel, was the firſt king of Pruſſia, under the name of Frederick the firſt.

Frederick William was obliged to ſubmit. He had a war to ſuſtain againſt the Swedes, and was obliged to keep on good terms with the emperor: he could not ſupport his pretenſions by arms.

Frederick I. conſtantly occupied in projects of falſe grandeur, laboured ſtrenuouſly to obtain the title of king, and it was conferred upon him in very favourable circumſtances. The duchy of Pruſſia, the abſolute ſovereignty of which his father had acquired in 1657, was erected into a kingdom, and Frederick was the firſt king of Pruſſia.

This new king, without genius and power, and almoſt without revenues, had taken it into his head, that a crown could not be worn with dignity, without being ſurrounded by all the parade of luxury and magnificence; and he determined, that the court of Lewis XIV. then the moſt ſplendid in Europe, ſhould be his model.

It was requiſite, therefore, to be crowned by a biſhop; and he gave that title to one of his chaplains, whom he alſo ennobled. He cauſed an *ampoule* (a phial to hold the ſacred oil) to be made on the model of that of France; and he repaired to Koningſberg in Pruſſia, to be anointed, becauſe the Kings of France were crowned at Rheims. He wore great Spaniſh perukes, and magnificent dreſſes. He gave ſplendid entertainments. He had a prime miniſter, a great maſter of the ceremonies, fifty cooks, and an academy of ſciences. At the birth of Frederick II, his grandſon, the godfa-

de-

thers and godmothers were the emperor Charles VI. the Czar Peter the Great, the republic of Holland, and the canton of Berne. This prince (the late king) was born the 24th of January, 1712: he was the third ſon of Frederick-William, then hereditary prince, and of Maria Dorothea, a princeſs of the houſe of Brunſwick. His two elder brothers died before he was born.

Frederick-William aſcended the throne the year following. His inclinations were very oppoſite to thoſe of his father; and he adopted very different meaſures to ſupport the ſplendour of his crown. He began by quitting the large peruke for a ſmall queue, and laced clothes for a plain uniform. He drove away the great maſter of the ceremonies, the chamberlains, cooks, and academicians. Of theſe laſt he kept the aſtronomer only, to make almanacs for him; and, to turn the academy into ridicule, he appointed a fool to be the preſident, gave him burleſque patents, and diſtributed the penſions to ſurgeons of regiments and midwives.

This ſingular prince, who was intent upon forming ſoldiers only, regarded as ridiculous every kind of knowledge with which a ſubaltern could diſpenſe. The majority of his generals ſcarce knew how to ſign their name; and they bluſhed no more at this ignorance than at not being able to dance upon a rope.

The only learned man whom he would permit to be at court, was the perſon who read and explained to him the gazette, while he ſpent the evening in ſmoaking, and drinking beer with ſome of his generals and miniſters; and this learned man was, at the ſame time, the buffoon of the company.

His Majeſty, indeed, who appears to have taken the Dutch for his models in many of the actions of his private life, had no other recreation than what the ſmoking room afforded. In an apartment of the caſtle of Berlin is a picture repreſenting one of theſe aſſemblies. The king is ſeated in the middle, with the queen by his ſide, who is lighting his pipe with a piece of paper. Around the royal pair are the miniſters and generals, with their ribbands and pipes, ſeated according to their reſpective ranks.*

A divine of Halle, named Lange, repreſented, with a view to ruin the philoſopher Wolf, that by the ſyſtem of pre-eſtabliſhed harmony, this philoſopher had taught, that the body and ſoul of man reſembled a watch, which could not go but conformably to the firſt impulſe it had received. 'It follows,' added the theologiſt, that your majeſty's tall grenadiers are not guilty when they deſert, ſince it is a neceſſary conſequence of the impulſe which their watch has received from the Creator.'—This repreſentation enraged the king againſt the philoſopher, who had no other alternative than to quit his majeſty's dominions, or to be hanged.

* At Berlin and Potzdam are ſtill to be ſeen two ſmall pavilions, which were uſed for this purpoſe. The firſt is at Berlin, on the banks of the Sprey, in the walk called Luſigarten, by the ſide of the church of the caſtle. At Potſdam is a large ſheet of water, which ſtill keeps the name of the Dutch Quarter. In the midſt of this is a ſmall ſquare building deſtined to the ſame uſe. In theſe pavilions the king held his councils of war, and, every afternoon, he repaired there with his generals, to drink beer and ſmoke. A kind of ſupper was ſerved, conſiſting of ſalt beef, ham, and cold butcher's meat; and beer was the only liquor that appeared on the table. A curious repaſt for royalty!

This

This ſingular prince, however, laid the foundation of the Pruſſian greatneſs by creating a formidable army, and an unparalleled adminiſtration. He augmented by one half the revenues of the ſtate.

Frederick-William was not only military but devout. He inſiſted that his ſoldiers ſhould be as punctual at church as on the parade. They went conſtantly, at the ſtated periods, to hear the ſermon, and to receive the ſacrament. Two centinels were placed at the door of the church, to prevent any one from leaving it.

But all his religion was confined to this exterior devotion; and, as none of his chaplains durſt tell him, that gentleneſs, humanity, and indulgence, were virtues at leaſt equally eſſential, he never conceived that there was any harm in treating his children, his ſervants, and his ſubjects, as a groom would his horſes, or an Algerine his ſlaves.

When he had reviewed his troops, it was his cuſtom to walk through the city. Every body then fled before him. He would not ſuffer a woman to be in the ſtreets. Whenever he met one, he would ſend her home inſtantly, with a good box on the ear, a ſtroke with his cane, or a kick: 'What does this beggar here?' he would ſay; 'honeſt women ſhould keep at home.'

One fine ſummer day, he ſurpriſed many ladies, who were walking behind the caſtle, in a public place, called "The king's garden," but which was uſed only as a parade. At this ſight, he called his ſoldiers, ſent for a number of brooms, and obliged the fair ladies to ſweep the place for half an hour.

Nor could he bear to ſee the miniſters of the goſpel on the parade; And, whenever he perceived any of them, he would ſend them home with a few ſtrokes of his cane, to ſtudy their Bible and make ſermons.

The prince-royal ſpending ſome days with his father at Bonn, the elector Clement Auguſtus, of the houſe of Bavaria, treated them with all poſſible magnificence; and, among other entertainments, he gave them a ball. Frederick-William was always ill-dreſſed; for he wore an uniform as long as he could; and whenever he was obliged to order a new coat, he would make the old buttons do The dreſs of the prince-royal was hardly more elegant; he was, moreover, very melancholy, and enjoyed no kind of pleaſure in theſe amuſements. The king perceiving it, enquired the reaſon of his melancholy, and why he did not dance. The prince, with a downcaſt eye, looked at his almoſt worn-out dreſs. But the rigorous monarch anſwered, by giving him a ſevere cuff before all the company, and puſhing him into the middle of the room, ſaying, 'Go, go, Sir, dance.'—The tears trickled down the prince's cheeks; but it was neceſſary to aſk a lady, and to dance with her.

Nor did his judges eſcape theſe manual cenſures. One of his generals having complained to him of a ſentence which the court of Juſtice had awarded in an affair in which he was intereſted. the king went inſtantly to the hall where the members of the tribunal were aſſembled; and there, beginning with the preſident, he dealt his ſtrokes of the cane on all the judges, repeatedly calling them *knaves* and *raſcals*.—It was truly a farcical ſcene, to ſee all theſe grave ſages of the law, running here and there, to avoid the ſtrokes of the cane, while his Majeſty purſued them.

Another time, when the prince-royal had formed the project of travelling without the king's conſent, his Majeſty, in the firſt tranſports of his wrath, when he diſcovered it, ſuſ-

ſuſpecting that the young princeſs his daughter was privy to the ſcheme, abſolutely kicked her out of the window, which was level with the floor; and the conſequence might have been fatal, if the queen had not caught hold of her petticoats—Such was Frederick, William, the father of the late illuſtrious Frederick II*

In 1736, the king, at the inſtance of the young prince, appointed a commiſſion to examine the principles of the philoſopher Wolf. This commiſſion was compoſed of a number of Calviniſt and Lutheran divines, who pronounced the philoſopher innocent. Letters were diſpatched to Marburgh, whither he had retired, to engage him to return. But he was too wary to give credit to the promiſe of a king, who cauſed philoſophers to be judged by divines, and would hang people for opinions. He did not return till 1740, when his protector aſcended the throne.

Frederick-William beheld with pain the attachment of his ſon to men of letters and philoſophers. He tolerated them, however, when he had not the gout, provided they never appeared before him. Towards the end of his life, when the tortures of the gout increaſed his ill humour, and excited frequent fits of anger and impatience, he often threatned to arreſt and ſend to Spandau the whole ſociety of wits, freethinkers, and philoſophers, &c. whom he called the corrupters of his ſon.—The ſociety at Rhienſberg, where the prince-royal reſided, were ſo terrified at intimations of this kind, that they were more than once on the point of abandoning that charming ſeat of philoſophy and the muſes.

In theſe fits of the gout, he commonly employed himſelf in painting in oil, and his grenadiers ſerved him for a model. When the portrait was paler or more ruddy than the original, he took a bruſh, ſmeared the portrait or the cheeks of the grenadier, and then admired his performance, as if he had actually caught the reſemblance.—In the caſtle of Berlin ſome of theſe pictures are ſtill to be ſeen, with theſe words at the bottom, *Fred. Wilhelmus in tormentis pinxit.**

On the 27th of May, 1740, the King, who perceived his end approaching, ſent for two prieſts. He confeſſed his ſins, and reproached himſelf, in particular, for many acts of injuſtice committed in his fits of paſſion. But he comforted himſelf with thinking, that he had never committed adultery; that he had always revered the clergy, and conſtantly attended public worſhip. The prieſts did not chooſe to contradict this confidence, and confirmed him in his hopes of paradiſe. On the 29th of the ſame month, he himſelf dictated the ceremonial of his funeral, which is truly expreſſive of his character. He lived to the 31ſt of May. The prince-royal, the three other princes his brothers, the queen, and ſome generals whom he particularly eſteemed, ſaw him often during the laſt days; but the two prieſts never quitted him. They were inceſſantly employed in praying with him, or in ſtrengthening him againſt the terrors of death, and the remorſe of conſcience. One of them having enquired, whether he were diſpoſed to die, he anſwered, 'I have weaned my heart from every object that was dear to it, from my wife, my children, my

* There is a confuſion among the biographers and hiſtorians of his late majeſty; ſome calling him Frederick III. Others, on account of his father's being Frederick-William, make him Frederick II. as does the author of this work.

* Some of theſe royal daubings are in the poſſeſſion of Mr Burnett of Kemnay, Aberdeenſhire.

ar:

rmy, my kingdom, and the whole world.'—'Oh! how happy are you,' nſwered the prieſt; 'this is a proof hat you love God above all things.' —Some moments after he expired; nd the laſt words he uttered were, 'Oh, vanity! vanity!'

# Poetry.

## *PROLOGUE*

*To* LADY WALLACE'S COMEDY.

*Written by* J. JEKYLL, *Eſq;*

*Spoken by Mr FARREN.*

WHILE *Reformation* lifts her tardy hand,
To ſcourge at length tranſgreſſion from the land;
And dormant Statutes, rous'd by *Proclamation*,
Affright the petty Sinners of the Nation,
Who ſhall preſume the rule of right to draw,
For thoſe who *make*, *enforce*, and *break* the Law?
The *country juſtice*, with terrific frown,
May ſcar a diſtrict or appal a town;
May hurl dire vengeance on a guilty elf
Who dares to do—*juſt what he does himſelf*;
But who ſhall rule the *juſtice*?—Who ſhall dare
To tell his worſhip, that *he* muſt not ſwear?
Drive him to church, prohibit his diverſions,
Or fine him well, for *Sabbath-days excurſions*?
In London, happily our zeal's more warm:
Here live the great examples of reform;
With pure diſint'reſt each devoutly labours
To mend—if not himſelf, at leaſt his neighbours.
No ſecret canker now corrupts the ſtate;
The name of vice is loſt among the great.
The *virtues*—in St James's-ſtreet that dwell,
Spread thro' the Square, and all along Pall-mall,
Are ſuch!—'tis quite *impoſſible* to tell.
However, with great ſearch and ſtudious care,
A female Bard has glean'd ſome follies there;
Bred among thoſe, who would not fear to own 'em,
Had there been vices there, ſhe muſt have known 'em.
Some trifling faults, perhaps, as *drinking*, *gaming*,
*Pride* and the like, may want a little ſhaming!
'Gainſt theſe ſhe aims, in aid of law, to uſe
The ſupplemental ſanction of the *Muſe*;
Aſſiſt, ye *fair*, ſhe fights for you and virtue:
Ye *Great*, ſupport her, for ſhe cannot hurt you;
Ye Rich—ye Poor,—above, below the laws,
Applaud her, and promote the common cauſe:
And if there live who ſtill diſgrace the age,
Bid them revere *the vengeance of the ſtage*.

## *EPILOGUE.*

*Written by* Capt MORRICE.

*Spoken by Mrs WELLS.*

IS the *ſtorm* over? is the *thunder* paſt?

And ſhall the Epilogue be heard at laſt?
'Tis our laſt word; a word, you know of old,
That's always ready, when you rave and ſcold.
But where beſeech—where beſt beſtow my breath?
[*To the Pit.*]
I can't preſs you, already preſs'd to death—
No, there's no room your anger to bewitch;
*You* can't be *mov'd*, you're ſcrew'd to ſuch a pitch.
Methinks I hear ſome prompting ſpirit cry,
"Look up in your diſtreſs! *Hope* lives on high!"
Shall I there find her? ſure you won't ſuppreſs
Your nobleſt power, *ye Gods!* your power to bleſs.
[*To the Boxes.*]
For you, fair nymphs, who melt in approbation,
This play I truſt, you'll call, a relaxation:
And ſure our author's gallant thirſt of fame,
Deſerves, from poliſh'd hearts, a ſhelter'd name.
"For brave it was, thus fairly, on "the ſtage,
"To meet the coxcombs', and the "gamblers' rage;
"Fearleſs in virtue's cauſe to draw "her pen;
"And prove what *women* dare, "againſt *you men.*"
Now *for myſelf*, ſome pity I ſhould wake——
Unſkill'd, unpractis'd in the taſk I take:
Here, where the powers of finiſh'd Speakers ſhine,
How ſilly was it, to make choice of *mine;*
Of me! a Weed; unknown to rhet'rick's flowers;
A *ſimple* COWSLIP, in theſe fragrant bowers!
What can *I* do, but reſt my hopeleſs aims,
On imitative arts, and borrow'd names;
Call to your eyes, delights you oft have felt,
And try with copy'd charms to pleaſe and melt?
[*Here was introduced the imitation of the* Iſabella.]
"Thus ſome young artiſt, fearful "of each ſtricture,
"With diffidence, firſt ventures on a "picture;
"More than content, if he eſcape "from blame:——
"*Your* praiſe may give the portraiture a name,
"And fix, if juſt, it's character "and fame!"
[*The Lines in the inverted Commas, were added by* Captain Topham.]

## *DELLA CRUSCA.*

The FAME of *this charming Poet* naturally gives fame wherever his praiſe may be beſtowed. Fortunate therefore, may be reckoned the ſubjects of his verſe. That which might be tranſitory, will *now* live; and the remembrance, "that ſuch thing were," will not periſh—Mrs WELLS, therefore, has to reckon this not among the leaſt of her late honours.

## ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

*Addreſſed to Mrs WELLS.*

O Come, ye fragrant gales that ſweep
The ſurface of the ſummer deep,
Nor yet refuſe to waſt my lay,
And

And with it fan the breaſt of May ;
For humble though it be,
It hails benign *ſimplicity.*

Why do we haunt the mountain's ſide,
Ere yet the curly vapours glide ?
Why mark the *op'ning buds of* SPRING,
Or trace the ſhrill lark's quiv'ring wing ?
It is, that then we ſee
*Meek* NATURE'S *ſweet ſimplicity.*

The length'ned ſhades that evening draws,
Of calm repoſe the gen'ral pauſe,
The ſtream that winds yon meads along,
The nightingale's tranſcendent ſong,
Borrow each charm from thee,
O *ſoft-eyed nymph, ſimplicity* !

Then to thy brow, lov'd WELLS is due,
A laſting wreath, of various hue,
Hung with each perfum'd flow'r that blows,
But chief, the *cowſlip* and the *roſe* :
For ſurely thou art ſhe !
THYSELF—*benign ſimplicity.*

And when *thy* MIMIC POW'RS are ſhewn,
*Each other's talents are thy own,*
Appropriate to thyſelf we find,
The *thrilling voice*, the *wounded mind ;*
The ſtarting tear we ſee
In nature's pure *ſimplicity.*

Haſt thou beheld the infant moon
Hie to her couch, ere night's full noon
Then haſt thou heard the lover-train,
In tones of ſad regret complain ;
So abſent, all agree,
To mourn for loſt *ſimplicity.*

So when upon thy well-wrought ſcene,
The curtain drops its cloſing green,
We grieve the mirthful hour is paſt,
And murmur that it fled ſo faſt :
We wiſh again to ſee
The beauties of *ſimplicity.*

And lovelineſs delights to dwell,
Upon thy boſom's ſnowy ſwell,
To bid the ſtreamy lightning fly,
In *liquid peril from thine eye.*
And to each heart decree
The triumph of *ſimplicity.*

Ah ! while I vent'rous pour the verſe,
Unfit thy praiſes to rehearſe ;
Yet may'ſt thou kindly deign to hear,
For O, the tribute is ſincere !
The homage paid by me,
In *genuine* TRUTH'S *ſimplicity !*

DELLA CRUSCA.

## SONNET ON SPRING.

To a YOUNG LADY.

'The Time of the ſinging of Birds is come.' SOLOMON.

WELCOME, ſweet Spring, with all thy radiant train !
Thy infant ſeeds ſhall to perfection riſe,
'*Seed-time and harveſt*,' ever ſhall remain,
And golden fruitage ſtill ſhall bleſs our eyes,
Till earth ſhall ceaſe to feel the genial ſun,
And every orb ſhall loſe its ancient place ;
Till vaſt deſtruction thro' creation run,
And ſyſtems burn in ev'ry part of ſpace.
Hail, fair Maria ! triumphing then you'll riſe,
To gain a rich reward above the ſkies,
Before Jehovah's throne, with firſt born ſeraphs fall.
Your pow'rs refin'd, will Deity adore
Where ſeaſons ceaſe, and years revolve no more ;
'Where one eternal ſpring of bliſs encircles all.'

LANCASTER, Mar. 11, 1788. W. HADWEN.

# Monthly Chronicle, and Review of Politics.

## *APRIL* 1788.

OUR expected advices from the Continent have diſappointed *expectation*—winter has prevented the hoſtile armies from purſuing the war, which will not recommence before May—and will in all probability be a bloody one, if a gueſs may be formed from the vaſt preparations, and impoſſibility of any amicable accommodation of diſputes.

The Miniſtry, who from ſome late occurrences, do not ſeem to "affect popularity"—which, in truth, is, at the beſt of times, a deſpicable tool, although a neceſſary one—have reaſon to be proud of the ſurplus of laſt year's revenue—"half a million ſurplus" is a ſound to which our ears have not been accuſtomed, and it comes pleaſantly.

The trial of Mr Haſtings "drags its ſlow length along"—and will continue to find employment for the Managers for this year, at leaſt—Erſkine has been heard to ſay, that it may be protracted by due courſe of law, for four or five years—and, indeed, an evidence that coſt fourteen years in collecting, cannot be ſuppoſed to be examinable in as many months.

### GERMANY

*Brunſwick, Feb.* 23. Yeſterday the treaty was concluded between their High Mightineſſes the States General of the United Provinces, and the Duke of Brunſwick, for a corps of 3000 ſubſidiary troops, with ten pieces of cannon and a train of artillery; and we learn that the above forces will ſoon begin their march towards the Republic. General Van Monſter and Captain Vander Maaſen, who have been charged with theſe negociations, have had private audiences of the Duke, the Ducheſs, and the Ducheſs Dowager, to take leave. Theſe officers will ſoon go to Caſſel, to negociate a more conſiderable corps of troops.

*Vienna, March* 6. According to advices from Boſnia, the Auſtrian troops arrived before Banjaluka, a fortreſs in the above province, on the 17th of February, and the ſame day began to bombard the place.

By the ſame letters we learn, that the fort of Dublitza was reduced on the 11th of February; and that the fortreſs of Wihoaz, ſituated on the Unna, ſurrendered on the 13th of ſame month, after an obſtinate defence, in which two hundred women ſignalized themſelves, by fighting like Amazons, ſword in hand. This conqueſt was obtained with the loſs of thirty of our men.

Our Croats have given freſh proofs of their bravery ſince General de Vins entered Turkiſh Croatia with the regiment of St George, the huſſars of Grave, a party of Kinſky's dragoons, and two battalions of Bannats. This body advanced in three columns; one party was detached to take poſt at Nove; another, under the command of General Klibeck, advanced as far as Twoſwick. Theſe two places ſurrendered without reſiſtance. The principal troops, under the commander in chief, marched againſt Whitacz, and fell in, a ſmall diſtance from thence, with a body of Turkiſh cavalry, which violently attacked the regiment of Kreug. We made a great diſcharge of artillery, and by a happy diverſion, the huſſars of Grave fell on the enemy in the rear. Though the Turks fought deſperately, the field was ſoon covered with their ſlain. At length they were obliged to yield, and in their precipitate retreat, many of them were drowned in the river Unna. The major part were taken priſoners; and there was but a ſmall number

number that reached the fortreſs.—

Our commander, by dexterity of manœuvres, in leſs than two hours, deſtroyed all the fortifications of Whihacz.

We loſt in this expedition nine officers of rank, 27 inferior, and 556 privates killed; the number of wounded amounted to 376. The Turks loſt near 2000, without allowing for thoſe drowned, and 1500 were taken priſoners.

## TURKEY.

*Conſtantinople, Feb.* 6. The Porte has received the diſagreeable news that 20,000 Liſghian Tartars have been totally defeated by the Ruſſians.

All is in motion here. It is determined the Grand Vizir ſhall join the army. The ſtandard of Mahomet has been diſplayed before the ſerlio, as a ſignal that the flames of war have burſt forth.—The preparations are completed for the departure of the Reis Effendi and the Chancelry of War. Among the Turks more of animoſity than chagrin is to be obſerved, though they themſelves acknowledge, that they have powerful adverſaries to contend with. The Divan flatter themſelves that the troubles in Perſia, ſo far from impeding the ſucceſs of their arms, will contribute towards rendering them victorious.

Under the Preſidency of the Grand Vizir, the Divan has reſolved that the Turkiſh army ſhall act againſt the Ruſſians in three diviſions. Great activity is exerting in the equipment of the fleet, and we are told that there are near 20 ſhips at the mouth of the Canal.

## ITALY.

*Genoa, March* 10. Authentic intelligence is received here by the Health Office, that the plague has broken out at Algiers, and alſo that it raged very violently at Conſtantinople.

## FRANCE.

The Parliament of Paris, as well as ſeveral of the provincial Parliaments in France, have ſtepped forth on former occaſions with much zeal and activity, in defence of their rights and liberties. Their firmneſs has been the echo and admiration of all Europe; but on no occaſion has it ventured on ſuch a bold addreſs to the Sovereign as lately on the ſubject of *Lettres de Cachet*. The language of which is throughout nervous and energetic.

The memorial is of conſiderable length. It declares, that the uſe of *Lettres de Cachet*, and every other mandate of the King, which tends to deprive a citizen of his liberty, without being tried by a Court of Judicature, is contrary to the laws and conſtitution of the kingdom.

The concluſion runs thus—

"It is now high time that this abuſe ſhould have an end. The nation demands its liberties, it has right to obtain them, and the Parliament in this inſtance is only the organ of the orders your Majeſty has iſſued againſt his Highneſs the Duke of Orleans, and the other two magiſtrates; we do not ſolicit their liberty as being a Prince and Magiſtrates, but rather demand it as being citizens, Frenchmen, and men."

The following is the anſwer of the French King to the above:

"March 11, 1788.

"I forbad you on a former occaſion, to follow up your repreſentation of the 9th of January laſt, and I now acquaint you, that a reſiſtance to my commands, is not the means to obtain the releaſe of the magiſtrates whom I have thought fit to puniſh.

"I have nothing further to add to my laſt anſwer: I have already told, that the liberty of my ſubjects was as dear to me as to themſelves; but I will never permit my parliament to reſiſt the exerciſe of a power to which

families

families have often owed the preſervation of their honour, and the ſtate public tranquillity.

" My parliament ought to ſubmit with reſpect and in ſilence to whatever my wiſdom judges proper.

" I laſtly forbid you to renew your deliberations on this ſubject."

## EAST INDIES.

*Extract of a letter from Tranquebar, a Daniſh ſettlement on the Coaſt of Coromandel, June* 13. 1787.

All the Coromandel Coaſt, particularly the Northern, felt, on the 20th of laſt month, a moſt dreadful hurricane. On the 17th of May, the wind began to blow from the north eaſt with very great violence. On the 18th it increaſed, and the ſky was involved in very thick clouds. The 19th announced a perfect tempeſt, with conſtant hail, and a horizon entirely obſcured. At length, on the 20th, the hurricane broke out in all its violence. Scarcely is there a place on the coaſt, as well thoſe inhabited by the Danes and Hollanders, as thoſe bordering upon the Engliſh ſettlement, which was not entirely ruined. A diſtrict, called Upora, was ſwallowed up by the ſea, (with its unfortunate inhabitants) which on this occaſion aroſe more than fourteen feet above the ordinary level, and overflowed the country for ſome leagues diſtant. It is impoſſible to judge what numbers of people may have periſhed in conſequence of this calamity; though in our neighbourhood alone they compute them at twelve or thirteen thouſand ſouls. It is thought that nine tenths of the population of the country have been deſtroyed. Jagornaperam, a place belonging to the Dutch is entirely ruined. The town of Coringa is no longer in exiſtence; it was wholly ſwept away by the waves, and only about four or five men ſaved themſelves by clinging to palm trees. The ſudden riſe of the ſea to ſo extraordinary an elevation, prevented the miſerable inhabitants from ſaving themſelves by flight. Beſides, the inundation was general, and in all quarters the level of the water was higher than the tops of the houſes. Theſe laſt could not reſiſt the impulſe of the waves; very few of them remained on their foundations. The largeſt trees were torn up by the roots, and carried away; ſhips were caſt upon the ſhore, and wrecked in the fields. The ſky recovered its ſerene aſpect but ſlowly. The hurricane laſted, in a greater or leſs degree, to the 28th of May. Then the waters, which had encroached upon the land for more than ten leagues, retired gently, and left the whole country a confuſed ſcene of the wreck of ſhips, houſes, trees, furniture, and human bodies. The laſt are ſo numerous, that an infection is greatly apprehended. In ſhort, a more ruinous and diſmal ſcene cannot be imagined.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

The following uncommon circumſtance happened to a perſon who had bought a ſhare of a ticket in the preſent lottery. He was going thro' London Bridge, in a boat with ſome friends, and the converſation turning on the lottery, he informed them of his adventuring in it, and having a ſhare in his pocket, he took it out to ſhow it to them; at the ſame inſtant a ſudden guſt of wind blew it out of his hand, and it was taken to ſome diſtance, and then floated on the water. The waterman rowed after it amidſt the eddy of the tide, and after much difficulty, at laſt obtained it; but the ſequel is the moſt extraordinary, it abſolutely proved a ſhare of the 20,000l. prize.

## OLD BAILEY.

TRIAL *of* DANIEL CLAREY *and* ELIZABETH GOMBERT, *his Houſekeeper, for felonio-*

*feloniously setting fire to the dwelling-house of* JOHN EMERY.

ON Saturday at eleven o'clock came on, before Mr Recorder and a Middlesex Jury, the trial of Daniel Clarey and Elizabeth Gombert, his housekeeper, for feloniously setting fire to the dwellinghouse of John Emery, in Little Pulney-street.—The act was committed at two o'clock in the morning of Easter Monday. Clarey, who is a tailor, had insured his house with the London Assurance on the 21st of January, for the sum of 900l. Sarah Bishop and her husband swore that they lodged in the kitchen; they were alarmed by smoke, and they ran up naked with some goods, where they saw the prisoner with his night-cap, breeches, and shoes on, quite composed. Upon the husband going down a second time after some goods, he saw a flame through the crack of the wainscot in the prisoner's store room behind the shop. John Holford and his wife, who lodged in the first floor, confirmed most of the circumstances, and heard Clarey declare he was ruined, as he had lost 500l. of bank notes that were in a chest in the store-room. These four witnesses all agreed, that there was very little property in the house, and in the shop only a few coats and waistcoats, and no piece goods or nankeens. James Sudderwood, who lived opposite, upon the alarm looked out of his window, and saw the prisoners go out at the door, without calling out fire. He and six other witnesses in the neighbourhood, described very minutely the manner in which the shop-window was broke open, and the door of the store-room in which the flames were discovered. One of the witnesses saw a deal-board at the end of a box, and the wainscot in flames. The whole house was speedily burnt to the ground, and the adjoining house belonging to Mr Emery caught fire, but it was happily extinguished

Mr Gubbins, one of the Surveyors to the Company, gave evidence, that in the afternoon of the same day he went to view the spot, and saw the prisoner Clarey, who pointed to the place where he said his property was destroyed, viz. 17 guineas, 500l. in bank-notes, 60 grols of metal buttons, a large quantity of nankeen, cloths, silks, &c. All these things, he said, were contained in a box in the store-room. The witness gave orders that the spot should be carefully cleared. After an hour's work they discovered the handle of a box, when Clarey said, that is the handle of my box. —As they worked on further, they discovered the bottom part of the box, and some part of the sides, which the witness ordered to be carefully preserved; upon examining the contents, it was found, to their great surprize, to contain hay-bands, and rolls of paper dipped in oil, partly burnt, but nothing of any value. (The remains were produced in Court, and the bottom was found to be filled with coals.) Seven witnesses fully confirmed Mr Gubbin's evidence. Mr Gubbins ordered him into custody, and went to the Public-office in Bow-street. Upon his return he examined the prisoner as to his property, and the bank-notes; he said there were five of 50l. several of 10l. ten of five pounds, and one of a hundred: that the goods which were consumed were purchased at Portsmouth from the smugglers. The inventory was produced, signed by Clarey, in which he demanded from the Assurance office the sum of nine hundred pounds and upwards.—Witnesses were next called to shew the distressed state of the prisoner's affairs, not being able to pay his rent, taxes, &c. which was not likely to have happened if he had such large sums of money by him. Lastly, the workmen were brought who skreened all the rubbish, and found only a dozen metal buttons, and not the least appearance of bits of shrivelled cloth, &c. Elizabeth Gombert made a short defence, that she was entirely innocent; and whoever committed the fact, yet no blame should be imputed to her.

Clarey made a long defence about a lottery-office being kept in the store-room, and that the papers and the oil belonged to the office. He called several witnesses, whose evidence had better been omitted. The Recorder, at half after five, began to sum up the evidence in an excellent speech, which lasted until half past seven, when the Jury consulted a few minutes, and found Daniel Clarey guilty——*Death*. And according to the opinion of the Judge, acquitted Elizabeth Gombert.

EDIN-

## EDINBURGH,

MARCH 27. This morning, a reſpite from his Majeſty till Wedneſday, the 2d of July next, arrived here in favour of Patrick or Peter Young, who had been condemned at the laſt autumn Circuit at Aberdeen, for the crimes of ſhop-breaking and theft; but who afterwards made his eſcape from priſon, and was not again apprehended till the day appointed for his execution had expired.

## ABERDEEN.

We are informed from Kirkwall in Orkney, that on Tueſday the 18th of March laſt, a boat coming from the iſland of Sanday to that place, with ſix men and two women on board, was overſet, and all of them unhappily periſhed.

Tueſday Apr. 1. came on the election of Governor and Directors of the Aberdeen Banking Company, when the following gentleman were choſen, viz.

JOHN RAMSAY, Eſq; of Barra,
GOVERNOR.

DIRECTORS.

Mr Thomas Bannerman, merchant
Patrick Barron, Eſq; of Woodſide
Thomas Buchan, Eſq; of Auchmacoy
Baillie Daniel Cargill, merchant
Provoſt Adam Duff
Mr Alexr Garioch, merchant
James Jopp, Eſq; of Cotton
Alexr Leſlie, Eſq; of Berryden
Mr Gilbert More, merchant
Mr Patrick Sandilands, merchant
Mr John Still merchant
Dr William Thom of Craibſtone
* Alexr Innes, Eſq; of Breda
* Mr James Allardyce, merchant
* Mr Charles Bannerman, advocate
* Baillie George Adam merchant,
* Charles Gordon, Eſq; of Abergeldy
* John Duncan, Eſq of Drumſide

Theſe marked with an aſteriſk are new directors.

On Thurſday laſt, off Sandend, near Portſoy, a boat, with a crew of ſeven men, was overſet, and four of them loſt their lives.

A man fording the water of Ila, near Keith, was carried away by the violence of the current, and drowned.

March 29. the following Gentlemen of Sub-Principal M'Leod's claſs, took the degree of Maſter of Arts, in King's College, viz.—Meſſrs Keith Milnes, Alexander Campbell, Alexander Joaſs, Donald Campbell, Donald M'Donald, Donald M'Neal, William Elmſlie, William Ingram, William Paull, James Craig, William Vaſs, James Wildgooſe, John Keith, Thomas Fraſer, John Young, John Paterſon, Thomas M'Farlane, Peter Moriſon, Thomas Wiſhart, Hugh M'Pherſon.

The following young gentlemen of Mariſchal College were the ſame week admitted to the degree of Maſter of Arts: Mr Alexander Knox, Mr Alexr. Lumſden, Mr Alexander Taylor, Mr Wm Dun, Mr Wm Leſlie, Mr Wm Simpſon, Mr James Cromar, Mr James MacGregor, Mr James Paton, Mr James Simſon, Mr Robert Donald, Mr Robert Turner.

Tueſday April. 8. the very Reverend the Provincial Synod of Aberdeen met here. After an excellent ſermon from Titus ii. 1. by the Rev. Mr Fraſer at Durris, the former Moderator, the Synod elected the Rev. Mr Patrick Davidſon, at Rayne, Moderator; and after finiſhing their ordinary buſineſs, adjourned to the ſecond Tueſday of October next.

In the courſe of the Synod's buſineſs, a ſingular circumſtance occurred. The ſeveral Preſbyteries were aſked if they had obſerved the Thankſgiving-day for the good harveſt, enjoined by laſt Synod to be kept in December. In the preſbytery of Alford, it had not been obſerved in ſeveral pariſhes, by reaſon that the harveſt in that part of the country was *not yet got in.*

THE

# ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

*LITERARY CHRONICLE, AND REVIEW.*

No. IX.] Thurſday May 8, 1788. [Price 3d.

## THE TRIFLER, No. IX.

*May* 8, 1788.

PETITION OF THOMAS TROT—RECOMMENDATORY LETTER—PETITION OF MR TIM SLY—GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY—LETTER FROM A TRIFLER——THE MEANING OF WHICH WILL BE UNDERSTOOD READILY—BY THESE WHO FIND IT OUT.

*To his* HONOUR *the* TRIFLER:

*The* HUMBLE PETITION *of* THOMAS TROT, GENTLEMAN;

*Sheweth*;

THAT *your Petitioner* was employedlately by your Honour's predeceſſor Alexander the Corrector, as Deputy Surveyor of Manners and Cuſtoms in the county and ſhire of Aberdeen, with all the toſts, croſts, pertinents and pendicles thereunto belonging, or that may belong:

*That your Petitioner* executed the ſaid truſt faithfully and honeſtly, to the beſt of his wiſdom and knowledge, as witneſs the fourteenth number of the Northern Gazette, and there page the firſt, column the firſt and ſecond, until ſuch time as the ſaid Alexander the Corrector did cloſe and determine the ſaid paper.

*That your Petitioner* was thereby reduced to poverty and—want of materials for his correſpondence, whereby his whole family, conſiſting of a quire of paper, an inkſtand, and three harmleſs gooſe-quills, were deprived of their daily employment.

*That your Petitioner* can be well recommended from his laſt place, as *per* letters annexed hereunto, as a marvellous proper man for a correſpondent.

*Prayeth*, That he may be admitted to the calling and office of SURVEYOR of MANNERS for the foreſaid county and town of Aberdeen, and your Petitioner ſhall ever pray, &c.

THOMAS TROT.

Letter incloſed in the above
TO THE TRIFLER.

*Learned Brother*,

This comes to acquaint you that Mr Thomas Trot of Putachie-ſide, Gentleman, ſerved me faithfully and

honeſtly as ſurveyor-General of Manners during my reign as Alexander the IId Corrector of the People, and I do hereby recommend him to your ſervice in the ſame capacity.

Signed

ALEXANDER THE CORRECTOR.

*William Hurley,*
*Benjamin Burley,* } Witneſſes.

In conſequence of this petition and recommendation, I ſent off an expreſs to my private ſecretary and Commentator *Dr Periwigmenos Bathos*,* as follows.

"THE TRIFLER to his well-
"beloved couſin Periwigmenos
"Bathos, phyſician, and Commen-
"tator—theſe—you are to receive
"Mr Thomas Trot, gentleman, of
"Putachie-ſide, as correſponding ſe-
"cretary in your department, of
"which the preſent be unto you a
"licence——We bid you heartily
"farewell.

TRIFLER."

Received the ſame day a Petition from MR TIMOTHY SLY, late joint correſpondent with Mr Trot——GRANTED—In conſequence of which the following Extraordinary Gazette was ordered to be printed in the Aberdeen Journal, and all other newſpapers and journals.

## *GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY*

*May* 1. 1788.

*Court in London*——His Worſhip the TRIFLER has been pleaſed to make the following promotions.

*Thomas Trot* of *Putachie-ſide*, and *Timothy Sly* of the *Netherkirkgate*, Aberdeen, gentlemen, to be joint CORRESPONDING SURVEYORS OF MANNERS for the county and town of Aberdeen.

*Periwigmenos Bathos* of Aberdeen to be principal COMMENTATOR to the Trifler.

Martinus Scriblerus junr. and Abraham Adams to be Deputies.

2. Laſt night his worſhip the Trifler had a grand levee at his houſe—at which were preſent, the Hon. Mr Addiſon, Hon. Richard Steele, Mr Locke, with many other perſons of diſtinction. The levee broke up at eight o'clock, after which Mr Addiſon and Mr Locke had private conferences with his worſhip."

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Having thus diſpatched the official buſineſs of the day, I proceed to the *ordinary* affairs thereof. This ſhall for the preſent conſiſt of a letter from a Brother Trifler.

*To the* AUTHOR *of the* TRIFLER.

SIR,

I like your name ſo well, that if you do not intend to monopoliſe all the trifling to yourſelf, I promiſe to be your correſpondent. Whatever you may think, I flatter myſelf that the world will allow my claim on your attention, when I tell you that I have many years not only been a Trifler, but a Projector and Contriver of Trifles—ſuited to buſineſs as well as pleaſure. In ſhort, Sir, I have brought ſome trifling improvements to ſuch perfection, that I intend ſoon to advertiſe them to the world, but have taken ſuch a liking to your productions, that I am reſolved, your paper ſhall be the earlieſt medium of intelligence.

I was left a younger brother with a ſmall patrimony, but as I had no ambition, it was ſufficient for my wants. It enabled me to eat when I pleaſed, and where I pleaſed: and ſaved me the trouble of applying to any profeſſion. Having nothing to do,

* N. B. The Doctor is expected in town every day.

and the greater part of my time being paſſed at my own fireſide, I began to diſcover ſome very capital improvements in moſt things in uſe either for buſineſs or pleaſure—ſome particulars of which I am now about to communicate; I here mention only the improvement itſelf, as I chuſe to keep the mode or way of performing a profound ſecret, until the public ſhall think proper to reward me with a competent and generous ſubſcription. Although I am not in want of money, yet it is not fit I ſhould *labour* all my life for nothing.

The firſt SECRET is, a new mode of *ſaving ink*, by which writers may be very much benefited. This would be of great ſervice in all counting-houſes and public offices, and particularly to authors, who, I am ſorry to ſay it, waſte more ink than does them, or their readers either, much good.—I charge this *Secret* rather high, as I have ſome reaſon to think there will be few purchaſers.

My next is a more eaſy and ſafe mode of *ſnuffing candles*, by means of a —— but huſh! I had almoſt told you how——People, Sir, think that any body may ſnuff a candle—Sir, I never knew ten men in my life, who could ſnuff a candle as it ought to be done, and eight of thoſe ten were taught by me. This will be of great ſervice in all private families, where the cry of "ſnuff the candle" may be heard every ten minutes. Snuffing a candle is a matter of great importance. I never knew it done to purpoſe, without throwing light on ſomething.

My new method of *blowing a fire* will be of infinite ſervice in all caſes of political or religious controverſy—I practiſed with a pair of bellows twenty years before I brought it to perfection. Moſt men now-a-days blow up the coals in ſuch a manner that all their fuel is ſpent before they are ſufficiently warmed. Thoſe who purchaſe this *Secret* will receive an improved method of *ſtirring the fire* gratis.

It is well known that a great expence accrues to merchants and others from the waſte of *pens* in their counting-houſes and ſhops——I have contrived a remedy for this, ſo eaſy, ſo certain and ſo efficacious, that none but the moſt obſtinate can refuſe it—The pen I wrote this letter with has been in uſe ſince the peace 1783, and I have no doubt will laſt till the next war at leaſt.

It is alſo well known how inconvenient it is at times to want *waſte-paper*. It is indeed a fundamental error in our government, that the growth of waſtepaper is ſo much neglected, and every body knows that there are times when they would rather be poſſeſſed of a piece of waſte-paper than an ell of cambrick—I know my new method of procuring waſte-paper will be objected to, for an eminent poet and play-writer told me that it would be a great injury done to poſterity, by depriving them of the works of the learned in our times. But in anſwer to this; my ſcheme muſt be good, becauſe it diſcovers *ſome uſe* for ſuch works.

As I perceive I am near the end of my paper, I muſt juſt mention the remainder of my improvements in the lump.

A machine for making Love-letters on an entire new principle, which will be of great uſe to ſwains and nymphs, ſome of whom are a little puzzled in their attempts to write.

An *elaſtic* Sermon, which contracts or dilates according to the weather, or the approach of the dinner hour——A dignitary of the church offered to buy up the whole collection of them, but I rather chuſe to publiſh them for general uſe—It is well known people never complain of cold and hunger any where ſo much

as in the church, and this elaſtic machine may be of great ſervice.

A new mode of *giving charity*. This SECRET is not at all known to the world; and I have been obliged to fix a very high price upon it, becauſe it can be of ſervice only to thoſe who have ſome.

My methods of counting the hours without a watch, ſun, or ſun-dial—my improvement in mixing ſallad—my new art of perſonal abuſe—with many other ingenious improvements, muſt be deferred to another opportunity.

Mean time I am, Sir,
yours,
CHRISTOPHER CURIOUS.

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*P. S.* Although I am generally ranked among Projectors, I have no connection whatever with thoſe who are now endeavouring to prove that the national debt is a national bleſſing; that a man is better for his loſſes; that Chriſtianity may be proved by aboliſhing its fundamental tenets; or any of theſe who, as Dean Swift informs us, were buſy in making pincuſhions of marble, and extracting ſun-beams from cucumbers.

*From the many valuable* PAPERS, *which the Firſt Volume of the* TRANSACTIONS *of the* ROYAL SOCIETY *contains, the following* ESSAY *on the* INSTINCT OF BRUTES, *by Mr Smellie, is abſtracted, which will at ſame time ſerve as a ſpecimen of the valuable work ſpeedily to be publiſhed by that Gentleman.*

MANY Theories have been invented with a view to explain the inſtinctive actions of Animals, but none of them have received the general approbation of Philoſophers. This want of ſucceſs may be referred to different cauſes; to want of attention to the general œconomy and manners of animals; to miſtaken notions concerning the dignity of human nature; and above all, to the uniform endeavour of Philoſophers to diſtinguiſh inſtinctive from rational motives.

Mr Smellie endeavours to ſhew that no ſuch diſtinction exiſts, and that the reaſoning faculty itſelf is a neceſſary reſult of inſtinct.

He obſerves, that the proper method of inveſtigating ſubjects of this kind is to collect and arrange the facts, which have been diſcovered, and conſider whether theſe lead to any general concluſions. According to this method, he exhibits examples, *Firſt*, of pure inſtinct: *Secondly*, of ſuch inſtincts as can accommodate themſelves to particular circumſtances and ſituations: *Thirdly*, of ſuch as are improveable by experience or obſervation: And, *laſtly*, he draws ſome concluſions.

By pure inſtincts are meant ſuch as, independently of all inſtruction or experience, inſtantaneouſly produce certain actions, when particular objects are preſented to animals, or when they are influenced by peculiar feelings. Such are, in the human ſpecies, the inſtinct of ſucking, which is exerted by the infant immediately after birth, the voiding of fæces, the retraction of the muſcles upon the application of any painful ſtimulus. The love of light is exhibited by infants, even ſo early as the third day after birth. The paſſion of fear is diſcoverable in a child at the age of two months.

Among the inferior animals, there are numberleſs pure inſtincts. Caterpillars ſhaken off a tree in every direction, turn immediately to the trunk, and climb up. Young birds open their mouths on hearing any noiſe, as well as that of their Mother's voice. Every ſpecies of Inſects depoſits its eggs in the ſituation

on moſt proper for hatching and affording nouriſhment to its future progeny. Some ſpecies of animals look not to future wants; others, as the bee and the beaver, are endowed with an inſtinct which has the appearance of foreſight. They conſtruct magazines and fill them with proviſions. Bees diſplay various remarkable inſtincts. They attend and feed the female or Queen. When deprived of her, all their labours ceaſe till a new one is obtained. They conſtruct cells of three different dimenſions; for working Bees, for drones, and for females; and the queen in depoſiting her eggs, puts each ſpecies into its appropriated cells. They deſtroy all the females but one, leſt the hive ſhould be overſtocked. The different inſtincts of the common Bee, of the wood piercing Bee, and of that ſpecies which builds cylindrical neſts, with roſe leaves, are very remarkable.

Equally ſingular are the inſtincts of waſps, and ichneumon flies, which though they feed not themſelves upon worms, lay up ſtores of theſe animals for the nouriſhment of their young.

Birds build their neſts of the ſame materials, and in the ſame form and ſituation, though they inhabit very different climates. They turn and ſhift their eggs, that they may be equally heated. Geeſe and ducks cover up their eggs, till they return to the neſt. The ſwallow ſollicits her young to void their excrement over the neſt, and aſſiſts them in the operation. The ſpiders, and many inſects of the beetle-kind, when put in terror, counterfeit death. This is not, as has been ſuppoſed, a convulſion or ſtupor, but an artifice; for when the object of terror is removed, they recover immediately.

Of inſtincts which can accommodate themſelves to peculiar circumſtances and ſituations, many inſtances may be given from the human ſpecies; but theſe being improveable, fall more properly under the third claſs.

Thoſe animals are moſt perfect, whoſe ſphere of knowledge extends to the greateſt number of objects. When interrupted in their operations, they know how to reſume their labours, and to accompliſh their purpoſes by different means. Some animals have no other power but that of contracting or extending their bodies. But the falcon, the dog, and the fox, purſue their prey with intelligence and addreſs.

In Senegal, the oſtrich ſits upon her eggs, only during the night, leaving them in the day to the heat of the ſun. At the Cape of Good Hope, where the heat is not ſo great, ſhe ſits upon them day and night. Rabbits, when domeſticated, are not inclined to burrow. Bees augment the depth of their cells, and increaſe their number, as occaſion requires. A waſp carrying out a dead companion from the neſt, if he finds it too heavy, cuts off the head, and carries out the load in two portions. In countries infeſted with monkeys, birds, which in other countries build in buſhes or clefts of trees, ſuſpend their neſts at the end of ſlender twigs. The nymphæ of water-moths, which cover themſelves with caſes of ſtraw, gravel, or ſhells, contrive to make their caſes nearly in equilibrium with the water: When too heavy, they add a bit of wood or ſtraw; when too light, a bit of gravel. A cat, when ſhut into a cloſet, has been known to open the latch with its paws.

The third claſs of inſtincts comprehends all thoſe that are improveable by experience and obſervation.

The ſuperiority of man over the other animals, ſeems to depend chiefly on the great number of inſtincts with which he is endowed. Traces

of

of every inſtinct which he poſſeſſes are diſcoverable in the brute-creation, but no particular ſpecies enjoys the whole. On the contrary, moſt animals are limited to a ſmall number. This appears to be the reaſon why the inſtincts of brutes are ſtronger, and more ſteady in their operation than thoſe of man, and their actions more uniform.

Moſt human inſtincts receive improvement from experience and obſervation, and are capable of a thouſand modifications. One inſtinct counteracts and modifies another, and often extinguiſhes the original motive to action. The inſtinct of fear is often counteracted by ambition and by reſentment: The inſtinct of anger, by fear, by ſhame, by contempt, by compaſſion. Of modified, compounded, and extended inſtincts, there are many examples. Devotion is an extention of the inſtinct of love, to the firſt cauſe or Author of the univerſe. Superſtition is the inſtinct of fear extended to imaginary objects of terror. Hope is the inſtinct of love directed to future good. Avarice is the inſtinct of love directed to an improper object. Fear is likewiſe an ingredient of this attachment. Envy is compounded of love, avarice, ambition, and fear. Sympathy is the inſtinct of fear transferred to another perſon, and reflected back upon ourſelves. In this manner all the modified, compounded or extended paſſions of the human mind, may be traced back to their original inſtincts.

The inſtincts of brutes are likewiſe improved by obſervation and experience. Of ſuch improvement, the dog, the elephant, the horſe, the camel, afford numerous and ſtrong inſtances.

From theſe and other examples, given to the different claſſes of inſtincts, Mr Smellie argues, that inſtinct is an original quality of mind, which, in man, as well as in other animals, may be improved, modified, and extended, by experience.

Senſation implies a ſentient principle or mind. Whatever feels, therefore, is mind. Of courſe, the loweſt ſpecies of animals is endowed with mind. But the minds of animals have very different powers; and theſe powers are expreſſed by peculiar actions. The ſtructure of their bodies is uniformly adapted to the powers of their minds; and no mature animal attempts actions which nature has not enabled it to perform: The inſtincts, however, of animals, appear often previouſly to the expanſion of thoſe inſtruments which nature intended they ſhould employ. This view of inſtinct is ſimple: It removes every objection to the exiſtence of mind in brutes, and unfolds all their actions by referring them to motives perfectly ſimilar to thoſe by which man is actuated. There is perhaps a greater difference between the mental powers of ſome animals, than between thoſe of man and the moſt ſagacious brutes. Inſtincts may be conſidered as ſo many internal ſenſes, of which ſome animals have a greater, and others a ſmaller number. Theſe ſenſes, in different ſpecies, are likewiſe more or leſs ductile; and the animals poſſeſſing them are, of courſe, more or leſs ſuſceptible of improving, and of acquiring knowledge.

The notion that animals are machines, is therefore too abſurd to merit refutation. Though not endowed with mental powers equal to thoſe of man, they poſſeſs, in ſome degree, every faculty of the human mind. Senſation, memory, imagination, the principle of imitation, curioſity, cunning, ingenuity, devotion, or reſpect for ſuperiors, gratitude, are all diſcoverable in the brute-creation. Every ſpecies too has a language, either of ſounds or geſtures,

geſtures, ſufficient for the individuals to communicate their wants to each other; and ſome animals underſtand in part the language of man. The language of infants is nearly on a par with that of brutes. Brutes, without ſome portion of reaſon, could never make a proper uſe of their ſenſes. But many animals are capable of balancing motives, which is a pretty high degree of reaſon. Young animals examine all objects they meet with, and in this inveſtigation they employ all their organs. The firſt periods of their life are dedicated to ſtudy. When they run about and make frolicſome gambols, it is nature ſporting with them for their inſtruction. Thus they gradually improve their faculties, and the objects that ſurround them. Men who, from peculiar circumſtances, have been prevented from mingling with companions, and engaging in the different amuſements and exerciſes of youth, are always awkward in their movements, cannot uſe their organs with eaſe or dexterity, and often continue, during life, ignorant of the moſt common objects.

## *Of the Inhabitants of the Empire of* Morocco, *and their Manners and Cuſtoms.*

THE ſubjects of the empire of Morocco may be divided into two principal claſſes, the Brebes and the Moors.

The etymology of the name, and the origin of the people of the firſt claſs, are equally unknown. Like the Moors, at the time of the invaſion by the Arabs, they may have adopted the Mahometan religion, which is conſonant to their manners and principal uſages, but they are an ignorant people, and obſerve none of the precepts of that religion, but the averſion it enjoins againſt other modes of worſhip. Mahometaniſm has not obliterated the cuſtoms and ancient prejudices of theſe people, for they eat the wild boar, and in places where there are vineyards, they drink wine, *provided*, ſay they, *that it is of our own making*. In order to preſerve it in the ſouthern parts of Mount Atlas, they put it in earthen veſſels, and in barrels made of the hollowed trunk of a tree, the upper end of which is done over with pitch; and theſe are depoſited in cellars, or even in water. In the northern province of Rif they boil it a little, which renders it leſs apt to inebriate, and perhaps they think that in this ſtate they may reconcile the uſe of it with the ſpirit of their law.

The Brebes are confined to the mountains, and preſerve great animoſity againſt the Moors, whom they confound with the Arabs, and conſider as uſurpers. They thus contract in their retreats a ferocity of mind, and a ſtrength of body, which makes them more fit for war, and every kind of labour, than the Moors of the Plain in general are. The independence they boaſt of gives even a greater degree of expreſſion to their countenance. The prejudices of their religion make them ſubmit to the authority of the Emperors of Morocco, but they throw off the yoke at their pleaſure, and retire into the mountains, where it is difficult to attack or overcome them.

The Brebes have a language of their own; they form no alliances out of their own tribes, ſome of which are very powerful, and the Emperor keeps the children of the chiefs as hoſtages for their fidelity.

They have no diſtinguiſhing dreſs; they all, like the Moors, go clothed in woollen, and though they inhabit the mountains, they rarely wear any thing on their heads. The men, as well as the women, have very fine teeth, and are endowed with a degree

of

of vigour which diſtinguiſhes them from other tribes. The hunting of the lion and the tiger is their common employment, and the women make their children wear the claw of a tiger, or a piece of lion's ſkin, on their head, believing that by this they will acquire courage and ſtrength; it is, no doubt, from the ſame ſuperſtition that the young women make their huſbands wear the ſame as a ſort of amulets.

I ſhall now deſcribe the Moors, the greater part of whom are diſperſed over the plains; the reſt occupy the towns.

The Moors of the Plain live in tents, and that they may allow their ground a year's reſt, they annually change the place of their encampments, and go in ſearch of freſh paſturage; but they cannot take this ſtep without acquainting their governor. Like the ancient Arabs, they are entirely devoted to a paſtoral life; their encampments, which they call Douhars, are compoſed of ſeveral tents, and form a creſcent; or they are ranged in two parallel lines, and their flocks, when they return from paſture, occupy the centre. The entrance of the douhar is ſometimes ſhut with faggots of thorns, and the only guard is a number of dogs, that bark inceſſantly at the approach of a ſtranger. Each douhar has a chief, ſubordinate to an officer of the higheſt rank, who has under his adminiſtration a number of camps, and ſeveral of theſe ſubordinate diviſions are united under the government of a Bacha, who has often a thouſand douhars in his department.

The tents of the Moors, viewed in front, are of a conical figure; they are from eight to ten feet high, and from twenty to twenty-five feet long: like thoſe of high antiquity, they reſemble a boat reverſed. They are made of cloth compoſed of goats and camels hair, and the leaves of the wild palm, by which they are rendered impervious to water; but at a diſtance, their black colour gives them a very diſagreeable look.

The Moors when encamped, live in the greateſt ſimplicity, and exhibit a faithful picture of the inhabitants of the earth in the firſt ages of the world. The nature of their education, the temperature of the climate, and the rigour of the government, diminiſh the wants of the people, who find in their plains, in the milk and wool of their flocks, every thing neceſſary for food and cloathing. Polygamy is allowed among them; a luxury ſo far from being injurious to a people who have few wants, that it is a great conveuience in the economy of thoſe ſocieties, becauſe the women are intruſted with the whole care of the domeſtic management. In their half-cloſed tents, they are employed in milking the cows for daily uſe; and when the milk abounds, in making butter, in picking their corn, and barley, and pulſe, and grinding their meal, which they do daily in a mill compoſed of two ſtones about eighteen inches in diameter, the uppermoſt having a handle, and turning on an axis fixed in the under one: they make bread likewiſe every day, which they bake between two earthen plates, and often upon the ground after it has been heated by fire. Their ordinary food is the cooſcooſoo; this is a paſte made with their meal in the form of ſmall grains, like Italian paſte; this cooſcooſoo is dreſt in the vapour of boiling ſoup, in a hollow diſh erforated with many ſmall holes in the bottom, and the diſh is incloſed in a kettle where meat is boiled; the cooſcooſoo, which is in the hollow diſh, grows gradually ſoft by the vapour of the broth, with which it is from time to time moiſtened. This ſimple food is very nouriſhing, and even agreeable, when one has got the better of the prejudices which every nation entertains

rains for its own cuſtoms. The common people eat it with milk or butter indifferently; but thoſe of higher rank, ſuch as the governors of provinces and lieutenants, who live in the centre of the encampments, add to it ſome ſucculent broth, made with a mixture of mutton, poultry, pigeons, or hedgehogs, and then pour on it a ſufficient quantity of freſh butter. Theſe officers receive ſtrangers in their tents with the ſame cordiality that Jacob and Laban ſhewed to their gueſts. Upon their arrival a ſheep is killed and immediately dreſſed; if they are not provided with a ſpit, they inſtantly make one of wood, and this mutton roaſted at a briſk fire, and ſerved up in a wooden diſh, has a very delicate colour and taſte. I have often been preſent at ſuch feaſts, and, while I reſpected the ſimplicity of them, I have fancied myſelf tranſported by enchantment into the tent of a patriarch.

The women in their tents likewiſe prepare the wool, ſpin it, and weave it into cloth on looms ſuſpended the whole length of the tent. Each piece is about five ells long, and one and an half broad; it is neither dreſſed nor dyed, and it has no ſeam; they waſh it when it is dirty, and as it is the only habit of the Moors, they wear it night and day. It is called Haique, and is the true model of the ancient draperies.

The Moors of the Plain wear nothing but their woollen ſtuffs; they have neither ſhirts nor drawers. Linen among theſe people is a luxury known only to thoſe of the court or the city. The whole wardrobe of a Moor in eaſy circumſtances conſiſts in a haique for Winter, another for Summer, a red cape, a hood, a pair of ſlippers. The common people, both in the country and in towns, wear a kind of tunick of woollen cloth, white, grey, or ſtriped, which reaches to the middle of the leg, with great ſleeves and a hood; it reſembles the habit of the Carthuſians.

The women's dreſs in the country is likewiſe confined to a haique which covers the neck and the ſhoulders, and is faſtened with a ſilver claſp. The ornaments they are fondeſt of are ear-rings, which are either in the form of rings, or creſcents, made of ſilver, bracelets and rings for the ſmall of the leg; they wear theſe trinkets at their moſt ordinary occupations; leſs out of vanity than becauſe they are unacquainted with the uſe of caſkets or cabinets for keeping them. They alſo wear necklaces made of coloured glaſs beads, or cloves ſtrung on a cord of ſilk.

Beſides theſe ornaments, the women, to add to their beauty, imprint on their face, their neck, their breaſt, and on almoſt every part of their body, repreſentations of flowers and other figures. The impreſſions are made with a piece of wood ſtuck full of needles, with the points of which they gently puncture the ſkin, and then lay it over with a blue-coloured ſubſtance, or gun-powder pulverized, and the marks never wear out. This cuſtom, which is very ancient, and which has been practiſed by a variety of nations, in Turkey, over all Aſia, in the ſouthern parts of Europe, and perhaps over the whole globe, is, however, not general among the Mooriſh tribes.

The Moors conſider their wives leſs in the light of companions than in that of ſlaves deſtined to labour. Except in the buſineſs of tillage, they are employed in every ſervile operation: nay, to the ſhame of humanity, it muſt be owned, that in ſome of the poorer quarters a woman is often ſeen yoked in a plough along with a mule, an aſs, or ſome other animal. When the Moors remove their douhars, all the men ſeat themſelves in a circle on the ground, and, with their elbows reſting on their knees, paſs the time in converſation, while the women ſtrike the

tents, fold them up into bundles, and place them on the backs of their camels or oxen. The old women are then each loaded with a parcel, and the young carry the children on their shoulders suspended in a cloth girt round their bodies. In the more southern parts, the women are likewise employed in the care of the horses, in saddling and bridling them; the husband, who in these climates is always a despot, issues his orders, and seems only made to be obeyed.

The women travel without being veiled; they are accordingly sun-burnt and have no pretensions to beauty. There are, however, some quarters where they put on a little rouge: they every where stain their hair, their feet, and the ends of their fingers, with an herb called *henna*, which gives them a deep saffron colour, a custom that must be very ancient among the people of Asia. Abu Becre dyed his eye-brows and beard with the same colour, and many of his successors imitated him. The custom may have originally been a religious ceremony, which the women have turned into an ornament; but it is more probable that the custom of painting the beard and hair, and that of shaving the head and using depilatories in other parts of the body, has been at first employed from motives of cleanliness in warm countries.

The marriage-ceremonies of the Moors that live in tents pretty much resemble those of the same people that live in the cities. In the douhars they are generally most brilliant and gay; the strangers that pass along are invited, and made to contribute to the feast; but this is done more from politeness, than from any mercenary motive.

The tribes of the Plain generally avoid mixing by marriage with one another; the prejudices that divide these people are commonly perpetuated; or, if they are partially healed, they never fail to revive, upon trifling occasions, such as a strayed camel, or the preference of a pasture or a well. Marriages have sometimes taken place among them, that, so far from cementing their differences, have occasioned the most tragical scenes. Husbands have been known to murder their wives, and women their husbands, to revenge national quarrels.

Parents are not encumbered with their children, however numerous they may be, for they are very early employed in domestic affairs; they tend the flocks, they gather wood, and they assist in ploughing and reaping. In the evening, when they return from the field, all the children of the douhar assemble in a common tent, where the Iman, who himself can hardly spell, makes them read a few sentences from the Koran written on boards, and instructs them in their religion by the light of a fire made of straw, of bushes, and cow-dung dried in the sun. As the heat is very great in the inland parts of the country, children of both sexes go quite naked till the age of nine or ten.

The douhars dispersed over the plains are always in the neighbourhood of some rivulet or spring, and they are a kind of inns for the reception of travellers. There is generally a tent erected for their use, if they have not brought one along with them. They are accommodated with poultry, milk, and eggs, and with whatever is necessary for their horses. Instead of wood for fuel, they have the cow-dung, which, when mixed with charcoal, makes a very brisk fire. The salts that abound in the vegetables of warm countries give this dung a consistence which it has not perhaps in northern regions. A guard is always set on the tents of travellers, especially if they are Europeans, because the opinion of their wealth might tempt the avidity of the Moors, who are naturally inclined to thieving.

With

With respect to the roads, a very judicious policy is established, which is adapted to the character of the Moors, and to their manner of life. The douhars are responsible for robberies committed in their neighbourhood, and in sight of their tents: they are not only obliged to make restitution, but it gives the Sovereign a pretence for exacting a contribution proportioned to the abilities of the douhar. In order to temper the rigour of this law, they are made responsible only for such robberies as are committed during the day; those that happen after sun-set are not imputed to them, as they could neither see nor prevent them: on this account, people here travel only from sun-rising to sun-setting.

To facilitate the exchange of necessaries, there is in the fields every day, except Friday, which is a day of prayer, a public market in the different quarters of each province. The Moors of the neighbourhood assemble to sell and buy cattle, corn, pulse, dried fruits, carpets, haiques, and in short all the productions of the country. This market, which is called *Soc*, resembles our fairs. The bustle of the people who go and come gives a better idea of the manner of life of the Moors than can be had in the cities. The Alcaides, who command in the neighbourhood, always attend these markets with soldiers, to keep the peace: as it frequently happens that the grudges which these tribes harbour against one another break out, upon such occasions, into open violence. The dissolution of the Soc is always the presage of some seditious squabble. The skirts of these markets are commonly occupied by Merry Andrews, singers, dancers, and other buffoons, who make apes dance to amuse the idle. On one side are barbers and surgeons, to whom the sick are brought to be cured. I have often amused myself with these sights in travelling. I have seen men and young women, on account of superabundance of humours, head-achs, and other diseases of that sort, receive slight scarifications; the men on the head, and women on the face, near the hair, or on the shoulders, arms, or legs: these slight cicatrices are in regular figures, and do not deform the person; though they would be incompatible with the customs of Europe, where health is often sacrificed to fashion and beauty.

The Moors have no idea of the customs of other nations, but live in the simplicity of men in the first stages of civilization. Entirely attached to rural life, they employ themselves in the care of their fields and harvest, and pass the rest of the time in doing nothing. They are so habituated to fatigue, that some among them run as couriers; and notwithstanding their avarice, are very faithful. One can hardly form an idea of the stupidity of these people. I once saw one of them waiting for his dispatches in a room where there was a mirror, and seeing himself in it, he thought it was another courier waiting for dispatches in another chamber. He asked whither this courier was going? and some body laughing, answered, that he was going to Mogador. That is lucky, says the fellow, we shall go together: he immediately made the proposal to the person in the glass, who returned him no answer; and he was going to take this incivility amiss, when he was undeceived; but it was with great difficulty that he could be persuaded that a person could see himself through a stone*.

When I lived at Saffi there came two Mountaineers to have a sight of Europeans, and after having viewed the house, they did not know how to

* The Moors have no words for glasses, or mirrors, because they do not use any.

get down the ſtairs they had aſcended: At laſt, however, they ſat down on the firſt ſtep, and ſupporting themſelves with feet and hands, they ſlid to the bottom from one ſtep to another.

Theſe people have not the leaſt idea of painting or deſign: they ſee nothing in a picture but the variety of colours, without perceiving their order or diſpoſition. In prints they ſee nothing but a confuſion of objects, and it is only by great application that they attain the power of diſtinguiſhing the figures. In this reſpect they are in the ſituation of a man born blind, who is preſented with a picture at the moment of receiving his ſight.

The Moors that inhabit the cities differ from the others only in having a little more urbanity, and a more eaſy deportment. Though they have the ſame origin with thoſe of the plains, they affect to decline all intercourſe with them. Some writers, without any foundation, have given the name of Arabs to the inhabitants of the towns, and that of Moors to thoſe of the plains. But the greater part of the cities of this empire are more ancient than the invaſion of the Arabs, who themſelves lived in tents.

The houſes of the Moors are in general very inconvenient, becauſe their neceſſities are not multiplied by artificial deſires. Their houſes have generally but a ground floor: very few have a firſt floor: they are almoſt conſtantly of a ſquare form, having in the centre a court ſometimes adorned with columns, which form the entrance and admit the light to four principal rooms that make the ſides of the ſquare. They have no windows, for they never receive light from the ſtreet. Each room has a very large door with two leaves, in one of which is a wicket, and by theſe doors the light enters. The houſes, being only 16 feet high, are ſheltered from the wind, and in Summer they are pretty cool. The rooms are but indifferently furniſhed; their moveables conſiſt of mats, carpets, ſome chairs, a cheſt, a table, and a bed, which laſt is hid by a curtain. The houſes are all covered with terraces of earth about eighteen inches thick.

The inhabitants of the towns generally content themſelves with one wife: they have female negroes whom they may take as concubines; but their averſion to that colour, which the whites have every where deſtined to oppreſſion, reſtrains them from this practice, leſt they ſhould have mulatto children. It is common enough, indeed, to ſee Moors engaged in affairs of gallantry with the wives of Jews, who are in general pretty; and their huſbands, on account of their precarious ſituation, are ſo complaiſant as to be ignorant of the connection.

The Moors avoid all oſtentation in dreſs, that they may not attract the attention of their avaricious rulers. The wardrobe of thoſe that live in towns is not much larger than that of thoſe in the plains. It likewiſe conſiſts of a haique, a cape, more or leſs fine, and one of coarſe blue European cloth for Winter: but what diſtinguiſhes them from the others is a ſhirt and drawers of linen, a veſt of cotton in Summer, and of woollen in Winter, which they call *caſtan*. The white or blue cape called *bernus*, is uſed on ceremonious occaſions, and the perſons of the court never preſent themſelves before the ſovereign without this cape, a ſabre, and a poinard.

They wear no jewels; few have a ring, a watch, or ſilver ſnuff-box: it is not above fifteen or twenty years ſince the uſe of ſnuff was introduced among them. It is common enough to ſee a chaplet in their hands, which is uſed in repeating the name of God a certain number of times every day; particularly by thoſe who have not been taught to read the Koran.

*For*

*For the* EDITORS *of the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

*If you think the following Eſſay on* Hope *deſerves a place in your Magazine—the inſerting it will oblige your conſtant reader*

Aberdeen } A. Z.
April 21, }

HOPE is a principle in the human mind, ſuperior to all others both in its nature and effects; and, like all other bleſſings, we derive it from the goodneſs of our bountiful Creator. Tho' every thing around us, as well as our own feelings, conſpire to convince us of the amiableneſs of virtue, yet there is nothing that can prove this truth in a ſtronger degree than by reflecting upon the operation of hope with reſpect to the conduct of mankind. To the vicious, it preſents the moſt dark and gloomy proſpects even in this life, for nothing good can poſſibly reſult from or be the conſequence of acting in direct oppoſition to what our own feelings intimate to be right. But to the virtuous, *Hope* appears in its brighteſt and moſt engaging form. It attends them like light and ſhade to chear their progreſs thro' the mazy paths of life, to animate their conſtancy and point to their reward; without *it*, life would not be worth enjoyment. Every pleaſure we have is derived from *Hope*. It encourages us in every laudable purſuit, and as it were, fills the ſails of every noble paſſion, and wafts it to its proper object—what a dead vacuum would the life of man be without this all powerful principle, man who derives his only comforts from preſent objects, which daily experience ſhows to be vain and unſatisfactory.

All the pleaſures of imagination which Dr Akenſide has ſo beautifully deſcribed, are actuated and produced by Hope. But while it ſo greatly contributes to our joys, it likewiſe alleviates our cares and anxieties. Do we feel and lament the loſs of dear and tender friends? like a kind conſoler, it applies its healing balm to our ſorrows, and when reaſon and argument fail, will diſpel and remove them. Do we labour under misfortune, and ſuffer under the iron hand of adverſity? here too it interpoſes and points out an end to our calamity, and a day of joy to come—it will, like the angel that viſited St Paul in his priſon, find its way to us in all places, ſituations and circumſtances; and while we poſſeſs that firm foundation of a good conſcience, we may expect from Hope every comfort that our caſe can admit of. What an amiable idea do we not form of this kind conſoler, when we ſee him attend the good man in his bed of ſickneſs, to withdraw his attention from the ſcenes of life, and fix it upon nobler objects. He ſmiles at death, and leaves the world with calm reſignation, truſting himſelf to the diſpoſal of that good providence, who has thus alleviated his ſufferings and diſtreſs.—When I feel myſelf animated by this ſubject, I would venture an obſervation which to me appears ſtriking, and has (I believe) novelty to recommend it.

Hope ſeems to be an emanation from one of the great Objects of our religion, againſt which the wits of the preſent age have ſo much pointed the ſhafts of their ridicule; and while we mark its influence, we may form a perfect idea of that divine power from which it proceeds, and be led to reflect with reverence and with love upon the bounty and goodneſs of our great Creator who has thus ſo wonderfully furniſhed us with the means of happineſs. I ſhould be happy to have the ſerious thoughts of any of your ingenious correſpondents on this ſubject, as it has the appear-

ance

ance of proving an additional ground (were any neceſſary) to ſtop the clamour of infidelity, and to elucidate the many proofs we already have of the truth of our moſt holy religion.

*For the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

Extract from an *Original Letter to a young Lady, from her Uncle.*

PLaced as you are, my dear niece, at the head of a numerous family of brothers and ſiſters, I hope you feel the importance of your ſituation, and pride yourſelf in eaſing your parents of as much family incumbrance as you can. To ſuperintend your younger brothers and ſiſters, which your age and underſtanding qualify you to do, will, I hope, be your pleaſure, as you muſt be convinced it is your duty. For ſurely nothing will ſo much recommend you to the eſteem of the world, as your attention to the elegant and neceſſary accompliſhments of your ſex.

It gives me no little ſatisfaction to hear from yourſelf, as well as from ——, that you have a diſpoſition for reading. I have ever thought *that* particularly uſeful to a lady. Where books are properly choſen, they furniſh the mind with reflections which you will find neceſſary to direct your conduct on many occaſions where it may happen that you have no other adviſer.

To be without reflection——to be ignorant of the nice diſcriminations betwixt what is proper and right, and what is improper and dangerous, is the curſe of many of your ſex. Their mind has been left vacant, and their reaſon unemployed. Sometimes this has been the fault of their parents, and ſometimes it is owing to the giddy manner in which they have ſpent the early part of their lives. Habits of idleneſs creep upon them by degrees; and amuſement, be it ever ſo various, will from time to time pall the appetite; and at laſt leave no reflections which can be indulged with comfort. In a world like this, we have need of many conſolations, which neither friends nor fortune can afford, and which can only be found in a mind ſtored with wiſdom, and fortified by the conſciouſneſs of well ſpent time. You think I *preach* to you. But theſe are remarks, which, you may reſt aſſured, you will be able to confirm in the after part of your life, and I hope with the ſolid ſatisfaction of having avoided the dangers to which they allude.

The beſt books I know for young Ladies—for I would not have you to be a Philoſopher or a Politician—are thoſe many valuable periodical works, the Tatlers, Spectators, Guardian, &c. which contain a treaſure of admirable precepts to direct the moral conduct, of elegant criticiſm to form the taſte, and of real wit and humour to aſſiſt the fancy, and divert the time. No one ever read thoſe works without improvement, and I truſt you will frequently make them your companions.

But altho' I wiſh you to read, I do not wiſh you to read *always*. Remember I conſider you as high-ſteward of the family, and I depend on your performing all the duties of that office regularly, before you go to your Library. I am ſure, however, you have too much good ſenſe not to allot to every thing its proper time and ſeaſon, and therefore ſhall not urge you further on that head.

## Literary Chronicle and Review.

*Diſſertation on the Gipſies; being an hiſtorical Inquiry concerning the Manner*

*Manner of Life, Economy, Cuſtoms and Conditions of theſe People in Europe, and their Origin. Written in German by Heinrick Moritz Gottlich Grellmann; tranſlated into Engliſh by Matthew Raper, Eſq. F.R.S. and A. S.* 4to. 10s. boards. London, 1787.

WHILE a general reſemblance prevails among the European nations, and innovations or improvements are continually taking place among them, there are two races of people who have never coaleſced with the natives, but have remained ſeparate and unchanged as when they left their original abodes; theſe are the Jews and the Gipſies. The undoubted Oriental extraction of the former, a ſacred code of written laws, which regulates every action of their lives, and the general expectation of a promiſed Meſſiah who is one day to reſtore them to the dominion of their fathers, are ſufficient to account for their attachment to their ancient inſtitutions, and for the ſingularity of their manners. But the gipſies, who have neither religion, nor written laws, nor ancient traditions, continue equally unaffected and unchanged by the lapſe of time, the variation of climate, and the force of example. For near four centuries they have wandered through the world as pilgrims or outlaws; they are found among barbarous as well as civiliſed nations, in Aſia and Africa as well as in Europe; yet they every where remain in the rude and ſavage condition of their anceſtors. Their ſingular phyſiognomy and particular manners are the ſame in every country. Their ſwarthy complexion receives no darker ſhade from the burning ſun of Africa, nor any fairer tincture from the temperate climates of Europe; they contract no additional lazineſs in Spain, nor acquire any new induſtry in England; in Turky they behold the moſque and the creſcent with equal indifference as they do the reformed and the catholic church in Europe. In the neighbourhood of civiliſed life they continue barbarous; and, beholding around them cities and ſettled inhabitants, they live in tents or holes in the earth, and wander from place to place as fugitives and vagabonds. Theſe alien tribes were firſt known in Europe in 1417, when they appeared in Germany, in the neighbourhood of the North Sea. Soon after we find them in Switzerland, Italy, France, and Spain. On their emigration into Germany they ſpread with ſuch rapidity, that in 1418 their names were recorded in almoſt all the publications of that period. They did not travel in large bodies, but in ſeparate hords, each having its leader, honoured with the name of Count or Duke of Leſſer Egypt.

Various nations have diſtinguiſhed them by various names. The French, who received the firſt accounts of them from Bohemia, called them Bohemians; the Dutch, ſuppoſing their origin from Egypt, gave them the name of heathens. They were formerly called Pharaohites in Hungary; an appellation which is ſtill retained by the vulgar in Tranſilvania; the Engliſh name of Gipſies, and the Spaniſh of Gitanos, are derived from the ſame ſource, their ſuppoſed deſcent from the Egyptians.

The ingenious and learned author of this Diſſertation divides it into two parts. In the firſt he gives an account of the diſperſion and numbers of gipſies in Europe; the properties of their bodies; their food, beverage, and dreſs; their family, economy, occupations, and trades; their marriages, education, and funeral rites; their political regulations, religion, language, ſciences, and arts.

It

It is incredible to think how this regular ſwarm of banditti has ſpread itſelf over the face of the earth. They wander about in Aſia, in the interior parts of Africa, and, like locuſts, have overrun moſt of the European nations. In the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth they were ſet up as a mark of general perſecution in England; yet their numbers do not appear to have much diminiſhed. Spain is ſuppoſed to contain ſixty thouſand of theſe vagrants. They are ſeldom to be found in France, becauſe every gipſy who is apprehended falls a ſacrifice to the police. In Italy they abound, eſpecially in the dominions of the church, on account of the bad police and the prevalence of ſuperſtition, which permit and entice them to deceive the ignorant. They are ſcattered, though not in great numbers, through Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Ruſſia; but their chief population is in the ſouth-eaſt parts of Europe, which ſeem to be the general rendezvous of the gipſy nation. At a moderate computation Europe contains more than ſeven hundred thouſand of theſe vagabonds.

Their appearance, though diſguſting at firſt view from their naſtineſs and their rags, on a nearer examination diſcovers ſome attractions. Their ſkin is generally dark brown, or of an olive colour; their hair is invariably black, like that of all the inhabitants of Aſia, Africa, and America; their teeth are remarkable for their whiteneſs; and their eyes are lively, dark, and ſparkling. Their limbs are formed in the juſteſt proportion; and they are naturally endued with great agility and hardineſs. Neither wet nor dry weather, heat nor cold, nor even the variations of the atmoſphere from one extreme to another, effect their conſtitutions in the ſmalleſt degree. Like all ſavages and barbarians, they delight in a great degree of heat; it is their greateſt luxury to lie day and night ſo near the fire as to be in danger of burning; at the ſame time they can bear to travel in the ſevereſt cold and froſt, bareheaded, with no other covering than a torn ſhirt, or ſome old rags, without any fear or danger of catching cold.

Their bodily qualities ariſe from their manner of life. They have iron conſtitutions, becauſe they have been educated hardily; and are no more affected by the extremes or changes of weather, than the animals that have been bred up in the open field. Their colour is not ſo much owing to their deſcent as to their habits of naſtineſs. In ſummer the children are expoſed to the ſcorching ſun, and in winter they are ſhut up in a ſmoky hut. The mothers often beſmear them with black ointment, leave them to fry in the ſun, or near the fire; and never beſtow the ſmalleſt attention in waſhing or cleaning their perſons.

Notwithſtanding the raggedneſs of their dreſs, they love fine clothes to an extravagant degree. The ornaments of dreſs captivate their ambition and make them exert all their induſtry or artifice to obtain them. It would excite laughter even in a philoſopher to ſee a gipſy parading among his peers with a beaver hat, a red or a laced coat, while the reſt of his dreſs is only remarkable for its antiquity or its raggedneſs.

The ſame paſſion for ornaments appears among all ſavage tribes, and even ſhews itſelf in children, who diſcover a taſte for beauty before the dawn of reaſon. They delight to collect bodies of a beautiful form and of bright colours. Theſe are the firſt rudiments of that taſte from which all the ſubſequent embelliſhments and refinements of life derive their origin.

The art of divination, or foretelling future

future events, belongs to women, who ſeldom aſſume it till wiſdom ſtamps wrinkles on their brow. This myſtery has, among many nations, been monoplized by the tender ſex; the vivacity of their imaginations, together with long habits of obſervation, cunning, and hypocriſy, fully qualify them for the taſk.

Although all ſocieties in their original ſtate reſemble little republics, yet no tribe was ever diſcovered without a leader or chief. So natural, and even neceſſary, is government to mankind! Even the gipſies have their chieftains, whom they diſtinguiſh by the Sclavonian title, Waywode. Every perſon is capable of being elected to this dignity who is of a family deſcended from a former Waywode; but thoſe have generally the preference who are beſt clothed, comparatively rich, of a large ſtature, and about the middle age. Who would ſuſpect an attachment to family among gipſies?

They profeſs the eſtabliſhed faith of every country in which they live, but at bottom have no religion at all. One of the more civiliſed gipſies of Tranſilvania having obtained Chriſtian burial for a deceaſed friend, the prieſt took occaſion to inquire whether he believed that his departed companion ſhould ariſe at the laſt day? "Certainly not," replied the ſwarthy ſceptic; "I might as well expect the *reſurrection* of the *horſe that I flayed yeſterday.*" In a letter from a Hungarian lady the ſame opinion is conveyed. On their expreſſing to her that "they could not love God because he *killed* them," (nothing can exceed their fears of mortality), ſhe replied that "a happy death was one of the greateſt benefits God could confer upon mankind." Upon which they burſt into a general laugh, ſaying, "what they had was ſomething, but when they died all was gone." Infidelity, it would ſeem, is the dictate of ignorance as well as the diſcovery of philoſophy. What great credibility as well as celebrity does it give to Dr. Prieſtley's creed, that it is univerſally embraced by thoſe ſage philoſophers the gipſies?

In the ſecond part of this diſſertation our ingenious author treats on the origin of the gipſies. The belief that this people are of Egyptian origin is as old as their exiſtence in Europe. Thomaſius, Salmon the Engliſh geographer, and lately Signior Griſelini, have endeavoured to prove it by ſatisfactory evidence. This theory, however, is without foundation. The Egyptian deſcent of theſe people is not only deſtitute of proofs, but the moſt poſitive evidence is found to contradict it. Their language differs entirely from the Coptic; and their cuſtoms are very different from thoſe of the Egyptians. They are indeed to be found in Egypt; but they wander about there are ſtrangers, and form a diſtinct people, as in other countries. The expreſſions of Bellonius are ſtrong and deciſive: "No "part of the world, I believe, is free "from thoſe banditti, wandering a-"bout in troops, whom we, by miſ-"take, call Egyptians and Bohe-"mians. When we were at Cairo, "and in the villages bordering on "the Nile, we found troops of theſe "ſtrolling thieves, ſitting under "palm-trees; and they are eſteemed "*foreigners* in *Egypt* as well as a-"mong us."

The Egyptian deſcent of the gipſies being rejected, our author next endeavours to ſhew that they come from Hindoſtan. The ſteps that led him to this diſcovery he mentions in the fifth chapter:

'Two entire ſtrangers will be able to know each other the moment one ſpeaks in a language which the other underſtands. It is therefore rightly aſſerted by an author, that it would be one of the moſt infallible methods

aſcertaining the origin of theſe people with certainty, if a country could be diſcovered where their language was in common uſe. The firſt and moſt neceſſary examination here will therefore be to find out the country where the gipſies language is that of the natives; and this is no other than Hindoſtan. But before I endeavour to prove it, by a compariſon of the Hindoſtan and Gipſy languages, I muſt premiſe ſomething which will ſerve as an introduction of conſiderable weight. It is a piece of intelligence to be found in the Vienna Gazette, and comes from a Captain Szekely Von Doba, a man who was thinking of nothing leſs than ſearching for the gipſies and their language in the Eaſt Indies.

'Here it is; "In the year 1763, on the 6th of November," ſays Captain Szekely, "a printer came to ſee me, whoſe name was Stephan Pap Szathmar Nemethi. Talking upon various ſubjects, we at laſt fell upon that of the gipſies: on this occaſion my gueſt related to me the following anecdote from the mouth of a preacher of the reformed church, Stephen Vali, at Almaſch in the county of Komora. When the ſaid Vali ſtudied at the univerſity of Leyden, he was intimately acquainted with ſome young Malabars, of which three are obliged conſtantly to ſtudy there; nor can they return home till relieved by three others. Having obſerved that their native language bore a great affinity to that ſpoken by the gipſies, he availed himſelf of the opportunity to note down, from themſelves, upwards of one thouſand words, together with their ſignifications. They aſſured him, at the ſame time, that upon their iſland was a tract of land, or province, called Czigania (but it is not laid down on the map). After Vali was returned from the univerſity, he informed himſelf, among the Raber Gipſies, concerning the meaning of his Malabar words, which they explained without trouble or heſitation."

'In this anecdote every thing ſeems to happen by chance; even to the learned man who publiſhed it in the Gazette, it appeared as if fallen from the clouds, and entirely overſets his ſyſtem; for he was the perſon, mentioned above, who broached the opinion of the gipſies being Mongal Tartars. So much more weighty, therefore, and unexceptionable are the hints it throws out for the diſcovery of the gipſies mother country by means of their language.'

He then gives a vocabulary of Gipſy and Hindoſtan words, extending to near thirty quarto pages, which demonſtrates to every intelligent reader, that the languages are the ſame. In looking over the catalogue we mark that out of thirty gipſy words eleven or twelve are conſtantly of Hindoſtan. This agreement is uncommonly great, eſpecially when we recollect that theſe words had been learned from the gipſies when they had been for centuries abſent from Hindoſtan, their native country, among people who talked languages totally different, and in which the gipſies themſelves converſed. Another obſervation, which has eſcaped our author will ſtrike the learned reader; the words of moſt neceſſary and conſtant uſe, that would be firſt and moſt frequently employed, are the ſame in both languages. Such are the names uſed to expreſs day and night, morning and evening, fire and water, food and clothes, the different parts of the body, numbers in calculation, one, two, three, &c.

Beſides the language of the gipſies, which is undoubtedly Hindoſtan, our author adds other evidences to confirm their eaſtern origin:

'The name of Polgar carries more

more weight with it, which we find among the gipſies, even in the earlieſt times, before they began to change the names they brought with them for our European ones. Polgar, as we may remember, was the name of the leader who, in the year 1496, obtained a ſafe conduct from the Hungarian king, Uladiſlaus the Second; by virtue of which he, with his hord, conſiſting of twenty five tents or families, had the liberty of travelling about where they pleaſed. Now, this name Polgar originates in India, where it is the appellation of a deity preſiding over marriages and matrimonial concerns; and the Indians are very fond of bearing it, as well as the names of their other deities, which they do very frequently.

'As, further above, in reciting the gipſy profeſſion their ſmith's buſineſs was mentioned, it was remarked their anvil is a ſtone; and what more implements they uſe conſiſt in a pair of hand bellows, tongs, hammer, viſe, and a file. With ſuch a portable apparatus, the travelling gipſy wanders from place to place. If we compare this with what Sonnerat relates of the Indian ſmiths, the accounts agree ſo exactly, that it ſhould ſeem as if I, or rather the author I copy, had tranſcribed literally from him. This will appear plainer if I inſert his own words: "The ſmith," he ſays, "carries his tools, his ſhop, and his forge, about with him, and works in any place where he can find employment; he erects his ſhop before the houſe of his employer, raiſing a low wall with beaten earth, before which he places his hearth; behind this wall he fixes two leathern bellows, which his apprentice blows alternately to keep up the fire. He has a ſtone inſtead of an anvil; and his whole apparatus is a pair of tongs, a hammer, a beetle, and a file." The moſt ſtriking circumſtance of this is, that both Gipſy and Indian ſhould uſe the ſame kind of hand bellows, and both have exactly two. As the apprentice works theſe for the Indian, ſo does the wife or one of the children for the Gipſy.'

He then endeavours to prove that they are deſcended from the caſt called Suders; for the proof of which we muſt refer the reader to this curious and learned work. The cauſe of their emigration from their country he conjectures, not without probability, to be the war of Timur Beg, in India. In the year 1408 and 1409 this conqueror ravaged India; and the progreſs of his arms was attended with deſtaſtation and cruelty. All who made reſiſtance were deſtroyed; thoſe who fell into the enemies hands were made ſlaves; of theſe very ſlaves a hundred thouſand were put to death. As on this occaſion an univerſal panic took place, what could be more natural than that a great number of terrified inhabitants ſhould endeavour to ſave themſelves by flight?

Upon the whole, we have received much entertainment from this diſſertation. Although the author may ſometimes follow conjecture too far, we think he has fully eſtabliſhed the deſcent of the gipſies from Hindoſtan, by the ſimilarity of the two languages. A farther inquiry into the native tongue of the gipſies, in different parts of Europe, might throw additional light on this curious ſubject.

*A Sermon written by the late* Samuel Johnſon, *LL.D. for the Funeral of his Wife. Publiſhed by the Rev.* Samuel Hayes, *A. M. Uſher of* Weſtminſter School. 8*vo.*

THE public curioſity has long been awakened on the ſubject of Johnſon's Sermons; on this Sermon more particularly than on others. That curioſity will now be fully

gratified; and lamentably depraved muſt be the man who can read the following lines without being delighted and improved:

"To bring life and immortality to light, to give ſuch proofs of our future exiſtence as may influence the moſt narrow mind, and fill the moſt capacious intellect, to open proſpects beyond the grave, in which the thought may expatiate without obſtruction, and to ſupply a refuge and ſupport to the mind, amidſt all the miſeries of decaying nature, is the peculiar excellence of the Goſpel of Chriſt. Without this heavenly inſtructor, he who feels himſelf ſinking under the weight of years, or melting away by the ſlow waſte of a lingering diſeaſe, has no other remedy than obdurate patience, a gloomy reſignation to that which cannot be avoided; and he who follows his friend, or whoever there is yet dearer than a friend, to the grave, can have no other conſolation than that which he derives from the general miſery; the reflection, that he ſuffers only what the reſt of mankind muſt ſuffer; a poor conſideration, which rather awes us to ſilence, than ſoothes us to quiet, and which does not abate the ſenſe of our calamity, though it may ſometimes make us aſhamed to complain.

"But, ſo much is our condition improved by the Goſpel, ſo much is the ſting of death rebated, that we may now be invited to the contemplation of our mortality as to a pleaſing employment of the mind, to an exerciſe delightful and recreative, not only when calamity and perſecution drive us out from the aſſemblies of men, and ſorrow and woe repreſent the grave as a refuge and an aſylum, but even in the hours of the higheſt earthly proſperity, when our cup is full, and when we have laid up ſtores for ourſelves; for, in him who believes the promiſe of the Saviour of the World, it can cauſe no diſturbance to remember, that this night his ſoul may be required of him; and he who ſuffers one of the ſharpeſt evils which this life can ſhew, amidſt all its varieties of miſery; he that has lately been ſeparated from the perſon whom a long participation of good and evil had endeared to him; he who has ſeen kindneſs ſnatched from his arms, and fidelity torn from his boſom; he whoſe ear is no more to be delighted with tender inſtruction, and whoſe virtue ſhall be no more awakened by the ſeaſonable whiſpers of mild reproof, may yet look, without horror, on the tomb which incloſes the remains of what he loved and honoured, as upon a place which, if it revives the ſenſe of his loſs, may calm him with the hope of that ſtate in which there ſhall be no more grief or ſeparation.

"The mournful ſolemnity of the burial of the dead is inſtituted, firſt, for the conſolation of that grief to which the beſt minds, if not ſupported and regulated by religion, are moſt liable. They who moſt endeavour the happineſs of others, who devote their thoughts to tenderneſs and pity, and ſtudiouſly maintain the reciprocation of kindneſs, by degrees mingle their ſouls in ſuch a manner as to feel, from ſeparation, a total deſtitution of happineſs, a ſudden abruption of all their proſpects, a ceſſation of all their hopes, ſchemes, and deſires. The whole mind becomes a gloomy vacuity, without any image or form of pleaſure, a chaos of confuſed wiſhes, directed to no particular end, or to that which, while we wiſh, we cannot hope to obtain; for the dead will not revive; thoſe whom God has called away from the preſent ſtate of exiſtence can be ſeen no more in it; we muſt go to them; but they cannot return to us.—Yet, to ſhew that grief is vain, is to afford very little comfort; yet this is all that reaſon can afford; but religion, our only

only friend in the moment of diſtreſs, in the moment when the help of man is in vain, when fortitude and cowardice ſink down together, and the ſage and the virgin mingle their lamentations; religion will inform us, that ſorrow and complaint are not only vain, but unreaſonable and erroneous. The voice of God, ſpeaking by his Son, and his apoſtles, will inſtruct us, that ſhe, whoſe departure we now mourn, is not dead but ſleepeth; that only her body is committed to the ground, but the ſoul is returned to God, who gave it; that God who is infinitely merciful, who hateth nothing that he has made, who deſireth not the death of a ſinner; to that God, who only can compare performance with ability, who alone knows how far the heart has been pure, or corrupted, how inadvertency has ſurpriſed, fear has betrayed, or weakneſs has impeded; to that God, who marks every aſpiration after a better ſtate, WHO HEARS THE PRAYER WHICH THE VOICE CANNOT UTTER, RECORDS THE PURPOSE THAT PERISHED WITHOUT OPPORTUNITY OF ACTION, THE WISH THAT VANISHED AWAY WITHOUT ATTAINMENT; who is always ready to receive the penitent, to whom ſincere contrition is never late, and who will accept the tears of a returning ſinner."

One more paragraph we tranſcribe with truly ſympathetic feelings:

"Among thoſe who have died with hope and reſignation," ſays our admirable moraliſt, "ſhe ſurely may be remembered whom we have followed hither to the tomb, to pay her the laſt honours, and to reſign her to the grave: ſhe, whom many who now hear me have known, and whom none, who were capable of diſtinguiſhing either moral or intellectual excellence, could know without eſteem or tenderneſs. To praiſe the extent of her knowledge, the acuteneſs of her wit, the accuracy of her judgment, the force of her ſentiments, or the elegance of her expreſſion, would ill ſuit with the occaſion. Such praiſe would little profit the living, and as little gratify the dead, who is now in a place where vanity and competition are forgotten for ever; ſhe finds a cup of water given for the relief of a poor brother, a prayer uttered for the mercy of God to thoſe whom ſhe wanted power to relieve, a word of inſtruction to ignorance, a ſmile of comfort to miſery, of more avail than all thoſe accompliſhments which confer honour and diſtinction among the ſons of Folly. Yet, let it be remembered, that her wit was never employed to ſcoff at goodneſs, nor her reaſon to diſpute againſt truth. In this age of wild opinions ſhe was as free from ſcepticiſm as the cloiſtered virgin. She never wiſhed to ſignaliſe herſelf by the ſingularity of paradox. She had a juſt diffidence of her own reaſon, and deſired to practiſe rather than to diſpute. Her practice was ſuch as her opinions naturally produced. She was exact and regular in her devotions, full of confidence in the divine mercy, ſubmiſſive to the diſpenſations of Providence, extenſively charitable in her judgments and opinions, grateful for every kindneſs that ſhe received, and willing to impart aſſiſtance of every kind to all whom her little power enabled her to benefit."

Who will not now be happy to be informed, that "many other Sermons" by Dr. Johnſon have come into the hands of Mr Hayes by the death of Dr. Taylor?

## Biography.

### MEMOIRS OF EDWARD GIBBON, Eſq.

"IT has been obſerved, ſays the author of the Rambler, No. 122, that

that this nation, which has produced ſo many authors eminent for every ſpecies of literary excellence, has been remarkably barren of hiſtorical genius; and ſo far has this defect raiſed prejudices againſt us, that ſome have doubted whether an Engliſhman can ſtop at that mediocrity of ſtyle, or confine his mind to that even tenor of ſentiment which Narrative requires"

Such was the opinion of an author almoſt forty years ago, whoſe judgment in literary queſtions has been ſeldom diſputed. Its truth will be eſtabliſhed beyond all doubt, if we recollect the Engliſh Hiſtorians who had then written. At that period it would be difficult to point out an author againſt whom ſome objection could not be produced. In whatever other department of literature we might then have excelled, it is very certain we are not to look for excellence amongſt the Hiſtorians. To authors of the preſent day the palm of Hiſtory is alone to be preſented. Of theſe Mr Gibbon ſtands in the foremoſt rank, equal to any living foreign author, and but little inferior to the greateſt hiſtorian of antiquity.

He was born on the 8th of May 1737. His father, a gentleman of ample fortune, ſat in the Britiſh Senate, and commanded in the Hampſhire militia, the county where his eſtate lay. Our author, his ſon, was ſome time in the ſame regiment, and received every advantage in his education that could be beſtowed upon him. This he gratefully acknowledged in his firſt performance, which, though written in 1759, before he was twenty-two years old, was not publiſhed until 1761.

It was entitled, "Eſſai ſur l'Etude de la Literature," and written in French, though for what reaſon is not very apparent. The topics moſt enlarged on are Taſte, Criticiſm, and Philoſophy; on which ſubjects, as hath been obſerved, though much hacknied, there are many old obſervations well repeated, many ingenious conjectures advanced, and much reading diſplayed. It is preceded by an eulogium from Dr. Maty, and a Dedication ſo ſtrikingly manly, grateful, and affectionate, and exhibiting ſo amiable a picture of its author, that it would be doing him the higheſt injuſtice to omit it in this place. It is addreſſed to his father in the following terms:

"Dear Sir,

"No performance is, in my opinion, more contemptible than a dedication of the common ſort, when ſome great man is preſented with a book, which, if ſcience be the ſubject, he is incapable of underſtanding; if Polite Literature, incapable of taſting; and this honour is done him, as a reward for virtues which he neither does, nor deſires to poſſeſs. I know but two kinds of dedications, which can do honour either to the patron or author. The firſt is, when an unexperienced writer addreſſes himſelf to a maſter of the art in which he endeavours to excel; whoſe example he is ambitious of imitating; by whoſe advice he has been directed, or whoſe approbation he is anxious to deſerve.

"The other ſort is yet more honourable. It is dictated by the heart, and offered to ſome perſon who is dear to us, becauſe he ought to be ſo. It is an opportunity we embrace with pleaſure of making public thoſe ſentiments of eſteem, of friendſhip, of gratitude, or of all together, which we really feel, and which we therefore deſire ſhould be known.

"I hope, dear Sir, my paſt conduct will eaſily lead you to diſcover to what principle you ſhould attribute this epiſtle; which, if it ſurpriſes, will, I hope, not diſpleaſe you. If I am capable of producing any thing worthy the attention of the public, it is to you that I owe it; to that truly paternal

nal care which, from the first dawnings of my reason, has always watched over my education, and afforded me every opportunity of improvement. Permit me here to express my grateful sense of your tenderness to me, and to assure you, that the study of my whole life shall be to acquit myself in some measure of obligations I can never fully repay. I am, &c.

E. GIBBON, jun."

The work to which this Dedication is prefixed, however, never obtained much celebrity. An indifferent translation of it also appeared; but this neither had nor deserved any particular notice.

It is but as a conjecture, though a conjecture which deserves attention from the quarter from whence it is derived, that we notice the report of Mr. Gibbon being the author of "Critical Observations on the sixth Book of the Æneid, 8vo. 1770," in which the Bishop of Gloucester's attempt to allegorize the 6th Book of the Æneid into the process of the Eleusinian mysteries was very successfully combated and refuted. This pamphlet, whoever may be the author of it, has not been yet acknowledged.

In 1776 the first volume of the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire appeared; a work which both merited and received the approbation of the public, notwithstanding some exceptionable opinions propagated in the concluding chapters. To this part of the work several answers, by Dr. Watson, Dr. Apthorpe, Dr. Chelsum, Dr. Randolph, Mr. Davis, and others, appeared with various degrees of merit. The latter of these gentlemen was selected to received the honour of an answer, in which a very severe correction was administered to the delinquent, couched in terms of confident superiority and mortifying contempt. It was entitled, "A Vindication of some Passages in the fifteenth and sixteenth Chapters of the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, 8vo. 1779." Referring to some of these antagonists of Mr. Gibbon, Mr. Hayley says,

But O! what foes beset each honour'd name,
Advancing in the path of letter'd fame!
To stop thy progress, and insult thy pen,
The fierce Polemic issues from his den.
Think not my verse means blindly to engage
In rash defence of thy profaner page!
Tho' keen her spirit, her attachment fond,
Base service cannot suit with Friendship's bond;
Too firm from Duty's sacred path to turn,
She breathes an honest sigh of deep concern,
And pities Genius, when his wild career
Gives Faith a wound, or Innocence a fear.
Humility herself, divinely mild,
Sublime Religion's meek and modest child,
Like the dumb son of Crœsus, in the strife,
Where force assail'd his ather's sacred life,
Breaks silence, and with filial duty warm,
Bids thee revere her parent's hallow'd form!
Far other sounds the ear of Learning stun,
From proud Theology's contentious son;
Less eager to correct, than to revile,
Rage in his voice! and rancour in his style!
His idle scoffs with coarse reproof deride
Thy generous thirst of praise, and liberal pride.

In

In the Parliament of 1777 Mr. Gibbon repreſented the town of Leſkeard in Cornwall, and was one of the Lords of Trade and Plantations at the time that Board was aboliſhed. He is generally ſuppoſed to be the author of the Memorial publiſhed by Great Britain againſt France and Spain at the breaking out of the late war. This piece was written in a very maſterly ſtyle, and proved to demonſtration the wickedneſs and perfidy of the powers then contending againſt this country. In 1781, the ſecond and third volumes of the Roman Hiſtory appeared, ſince which period Mr. Gibbon retired to Switzerland, where he has completed his work, for the remainder of which the public now wait with great impatience.

## AUTHENTIC MEMOIRS

### Of the Right Honourable

### *RICHARD RIGBY.*

MR RIGBY was lineally deſcended from a very reſpectable and ancient family, ſeated at *Miſſley-Hall*, in the county of Eſſex. His father dying in the year 1730, as the only ſon, he ſucceeded to the eſtate, the rent-roll of which was 1100l. per ann.

Having compleated his academical ſtudies, he viſited the principal Courts of Europe during his minority, and returned to England in his one and twentieth year; when he was ſolicited and prevailed upon to offer himſelf a candidate for *Sudbury*, a borough near his own ſeat, for which place he was returned to Parliament after a violent oppoſition. A general election following cloſe, he had a ſecond conteſt to ſupport, which was attended with ſimilar circumſtances of triumph and expence. About this time he became a member of the faſhionable club at *White's*, where his fortune experienced further diſaſters.

Embarked however in polite life, with every advantage to be derived from ſtrong manly talents, and a winning addreſs, it is no wonder that the leaders of the contending parties of thoſe days were deſirous of enrolling him under their reſpective banners. *Frederick Prince of Wales*, father of his preſent Majeſty, was amongſt the foremoſt to cultivate his acquaintance;—he perſonally invited him to his levees at Leiceſter houſe, and became ſo pleaſed with his ſociety, that he gave him an unſolicited promiſe to make him, on the firſt vacancy, a Gentleman of his Royal bed-chamber. Such vacancy, happening not long after, Mr *Rigby's* well-founded expectation was diſappointed by a different nomination. He reſented his treatment, however, in a manner worthy of him. The Prince himſelf was hurt on the occaſion, and endeavoured to correct the miſtake, by the offer of a *douceur*, as a temporary compenſation:—but this was rejected in nearly the following terms:—"I ſhall never receive "pay for a ſervice, of which I am not "deemed worthy;—but rather think "it my duty to return from a Court, "where *honour*, I find *has no tie!*" —He kept his word, and never entered Leiceſter-houſe afterwards.

Soon after this he became attached to the late *Duke of Bedford*;—but his alliance with that illuſtrious family did not ariſe—as the tale abſurdly goes—from his having protected his Grace from perſonal inſults on the courſe at Litchfield Races;—a circumſtance which happened ſome years after their firſt acquaintance. The Duke was early ſtruck with the quickneſs of his parts, and charmed with the frankneſs of his manners. Finding

ing that Mr. *Rigby* was not a little embarraſſed in his affairs, His Grace contrived in the moſt delicate manner to advance him a conſiderable loan, not only to diſcharge the incumbrances upon his eſtate, but to reſcue him from the aggravated diſtreſs of ſome annuities, into which his neceſſities had juſt driven him. Two years after this, being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Duke thought no perſon ſo capable of managing the Iriſh houſe of Commons as his friend *Rigby*, who was accordingly appointed Secretary to the Vicegerency. Notwithſtanding the turbulent ſpirit of the times, the affairs of the ſiſter kingdom were conducted ſo much to the Royal ſatisfaction, that his Majeſty gave Mr. *Rigby* a Vice Treaſurerſhip, and ſoon after the Maſterſhip of the Rolls, in oppoſition to the contending intereſt of the then Primate, *Stone*, who ſtrongly ſolicited it for his friend the Prime Serjeant, *Tiſdale*. He was further honoured with a ſeat in the Engliſh Privy Council. During the Bedford adminiſtration, the Iriſh court was remarkable for its ſplendor and hoſpitality. Poliſhed gallantry, and unaffected conviviality never failed of drawing votaries to the *Caſtle;* and at this epoch they might boaſt their peculiar attractions.

On the Duke's recall from Ireland, *William Duke of Cumberland* put himſelf at the head of Mr. *Grenville*'s adminiſtration, in alliance with Mr. *Pitt* and Lord *Northington*. Mr. *Rigby* by ſome means found out, that his Highneſs was preſſing for the vacant Chancellorſhip of Dublin. He therefore inſtantly ſet off poſt for Ireland, waited upon his friend, *Dr Andrews*, then Provoſt, got the Duke of *Bedford* elected Chancellor, and brought over the appointment, to the great aſtoniſhment as well as ſatisfaction of his Grace. This additional mark of his friend's zeal and attachment made a ſuitable impreſſion on the Duke's mind; for during the remainder of his life, his Grace never acted in matters of public† or private concern, without Mr. *Rigby*'s advice; always returned him for the borough of Taviſtock; named him one of his executors and truſtees for the preſent Duke; and at his death left him as a legacy the money he had ſo liberally advanced him upon bond.

After this Mr. *Rigby* took no part in the two or three ſucceſſive changes in the miniſtry; but on the *Duke of Graſton*'s being ſeated at the head of the Treaſury, he was appointed Paymaſter General of the King's forces, June 14, 1768, and continued in this lucrative office during the twelve years ſubſequent adminiſtration of Lord *North*. The American war, ſo calamitous in its conſequences to this country, proved an unexpected ſource of wealth to Mr. *Rigby;*—from the expenditure of numberleſs millions upon military ſervices ſo complex, and ſo detached, immenſe ſums of the public money, according to official uſage, were unavoidably lodged in the hands of the Paymaſter.—This accidental turn of good fortune ſubjected him, however eventually, to a proſecution, for which no precedent can be found, in the political annals of any country.

To the ſhort lived adminiſtration of Lord *Rockingham*, and Lord *Shelburne*, he probably wiſhed no great ſucceſs.—To that of the Duke of *Portland*, which followed, he was certainly well inclined; becauſe it included men, to whom, of all others, he was the moſt attached.—Lord *North*, and Mr. *Fox*.—But ſtate

† Mr. *Rigby*, for ſome years after the Duke's deceaſe, continued to act with Lord *Weymouth*, Lord *Gower*, Lord *Sandwich*, and the preſent *Chancellor*, who were diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of the *Bedford party*.

threats from either quarter had reached him, too well founded, not to put him on his guard;—a temporary neutrality therefore he reſolved upon, naturally expecting thus to avoid the political rocks of *Scylla* and *Charibdis!*—Unfortunately, however, this diſcretion did not avail him. In the fluctuating, and deſperate politics of that day, when the fate of a miniſtry turned upon a voice, he became the marked object of either party,—and "your *vote!* or your *money!*"—was the implied language of each as it prevailed.—To what but this ſhall we aſcribe the extents which were iſſued againſt him on the part of the Crown, and that rancorous ſpirit which purſued him nearly to his grave?—To collect ‡ his balances on miniſterial demand, was impracticable.—The money was widely ſcattered, to relieve the neceſſities of ſeveral of the faireſt characters in the kingdom, whoſe eſtates were at that time ſo depreciated in value, that to compel the payment of their mortgages, would have been in fact, to diſpoſſeſs them of their patrimony.—In this dilemma, he ſtated to Parliament his readineſs to pay his balances by quick inſtallments, and in the interim, to allow five per cent. intereſt for the ſame. The country, as it were, with one voice, applauded his conduct; and a compromiſe took place upon it, by which Mr. Rigby paid 10,000l. for the intereſt of an unſettled balance, although no predeceſſor had ever been called upon on a ſimilar account.

The writer of theſe memoirs, with every predilection in favour of Mr. *Fox*, cannot, in juſtice, exempt him from a ſhare of that cenſure, which falls on the perſecutors of Mr. *Rigby*.—What the general opinion on the ſubject was, may be collected, from the event of Mr. *Fox's* hoſtile motion againſt him, when the *Secretary of State* found himſelf in a minority, though oppoſed only by the private friends of Mr. *Rigby*.—It is no wonder, that every idea of a political connection between theſe two characters, ceaſed from this moment; though they continued afterwards to live together in the habits of private friendſhip; and Mr. *Rigby* invariably declared,—"That Mr *Fox* was the only Stateſman fit to rule the Empire."

Thus perſecuted on all ſides, Mr. *Rigby* naturally turned with diſguſt from Stateſmen and politics, and ſought his own domain, to partake of theſe comforts in retirement, which his benevolence had ſo widely ſpread around it!

‡ Report ſays, that a conſiderable balance of money, due to the public, from the executors of the late Mr. *George Grenville*, is at this time in the hands of the *Marquis of Buckingham*; againſt whom we hear of no ſtate proceſs having yet been iſſued.

## *Extraordinary Inſtance of Tenderneſs in a Raven.*

[From a Letter to the Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine.]

THIS raven lives, or did live three years ſince, at the Red Lion at Hungerford; his name, I think, is Rafe. You muſt know then, that, coming into that inn, my chaiſe run over, or bruiſed, the leg of my *Newfoundland* dog; and, while we were examining the injury done to the dog's foot, *Rafe was evidently a concerned ſpectator;* for, the minute the dog was tied up under the manger with my horſes, *Rafe* not only viſited, but fetched him bones, and attended upon him with particular and repeated marks of kindneſs. The bird's notice of the dog was ſo *marked*, that I obſerved it to the hoſtler, for I had not heard a word

be-

*before* of the history of this benevolent creature. *John* then told me, that he had been bred from his pinfeather in intimacy with a dog; that the affection between them was mutual; and that all the neighbourhood had often been witnesses of the innumerable acts of kindness they had conferred upon each other. Rase's poor dog, after a while, unfortunately broke his leg, and, during the long time he was confined, *Rase* waited upon him constantly, carried him his provisions daily, and never scarce left him alone! One night, by accident, the hostler had shut the stable door, and *Rase* was deprived of the company of his friend the whole night; but the hostler found in the morning the bottom of the door so pecked away, that, had it not been opened, *Rase* would, in another hour, have made his own entrance port. I then enquired of my landlady (a sensible woman), and heard what I have related confirmed by her, with several other singular traits of the kindnesses this bird shews to all dogs in general, but particularly to *maimed* or wounded ones; but having committed these particulars to paper, and sent them for publication in the St James's Chronicle, I have forgotten them. I hope and believe, however, the bird is still living; and the traveller will find I have not *over-rated* this wonderful bird's merit.

## AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK was born at Largo, in the county of Fife, about the year 1676, and was bred a seaman. He went from England, in 1703, in the capacity of sailing master of a small vessel called The Cinque Ports Galley, Charles Pickering, captain, burthen about 90 tons, with 16 guns and 63 men; and in September the same year sailed from Corke, in company with another ship, of 26 guns and 120 men, called the St George, commanded by that famous navigator, William Dampier, intending to cruize on the Spaniards in the South Sea. On the coast of Brazil, Pickering died, and was succeeded in his command by his lieutenant, Thomas Stradling. They proceeded on their voyages round Cape Horn, to the island of Juan Fernandez, whence they were driven by the appearance of two French ships, of 36 guns each, and left five of Stradling's men there on shore, who were taken off by the French. Hence they sailed to the coast of America, where Dampier and Stradling quarrelled, and separated by agreement, on the 19th of May 1704. In September following, Stradling came again to the island of Juan Fernandez, where Selkirk and his captain had a difference, which, with the circumstance of the ship's being very leaky, and in bad condition, induced him to determine on staying there alone; but when his companions were about to depart, his resolution was shaken, and he desired to be taken on board again. Happily for him, the captain then refused to admit him, and he was obliged to remain, having nothing but his cloaths, bedding, a gun, and a small quantity of powder and ball; a hatchet, knife, and kettle; his books and mathematical and nautical instruments. He kept up his spirits tolerably, till he saw the vessel put off, when (as he afterwards related) his heart yearned within him, and melted at parting with his comrades and all human society at once.

" ——— Yet believe me, Arcas;
Such is the rooted love we bear mankind,

All ruffians as they were, I never heard
A ſound ſo diſmal as their parting oars."

*Thomſon's Agamemnon.*

The Cinque Ports was run on ſhore a few months afterwards; the captain and crew, to ſave their lives, ſurrendered themſelves priſoners to the Spaniards, who treated them ſo harſhly, that they were in a much worſe ſituation than Selkirk, and continued in it a longer time. Some months after Selkirk left the South Sea in the Duke privateer, Captain Stradling was ſent a priſoner to Europe on board a French ſhip, and by that means got to England. Thus left ſole monarch of the iſland, with plenty of the neceſſaries of life, he found himſelf in a ſituation hardly ſupportable. He had fiſh, goat's fleſh, turnips, and other vegetables; yet he grew dejected, languid, and melancholy, to ſuch a degree, as to be ſcarce able to refrain from doing violence to himſelf. Eighteen months paſſed before he could, by reaſoning, reading his Bible, and ſtudy, be thoroughly reconciled to his condition. At length he grew happy, employing himſelf in decorating his huts, chaſing the goats, whom he equalled in ſpeed, and ſcarcely ever failed of catching. He alſo tamed young kids, laming them to prevent their becoming wild; and he kept a guard of tame cats about him, to defend him when aſleep from the rats, who were very troubleſome. When his cloaths were worn out, he made others of goats ſkins, but could not ſucceed in making ſhoes, which, however, habit, in time, enabled him to diſpenſe with the uſe of. His only liquor was water. He computed that he had caught 1000 goats during his abode there; of of whom he had let go 500 after marking them by ſlitting their ears. Commodore Anſon's people, who were there about 30 years after, found the firſt goat, which they ſhot upon landing, was thus marked, and, as as it appeared to be very old, concluded that it had been under the power of Selkirk; but it appears by Capt. Carteret's account of his voyage in the Swallow ſloop, that other perſons practiſed this mode of marking, as he found a goat with his ears thus ſlit on the neighbouring iſland of Mas-a-fuera, where Selkirk never was. He made companions of his tame goats and cats, often dancing and ſinging with them. Though he conſtantly performed his devotions at ſtated hours, and read aloud; yet, when he was taken off the iſland, his language, from diſuſe of converſation, was become ſcarcely intelligible. In this ſolitude he continued four months, during which time only two incidents happened which he thought worth relating, the occurrences of every day being in his circumſtances nearly ſimilar. The one was, that, purſuing a goat eagerly, he caught it juſt on the edge of a precipice, which was covered with buſhes ſo that he did not perceive it, and he fell over to the bottom, where he lay (according to Capt. Roger's account) 24 hours ſenſeleſs; but, as he related to Sir R. Steele, he computed, by the alteration of the moon, that he had lain three days. When he came to himſelf, he found the goat lying under him dead. It was with great difficulty that he could crawl to his habitation, whence he was unable to ſtir for ten days, and did not recover of his bruiſes for a long time. The other event was, the arrival of a ſhip, which he at firſt ſuppoſed to be French: and ſuch is the natural love of ſociety in the human mind, that he was eager to abandon his ſolitary felicity, and ſurrender himſelf to them, although enemies; but upon their landing, approaching them, he found to be Spaniards, of whom he had too great

great a dread to truſt himſelf in their hands. They were by this time ſo near, that it required all his agility to eſcape, which he effected by climbing a thick tree, being ſhot at ſeveral times as he ran off. Fortunately, the Spaniards did not diſcover him, though they ſtayed ſome time under the tree where he was hid, and killed ſome goats juſt by. In this ſolitude Selkirk remained until the 2d of February, 1709, when he ſaw two ſhips come into the bay, and knew them to be Engliſh. He immediately lighted a fire as a ſignal, and, on their coming on ſhore, found they were the Duke, Capt. Rogers, and the Dutcheſs, Capt. Courtney, two privateers from Briſtol. He gave them the beſt entertainment he could afford; and, as they had been a long time at ſea without freſh proviſions, the goats which he caught were highly acceptable. His habitation, conſiſting of two huts, one to ſleep in, the other to dreſs his food in, was ſo obſcurely ſituated, and ſo difficult of acceſs, that only one of the ſhip's officers would accompany him to it. Dampier, who was pilot on board the Duke, and knew Selkirk very well, informed Capt. Rogers, that, when on board the Cinque Ports, he was the beſt ſeaman *on board that veſſel*; upon which Capt. Rogers appointed him maſter's mate of the Duke. After a fortnight's ſtay at Juan Fernandes, the ſhips proceeded on their cruize againſt the Spaniards; plundered a town on the coaſt of Peru; took a Manilla ſhip off California; and returned by way of the Eaſt Indies to England, where they arrived the 1ſt of *October*, 1711; Selkirk having been abſent eight years, more than half of which time he had ſpent alone on the iſland. The public curioſity being excited reſpecting him, he was induced to put his papers into the hands of Defoe, to arrange, and form them into a regular narrative. Theſe papers muſt have been drawn up after he left Juan Fernandes, as he had no means of recording his tranſactions there. Capt. Cooke remarks, as an extraordinary circumſtance, that he had contrived to keep an account of the days of the week and month; but this might be done, as Defoe makes Robinſon Cruſoe do, by cutting notches in a poſt, or many other methods. From this account of Selkirk, Defoe took the idea of writing a more extenſive work, the romance of Robinſon Cruſoe, and very diſhoneſtly defrauded the original proprietor of his ſhare of the profits. I conclude this ſtory with Selkirk's obſervation to Sir R. Steele, only remarking, that it is a proof how apt we mortals are to imagine, that happineſs is to be found in any ſituation except that in which we happen to be. To uſe his own words, "I am now (ſays he) worth eight hundred pounds, but ſhall never be ſo happy as when I was not worth a farthing."

## Poetry.

*For the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

*On ſeeing a Liſt of Female Authors.*

[By a Young Lady of 14 years of Age.]

YE Turkiſh authors, who behold this ſcroll,
Now will ye ſay, that women have no ſoul?
Without one, who could ever guide the pen,
Like ſerious Cowley, or like livelier Behn?
Without a ſoul, how could Centlivre write,
Or how could humble Wheatly * e'er indite?

* Phillis Wheatly, a negro ſlave, whoſe poems were publiſhed about 1780.

Wheatly,

Wheatly, of female ſenſe the nobleſt proof.
Whoſe wit could ſhine beneath a maſter's roof,
Almoſt a ſtranger to our tongue and clime,
Yet ſoon thy thoughts thou ventur'dſt into rhyme.
Bleſt be the happy ſhores that gave thee birth,
So fair a proof of female ſenſe and worth.
O could I hope, in this ſweet liſt, my name,
In this ſmall tribute to bright womens fame
Would be enroll'd; with joy I'd bleſs the day,
When to the Muſes walks I bent my way.

ELIZABETH S.....

## VERSES

TO A NEW MARRIED LADY,

On the ANNIVERSARY of her BIRTH-DAY;

By a BENEDICK.

In Imitation of Dean SWIFT.

THIS day oft may the Muſes tell
That I'm alive, and you are well!
And may it never once be told,
That you are ſick, or I am old!
Although I'm twice as old, 'tis true,
And twice as ugly, too, as you;
Yet you and I may ſtill agree,
In ſpite of this diſparity,
Provided we but underſtand,
You to *obey*, I to *command*.
Nor is this eaſy, notwithſtanding
Our good and gracious underſtanding
Unleſs we ſtudy, Lady Jane,
The good old rule, the *golden mean*;
I to your humours always kind,
And you to all my failings blind.
Your youth and beauty ſet aſide,
Your ſex's envy, and their pride,
In other points we're on a par,
Which will prevent each private jar,
I'll neither call you *love* nor *wife*,
Becauſe theſe words are oft at ſtrife;
Your wit, your humour, and your ſenſe
(Although ſometimes at my expence)
I muſt admire; if I may too
But have my joke as well as you:
To prove, at leaſt, 'twixt you and me,
That rival wits may ſtill agree;
And this, they ſay, no common caſe is,
A wicked pair will break the traces;
But you ſhall never ſee the day
That makes me grave, if you are gay;
And yet, I hope, this many a year
Good health to you, and me good *cheer*.
I'll give you up your own, good creature,
Good-ſenſe and ſpirit, with good-nature;
Good-humour, too, I'd gladly grant
If e'er I thought you were in want;
But, truly, I have none to ſpare,
For you have got the greateſt ſhare;
Nor am I now aſham'd to boaſt
That you deſerve to *rule the roaſt*;
Yet may I think (although you know it)
That you have too much ſenſe to ſhew it.
Contented thus I'll be your ſlave,
Provided you'll my credit ſave;
Call you for ſupper, or for dinner,
Say you're a ſaint, and I'm a ſinner;
Do as you pleaſe—but rule me ſo
That none who dine or ſup may know,
In ſhort, be you my *Major Domo*,
And I your moſt obedient *Homo*;
If ſacrificing ſenſe and ſpirit
Be in your eyes a mark of merit—
But you deſpiſe this humble part
And hate a *Jerry* in your heart.
Let's then, in ſpite of Hymen's bands,
Each play into the other's hands;
And, unlike married man and wife,
Be happy ev'ry hour of life;
Be you for ever young and gay,
And I live long to ſing the day;

A

A ſelfiſh wiſh! but ſhall be ſung
Though I am old, and you are young;
With this wide difference between,
I *thirty-ſeven*, you *nineteen*.
Then don't be angry with my diction,
Becauſe 'tis truth inſtead of fiction.
Farewel!—may all my wiſhes follow,
And I ſhall be your *great Apollo*.

CANDIDUS.

## To Miss E——D, on her HAIR.

*By Dr.* A——N.

ANNA! ceaſe with envious care
Thus to veil thy beauteous face,
While beneath that ſhade of hair
Buried lies full many a grace.
Where's the brow as ivory clear,
Where the cheek's delightful glow,
Where the nicely rounded ear,
And the well-turn'd neck of ſnow?
Yet thoſe auburn locks of thine,
Down thy face that waving play,
And in wanton ringlets twine,
Who could bear to lop away!
Soon enough by Faſhion's hand
Shall thoſe flowing curls be dreſt,
And each feature marſhal'd ſtand,
Fatal to the gazer's reſt.
But let me, ſecure from harm,
Draw the veil that checks my ſight;
Let me view each riſing charm
With a Father's calm delight.
Forty ſummers I have ſeen,
Time enough to make me wiſe,
I can look at bright ſixteen,
With pleas'd but undeſiring eyes.

## The VISION of SOLOMON.

'TWAS Night, and ſleep with gently-waving wand,
Sat ſoftly brooding o'er that monarch's brow,
Whoſe waking nod could Judah's realms command,
Or deal deſtruction to the frighted foe,
Great David's ſon—But at this tranquil hour,
No dreams of ſtate diſturb his peaceful bed,
To nobler heights his thoughts unfetter'd ſoar,
And brighter viſions hover round his head.
Let meaner kings by mortals guard their ſtate:
Around his ſacred couch aerial legates wait.
'Hail, beſt belov'd'! Superior to the reſt,
One bending angel cry'd with heav'nly voice,
'Earth, ſeas, and air ſtand to thy view confeſt,
'And God's own mandate ratifies thy choice.
'Chuſe then from theſe—ſay, ſhall thy pow'r extend
'Where ſuns ſcarce warm this earth's remoteſt ſhore?
'Shall India's lords beneath thy ſceptre bend,
'While their black troops ſtand ſilent and adore?
'To thee, ſole lord, ſhall earth her ſtores unfold,
'Pour all her gems to thee, and mines that flame with gold?
'Shall ocean's waves, obedient to thy call,
'As erſt to Moſes, rang'd in order ſtand,
'While crouds once more admire the floating wall,
'And treaſures open on the glitt'ring ſand?
'Or ſhall fame's breath inſpire each ſofter air,
'Thee juſt and good to diſtant worlds reſound,
'While peace, fair goddeſs, leads the ſmiling year,
'Swells the glad grain, and ſpreads the harveſt round,
'Bids Jordan's ſtream extend its azure pride,
'Pleas'd with reflected fruits that tremble in the tide?'

The

The cherub ſpoke—when Power majeſtic roſe,
A Tyrian tinctur'd robe ſhe dragg'd behind,
Whoſe artful folds at ev'ry turn diſcloſe
Sceptres and crowns that flutter'd in the wind.
Gigantic phantom! in her face appear'd
Terrific charms, too fierce for mortal eyes;
Aw'd and amaz'd her very ſmiles we fear'd,
As tho' ſtorms lurk'd beneath the ſmooth diſguiſe.
But when ſhe frowns, tremendous thunders roar,
Stern deſolation reigns, and kingdoms float in gore.
Her Wealth ſucceeds—and ſcarce his tott'ring head
Suſtains the glitt'ring ore's incumbent weight.
O'er his old limbs were tatter'd garments ſpread,
A well-fix'd ſtaff directs his feeble feet.
Thus mean himſelf appear'd, but all around
What crouds unnumber'd hail the paſſing ſeer!
Power, as he came, bow'd lowly to the ground,
And own'd with rev'rence a ſuperior there.
'Riſe, David's ſon, thy utmoſt wiſh extend,
'See to thy ſceptre Wealth, the world's great monarch, bend.
Fame next approach'd, whoſe clarion's martial ſound
Bids conqu'ring laurels flouriſh ever green,
And gentle Peace with olive chaplets crown'd,
And Plenty, goddeſs of the ſylvan ſcene;
Theſe Pleaſure join'd, looſe flow'd her radiant hair,
Her flying fingers touch'd the trembling lyre,
'Come Mirth,' ſhe ſung, 'your blooming wreaths prepare,
'Come gay Delight, and ever-young Deſire,
'Let days, let years, in downy circles move,
'Sacred to ſprightly joy, and all-ſubduing love.'
The mingled train advanc'd; to cloſe the rear,
As loſt in thought appear'd a penſive maid;
Bright was her aſpect, lovely yet ſevere,
In virgin white her decent limbs array'd,
She mov'd in ſober ſtate; on either ſide
A beauteous handmaid friendly aid beſtowed,
Fair Virtue here, her view from earth to guide;
There Contemplation rais'd her golden rod.
Hail Wiſdom, hail! I ſee and bleſs the ſight,
Firſt-born of heav'n, pure ſource of intellectual light.
On her the monarch fix'd his eager eyes,
On her alone, regardleſs of the croud,
'Let vulgar ſouls (he cry'd) yon trifles prize,
'Mortals that dare of mis'ry to be proud.
'Hence then: I burn for more ingenuous charms,
'Nature's true beauties with more luſtre ſhine;
'Then take me, wiſdom, take me to thy arms,
'O. ſnatch me from myſelf, and make me thine.
'All heaven calls good, or man felicity,
'Peace, Plenty, Health, Content, are all compriz'd in thee.

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THE

# ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

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## THE TRIFLER, No. X.

*May* 22, 1788.

CONTAINING THE HUMOURS OF THOMAS PUNCTUAL, ESQ.——WITH SUNDRY OTHER MATTERS, PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE——ALSO A LETTER FROM JEMMY JESSAMY—AND ANOTHER FROM A VIRTUOUS YOUNG DAMSEL OF THE GALLOWGATE.

I Have ſaid ſo much in ſome former papers both in this Magazine and in the Northern Gazette, on the ſubject of *time*, the neceſſity of employing it well, its uncertainty and ſhortneſs, that ſome of my readers may think it impertinent to add any farther remarks on the ſubject. But whether they are right in holding this opinion, muſt be decided only by him who can anſwer this queſtion: whether my time can be better employed than in writing, or theirs than in reading on the ſubject? Be it as it may, however, I cannot reſiſt the impulſe of the preſent moment, which directs me to preſent my readers with the character of my friend TOM PUNCTUAL, one of the beſt *time-keepers* I know; and who has by dint of perſeverance acquired ſuch a habit of portioning out his time, that if he had twice as much buſineſs as any man, yet he would continue to perform it all. As TOM and I have been intimate acquaintances for many years, he has often laid before me his plan, and how he executed it; and it is ſomething after this wiſe.

TOM was not born to be idle by being the ſon and heir of any man of wealth. He had his bread therefore, to get, at a time of life, when moſt men ſcarcely know how to eat it. But being fond of company, of converſation, of amuſements, he took "no note of time" till its loſs and the inconveniences attending that loſs, could not longer be ſtrange to him. With one acquaintance Tom went to dine—with another to the play—with a third to the Concert—with a fourth, a walking; night came on, and TOM had the unpleaſant reflection that he had done nothing all day. Thus were his hours ſpent harmleſsly, but not uſefully; he could not be accuſed of debaucheries; but he was idle; buſineſs was of courſe neglected,

or re-aſſumed only by turns, from which any perſon might in a moment divert him—even a bright ſun-ſhine was often a temptation to walk which he found irreſiſtible; and in winter he diſcovered that walking in the froſt was ſalutary to his health.

In a word, however, to cut this matter ſhort, Tom reſolved to *turn over a new leaf*, for in his book of life, he truſted there were many new ones, unſullied by the *maculæ* of vice —He read every book he could find which treated of the proper employment of time. He remembered the maxim of the famous De Witt, "to "do but one thing at a time," and the Italian proverb, "Never defer "that till to-morrow which you can "do to day"—He remembered likewiſe the practice of that Philoſopher who every night before going to reſt, reviewed the actions of the day. He began to be convinced that men have no reaſon to depend on *to-morrow* for any thing, and that to many men in health that *morrow* never comes; that no human creature is ſo unworthy of life and wealth as he who is idle; and that the rational faculties of man were given for improvement, and not to be buried in inactivity. So far the reflections of my friend were ſerious and philoſophical; he next began to enquire how and in what manner he was to render all this knowledge and wiſdom ſubſervient to himſelf, to the redemption of the time which he had loſt. He conſidered the time paſt in idleneſs as a kind of *national debt*; he could only pay the intereſt for it, and ſatisfy Mr Creditor Conſcience, and that the longer he delayed paying off a part, the whole was increaſing in a compound ratio.

After much meditation on the ſubject, of the importance of which he was now ſufficiently apprized, he determined to improve upon the practice of that philoſopher who preſcribed to himſelf the taſk of ſelf-examination every night—and to minute down every evening the tranſactions of the day, where every hour had been ſpent, and how, with great exactneſs. This he read over next morning, and conſidered where he could have ſaved a certain portion of time, and where he had improperly waſted it; how this waſte might be avoided in future. With this information he began the buſineſs of the day, the actions of which were again recorded in like manner at night.

But let it not be thought this was at firſt an eaſy taſk. Often did Tom reſolve to burn his journal—often did he neglect to make minutes of the day; and often was he ſo aſhamed to record ſome tranſactions, that he had almoſt determined to give over the practice; but reflection ſtill ſupplied him with arguments in its favour: and in proportion to his perſeverance his taſk became eaſy; he felt aſhamed at recording waſte of time, and that operated to make him aſhamed of the cauſe—and after ſome months practice, he had reduced his buſineſs to a wonderful degree of regularity; every day it was more and more difficult to entice him to idleneſs, or to perſuade him to any recreation that was not proper and moderate; and in time he had to congratulate himſelf on having fixed a habit of regularity ſo deep that it was not probable it could end but with his life. He frequently aſſures me, that it is a ſolid ſatisfaction to him to read over the tranſactions of a year, that it has had a great influence on the moral conduct, but that as it is intended for himſelf only, he will not permit me to make extracts.

In company he is always entertaining, becauſe added to his natural diſpoſition, he has an even pleaſant temper, the reſult of always knowing that he has left nothing behind him undone,

undone, and that the hour he now ſpends is literally his own. How much more ſatisfactory this, than the ſituation of a man who is conſcious, that he has left his affairs in confuſion, that they are more in confuſion from every indulgence of idle habit, and who dreads to examine them, leſt they drive him to deſpair? It is a fallacious opinion that idlers *hurt nobody but themſelves*—Some wife ſuffers; ſome family is ſtarving; and ſome buſineſs neglected, from their waſteful imprudence. They are enemies to every-body, to their relatives more particularly; and to the community more generally, by the example they hold out to others.

It is diverting to hear my friend Tom Punctual tell a ſtory, or anecdote of any paſt tranſaction——"O, "Madam, I can tell you how that "happened; I well remember it "was on the ſixth day of June, in "the year 1778, about a quarter "paſt four o'clock in the afternoon, "as I was going to" &c. &c.—The Company ſtare, wondering how he remembers dates with ſo much exactneſs—Tom allows them to wonder, and to lay all to the account of his memory, as he knows they will but laugh at him, if he diſcovers his *ways and means* of recollection—Frequently he has aſked me ſuch a queſtion as this, "Pray, my dear Sir, do you "remember where you and I were "exactly four years ago at half paſt "nine in the evening?"——"No, in"deed, Tom, I have no remembrance of that hour"——"Then "I'll tell you—you and I then ſat "down at Maſſon's, and about half "paſt eleven we parted, after having drank *half a mutchkin* of punch "—I am juſt now endeavouring to "recollect who it was breakfaſted "with me the ſame day, but I'll let "you know, if you will ſtep home "with me"——This exactneſs renders Tom the wonder of the place; in dates, whether of months, weeks or days, no man will venture to enter the liſts with him: for oppoſite to all public tranſactions he has ſome little event of his own, which fixes the memory of the other.

Tom has calculated his life in a manner peculiar to himſelf——"If I die, ſays he, this year, I ſhall have lived according to the pariſh regiſter juſt thirty-five years; but according to my regiſter about forty-three, for the difference between theſe numbers is what I have added to my life by œconomy of time. I was twenty-five when I began to live on my new plan, the next year conſiſted of eighteen months; in two years I had added almoſt a twelve-month; ſometimes I go a little back, but ſoon recover it; and if I live to be ſeventy, I certainly ſhall have added thirty more years by ſaving time. Time, Sir, is like money; you muſt live not upon the principal ſum, otherwiſe it will ſoon be expended, and you will have nothing left; but upon the intereſt—and you may always make it produce you a large intereſt, which if too much for your conſumption, you may add to the principal, and become the richer man in time—your idle people, Sir, are thoſe who are running out their fortunes as it is called—Inſtead of one hour a day, for ordinary expence, they demand ten, or more. How then, Sir, can their ſtock laſt;—and when they are called upon to give account, behold, Sir, they have kept no account—Here are fifty years; give me an account of them? fifty years is a large ſum, a very large ſum, Sir, and you muſt give me ſome memorandums or other; how have you employed them? what have you been doing with this great amount? No anſwer can be given, but that they wiſh they had ſome part of it back again; which can never be; not a moment can be returned, although every moment muſt ſome-

how or other be accounted for."

In this manner, my friend Tom reaſons, and in a whimſical manner, peculiar to himſelf, carries on the compariſon between money and Time ——" Every day, Sir, is a pound ſterling; every hour I reckon as a ſhilling; ſo that a year makes 438 pounds ſterling—the leſſer portions of time are ſixpences and halfpence, which are to be carefully noted, Sir, otherwiſe, you know the proverb —(take care of the pounds and the pence will take care of themſelves)— " many *littles* make a *muckle*."

So much for a mechanical remedy againſt the waſte of time. The young who will practiſe it will find it eaſy in proportion to their perſeverance, and pleaſant in proportion to the accuracy with which they examine it every day, and retrench ſuperfluities. To thoſe who are devoted to folly, it will be unpleaſant; to the vicious, it muſt be impoſſible; for no man will record his own infamy.

*To the* Author *of the* TRIFLER.

SIR,

I am the only ſon of my father—and am nearly of age—I keep two horſes, a pack of hounds, a quantity of fiſhing rods—I am very partial to balls, plays and company; Pray am I a Trifler?

Yours,
JEMMY JESSAMY.

Refer the above queſtion to Meſſrs Trot and Sly—as witneſs my hand this 22d day of May.

Trifler.

TO THE TRIFLER.

SIR,

I am the young lady mentioned in your fifth paper, but I never encouraged the lover who ſaid to you he loved me—indeed I once danced with him, thrice eat gooſeberries in Robſlaw garden with him, and ſeven times walked in the Links with him —but it was all accident.

Yours, Sir,
EPPY MORGAN.

*P. S.* He is very handſome, and dances remarkably well; I am told his father will leave him every thing.

*Deſcription of the Iſles of* Skie *and* Raarſa. *By Dr* Johnſon.

*Extracted from his Letters to Mrs* Piozzi.

*Skie, Sept.* 6, 1773.

Dearest Madam,

I Am now looking on the ſea from a houſe of Sir Alexander Macdonald in the Iſle of Skie. Little did I once think of ſeeing this region of obſcurity, and little did you once expect a ſalutation from this verge of European life. I have now the pleaſure of going where nobody goes, and ſeeing what nobody ſees. Our deſign is to viſit ſeveral of the ſmaller iſlands, and then paſs over to the South Weſt of Scotland. . . . . .

I have been ſeveral days in the iſland of Raarſa, and am now again in the iſle of Skie, but at the other end of it.

Skie is almoſt equally divided between the two great families of Macdonald and Macleod, other proprietors having only ſmall diſtricts. The two great lords do not know within twenty ſquare miles the contents of their own territories.

———kept up but ill the reputation of Highland hoſpitality; we are now with Macleod, quite at the other end of the iſland, where there is a fine young gentleman and fine ladies. The ladies are ſtudying Earſe. I have a cold, and am miſerably deaf, and am

troubleſome to Lady Macleod; I force her to ſpeak loud, but ſhe will ſeldom ſpeak loud enough.

Raarſa is an iſland about fifteen miles long and two broad, under the dominion of one gentleman, who has three ſons and ten daughters; the eldeſt is the beauty of this part of the world, and has been poliſhed at Edinburgh: they ſing and dance, and without expence have upon their table moſt of what ſea, air, or earth can afford.

Boſwell, with ſome of his troubleſome kindneſs, has informed this family and reminded me that the 18th of September is my birth-day. The return of my birth-day, if I remember it, fills me with thoughts which it ſeems to be the general care of humanity to eſcape. I can now look back upon threeſcore and four years, in which little has been done, and little has been enjoyed; a life diverſified by miſery, ſpent part in the ſluggiſhneſs of penury, and part under the violence of pain, in gloomy diſcontent or importunate diſtreſs. But perhaps I am better than I ſhould have been if I had been leſs afflicted. With this I will try to be content.

In proportion as there is leſs pleaſure in retroſpective conſiderations, the mind is more diſpoſed to wander forward into futurity; but at ſixty-four what promiſes, however liberal, of imaginary good can futurity venture to make? yet ſomething will be always promiſed, and ſome promiſes will always be credited. I am hoping and I am praying that I may live better in the time to come, whether long or ſhort, than I have yet lived, and in the ſolace of that hope endeavour to repoſe. Dear Queeney's day is next, I hope ſhe at ſixty-four will have leſs to regret.

Lady Macleod is very good to me, and the place at which we now are, is equal in ſtrength of ſituation, in the wildneſs of the adjacent country, and in the plenty and elegance of the domeſtic entertainment, to a caſtle in Gothic romances. The ſea with a little iſland is before us; caſcades play within view. Cloſe to the houſe is the formidable ſkeleton of an old caſtle, probably Daniſh, and the whole maſs of building ſtands upon a protuberance of rock, inacceſſible till of late but by a pair of ſtairs on the ſea-ſide, and ſecure in ancient times againſt any enemy that was likely to invade the kingdom of Skie.

Macleod has offered me an iſland; if it were not too far off I ſhould hardly refuſe it: my iſland would be pleaſanter than Brighthelmſtone, if you and my maſter could come to it; but I cannot think it pleaſant to live quite alone.

Oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus et illis.

. . . . . .

You will now expect that I ſhould give you ſome account of the iſle of Skie, of which, though I have been twelve days upon it, I have little to ſay. It is an iſland perhaps fifty miles long, ſo much indented by inlets of the ſea that there is no part of it removed from the water more than ſix miles. No part that I have ſeen is plain; you are always climbing or deſcending, and every ſtep is upon rock or mire. A walk upon ploughed ground in England is a dance upon carpets, compared to the toilſome drudgery of wandering in Skie. There is neither town nor village in the iſland, nor have I ſeen any houſe but Macleod's, that is not much below your habitation at Brighthelmſtone. In the mountains there are ſtags and roebucks, but no hares, and few rabbits; nor have I ſeen any thing that intereſted me as a zoologiſt, except an otter bigger than I thought an otter could have been.

You are perhaps imagining that I am withdrawn from the gay and the buſy world into regions of peace and paſ-

paſtoral felicity, and am enjoying the reliques of the golden age; that I am ſurveying nature's magnificence from a mountain, or remarking her minuter beauties on the flowery bank of a winding rivulet; that I am invigorating myſelf in the ſunſhine, or delighting my imagination with being hidden from the invaſion of human evils and human paſſions in the darkneſs of a thicket; that I am buſy in gathering ſhells and pebbles on the ſhore, or contemplative on a rock from which I look upon the water, and conſider how many waves are rolling between me and Streatham.

The uſe of travelling is to regulate imagination by reality, and inſtead of thinking how things may be, to ſee them as they are. Here are mountains which I ſhould once have climbed, but to climb ſteps is now very laborious, and to deſcend them dangerous; and I am now content with knowing, that by ſcrambling up a rock, I ſhall only ſee other rocks, and a wider circuit of barren deſolation. Of ſtreams, we have here a ſufficient number, but they murmur not upon pebbles, but upon rocks. Of flowers, if Chloris herſelf were here, I could preſent her only with the bloom of heath. Of lawns and thickets, he muſt read that would know them, for here is little ſun and no ſhade. On the ſea I look from my window, but am not much tempted to the ſhore; for ſince I came to this iſland, almoſt every breath of air has been a ſtorm, and what is worſe, a ſtorm with all its ſeverity, but without its magnificence, for the ſea is here ſo broken into channels that there is not a ſufficient volume of water either for lofty ſurges or a loud roar.

On Sept. 6th, we left ——— to viſit Raarſa, the iſland which I have already mentioned. We were received on the ſea-ſide, and after clambering with ſome difficulty over the rocks, a labour which the traveller, wherever he repoſes himſelf on land, muſt in theſe iſlands be contented to endure; we were introduced into the houſe, which one of the company called the Court of Raarſa, with politeneſs which not the Court of Verſailles could have thought defective. The houſe is not large, though we were told in our paſſage that it had eleven fine rooms, nor magnificently furniſhed, but our utenſils were moſt commonly ſilver. We went up into a dining room, about as large as your blue room, where we had ſomething given us to eat, and tea and coffee.

Raarſa himſelf is a man of no inelegant appearance, and of manners uncommonly refined. Lady Raarſa makes no very ſublime appearance for a ſovereign, but ſhe is a good wife, and a very prudent and diligent conductreſs of her family. Miſs Flora Macleod is a celebrated beauty; has been admired at Edinburgh; dreſſes her head very high; and has manners ſo lady-like, that I wiſh her head-dreſs was lower. The reſt of the nine girls are all pretty; the youngeſt is between Queeney and Lucy. The youngeſt boy, of four years old, runs bareſoot, and wandered with us over the rocks to ſee a mill. I believe he would walk on that rough ground without ſhoes ten miles in a day.

Raarſa and its provinces have deſcended to its preſent poſſeſſor through a ſucceſſion of four hundred years, without any increaſe or diminution. It was indeed lately in danger of forfeiture, but the old Laird joined ſome prudence with his zeal, and when Prince Charles landed in Scotland, made over his eſtate to his ſon, the preſent Laird, and led one hundred men of Raarſa into the field, with officers of his own family. Eighty-ſix only came back after the laſt battle. The Prince was hidden, in his diſtreſs, two nights at Raarſa, and the king's troops burnt the whole country and killed ſome of the cattle.

You

You may gueſs at the opinions that prevail in this country; they are, however, content with fighting for their king; they do not drink for him. We had no fooliſh healths. At night, unexpectedly to us who were ſtrangers, the carpet was taken up, and a very vigorous and general dance was begun. We were two-and-thirty at ſupper; there were full as many dancers; for though all who ſupped did not dance, ſome danced of the young people who did not ſup. Raarſa himſelf danced with his children, and old Malcolm, in his filibeg, was as nimble as when he led the Prince over the mountains. When they had danced themſelves weary, two tables were ſpread, and I ſuppoſe at leaſt twenty diſhes were upon them. In this country ſome preparations of milk are always ſerved up at ſupper, and ſometimes in the place of tarts at dinner. The table was not coarſely heaped, but at once plentiful and elegant. They did not pretend to make a loaf; there are only cakes, commonly of oats or barley, but they made me very nice cakes of wheat flour. I always ſat on the left hand of Lady Raarſa, and young Macleod of Skie, the chieftain of the clan, ſat on the right.

After ſupper a young lady who was viſiting ſung Earſe ſongs, in which Lady Raarſa joined prettily enough, but not gracefully; the young ladies ſuſtained the chorus better. They are very little uſed to be aſked queſtions, and not well prepared with anſwers. When one of the ſongs was over, I aſked the princeſs that ſat next me, *What is that about?* I queſtion if ſhe conceived that I did not underſtand it. For the entertainment of the company, ſaid ſhe. But, Madam, what is the meaning of it? It is a love ſong. This was all the intelligence that I could obtain; nor have I been able to procure the tranſlation of a ſingle line of Earſe.

At twelve it was bed time. I had a chamber to myſelf, which, in eleven rooms to forty people, was more than my ſhare. How the company and the family were diſtributed is not eaſy to tell. Macleod the chieftain, and Boſwell, and I, had all ſingle chambers on the firſt floor. There remained eight rooms only for at leaſt ſeven-and-thirty lodgers. I ſuppoſe they put up temporary beds in the dining-room, where they ſtowed all the young ladies. There was a room above ſtairs with ſix beds, in which they put ten men.

Sept. 9th. Having paſſed the night as is uſual, I roſe, and found the dining-room full of company; we feaſted and talked, and when the evening came, it brought muſic and dancing. Young Macleod, the great proprietor of Skie, was very diſtinguiſhable; a young man of nineteen; bred a while at St Andrews, and afterwards at Oxford; a pupil of G. Strahan. He is a young man of a mind as much advanced as I have ever known; very elegant of manners, and very graceful in his perſon. He has the full ſpirit of a feudal chief; and I was very ready to accept his invitation to Dunvegan. All Raarſa's children are beautiful. The ladies all, except the eldeſt, are in the morning dreſſed in their hair. The true Highlander never wears more than a ribband on her head till ſhe is married.

On the third day Boſwell went out with old Malcolm to ſee a ruined caſtle, which he found more entire than was promiſed, but he ſaw the country. I did not go, for the caſtle was perhaps ten miles off, and there is no riding at Raarſa, the whole iſland being rock or mountain, from which the cattle often fall and are deſtroyed. It is very barren, and maintains, as near as I could collect, about ſeven hundred inhabitants, perhaps ten to a ſquare mile. In theſe countries you are not to ſuppoſe that you ſhall find villages or incloſures. The traveller wanders

through

through a naked deſart, gratified ſometimes, but rarely, with the ſight of cows, and now and then finds a heap of looſe ſtones and turf in a cavity between rocks, where a being, born with all thoſe powers which education expands, and all thoſe ſenſations which culture refines, is condemned to ſhelter itſelf from the wind and rain. Philoſophers there are who try to make themſelves believe that this life is happy, but they believe it only while they are ſaying it, and never yet produced conviction in a ſingle mind: he, whom want of words or images ſunk into ſilence, ſtill thought, as he thought before, that privation of pleaſure can never pleaſe, and that content is not to be much envied, when it has no other principle than ignorance of good.

This gloomy tranquillity, which ſome may call fortitude, and others wiſdom, was, I believe, for a long time to be very frequently found in theſe dens of poverty: every man was content to live like his neighbours, and never wandering from home, ſaw no mode of life preferable to his own, except at the houſe of the laird, or the laird's neareſt relations, whom he conſidered as a ſuperior order of beings, to whoſe luxuries or honours he had no pretenſions. But the end of this reverence and ſubmiſſion ſeems now approaching; the Highlanders have learned that there are countries leſs bleak and barren than their own, where, inſtead of working for the laird, every man may till his own ground, and eat the produce of his own labour. Great numbers have been induced by this diſcovery to go every year for ſome time paſt to America. Macdonald and Macleod of Skie have loſt many tenants and many labourers, but Raarſa has not yet been forſaken by a ſingle inhabitant.

Rona is yet more rocky and barren than Raarſa, and though it contains perhaps four thouſand acres, is poſſeſſed only by a herd of cattle and the keepers.

I find myſelf not very able to walk upon the mountains, but one day I went out to ſee the walls yet ſtanding of an ancient chapel. In almoſt every iſland the ſuperſtitious votaries of the Romiſh church erected places of worſhip, in which the drones of convents or cathedrals performed the holy offices, but by the active zeal of Proteſtant devotion, almoſt all of them have ſunk into ruin. The chapel at Raarſa is now only conſidered as the burying-place of the family, and I ſuppoſe of the whole iſland.

We would now have gone away, and left room for others to enjoy the pleaſures of this little court, but the wind detained us till the 12th, when, though it was Sunday, we thought it proper to ſnatch the opportunity of a calm day. Raarſa accompanied us in his ſix-oared boat, which he ſaid was his coach and ſix. It is indeed the vehicle in which the ladies take the air and pay their viſits, but they have taken very little care for accommodations. There is no way in or out of the boat for a woman, but by being carried; and in the boat thus dignified with a pompous name, there is no ſeat but an occaſional bundle of ſtraw. Thus we left Raarſa; the ſeat of plenty, civility, and chearfulneſs.

We dined at a public houſe at Port Re; ſo called becauſe one of the Scottiſh kings landed there, in a progreſs through the weſtern iſles. Raarſa paid the reckoning privately. We then got on horſeback, and by a ſhort but very tedious journey came to Kingſburgh, at which the ſame king lodged after he landed. Here I had the honour of ſaluting the far-famed Miſs Flora Macdonald, who conducted the Prince, dreſſed as her maid, through the Engliſh forces from the iſland of Lewes; and, when ſhe came to Skie, dined with the Engliſh officers, and left her maid below. She muſt then

have

have been a very young lady; she is now not old; of a pleasing person, and elegant behaviour. She told me that she thought herself honoured by my visit; and I am sure that whatever regard she bestowed on me was liberally repaid. "If thou likest her opi-" nions, thou wilt praise her virtue." She was carried to London, but dismissed without a trial, and came down with Malcom Macleod, against whom sufficient evidence could not be procured. She and her husband are poor, and are going to try their fortune in America.

Sic rerum volvitur orbis.

[To be concluded in our next.]

## To the EDITOR of the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

*Most of your readers have heard of a woman in Edinburgh, who after being hanged came to life again, and was called* Half-hanged Meg Dickson. *I send you a similar story, well authenticated, but still more surprizing. I am,*

*Sir, Your humble servant,*

S. S.

## *An Account of* Ann Green.

IN the year 1650, one *Ann Green*, a servant to Sir *Thomas Read*, of *Dunstrew*, in *Oxfordshire*, being with child by a servant in the family, by over-working herself, fell in labour at the end of the fourth month. But not knowing what was the matter, she repaired to a necessary-house, where after some time, a child, not above a span long, fell from her unawares. Shortly after some stains appearing on the linen where she lay, and she having confessed herself guilty of the cause, a search was made, and the child found. On this, she was, three days after her delivery, carried to the Castle at *Oxford*, where an Assize being held by a special Commission, she was arraigned, tried, and condemned; and, according to her sentence, hanged in the Castle-yard, where she hung the usual time, but still stirring, she was pulled by the legs, struck on the breast, and in the end had several strokes given her on the stomach with the butt-end of a soldier's musket. Being cut down, she was put into a coffin, and brought away to be dissected; when, upon opening the coffin, (although the rope remained still unloosed, and tight about her neck) they perceived her breast to heave. On this, one, to put her out of her pain, set his foot on her breast and belly: then he struck her again with the butt-end of his musket. Notwithstanding all which, when Sir *William Petty*, Professor of Anatomy in the University, came to prepare the body for dissection, they perceived a rattling in her throat. Whereupon desisting from their purpose, they opened a vein, laid her in a warm bed, and caused another to go to bed to her. In about fourteen hours she began to revive, and soon spoke plainly.

The officers would have taken her again to have compleated the execution; but through the mediation of the Doctors, who were present, the Governor of the town set a guard upon her to hinder all disturbance, till a pardon was procured for her.

Dr *Petty* and other Doctors enquiring concerning her sense and apprehensions, during the time of her hanging, till she came to herself, she affirmed, That she neither remembered how her fetters were taken off; how she went out of prison; when she was turned off the ladder; nor any thing at the gallows: nor was she sensible of any pain she had felt. What is farther observable is, that she came to herself as one awaking

out of ſleep: not recovering her ſpeech by degrees, but at once, and beginning to ſpeak juſt where ſhe left off at the gallows.

After being perfectly recovered, and having returned thanks to God and her Benefactors, for her deliverance, ſhe retired to *Steeple Barton* in the ſame county, where ſhe married; had three children; and lived in good repute for ſeveral years.

## Literary Chronicle and Review.

*Sketches of Society and Manners in Portugal. In a Series of Letters from Arthur William Coſtigan, Eſq; late a Captain of the Iriſh Brigade in the Service of Spain, to his Brother in London. In Two Volumes.* 8vo. 10s. boards. London, 1788.

TO voyages and travels are we indebted for much of the knowledge which now enlightens the mercantile, political, and literary world. They have contributed to improve the theory and practice of commerce; they have broken down the partition-walls of ignorance; man is better known to man; nations look beyond their own narrow circle, and perceive that they had not attained to the perfection which ignorance always ſuppoſes: a mutual adoption of what appears preferable in each of courſe takes place, and manners and civil polity are gainers.

Nor is the field unfruitful to the various deſcriptions of literary men; it produces both flowers and fruit; it preſents a wider and more varied range to the imagination of the poet; and from it the antiquarian, the naturaliſt, the hiſtorian, the philoſopher, &c. may reap a plentiful harveſt. We ſay *may* reap; for much care is neceſſary to ſeparate the wheat from the chaff. In the maſs of publications of this kind many can only contribute to the propagation of error, or lend their aid to while away an idle or liſtleſs hour. To hear and to ſee with diſcernment, to collect facts with diligence and ſelection, to judge with preciſion and impartiality, are talents which fall to the ſhare of few. Yet, who does not think himſelf capable of writing travels? And who does not write travels—ſuch as they are?

The writer of the letter now before us appears to have given a faithful deſcription of the country he viſited. The picture is gloomy and diſguſting; but we are afraid that, in moſt points, it approaches too near the reality. Portugal, with reſpect to arts, ſciences, arms, agriculture, morals, religion, and all that can render a nation happy and reſpectable, ſeems to be in the loweſt ſtate of degradation. There the deareſt rights of mankind are trampled under foot by deſpotiſm, and the groſſeſt ſuperſtition triumphs over humanity and common ſenſe. A few extracts from the "Sketches" will be a convincing proof of what we advance.

'Every regiment in Portugal is under the protection of ſome particular ſaint. A certain regiment, formed about a hundred years ago, took St. Anthony of Liſbon for its patron and protector, who, ſoon after, received a captain's commiſſion in the ſame, and has received the appointments regularly ever ſince! which are employed, as well as twopence per month, paid by every individual in the regiment, in ſaying a ſtated number of maſſes for the ſouls of all thoſe of it who die; in celebrating the feſtival of the ſaint; in ſupporting the chaplains, adorning the chapel, and defraying other incidental charges, under the inſpection of an officer the regiment appoints for that purpoſe; and this poſt of ſuperintendent of St Anthony, the major

major of our regiment, who is a a nobleman (fidalgo) and a blockhead, has occupied with great zeal and devotion for ſome years paſt, and has never ſince ceaſed teazing the court with memorials and certificates of ſervices in favour of St. Anthony, that he might be promoted to the rank of aggregate-major in the regiment.'

Here follows the certificate, eſtabliſhing the character of St Anthony as a man of honour and a good ſoldier:

'Don Hercules Antonio Carlos Luiz Joſeph Maria de Albuquerque e Aranjo de Magalhaens Homen, nobleman of her majeſty's houſehold, knight of the ſacred order of St. Jeruſalem, and the towns of Moncarapacho and Terragudo, hereditary acaide mor of the city of Faro, and major of the regiment of infantry of the city of Lagos, in this kingdom of Algarve, for her moſt faithful majeſty, whom God long preſerve, &c. &c. &c.

'I atteſt and certify, to all who ſhall ſee theſe preſents, written out by my command, and ſigned at the bottom with my ſign manual, with the broad ſeal of my arms, cloſe by my ſaid ſignature, and a little to the left of it, that the Lord St Anthony, otherwiſe the great St. Anthony of Liſbon, (commonly and falſely called of Padua) has been enliſted, and had a place in this regiment, ever ſince the 24th of January, of the year of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt 1668, as will appear more particularly below: I farther atteſt, that the fifty-nine within certificates, numbered from unity up to the number fifty-nine, and with the cypher of my name ſet cloſe by each number, do contain and comprehend a true and faithful relation of the miracles and the other eminent ſervices the ſaid St. Anthony has, at different times, rendered to and performed in this regiment, in conſequence of his having a place in it, wherein, beſides many other inconteſtible evidences, I am confirmed, by having converſed with many of the parties now alive, who received theſe ſervices from the ſaid ſaint; that, therefore, to doubt of the veracity of the miracles is as heinous a crime againſt the Holy Ghoſt as to doubt of any of the dogmas of our holy faith, or of the miracles of Chriſt himſelf, the evidences whereof are not ſo ſtrong and convincing as thoſe in the preſent inſtance before us, and by which our bleſſed Saviour's own words are fulfilled, when he told his diſciples that, "after me ſhall come thoſe who ſhall do greater works than I have done;" which prophecy clearly pointed to our great St. Anthony.

'I do farther certify, upon my word of honour as a nobleman, a knight, a catholic Chriſtian (as with God's grace I am), what hereunder follows:

'That, having read over and peruſed attentively all the papers, note-books, and regiſters of our regiment, ever ſince its formation, and having carefully copied out of the ſaid papers every thing relating to the above-named St. Anthony, it is, *de verbo ad verbum*, what follows here: for the truth of which I refer to the ſaid books and papers, lodged in the archives of our regiment.

'That, on the 24th of January, 1688, by order of his majeſty Don Pedro the Second (whom God has in glory), then prince regent of the kingdom of Portugal, directed to the viceroy of his kingdom of Algarve, was St Anthony enliſted as a private ſoldier in this regiment of infantry, of Lagos, when it was firſt formed by command of the ſame prince; and of ſuch enliſtment of St. Anthony there was a regiſter formed, which now exiſts in the firſt volume of the regiſter-book of the regiment. fol. 143, ver. and wherein he gave for

his caution and ſurety the queen of angels, who became anſwerable that he would not deſert his colours, but behave always like a good ſoldier in the regiment: and thus did the ſaint continue to ſerve and do duty as a private in the regiment till September the 12th, 1693, on which day the ſame prince regent became king of Portugal, by the deceaſe of his brother Don Affonco the Sixth; and on the ſame day his majeſty promoted St. Anthony to the rank of captain in the regiment, for having, a ſhort time before, valiantly put himſelf at the head of a detachment of the regiment, which was marching from Jurumenha to the garriſon of Olivenca, both in the province of the Alentejo, and beat off a ſtrong body of Caſtillians, four times the number of the ſaid detachment, which body had been ſet in ambuſh for them, with the intention of carrying them all priſoners to Badajox, the enemy having, by their ſpies, obtained information of their march.

'I do farther certify, that, in all the above papers and regiſters, there is not any note of St Anthony of bad behaviour or irregularity committed by him, nor of his having ever been flogged, impriſoned, or any way puniſhed by his officers, while private in the regiment: that, during the whole time he has been a captain, now near a hundred years, he has conſtantly done his duty with the greateſt alacrity at the head of his company, upon all occaſions, in peace and war, and as ſuch has been ſeen by his ſoldiers, times without number, as they are all ready to teſtify; and, in every other reſpect, he has always behaved like a gentleman and an officer; and on all the abovementioned accounts, I hold him moſt worthy and deſerving of the rank of aggregate-major to our regiment, and of every other honour, grace or favour, her majeſty ſhall be graciouſly pleaſed to beſtow upon him. In teſtimony whereof I have hereto ſigned my name, this 25th day of March, of the year of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt 1777.

(L. S.) 'MAGALHAEN HOMEM.'

'Our Lady of the Empyræum, and the little Jeſus in her arms, will furniſh us with another inſtance of their ſuperſtition:

'After examining this chapel, full of beautiful Moſaic paintings, the Sacriſtan led us to the great altar, where, drawing aſide a long damaſk curtain, there was diſcovered a magnificent image of the Virgin, with the child Jeſus in her arms; the Virgin was dreſſed out in ſplendid robes, ſhining with gold, and a crown, ornamented with large ſtones of various colours, encircled her head; ſhe ſtood upon the moon, in the form of a creſcent, and all around her were painted numbers of ſtars in gold, upon an azure ground; and ſhe had the title or invocation of Noſſa Senhora do Empyreo, our Lady of the Empyræum; the child had a ſmall globe in one hand, and a ſceptre in the other. But what conſtituted the miraculous in this image was, the information of the friendly Sacriſtan, who had put on conſecrated gloves, and his ſtola over his ſurplice, before he durſt preſume to look at it.

'The account he gave us was that the child Jeſus, whom we there ſaw in his mother's arms, grew ſenſibly every year; that they cut his fingers and toe nails frequently, the parings whereof he had carefully preſerved; and he aſſured us farther, it was regiſtered in the hiſtorical memoirs of the church (which he offered to ſhew us), that, about two hundred years ago, the child uſed to deſcend from its mother's arms, at the invitation of two children of its own ſize, who then came into the church to viſit it, and that they had been often ſeen all to-

together, eating their afternoon's luncheon, *merenda*, upon the steps of the altar; that afterwards the child Jesus informed them he spoke to them, as it accordingly happened; that they were both found dead on their knees before the Virgin, with their hands joined in attitude of praying; that their relics were carefully preserved under the same altar, and a yearly festival had been instituted there in commemoration of such a miracle.'

It is to be remarked that this holy and wise Sacristan was a Portugueze nobleman, who had committed a murder, accompanied with the most aggravating circumstances of horror, and had obtained his pardon at Rome, with recommendations as a fit person to attend on our Lady of the Empyræum and her son!

Having already given so many extracts from these letters, the nature of our publication does not permit us to insert any of the numerous instances of that despotism which prevails in Portugal, and which, with the aid of superstition, has sunk that kingdom far below the level of the other European nations. From the author's general reflections, towards the close of the second volume, may be gathered his opinion of the Portugueze nation, after having carefully examined them in various points of view:

'This little country presents a striking instance of how far the human mind and character may be depraved and corrupted by the baneful influence of a domineering and fictitious mode of worship, which has entirely banished and suppressed every sentiment of virtue, or almost any attempt towards the goodness of a moral action, which (to use such an expression) can with difficulty be committed here without being censured by the active and dangerous spies and ministers of a jealous and worthless religion.

'The nature of this government may be fairly pronounced the most despotic of any kingdom in Europe; and I believe I have hinted to you, in former epistles, that the established law is generally a dead letter, excepting where its decrees are carried into execution by the supplementary mandates of the sovereign, which are generally employed in defeating the purposes of safety and protection, which law is calculated to extend equally over all the subjects.

'Considering the incredible degree of ignorance in which the sovereign princes of Portugal have been educated, at least ever since the rash and unfortunate King Sebastian; considering the singular degree of imbecility, and want of talents, which have so remarkably distinguished the reigning family of Braganca, from the first king, Don John the Fourth (who would not have dared to accept the crown his people held out to him, had not his wife, a high-spirited Spaniard, urged him on to that act of rebellion against her native country), to the present moment in which any hope of bettering their situation, by a favourable prospect of the future, are sadly precluded by the dispositions of the heir-apparent, the present Prince of the Brazils, not to say a word of the two royal personages who actually fill the throne, and with the utmost despotism reign over, and have three millions of people submit to their weak government.

'The poverty of the whole nobility of this country can only be equalled by the meanness and pusillanimity of their dispositions, and the narrowness of their understandings, very unlike our Spanish Hidalgos in this, as in most other respects; where you shall find, in many of the provinces, several of the nobility who live like independent gentlemen upon their own estates in the country, or in the capital of their province, appearing very seldom at

at court; whereas here their whole employment is ſneaking and cringing about court, ſoliciting ſome favour either for themſelves or their numerous needy dependents. No nobleman here dare quit his native country, not for a night, much leſs to travel abroad, without the expreſs leave of the prince, which it has been always found exceedingly difficult to obtain; nor, on the deceaſe of any duke, marquis, or count, can the ſon and heir aſſume his father's title without firſt obtaining a new grace and grant of it from the ſovereign. It will, therefore, readily appear how much ſuch a ſet of nobility, ſo totally dependent for their very exiſtence as ſuch on the nod of the prince, will be diſpoſed to ſtand by and ſupport him in all his meaſures, however iniquitous, and conſequently with what impunity ſuch a re-union of eccleſiaſtical, civil, and military power may abuſe, inſult, and tread upon the far more numerous and deſerving part of the nation.

'With regard to agriculture, how will he be ſurpriſed when told that, in this country, there is one province alone capable of producing double the quantity of wheat neceſſary to ſupply the whole nation yearly; and yet that, at preſent, all the provinces of the kingdom together do not produce the half of what is requiſite for a year's ſubſiſtence; and that, without the abundant ſupplies of wheat, rice, and ſalt fiſh, imported yearly, the inhabitants of the moſt fertile part of Europe muſt literally ſtarve for want of ſomething to eat? That ſo ſo far are they from being overcharged with taxes, as in a commercial country like England, there are, comparatively ſpeaking, no taxes here—for an excellent reaſon, becauſe the people have no money wherewithal to pay them. That the trade is either in the hands of foreigners, of the crown, or a few monopolizing companies, who purchaſe from the prince, at exorbitant rates, the noxious privilege of preventing the benefits of commerce from flowing, as nearly as poſſible, in an equality through all the members of the community? And, finally, that without gold, which numbers of condemned unfortunate wretches are continually tearing from the bowels of the earth, and remitting from the New World to the Old, it would be utterly impoſſible for Portugal to ſubſiſt for ſix months as a ſeparate and independent ſtate?'

*Extract from Lady* WALLACE'S *Comedy of* The Ton; or Follies of Faſhion.

## ACT II.

*Scene*, Lady Raymond, ſola.

THIS is a ſad life I've got into. My Lord forgets I'm a ſtranger to the great world;—I will however endeavour to ſteal him from his follies, and to acquire ſome knowledge of thoſe around me, though left unguided in thoſe ſcenes of diſſipation; independent of my fond attachment to *him*, I never can forget what I owe *myſelf*.

*Enter* Lord *and* Lady Bonton, Daffodil, *and* Macpharo.

*Lady Bonton.* Allow me to preſent to you the irreſiſtible Captain Daffodil.—If you will take *his* word for it, he is the aſſaſſin of every heart in the purlieus of St. James's; take care, ma chere, elſe he will have *you* on his liſt very ſoon.

*Lady Raymond.* Fortunately for me, the charms of Raymond have taken out of my keeping, a treaſure, which, in this gay world, it ſeems few females *can* keep.

*Lady Bonton,* [*Aſide.*] What a poor ignorant ſimpleton it is!

*Lord Bonton.* If this be all that we have to fear, it yet may come amongſt

mongſt us; for Raymond ſoon will reſign a charge, he can't be ſo untoniſh as to accept from his wife! ha! ha!

*Daffodil.* Eſpecially, when he has concerns of that nature to occupy him more faſhionably elſewhere! he! he!

*Lady Raymond.* However my Lord, from faſhion, may appear to ſlight his wife, he has too much delicacy not to value her affections, and only leaves her ſo much to herſelf, becauſe ſhe perfectly poſſeſſes his eſteem—which ſhe never can forfeit.

*Lord Bonton.* 'Pon my ſoul, a pretty way of conſtruing a huſband's indifference into a compliment!—Ha! ha! ha!

*Daffodil.* But I truſt her Ladyſhip will, in a little time, humanize—and give up theſe miſplac'd plebeian ideas! he! he!

*Lady Raymond,* (*aſide.*) Petulant coxcomb!

*Lady Bonton.* Why are you not at the rehearſal of the opera this morning?—The new ſinger is divine.—Oh, the celeſtial creature!—I was all rapture!

*Macpharo,* (*aſide.*) Oh, now juſt as if every body did not know that the *terreſtrial* craturès pleaſe her far better.

*Lady Raymond* I like muſic very much;—but I have enough of it in the evening;---mere ſound pleaſes---but cannot occupy *my* mind.

*Lady Bonton.* Lord, child! you muſt leave the morality, wit, and ſatire of the drama to your *ſenſible, ſtupid, reaſoning* folks,---as for my part, I don't underſtand them.

But if you an't in raptures with Signor Trillini, you'll be thought quite Gothic.

*Daffodil.* 'Pon my ſoul, we will call you La Belle Sauvage! he! he!

*Lady Raymond.* I'm no *Ton* lady, and as I'm never *violent*, I want the moſt neceſſary ingredient to form one.

*Macpharo.* 'Pon my ſoul then, your Ladyſhip is ſo divine, you may make what you pleaſe the Ton.

*Daffodil.* Perhaps her Ladyſhip diſlikes the opera ſingers, becauſe they are like faſhionable huſbands! he! he! he!

*Macpharo.* Like faſhionable huſbands!---How is that, Daffodil?---is it becauſe they are uſually accompanied by horns?

*Lady Bonton.* More likely, becauſe they have moſt ſtrange crotchets, and are often out of tune.

*Daffodil.* He! he! monſtrous clever, my lady; very well, indeed:---but the ſimilitude which I meant was, becauſe they never compoſe their own *airs!*---he! he! he!

*Lady Bonton.* 'Pon my word, Captain, you're quite brilliant this morning.

*Macpharo.* I fancy, Daffodil borrows his wit as well as his money, it is ſo plenty.

*Macpharo.* You flatter me too much.——[*to Lady* Bonton.] I hope your ladyſhip's illluck did not continue laſt night.---They made quite a dove of me at the club.

*Lady Bonton.* Pray don't talk of it!---I loſt every thing---I abſolutely loſt eight hundred pounds on one card; and it grew worſe after ſupper.---I got to bed by ſix, but faro had murdered ſleep.—Have you been at Bath theſe holidays, Captain?

*Daffodil.* This year I kept away from Bath in compaſſion to the poor miſſes;---for no ſooner do the mammas read my name amongſt the arrivals, than the girls are locked up in garrets and cellars.

*Lady Bonton.* Poor Daffodil!---I hear you ſent laſt year ſeveral to the hot-wells in conſumptions from pining deſpair.

*Daffodil.* It is vaſtly fooliſh in the girls to allow themſelves to be caught with me.---I never pay any attention

but

but to married women.---I can't bear the miſſes---they are ſo fooliſh in their calf love! he! he!

*Lady Raymond, (aſide.)* Calf love, indeed, if they love with ſuch a thing as thou art!

*Lady Bonton.* But, Daffodil, where are your vouchers for your killed and wounded?—for I am quite an infidel in love matters.

*Lord Bonton.* Oh pray look at his face and figure, then think on his wit to captivate the heart! ha! ha!

*Lady Bonton.* Well, at leaſt he is as amuſing as a dice box, or a race-horſe, to which you devote your ſoul, body, and eſtate.

*Macpharo, (aſide.)* Faith, I'll be bound, if he is not amuſing, that is not *her* fault.

*Lord Bonton.* Gad, if my horſes had won no more plates than Daffy has hearts and favours from the ladies, I ſhould have cut a curſed bad figure on the turf! ha! ha!

*Daffodil.* I muſt go, my dear ladies; I have an appointment of great conſequence.

[*Exit* Daffodil *affectedly.*

*Lady Bonton.* Well, I do believe that Maſter Daffodil, like moſt of the beaux of St. James's ſtreet, dreams all his bonne fortunes and ſucceſſes.

*Lady Raymond.* Yet, when women will appear pleas'd to be followed by ſuch empty coxcombs, whoſe only recommendation is a pretty face and perſon—

*Lord Bonton.* Why, to be ſure, people may imagine what ſort of pleaſures they afford.

*Macpharo.* Theſe bragging fellows I never believe.

*Lady Bonton.* Were one to make a ſlip, for that very reaſon thoſe bragging fellows would be the choiceſt creatures alive to make the faux pas with; for when they tell, no one believes them! ha! ha! [*All laugh.*

*Lady Bonton.* Lord, child! it is impoſſible for you to do without thoſe young fellows!—One has no eclat in the world, except one is attended by the men,—or conſequence even, were we angels of perfection.

*Macpharo.* And you ſurely cannot ſuppoſe that your huſband will be ſo ridiculous as to be tagging after his wife.

*Lady Bonton.* Oh, no; if you meet him, it will be with his girl, or paying divine honors to a friend's wife.—You may, during the honey-moon, prefer him—but depend upon it, as Daffodil ſays, you will certainly humanize—Lord! I ſhould die of the vapours—not exiſt without the men:—to what end dreſs—opera—party—or aſſembly?—and I'm ſure I ſee leſs of my Lord than of any man I know.

*Lord Bonton.* My dear, if you wiſh to be adored by men and women, and enjoy perfect happineſs, follow my example:— give petit ſoupees—aſk thoſe couples that will be happieſt to meet each other—have a faro-table and laugh at every thing.—A leader of the Ton ſurpaſſes in power a reigning Empreſs.

*Macpharo.* Faith, it beſtows every advantage that empire can. It aggrandizes the low born,—ſets at nought ancient titles—makes the great do *little* things without reproach, and little people do *great* ones, without praiſe or reward.

*Lady Bonton.* It makes the poor rich, and the rich laugh at being impoveriſhed.

*Macpharo.* People of Ton require no money.

*Lady Bonton.* No—only for one's card purſe;—for one has credit in every ſhop, and it were vulgar to pay one's bills.

*Lord Bonton.* Mechanics are flattered to have people of faſhion on their books, tho' they were ſure to become bankrupts in their ſervice! ha! ha! ha!

*Lady Raymond.* They muſt run

all risks, lest the French get all their custom.

*Lady Bonton.* Why, you know, child, every thing French is the rage at present.

*Lady Raymond.* I wish that rage was shewn against—in place of for them—for our manufactures are shamefully neglected.

*Macpharo.* Don't say so, my lady.—Have not half the fine ladies home manufactures of their own faces and figures. [*All laugh.*

*Lady Bonton.* But still the materials are French.

*Macpharo.* Long may it be so, that all English false colours may be French.

*Lady Raymond.* And soon may every British face be asham'd to carry them.

*Macpharo.* Away with the roses and lilies of France, I say; English flesh and blood for me.

*Lady Bonton.* Can you really admire robust vulgar health!—Horrid wretch!—I vow, I never see a country-looking Miss with a complection like a half ripe cherry, but it sets my teeth an edge!

*Macpharo.* Faith, then, it makes my mouth water sure enough.

*Lady Bonton.* But with dear rouge one can assume any character one pleases, by the quantity; be either languishing, fiere—or tender.

*Lady Raymond.* But are those all the mighty advantages of high Ton? if so———

*Lady Bonton.* No, child, they are supreme!—for with each frown a reputation dies—and a sneer from *Ton* renders all *vulgar* praise ridiculous!

*Lady Raymond.* And it is quite bourgeois to countenance one's relations, except equally fashionable; or bestow any mark of approbation on humble virtue.—Before I had the honour of being Lord Raymond's wife, I remember well the slights that I received from Lady Hurricane, a rantipole Tonish sister of my mother's; She carried on the little intercourse she had with me, with as much, nay more, secrecy, than she did her amouretts! ha! ha!—for it would have made her far more unhappy, to have had it known, that I, whom *no body knew*, was with her, than if it had been reported that she had committed the most outrageous faux pas—ha! ha! [*All ha! ha! ha!*

*Macpharo.* Ha! ha!—now that is so like her!———

*Lady Raymond.* She never ask'd me to her house, when any one, but some untonish country cousin was to be there, and that, only that she might chatter and fill us with wonder at her account of her vanities, and finery: but I verily believe, she'd sooner have made the enormous sacrifice of staying one night at home, than have been seen with me in public! ha! ha! [*All, ha! ha! ha!*

*Macpharo.* Indeed, Ton releases one from all vulgar attentions, and from all connections out of its own circle.

*Lady Bonton.* I vow, my dear, you must adopt its system; for if you persist in your hideous sentimentals, you'll tire every body a la mort.—Every man will regret that he is not your husband, that he may be at liberty to shun you.—I protest I get—[*Yawns.*] such a dose whenever I see you, that I can't adjust my dimples, and *enjoument* for an hour. [*Looking in the glass*]——Frightful! I absolutely look as doleful as if I was just come from the funeral of my favourite monkey.

*Macpharo.* Oh, you are most bewitching! such a languor in your eyes, one dares look on them now, without being totally consumed, which I sometimes fear———

*Lady Bonton.* Oh, your agreeable wretch!—you are quite charming to put me in spirits again.——[*Gives him*

*him her hand which he kiſſes.*] There ——I'll carry you with me to the exhibition to chaſſee ennui. [*Pulls away her hand.*] But don't devour me. [*To Lady* Raymond.] Will you go, my dear?

*Lady Raymond.* I promis'd to call on Lady Clairville.

*Macpharo, (aſide).* Lady Raymond is not a bit jealous, I have but bad chance, I fear.

*Lady Bonton.* This is a moſt ſingular affair between her and Ormond.

*Lady Raymond.* As Miſs Raymond is my ſiſter, it is not a ſubject for *me* to mention to her, and I know not what to think of it.

*Lady Bonton.* Poor Lady Clairville, who was all vivacity, is in ſad diſtreſs.

*Lady Raymond.* Yet ſhe appears with proper dignity, and *as yet*, I fancy, knows nothing of his marriage with Miſs Raymond.

*Lady Bonton.* I fear *more* has paſs'd than we are aware of;——tho' Lady Clairville is very *prudent*.

*Lord Bonton.* Why, is it ſo odd, that Ormond ſhould change his mind? ——It would be deviliſh hard if a man of *faſhion* was expected to ſtick to his bargain, like an *honeſt merchant*, whoſe all depends on his credit! ha! ha! ha!——

*Lady Raymond.* Very hard, indeed.—Half the pleaſure of their exiſtence would be deſtroyed.

*Lady Bonton.* Come, Macpharo, allons.——ſhall I ſee you before you go to Newmarket, my Lord?

*Lord Bonton.* Perhaps I may dine at home one day next week; and if you chance to be chez vous, I ſhall aſk your commands.——I ſhall ſee my friend Raymond at the club—— [*Exit Lady* Bonton *and* Macpharo.] and ſhall tell him how perfectly I admire his charming wife; *(bowing.)* [*aſide*] who will make a glorious tit, when properly trained.

[*Exit oppoſite ſides.*

SCENE, *Lady* Clairville, *Lady* Raymond, *ſeated.*

*Lady Raymond.* Alas, my dear, I fear that my Lord loves me not.—I begin to fancy my hopes of happineſs a deluſive dream.

*Lady Clairville.* Why ſuppoſe it, my dear? When you do meet, he is never unkind.——But he, you know, is a hero of St James's-ſtreet.

*Lady Raymond.* This thing Daffodil ſays, that he has a miſtreſs; and it is but too evident, that he is afraid, or aſhamed of being ſeen with me.

*Lady Clairville.* Becauſe, my dear, fools would laugh at him;—and many wiſe men cannot brook ridicule.

*Lady Raymond.* Should I expreſs a wiſh for his company, which in you, Lady Bonton, or perhaps even this miſtreſs, would pleaſe him, from me would fret him ſadly.

*Lady Clairville.* You are yet to learn the follies and weakneſs which degrade the lords of the creation; ſhould a miſtreſs command one of them to give up for her his deareſt pleaſure, he would.

*Lady Raymond.* But a wife is ever ſuſpected of having a plot on the reins of government;—and that man would hide his head, aſhamed if but ſuſpected of giving into the hands of a woman of family, honour, and education, one particle of that power——

*Lady Clairville.* Which he would glory in conſigning to an ignorant, low-bred profligate, who laughs at her dupe, with half the young fellows in town.

*Lady Raymond.* I muſt endeavour to tempt my lov'd Lord from this vice of gaming:——as to his amouretts, I care for no caprice of *that* ſort,——that will not rob me of his protection, which I ſhall ever ſtudy to merit, by good-humour, and every endeavour to make home agreeable to him; which may ſteal him from

from himſelf, and tho' no courtier bred, I truſt that my fond wiſhes to pleaſe him, may one day intereſt his heart.

*Lady Clairville.* I ſincerely hope you may ſucceed in taming your wild mate;—it is a moſt difficult taſk, for they look upon us poor women, as only fit to be fools, or fooled.

*Lady Raymond.* My Lord has loſt a large ſum, and that, I dare ſay, frets him. I'll go to my father, and implore him to advance me part of my fortune; he ſo fondly values my happineſs, that I am ſure he will. I ſhall get it conveyed to my Lord, without his knowing that it comes from *me*.

*Lady Clairville.* I approve of your not letting him know it is *you* who aſſiſts him:—for even ſuch liberality in a wife, would diſpleaſe ungenerous man, who hates to owe them any obligation.

*Lady Raymond.* He has applied to Levy for money, and I mean that *he* ſhall give it him.—I muſt go to his houſe—don't you think that I am very bold to venture?

*Lady Clairville.* Oh, you are in no danger—Ben Levy, I fancy, has no inclination to lay violent hands on *any* thing but ſterling monies, or to admire any face but that of his Majeſty,—in truth, my dear, I ſincerely feel for you; for gay men look upon us as only a ſpecies of game which they take pleaſure in decoying to deſtroy.

*Lady Raymond.* Yet, they expect from us, the moſt perfect rectitude in all our intercourſe with them.

*Lady Clairville.* No wonder ſo many innocent females have wounded reputations, when at the mercy of thoſe wretches, who glory in defaming them.

*Lady Raymond.* Thank Heav'n, the law allows damages for us wives being defam'd, but the unmarried are ſadly expoſed; it is a pity there were not coroners appointed to examine what reputations are baſely murder'd, and which of them die a natural death.

*Lady Clairville.* Who knows, but we one day may ſee ſuch a law made, now that we have ſo able a lawyer at the bar as the benevolent, eloquen Erſkine;—whoſe delicate feelings of honour, and diſintereſted generoſity, are ever ſolicitous to enforce juſtice and right, even where he finds the laws are deficient:—but my dear, your caſe only requires that your feelings ſhould not be too much engag'd.

*Lord Raymond.* Alas! they are too warmly intereſted in my Lord's every action—but I forget that I muſt go to my father.

[*Exit* Lady Raymond.

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*To the* EDITOR *of the* EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE recent death of the Pretender makes the following paper intereſting. It was given to me by a reſpectable perſon, who told me he had reaſon to believe it genuine. Whatever doubts are entertained on this head, it is always in the power of the friends of the noble lord, whoſe name is mentioned towards the cloſe of it, to aſcertain the fact—What is related at the commencement of the letter, is known to many.

The accounts collected by an eminent *hiſtorian*, reſpecting a pretender to the throne, will neceſſarily appear valuable, if authentic; and I muſt obſerve, that it is no ſufficient derogation from their authenticity, ſhould the narrative contained in this letter not be found warranted in every particular; as Mr. Hume

is to be considered here merely as a reporter. I am, Sir your's, &c.

## COPY *of a* LETTER *from the late* DAVID HUME, *Esq. to the late Sir* JOHN PRINGLE, M. D.

*St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh,* [*Feb.* 10, 1773.

MY DEAR SIR,

THAT the preſent Pretender was in London in the year 1753, I know with the greateſt certainty, becauſe I had it from Lord Marechal, who ſaid it conſiſted with his certain knowledge.—Two or three days after his lordſhip gave me this information, he told me, that the evening before, he had learned ſeveral curious particulars from a lady, (who I imagined to be Lady Primroſe), though my lord refuſed to name her. The Pretender came to her houſe in the evening, without giving her any preparatory information, and entered the room, when ſhe had a pretty large company with her, and was herſelf playing at cards. He was announced by the ſervant under another name: ſhe thought the cards would have dropped from her hands on ſeeing him; but ſhe had preſence enough of mind to call him by the name he aſſumed, to aſk him when he came to England, and how long he intended to ſtay there. After he and all the company went away, the ſervants remarked how wonderfully like the ſtrange gentleman was to the prince's picture which hung on the chimney-piece, in the very room in which he entered.—My lord added, (I think from the authority of the ſame lady) that he uſed ſo little precaution, that he went abroad openly in day light in his own dreſs, only laying aſide his blue ribband and ſtar; walking once through St James's, and took a turn in the Mall.

About five years ago, I told this ſtory to Lord Holderneſs, who was ſecretary of ſtate in the year 1753; and I added, that I ſuppoſed this piece of intelligence had at that time eſcaped his lordſhip. By no means, ſaid he; and who do you think firſt told it me? It was the king himſelf, who ſubjoined, "And what do you "think, my lord, I ſhould do with him?" Lord Holderneſs owned that he was puzzled how to reply, for if he declared his real ſentiments, they might ſavour of indifference to the royal family. The king perceived his embarraſſment, and extricated him from it, by adding, "My lord, I "ſhall juſt do nothing at all; and "when he is tired of England he will "go abroad again."—I think this ſtory, for the honour of the late king, ought to be more generally known.

But what will ſurpriſe you more, Lord Marechal, a few days after the coronation of the preſent king, told me that he believed the young Pretender was at that time at London, or at leaſt had been ſo very lately, and had come over to ſee the ſhew of the coronation, and had actually ſeen it. I aſked my lord the reaſon for this ſtrange fact. Why, ſays he, a gentleman told me ſo that ſaw him there, and that he even ſpoke to him, and whiſpered in his ears theſe words: "Your royal highneſs is the laſt of "all mortals whom I ſhould expect "to ſee here." It was curioſity that "led me," ſaid the other; "but I "aſſure you," added he, "that the "perſon who is the object of all this "pomp and magnificence, is the man "I envy the leaſt." You ſee this ſtory is ſo near traced from the fountain head, as to wear a great face of probability. Query, what if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet?

I find that the Pretender's viſit in England in the year 1753, was known to all the Jacobites; and ſome of them

them have assured me, that he took the opportunity of formally renouncing the Roman catholic religion, under his own name of Charles Stuart, in the New Church in the Strand; and that this is the reason of the bad treatment he met with at the court of Rome. I own that I am a sceptic with regard to the last particulars.

Lord Marechal had a very bad opinion of this unfortunate prince, and thought there was no vice so mean or atrocious of which he was not capable; of which he gave me several instances.—My lord, though a man of great honour, may be thought a discontented courtier; but what quite confirmed me in that idea of that prince, was a conversation I had with Helvetius at Paris, which I believe I have told you. In case I have not, I shall mention a few particulars. That gentleman told me that he had no acquaintance with the Pretender; but some time after that prince was chaced out of France, a letter, said he, was brought me from him, in which he told me that the necessity of his affairs obliged him to be at Paris, and as he knew me by character to be a man of the greatest probity and honour in France, he would trust himself to me, if I would promise to conceal and protect him. I own, added Helvetius to me, although I knew the danger to be greater of harbouring him at Paris than at London; and although I thought the family of Hanover not only the lawful sovereigns of England, but the only lawful sovereigns in Europe, as having the full and free consent of the people, yet was I such a dupe to his flattery, that I invited him to my house, concealed him there going and coming near two years, had all his correspodence pass through my hands, met with his partizans on the Pont Neuf, and found at last that I had incurred all this danger and trouble for the most unworthy of all mortals; insomuch that I have been assured, when he went down to Nantz to embark on his expedition to Scotland, he took fright, and refused to go on board; and his attendants, thinking the matter gone too far, and that they would be affronted for his cowardice, carried him in the night-time into the ship, *pieds et mains lies*. I asked him, if he meant literally. Yes, said he, literally: they tied him, and carried him by main force. What think you now of this hero and conqueror?

Both Lord Marechal and Helvetius agree, that with all this strange character, he was no bigot, but rather had learned from the philosophers at Paris to affect a contempt of all religion. You must know that both these persons thought they were ascribing to him an excellent quality. Indeed both of them used to laugh at me for my narrow way of thinking in these particulars. However, my dear Sir John, I hope you will do me the justice to acquit me.

I doubt not but these circumstances will appear curious to Lord Hardwick, to whom you will please to present my respects. I suppose his lordship will think this unaccountable mixture of temerity and timidity in the same character, not a little singular. I am yours, very sincerely,

DAVID HUME.

## HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES.

[From the Second Volume of Sir J. DALRYMPLE'S "Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland," lately published.]

### EARL OF STAIR.

WHEN all his offices and honours were taken from him by

by Sir Robert Walpole, for voting in parliament againſt the exciſe-ſcheme, he retired to Scotland, and put his eſtate into the hands of truſtees, to pay bills drawn by him in his magnificent embaſſy at Paris, which adminiſtration had refuſed to accept, reſerving a hundred pounds a-month only for himſelf. During this period, he was often ſeen holding the plough three or four hours at a time. Yet on receiving viſits of ceremony, he could put on the great man and the great ſtyle of living; for he was fond of adorning a fine perſon with graceful dreſs; and two French horns and a French cook had refuſed to quit his ſervice when he retired. When the meſſenger brought the late King's letter for him to take the command of the army, he had only ten pounds in the houſe. He ſent expreſſes for the gentlemen of his own family, ſhewed the King's letter, and deſired them to find money to carry him to London. They aſked how much he wanted, and when they ſhould bring it; his anſwer was, "the "more the better, and the ſooner "the better." They brought him three thouſand guineas. This circumſtance came to the late King's ears, who expreſſed to his Miniſters the uneaſineſs he felt at Lord Stair's difficulties in money-matters. One propoſed that the King ſhould make him a preſent of a ſum of money when he arrived. Another ſaid, Lord Stair was ſo high ſpirited, than if he was offered it, he would run back to his own country, and they ſhould loſe their General. A third ſuggeſted, that to ſave his delicacy, the King ſhould give him ſix commiſſions of Cornets to diſpoſe of, which, at that time, ſold for a thouſand pounds a-piece. The King liked this idea, and gave the commiſſions blank to Lord Stair, ſaying, they were intended to pay for his journey and equipage. But in going from Court to his own houſe, he gave all the ſix away.

As the following anecdote marks the manners of the age during the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and the character of another ſingular man, I ſhall hazard it. Lord Mark Ker and Lord Stair were at play in a coffee-houſe, when a ſtranger overlooked their game, and diſturbed them with queſtions. Lord Mark ſaid, "Let us throw the dice which "of us ſhall pink (a cant word of the "time for fighting) this impudent "fellow." They threw, Lord Stair won. Lord Mark Ker cried out, "Ah, Stair, Stair, you have been "always more fortunate in life than "me."

When Lord Stair was Ambaſſador at Paris, during the Regency, he gave orders to his coachman to give way to nobody except the King, meaning that an Engliſh Ambaſſador ſhould take the paſs, even of the Regent, but without naming him. The hoſt was ſeen coming down a ſtreet through which the coach paſſed. The late Colonel Young, from whom I had the ſtory, who was Maſter of Horſe, rode to the window of the coach, and aſked Lord Stair if he would pleaſe to give way to God Almighty. He anſwered, "By all means, but to none elſe;" and then ſtepping out of the coach, paid reſpect to the religion of country in which he was, and kneeled in a very dirty ſtreet.

Lewis XIV. was told, that Lord Stair was one of the beſt bred men in Europe. "I ſhall ſoon put that to "the teſt," ſaid the King; and aſking Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as ſoon as the door opened, he bad him paſs and go in: The other bowed and obeyed. The King ſaid, "The world is in the right in the "character it gives: another perſon "would have troubled me with cere-"mony."

During

During the rebellion in the year 1745, the clan of Glenco were quartered near the houſe of Lord Stair. The Pretender being afraid they would remember that the warrant for the maſſacre of their clan had been ſigned by the Earl's father, ſent a guard to protect the houſe. The clan quitted the rebel army, and were returning home; the Pretender ſent to know the reaſon. The anſwer was, that they had been affronted; and when aſked what the affront was, they ſaid, the "greateſt of any; for they "had been ſuſpected of being ca- "pable of viſiting the injuries of the "father upon the innocent and brave "ſon." He was brave indeed; a ſure proof of which was, that he uſed all the influence and power he poſſeſſed, to obtain mercy for thoſe rebels againſt whom he had commanded one of the armies which guarded England.

## WILLIAM III.

IN cold countries, in which the mind freezes when the body freezes, men of parts are generally lovers of wine. King William at his private parties drank ſometimes to exceſs. Perhaps the two following Anecdotes, which the late Mr. Stone told me he had from the Duke of Newcaſtle, may refer to a period, when his mind, waſted with vexation, might recruit itſelf with wine.

In one of his parties with Lord Wharton, whom he always called Thom Wharton, he ſaid, "Thom, I "know what you wiſh for; you wiſh "for a republic." Lord Wharton anſwered, "And not a bad thing, Sir, "neither." "No no," ſaid the King "I ſhall diſappoint you there. I will "bring over King James's ſon upon "you." Lord Wharton making a very affected low bow, ſaid, with a ſneer, "That is as your Majeſty "pleaſes." Yet the King took neither the manner nor the anſwer amiſs.

At another time, having invited the Earl of Pembroke to one of his parties, he was told that the Earl was quarrelſome in his cups; He laughed, and ſaid, he would defy any man to quarrel with him, as long as he could make the bottle go round. What was foretold however happened; the Lord Pembroke was carried from the room and put to bed. When told the next morning what he had done, he haſtened to the palace, and threw himſelf upon his knee. "No apologies," ſaid the King; "I was told you had no fault "in the world but one, and I am "glad to find it is true, for I do not "like your faultleſs people." Then taking him by the hand added, "Make not yourſelf uneaſy: theſe "accidents over a bottle are nothing "among friends."

A proviſion ſhip of the firſt colony of Scots that attempted to ſettle at Darien, in which were thirty gentlemen paſſengers, ſome of them of noble birth, having been ſhipwrecked at Carthagena, the Spaniards believing, or pretending to believe, that they were ſmugglers, caſt them into a dungeon, and threatned them with death. The company deputed Lord Baſil Hamilton from Scotland, to implore King William's protection for the priſoners. The King, at firſt, refuſed to ſee him, becauſe he had not appeared at Court when he was laſt in London. But when that difficulty was removed by explanation, an expreſſion fell from the King, which ſhewed his ſenſe of the generous conduct of another, although, influenced by the Engliſh and Dutch Eaſt-India Companies, he could not reſolve to imitate it in his own. For Lord Baſil's audience having been put off from time to time, but, at laſt, fixed to be in the Council-chamber after a Council was over, the King, who had forgot the appointment, was paſſing into another room, when Lord Baſil placed

placed himself in the passage, and said, "That he came commissioned by a "great body of his Majesty's subjects "to lay their misfortunes at his feet, "that he had a right to be heard, "and would be heard." The King returned, listened with patience, gave instant orders to apply to Spain for redress, and then turning to those near him, said, "This young man "is too bold, if any man can be too "bold in his country's cause." I had this Anecdote from the present Earl of Selkirk, grandson to Lord Basil.

## Poetry.

THE following verses are the production of the ingenious Miss Seward: they have never yet appeared, I believe, in print. The object of them was the wife of a clergyman, who strictly merited the Eulogium.

"ERE ten short months had run their swift career,
Three lovely Sisters press'd th' untimely bier.
Last of the fallen blossoms, griev'd I pay
At thy white shrine this tributary lay.
If ever dwelt in mortal woman's mind
Angelic worth, from Sin's dark stains refin'd;
Oh, lovely Hannah! in thy beauteous frame,
From heaven to earth, the soft perfection came.
Unhappy husband, who art doom'd to mourn
The lamp of joy extinguish'd in her urn;
Oh, may thy sorrowing breast her meekness prove!
Oh, live to emulate thy sainted Love!
So shalt thou, passing a few patient years,
With pious hope illume thy falling tears:
And, when thy clay this sacred dust shall join,
Be ever hers, who transiently was thine."

Gent. Mag.] S. J.

*Written in* MAY: *after a seasonable Shower of Rain.*

HOW chang'd the face of nature shows!
How gay the rural scene!
A fairer bloom the flowers disclose;
The meads a livelier green.

While beauty clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms on the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

And hark! the feathered warblers sing!
'Tis nature's chearful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

How kind the influence of the skies!
These show'rs with blessings fraught,
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,
And fix the roving thought.

O let my wondering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove.

That bount'ous hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expression kind,
Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store
To bless the craving mind.

That hand, in this hard heart of mine,
Can make each virtue live;
And kindly showers of grace divine,
Life, beauty, fragrance give.

O God of nature, God of grace! thy

Thy heavenly gifts impart;
And bid ſweet meditation trace
Spring blooming in my heart.
Inſpir'd to praiſe I then ſhall join
Glad nature's cheerful ſong:
And love, and gratitude divine,
Attune my joyful tongue.

*On a Young* WOMAN, *found dead in St. George's Fields.*

[By Miſs Portia Young.]

UNHAPPY daughter of diſtreſs and woe,
Whate'er thy ſorrows, and whoe'er thou art;
For thee the tear of ſympathy ſhall flow,
Warm from the pureſt fountain of the heart!
Perhaps though now neglected and unknown,
A parent once beheld thee with delight;
The darling of a Father's heart alone,
Or the lov'd idol of a Mother's ſight!
For thee, perhaps, they toil'd, they watch'd, they pray'd:
O'er thy ſweet innocence with rapture hung;
And well they thought their tendereſt care repaid
To hear the artleſs muſic of thy tongue.
When dawning Reaſon ſhed her ray benign,
And all thy excellence became reveal'd;
Charm'd did they ſee thy opening beauties ſhine,
And heard thy praiſe with tranſport, ill conceal'd.
For who alas! can tell thy ſecret worth,
What ſoft angelic virtues might appear;
The boſom laid defenceleſs on the earth,
Might once be grateful, generous, and ſincere.
The lips that knew no friend to bid farewel,
Might once the nobleſt ſentiments expreſs:
The wretched head that unſupported fell,
Might once be turned to ſtories of diſtreſs.
Some baſe deceiver, practiſed to betray,
Might win thy eaſy faith, deſtroy thy fame;
Then caſt thee like a loathſome weed away,
The ſport of fortune and the child of ſhame!
Poor wanderer! perhaps thou couldſt not find
One liberal hand the ſlender gift to ſpare,
Infatiate Avarice the ſoul confin'd,
And timid Prudence diſbeliev'd thy prayer.
Then from the world, deſpairing and forlorn,
Careleſs of life, and hopeleſs of relief,
Thy agonizing heart retir'd to mourn
And breathe its laſt in unmoleſted grief.
Whate'er thy lot has been, unhappy ſhade,
From ſin, at length, and ſorrow, thou art free;
Thy debt to Virtue,—it is amply paid,
And weeping Pity pays her debt to thee.

## SONG

*Tune* "RULE BRITANNIA."

HOW happy is this fertile iſle,
Where Nature crowns each hill and glade,
Bids ev'ry mead with rapture ſmile,
With varied ſcenes of light and ſhade:

To diſtant climes her glory's known,
For heavenly freedom is her own.
With canvaſs wings ſee Commerce fly,
See Agriculture wide expand,
While Fame her trumpet ſounds on high,——
'This is indeed the promis'd land!
To diſtant climes her glory's known,
For heavenly freedom is herown.
Her Manufactures ſee ariſe,
Her looms with variegated ſkill,
Rival the rainbow in the ſkies,
And kind ſucceſs attends them ſtill:
To diſtant climes her fame is known,
For heavenly freedom is her own.
Still may her arts, her trade encreaſe,
And every ſource of riches flow;
Contentment, honour, health, and peace,
Make every honeſt boſom glow.
To diſtant climes their fame be known,
For heavenly freedom is their own.

*For the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

## THE POPPIES AND THE ROSE. A FABLE.

IN ancient days, from our time far remote,
When each created thing both ſpoke and thought,
Two nauſeous Poppies in a garden ſtood,
Vain, envious, prattling, impudent and rude,
And near to them a lovely *Roſe* there grew,
Sweet to the ſmell, and charming to the view.
This flower they ſaw ſo cheriſh'd and admir'd,
That with malicious envy they were fir'd
Their glaring colours wax'd more fiercely red,
And thus the one, to her companion ſaid,
"See how that little, baſhful, booby Roſe,
"Its timid face but half diſcover'd ſhows,
"Thro' prickling thorn, ſteals its cautious way,
"As if afraid to meet the face of day;
"Whilſt independent, and unſhelter'd, We
"Stand forth as fearleſs as the talleſt tree,
"And boldly dare diſplay, by day or night,
"Our ſhining colours, fifty times more bright,
"Lord, how can ſuch a toy be ſo careſs'd,
"By men pretending to have ſenſe and taſte!"
To this the Roſe made no direct reply,
But, to a Thiſtle who was ſtanding by,
Say, with the mildeſt voice, "Pray can you tell,
"From whence proceeds that vile, pernicious ſmell?"

*Aberdeen, May* 14, 1788.

# Monthly Chronicle, and Review of Politics.

## TURKEY.

*Vienna, April* 3. THey report, that the ſiege of Belgrade has commenced, and that our troops had paſſed the Save to the eaſtward of that place when the courier came away; likewiſe that ſeveral floating batteries had been brought down the Danube to aſſault the caſtle, while the army aſſault the town.

According to an authentic liſt, it ſeems

ſeems we have already loſt in our different ſkirmiſhes four thouſand men.

*Paris, April* 16. A letter from Verſailles announces the arrival of the diſpatches from Conſtantinople, but their contents have not yet tranſpired; it however appears the Turks kill all their priſoners, and there is not a week paſſes, but two or three waggon loads of their heads arrive at Conſtantinople.

The Turks poſted in Moldavia, and in the environs of Choczim, are ſaid to be about 30,000 men, and the Auſtrian corps which have marched againſt that fortreſs, amounts in all to 24,000.

The grand object of contention in the preſent war between the Turks and Ruſſians is the poſſeſſion of the Crimea, which having been annexed to Ruſſia by Potemkin, he very naturally views it with a partiality conſequently ariſing from ſuch a circumſtance, and has ever ſet his face decidedly againſt every propoſal of ceding it to the Turks. Potemkin, it is ſaid, has recently been diſgraced; this circumſtance, if not abſolutely a prelude to the ceſſion of the Crimea, at leaſt prepares us not to be much aſtoniſhed, if that event takes place.

The garriſon of Belgrade made three different ſallies: in the ſecond of which, about 600 men were killed on each ſide; they failed, however, in their deſign of deſtroying the works of the beſiegers.

Private letters from Warſaw mention ſeveral inſtances in which the Imperial army has ſuffered conſiderably on its march towards the frontiers of the Ottoman dominions, from the repeated attacks of the Turkiſh cavalry; in one of which they totally cut off the rear guard of a detachment of Auſtrians, who were on their route to reinforce the troops who are to undertake the ſiege of Belgrade. The number of priſoners taken in this affair were 250, with two howitzers.

*Extract of a Letter from Paris, May* 7.

"A courier arrived late laſt night at the Hotel de Merci, the reſidence of the Imperial Miniſter, with diſpatches from Vienna, but of what material kind it is almoſt impoſſible to gueſs. Nothing deciſive, however, is talked of. We have a report here, that our Court, in concert with thoſe of Spain and Great Britain, have offered to become mediators between the Sublime Porte and the Emperor.

*Extract of a Letter from Vienna, April* 21.

On the 18th inſt. 19 battalions, ten diviſions of cavalry, and four companies of pioneers, &c. were detached from the main army to the aſſault of Sebatſch, which, by this time, is probably in the poſſeſſion of the Auſtrians, as the troops paſſed the Save without any oppoſition.

"The Imperial grand army is about 94,000 ſtrong, againſt which the Turks have as yet very little to oppoſe.

"The army in Croatia, under Prince Charles of Lichtenſtein, is about 30,000 in number, but are ſaid to be inadequate to the Ottoman power in the ſame quarter. Generals Mittrowſki and Brentana have received orders to ſupport him, and are now moving from Semlin towards Braad.

"General Wartenſleben commanding on the Bannat, is making active diſpoſitions to paſs the Danube immediately, at the head of 10,000 men, and poſt himſelf ſo between Belgrade and Widen, as to cut off their mutual communication.

"The whole of the garriſon of Belgrade amounts only to 13,000 men, but what renders it formidable is, that of them 10,000 are Janiſſaries, the reſt Spahis.

"The Foreign Miniſters at Conſtantinople, are not ſuffered to forward any of their diſpatches by the way of Belgrade."

*Peterſburgh, March* 28. On the 24th of March, a body of 4000 Turks, of which 500 were horſe, made an attempt to retake the Convent of Sinai in Wallachia, and their approach was ſo ſudden, that Lieutenant Colonel Geitz had hardly time to get his troops together; but ſoon perceiving the ſuperiority of the enemy, who attacked him ſword in hand, he was obliged to retreat, after a very terrible fire. The Turkiſh Commandant fought like a deſperado, killing numbers with his own hand. Lieutenant Colonel Geitz was ſlain amongſt the Auſtrians, who give out that they had only 12 killed, and 32 wounded. The greateſt part of the Convent is reduced to aſhes, and the Turks in conſequence did not take poſſeſſion of it.

## WEST INDIES.

Diſpatches are received from Antigua, dated the 27th of February.—They bring an account of the planters preparing to grind the ſugar canes which they had begun to gather, and that they expected to be able to load four or five ſhips with new ſugars the beginning of April.

The fourth of laſt September, the capital of Northern Mexico was viſited by a dreadful earthquake about two in the afternoon; the direction of the ſhock was from eaſt to weſt, and in the ſpace of two minutes, which it laſted, a conſiderable number of houſes and public edifices were deſtroyed.

## BARBARY.

Shocking accounts are received of the plague on the Barbary coaſt: Perſons are ſeized with a ſhivering, which is ſucceeded by a fever: but others are not attacked by a fever at all; purple ſpots appear on them without any pernicious ſyſtem, which certainly terminate in death: few, however, have been afflicted in this manner. The Emperor of Morocco has had a large ſupply of lemons from Spain, which are deemed of great efficacy in this dreadful diſorder.

## SPAIN.

All our letters from Spain ſpeak poſitively of the deſign of the Catholic King to oppoſe a Ruſſian ſquadron's entrance into the Mediterranean. The fleet at Cadiz is for that purpoſe, beſides which the garriſon is augmented with 2000 additional ſoldiers. This diſcovers the ſerious intentions of the Cabinet of the Eſcurial beyond the flying rumours of the hour. At any rate, Ruſſia and Spain are on bad terms, which are expected to break out into open hoſtilities.

The Spaniſh armaments begin to give a very ſerious turn to our political deliberations, as the allegation of its being intended to oppoſe the progreſs of the Ruſſian fleet into the Mediterranean ſeems to be confirmed. It is ſaid that orders are given for hiring tenders to be in preparation towards manning our ſhips for a fleet of obſervation.

Laſt week a courier was diſpatched to our Charge des Affaires at Madrid, with directions to demand in the moſt unequivocal manner an explanation of the reaſons that induce the Court of Spain to go on with her armaments. Unleſs the anſwer from Spain is highly ſatisfactory, a ſquadron of fourteen ſail of the line will immediately proceed to Gibraltar; that there may be no delay in manning them, tenders are already ſtationed in the river for that purpoſe.

## FRANCE.

*Extract of a letter from Paris, May* 6.

The Parliament of Paris is no more. Thurſday laſt was the day appointed for the King to hold his Bed of Juſtice; early in the morning every avenue to the Houſe of Parliament was ſurrounded by the military—

*Let*

*Les Chambres Aſſemblees*—A Captain of the King's Guards entered, and arreſted two of the Members who had ſpoken too freely on former occaſions; and his Majeſty ordered the Parliament to be *caſſee*, or annihilated, for ever, and the doors of the Houſe to be ſhut.

Inſtructions have been tranſmitted to the Governors and Intendants of the different provinces in France, with authority to abrogate all the provincial Parliaments. Military forces are already ſtationed in different diſtricts to enforce obedience to the King's will, ſhould refractorineſs appear."

A preſent has been lately ſent from Tippoo Saib to the Court of France, on the mention of which buſes and ivory chairs muſt "hide their diminiſhed heads." The value of the whole is not leſs than half a million. Of this ſum nineteen lacks are in payment of expences incurred during the late war. There is beſides a crown richly ornamented with jewelery, valued at twelve lacks; a ſtar and appendages for a ribbon, valued of the ſame ſum; a ſword worth half a lack; pearls intended for the Queen, to the amount of twelve lacks; and, to complete the whole, a bedſtead of ſolid gold, in which, when ambition takes its reſt, it may enjoy a ſplendid repoſe.

The return which Tippo requires for his friendſhip and theſe preſents, is a force of 5000 Europeans, to be commanded by a French General.—Theſe troops he not only promiſes to pay, but alſo to defray the expences of the eſtabliſhment at Pondicherry, and to give to his great and good ally the beſt port on the coaſt of Malabar.

The King of France has been again buſy in the uſe of *Lettres de Cachet*, which has given freſh grounds for very great diſcontment throughout that kingdom, in the province of Languedoc particularly. The arreſt was on the perſon of Count de Perigord, Advocate General of the Parliament of Thouloufe, and Commander in Chief of the province of Languedoc. The occaſion was this, his Majeſty had ordered the enregiſterment of the tax of the two-twentieths in the Parliament of Thouloufe, which its members proteſted againſt, and ſent round their reſolutions to all the Magiſtrates in the ſeveral Bailiwicks of that province, declaring the tax illegal and unauthoriſed. The Count being of that opinion, did not think fit to enforce the orders of the King, which gave his Majeſty ſuch umbrage, that he immediately diſpatched a guard to Thouloufe, and ordered the Count to be conveyed to a ſtrong caſtle at Lourdes, ſituated at the foot of the Pyrenean mountains. Several of the Provincial Parliaments have again entered a very ſtrong proteſt againſt this proceeding, which occaſioned ſome very diſagreeable commotions.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

The King has been pleaſed to order a Conge d'Elire to paſs the Great Seal, empowering the Precentor and Chapter of the Cathedral Church of St David's, to elect a Biſhop thereof.

His Majeſty has alſo been pleaſed, by his Royal Sign Manual, to recommend the Reverend Samuel Horſley, Doctor of Laws, to be choſen Biſhop of the ſaid See of St David's.

In the houſe of Lords, the vote of a perſon naming himſelf Lord Rutherford, and voting for Lord Cathcart, was diſallowed; as was the vote of Lord Colville, for the Earl of Dumfries; ſo that the election ſtands as formerly, and Lord Cathcart takes his ſeat as one of the 16 Scotch peers.

The trial of Mr Haſtings ſtill goes on; but at what time it will be finiſhed, is not eaſy to ſay; perhaps not this ſeſſion.

Mr

Mr. Burke, on Saturday May 10. preſented the two papers moved for by Mr Burgeſs, reſpecting the expence already incurred by carrying on the proſecution againſt Warren Haſtings, Eſq; and which, in a ſhort compaſs, is as follows:

| | £. | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Expence of erecting the Court | 3044 | 11 | 7 |
| Furniſhing the ſame | 714 | 3 | 6½ |
| Monies advanced to the Solicitors for the proſecution - - | 4300 | 0 | 0 |
| £. | 8058 | 15 | 1½ |

The city of London is in general commotion, on account of ſome of the moſt Capital Houſes in the Cotton Branch, having ſtopped payment. One of them has ſtopped for upwards of four hundred thouſand pounds, and it is alſo ſaid is under acceptances to the amount of one million; another is two hundred thouſand pounds deficient, and many inferior houſes are involved in this unexpected event, which will alſo extend to Liverpool, Mancheſter, and many other trading towns.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the conſternation of the gentlemen concerned in the cotton trade on Wedneſday. One houſe of the firſt eminence in that branch of buſineſs ſtopped payment for near Half a Million of money—another of great eminence near Cheapſide—a third in Cheapſide, whoſe extenſive connections in Lancaſhire have occaſioned the greateſt alarm in that part of the country—a fourth in the banking line, a fifth in the ſame way. The amount of theſe declenſions is eſtimated at nearly two millions of money, owing to ſome late ſpeculations in cotton. Several houſes of inferior note have already ſtopped—where it will end, time only can determine.

We have letters from the continent by the laſt mail, which aſſure us, that the famous Paul Jones, who is at preſent at the court of Copenhagen in Denmark, has made an offer of his ſervices to the Empreſs of Ruſſia, which has been accepted. He is engaged on a very advantageous footing, and it is ſuppoſed will command a diviſion of the Ruſſian fleet. Admiral Greig has not been conſulted on this matter; and if he ſhould be diſguſted with his aſſociate, the Ruſſian fleet will atchieve no great exploits in the Levant. The French ambaſſador at the Court of Denmark has taken great notice of Paul. He introduced him to all the foreign miniſters at Copenhagen; but when he brought him to Mr Elliot, the Britiſh envoy, Mr Elliot refuſed to ſee him. Mr Elliot met the French ambaſſador next day, and ſaid, "When your Excellency will honour "me with a viſit in good company, "I ſhall be proud to receive it; but "with ſuch a companion, you muſt "ever expect to be denied."

## EDINBURGH,

*Extract of a letter from Stirling, April* 14.

The Circuit Court of Juſticiary was opened here upon Saturday the 12th curt. by the rt. hon. the Lords Juſtic Clerk and Swinton, and proceeded to the trial of John Smart, late merchant in Falkirk, accuſed of forging eighteen different bills containing forty-two falſe ſubſcriptions, and were diſcounted with different banks, to the amount of above 1300l. The proof as to the firſt bill was ſo clear and concluſive, that the proſecutor did not think it neceſſary to detain the Court with inveſtigating any of the other forgeries, and reſtricted the libel to that bill alone. The jury found the libel, as ſo reſtricted, proven; and Smart was this day ſentenced to be hanged at Stirling the 16th of May next.

The Court then proceeded to the trial of James Ferguſon, accuſed of forg-

forging a bill for 20l.; but the libel being found not proven, he was dismissed.

Afterwards they proceeded to the trial of James Gilchrist, for forging two bills, which were discounted. Having petitioned for banishment, it was consented to, on account of some particular circumstances, and he was banished Scotland for life.

The last trial was that of John Rankine, accused of carrying off the two bills forged by Gilchrist, which were destroyed, in order to protect him from the effects of the forgery. He was found guilty, but recommended to the mercy of the Court, who sentenced him to two months imprisonment.

## ABERDEEN.

*King's College, 5th May.*

THIS day came on the election of Rector and Assessors for the University and King's College of Aberdeen, for the ensuing year, when the following Gentlemen were chosen:—

ALEXANDER BURNET, Esq; of Kemnay, RECTOR.

James Ligertwood, Esq; of Tillery,

George Moir, Esq; of Scotstown,

John Paton, Esq; of Grandhome—and

The Rev. Dr John Brown, at Newhills,

*The Four ASSESSORS to the Rector.*

*King's College, 8th May.* The said day Mr ROBERT EDEN SCOTT, was elected Assistant, Colleague, and successor to *Mr Thomas Gordon*, Professor of Philosophy in this University and College.

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The following is the Petition of the Reverend Presbytery of Aberdeen, lately presented to the House of Commons—

To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled, the Petition of the Ministers and Elders of the Presbytery of Aberdeen.

THE Presbytery of Aberdeen having taken into consideration, the many applications, dictated by humanity, which have been presented to Parliament for a law to remove the evils attendant on slavery in the British dominions abroad, and being of opinion that the ministers of the meek and benevolent Jesus are, by the spirit of his religion and of their office, particularly called upon to give all the countenance they can to every proper measure proposed in behalf of the natural rights and the happiness of any part of the human species, Do most humbly and earnestly petition the representatives of a free people, to vouchsafe their serious attention to a matter so consonant to humanity, to Christianity, and to the British constitution, as the extension of liberty and effectual protection to thousands who have hitherto been deprived of both, referring it with full confidence to the wisdom of the legislature to adopt such specific measures as they shall judge best calculated for promoting at once the good of these kingdoms, and the rights of mankind at large. And your petitioners shall ever pray, &c.

Signed in name, presence, and by unanimous appointment of the Presbytery of Aberdeen, at Aberdeen the 19th day of March 1788, by

WILL. STRONACH, Mod.

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ON Thursday the 24th of April there was held at Aberdeen, a meeting of the protestant Bishops in Scotland, with Representatives from the Clergy of their several Districts, when, after taking into their serious consideration the state of the Church under their inspection, they unanimously resolved to give an open and public proof of their submission to the pre-

preſent Government, by praying in expreſs words, for his *Majeſty King George*, and the *Royal Family*, which is to take place in all their chapels, on Sunday the 25th of May, to which day it is deferred, that the Biſhops may have time to give proper directions to their Clergy throughout the kingdom, for that purpoſe. Thus, an end is put to thoſe unhappy diviſions, which long diſtracted this kingdom; and we have the ſatisfaction to think, that many thouſands of our countrymen, who have been ſuſpected of diſaffection to the preſent Government, will now be conſidered as loyal and obedient ſubjects.

The Circuit of Juſticiary was opened here on Saturday the 26th April by the Right. Hon. the Lords Hailes and Eſkgrove.

Same day, James Shirras, late ſurgeon in Old Deer, accuſed of the murder of a child, brought forth by Iſobel Dalgardno, having failed to appear, was fugitated and outlawed. The ſaid Iſobel Dalgardno, accuſed of the murder, or as being art and part in the murder of her own child. As to her the Advocate Depute moved to deſert the diet ſimpliciter; the diet was accordingly deſerted and ſhe diſmiſſed from the bar.

John Sangſter, commonly called Rotten, ſon of John Sangſter, ſlater and chimney ſweeper in Aberdeen, and James Bonnyman, ſon to Francis Bonnyman, woolcomber in Aberdeen, both preſent priſoners in the tolbooth of Aberdeen, accuſed of houſebreaking and theft, and alſo as being habit and repute common thieves. Theſe pannels petitioned the Court for tranſportation, and his Majeſty's Advocate Depute having conſented thereto, their Lordſhips adjudged them to tranſportation for fourteen years. It may be remarked, as a ſtrong inſtance of early depravity, that the eldeſt of theſe pannels was only about 16, and the other only 14. And upon this occaſion the Judges noticed, of how great importance it was to youth to receive an early virtuous education, and how much it was incumbent on parents to be careful that their children ſhould be well educated.

On Monday the 28th April came on the trial of John Monro, lately reſiding in Johnſhaven, and James Memiſs, watchmaker there, accuſed of houſebreaking and ſhopbreaking, and alſo of theft from bleachfields, likewiſe as being habit and repute thieves. Their trial laſted eight hours, and the Jury returned a verdict, finding one act of theft proven againſt each of them. They are both to be whipped through the ſtreets of Aberdeen, upon Friday the 9th of May, and then baniſhed Scotland for life.

James Grant, alias Glaſs, accuſed of ſhopbreaking and theft. The jury returned a verdict, finding the pannel guilty. He is ſentenced to be hanged at this place on Friday the 27th of June next. He was recommended by the jury to the royal mercy.

The following are the Governor and Directors of the Muſical Society for the enſuing year:

SIR ARCHIBALD GRANT, of Monymuſk, Bart. *GOVERNOR.*

DIRECTORS.

Sir William Forbes of Craigievar.
George Moir, Eſq; of Scotſtown.
Meſſ. Alexander Dauney.
Francis Peacock.
John Annand.
James Boyn.
James Boyn. Treaſurer.

May 2. Died here, much and juſtly regretted, Mrs Henderſon, wife of John Henderſon, Eſq; late of Jamaica..

*Acknowledgments to Correſpondents.*

*The Second Viſion of Mirza; and the Letter of Z. both in our next.*

THE

# ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

## LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. XI.] Thurſday June 5, 1788. [Price 3d.

## THE TRIFLER, No. XI.

*June* 6, 1788.

ADVANTAGES OF REFLECTION—THE INEFFICACY OF PRIDE—UNCERTAINTY OF RICHES—HEALTH—HUMAN REASON—DANGER OF NEGLECTING REFLECTION, OR DELAYING IT TO A LATE PERIOD OF LIFE——CONCLUSION.

PHYSICIANS tell us that nature has provided in every country remedies for the diſeaſes of that country; and that in the human body ſhe operates againſt diſorder by a power to which, if I remember right, they give the name of the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, or *healing power of nature*. It is with the mind as with the body. For all diſorders of the mind, for its feverous ragings and inequalities, there is at leaſt one remedy inherent in itſelf, and which would be often, perhaps always ſucceſsful, if we did not ſtifle its motions; I mean *Reflection*. We can at all times command reflection, and yet there is nothing which we more avoid. It calms, it ſoothes, it quells all improper emotions, and yet by a ſtrange perverſeneſs, we repel it until misfortune drives us from pleaſure, and diſeaſe compels us to ſolitude.

Pride is one of thoſe diſeaſes with which few minds are wholly untouched, and which, if it will yield to any thing, muſt yield to ſerious reflection. Pride ſurely was not made for man. for he has nothing which he can value for its certainty, nothing but what he may ſoon loſe, and in moſt caſes, but little to which his merit has entitled him. "But," ſays a reader, "on what am I to reflect, in order to check my pride?" ——In one word———THINK ON THE DISTRESSES OF HUMAN LIFE——. on thoſe who ſuffer by vice, by diſeaſe, by miſery induced, or unforeſeen. View ſociety in its various ranks, and you can never lack matter for reflection.

Is yours the pride of riches?—View that wretch who has juſt paſſed the way before you—his cloaths inſufficient to keep out the ſeverity of the weather; and ſqualid ſo as to raiſe diſguſt. What *you* are now, I knew *him* once—He is a BARONET!*

* A real inſtance; he is ſtill alive.

at one time he poſſeſſed near half a million of money—he was not content with that—he embarked in thoſe various gambling ſchemes which the public funds unhappily expoſe to tempt the avaricious—he was proud of his wealth and his title—Leſs than ten years is the ſhort time that has effected the change you now ſee. He is poor, friendleſs, deſtitute: That once opulent and great man will now be unſpeakably obliged to to you for—*one poor ſhilling*. I have ſelected this inſtance, becauſe in it rank was connected with riches. There are many hundreds now ſubſiſting on charity in the ſtreets of the great Metropolis, who but a few years before looked down with contempt on even ſuch as yourſelf, who ſpurned poverty from their gates, and thought themſelves ſecure from the ſtorms of life. They are not all, however, weathering the ſtorm in theſe tatters. Some have long ſince ruſhed into the preſence of their maker with hands embrued in their own blood; ſome have died of grief, and ſome have loſt their reaſon. What then, is there in all this that *does not* check the pride of riches? If to this you add the number of men whom riches have rendered contemptible, vicious, and ungrateful, you will think that providence has wiſely permitted ſuch men to exiſt, that thoſe who contemplate them may be weaned from the ſame pride.

Connected with this pride, is almoſt every other ſpecies, the pride of youth, of beauty, of ſtrength, of faſhion—and innumerable are the examples where the loſs and ſudden decay of thoſe ſuppoſed merits has left a miſerable wretch. When you boaſt of youth, think of the many who at an early period of life have been ſnatched from the world——If you pride yourſelf in beauty, view the many evils to which it has ſubjected the young. There are thouſands of once happy women, who never go to reſt on their miſerable pillows without curſing that beauty which attracted attentions their vanity delighted in, and expoſed them to dangers their underſtanding could not conquer. Many of them have brought the grey hairs of their parents with ſorrow down to the grave—— Young as they are, they have all outlived their character, have unſexed their minds, and exhibit a terrifying picture of the ruins of human nature —All acceſs to ſociety is barred againſt them—the very beauty they truſted in has forſaken them—If they have any hope left, it is the hope that diſeaſe muſt ſoon cloſe the cataſtrophe.

It is a miſtaken opinion, but too common, that reflection abates of the pleaſures of ſociety. The very reverſe is true wiſdom. Reflection heightens every pleaſure: becauſe it prevents it running to exceſs——All our pleaſures have that fatal tendency to become vices, if not moderated by the reflections of a thinking mind. Reflection is the ſupreme diſtinction that marks a human creature.

> "The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
> "Had he thy reaſon, would he ſkip and play?"

To exerciſe this reaſon is to obviate all the calamities of human life, to render its ſweets leſs luſcious, but more healthful, and to accommodate our gratifications to our well-being. To act from the impulſe of the moment, is to part with the prerogative of man, to become a mere creature of inſtinct, equal to the brutes in paſſion, but not in innocence. But it is a hard taſk to preach reflection to the giddy, to ſtorm the current of faſhionable folly, and avert the evils that impend from a gay life. To men immerſed in voluptuous indulgences, we in vain addreſs ourſelves——To

thoſe who are but entering life, our perſuaſions may be more grateful.

It has been ſaid, that our painful hours far exceed our happy ones—But this would not be the caſe if we ſought happineſs where it is really to be found, and avoided pain inſtead of ſoliciting it. The intemperate court diſeaſe with the warmth of a lover; the vicious ſolicit miſerable days as if it was the end of their creation. The ſtock of human miſery is not great; but we have added to it by our manners, and heightened its nature by our vices. Intellectual ſatisfactions are many, permanent and undeceiving, but by ſome ſtrange perverſeneſs for which reaſon cannot account, nor experience juſtify, we neglect them for trifles that can ſcarcely be mentioned with gravity, nor remembered with pleaſure.

Yet even here, while I have inculcated reflection as the cure of pride, I cannot omit that the pride of ſuperior wiſdom is far from exempt from moral cenſure. Let it be remembered that reaſon, like health, is not a poſſeſſion to be depended on. In the catalogue of human miſeries there is nothing comparable to the ſtate of the poor lunatic. With the bodily form and functions of a man, he has nothing to diſtinguiſh him from the brute, except that which muſt move our compaſſion—a few ſcattered rays of human reaſon, ſufficient to ſhow what he once had, and what he no longer poſſeſſes. I never paſs the gloomy manſions appropriated for the reception of theſe objects without a ſecret horror—an inward dread that one day ſuch may be the fate of me or mine—for who can aſſure himſelf that this may not be the caſe in bodies ſo frail as ours, and liable to ſo many accidents. Let us but contemplate this ſcene, and then let *pride* operate, if it can.

To conclude: if we reſolve to reflect, if we reſolve to appropriate a certain time to examine into our conduct, we muſt alſo provide for that time. If we have only follies and vices to be remembered, we will ſoon be tired of reflection; and it may be ſuppoſed that the reaſon why ſo many men are averſe to this exerciſe of the mind is, becauſe their paſt conduct will not bear an examination that is not painful. To recommend a trial of this kind to ſuch may however not be in vain——If they accuſe themſelves once, *that* ſhame will follow which muſt diminiſh their future account. One abſtinence from folly naturally will lead to another, and that to a third, until we have called up the true dignity of a rational nature, and reſolve never to do that in public for which we condemn ourſelves and are aſhamed in private. The advice of others is liable to be deſpiſed; their reproaches to be reſented; but no man is proof againſt the reproach of his own mind. That muſt operate when every thing beſides fails. But it is not in company, in the fervour of youthful amuſement. the diſtracting buſtle of middle age, nor in the decrepid hours of old age that reflection can be profitably indulged. In every period of life we muſt find a time to revolve upon our ſituation; it is in the penſive hour of retirement, (and who may not command ſuch an hour?) that we recover the true ſtandard of right and wrong, and learn to judge of actions by an infallible monitor within. At every other time there is a glare around us that obſcures our ſight; we are dazzled, intoxicated, and incapable of diſcernment. Our thoughts are hurried away in confuſion—we follow theſe that go before us without examining the courſe—and when we have fallen into an error, we wonder where our reaſon was buried. To review, therefore, and that frequently, our own actions, the relation we ſtand in to the reſt of the world, and

the duties we are to fulfill, will be found an employment that no man can repent of. To think likewiſe on the ſituation of others, to think of their diſtreſſes, their miſconduct, and the varieties of human character and action, will enrich our experience without empoveriſhing our felicity, and enable youth to purchaſe the wiſdom of age at a cheaper rate than by misfortune.——Of the experience of moſt men a great part has been dearly bought——and of many it may be ſaid, that they have not attained wiſdom till too old to practiſe it.

## *Deſcription of the Iſles of* Skie *and* Raarſa. *By Dr* Johnſon.

(Concluded from page 296.)

AT Kingſburgh we were very liberally feaſted, and I ſlept in the bed on which the Prince repoſed in his diſtreſs; the ſheets which he uſed were never put to any meaner offices, but were wrapped up by the lady of the houſe, and at laſt, according to her deſire, were laid round her in her grave. Theſe are not Whigs.

On the 13th, travelling partly on horſeback where we could not row, and partly on foot where we could not ride, we came to Dunvegan. Here, though poor Macleod had been left by his grandfather overwhelmed with debts, we had another exhibition of feudal hoſpitality. There were two ſtags in the houſe, and veniſon came to the table every day in its various forms. Macleod, beſides his eſtate in Skie, larger I ſuppoſe than ſome Engliſh counties, is proprietor of nine inhabited iſles; and of his iſlands uninhabited I doubt if he very exactly knows the number. I told him that he was a mighty monarch. Such dominions fill an Engliſhman with envious wonder; but when he ſurveys the naked mountain, and treads the quaking moor, and wanders over the wild regions of gloomy barrenneſs, his wonder may continue, but his envy ceaſes.

Lady Macleod has a ſon and four daughters; they have lived long in England, and have the language and manners of Engliſh ladies. We have lived with them very eaſily. The hoſpitality of this remote region is like that of the golden age. We have found ourſelves treated at every houſe as if we came to confer a benefit.

We were eight days at Dunvegan, but we took the firſt opportunity which the weather afforded after the firſt day of going away, and on the 21ſt went to Ulinſh, where we were well entertained, and wandered a little after curioſities. In the afternoon an interval of calm ſunſhine courted us out to ſee a cave on the ſhore famous for its echo. When we went into the boat, one of our companions was aſked in Earſe, by the boatmen, who they were that came with him? He gave us characters, I ſuppoſe, to our advantage, and was aſked, in the ſpirit of the Highlands, whether I could recite a long ſeries of anceſtors? The boatmen ſaid, as I perceived afterwards, that they heard the cry of an Engliſh ghoſt. This, Boſwell ſays, diſturbed him.

We came to the cave, and clambering up the rocks, came to an arch, open at one end, a hundred and eighty feet long, thirty broad in the broadeſt part, and about thirty high. There was no echo; ſuch is the fidelity of report; but I ſaw what I had never ſeen before, muſſels and whilks in their natural ſtate. There was another arch in the rock, open at both ends.

You find that all the iſlanders, even in theſe receſſes of life, are not barbarous. One of the miniſters who has adhered to us almoſt all the time is an excellent ſcholar. We have now

with

with us the young Laird of *Gols*, who is heir perhaps to two hundred ſquare miles of land. He has firſt ſtudied at Aberdeen, and afterwards gone to Hertfordſhire to learn agriculture, being much impreſſed with deſire of improvement: he likewiſe has the notions of a chief, and keeps a piper. At Macleod's the bagpipe always played while we were dining.

You remember the Doge of Genoa, who being aſked what ſtruck him moſt at the French court? anſwered, "Myſelf." I cannot think many things here more likely to affect the fancy than to ſee Johnſon ending his ſixty-fourth year in the wilderneſs of the Hebrides. But now I am here, it will gratify me very little to return without ſeeing, or doing my beſt to ſee what thoſe places afford. I have a deſire to inſtruct myſelf in the whole ſyſtem of paſtoral life; but I know not whether I ſhall be able to perfect the idea. However I have many pictures in my mind, which I could not have had without this journey, and ſhould have paſſed it with great pleaſure, had you, and Maſter, and Queeney been in the party. We ſhould have excited the attention and enlarged the obſervation of each other, and obtained many pleaſing topics of future converſation. As it is, I travel with a mind too much at home, and perhaps miſs many things worthy of obſervation, or paſs them with tranſient notice; ſo that the images, for want of that reimpreſſion which diſcuſſion and compariſon produce, eaſily fade away; but I keep a book of remarks, and Boſwell writes a regular journal of our travels, which I think, contains as much of what I ſay and do as of all other occurrences together; "for ſuch a faithful chronicler as Griffith."

Mr Thrale probably wonders how I live all this time without ſending to him for money. Travelling in Scotland is dear enough, dearer in proportion to what the country affords than in England, but reſidence in the iſles is unexpenſive. Company is, I think, conſidered as a ſupply of pleaſure, and a relief of that tedioufneſs of life which is felt in every place, elegant or rude. Of wine and punch they are very liberal, for they get them cheap; but as there is a cuſtom-houſe on the iſland, they can hardly be conſidered as ſmugglers. Their punch is made without lemons, or any ſubſtitute.

Their tables are very plentiful; but a very nice man would not be pampered. As they have no meat but as they kill it, they are obliged to live while it laſts upon the ſame fleſh. They kill a ſheep, and ſet mutton boiled and roaſt on the table together. They have fiſh both of the ſea and of the brooks; but they can hardly conceive that it requires any ſauce. To ſauce in general they are ſtrangers; now and then butter is melted, but I dare not alway take, leſt I ſhould offend by diſliking it. Barley-broth is a conſtant diſh, and is made well in every houſe. A ſtranger, if he is prudent, will ſecure his ſhare, for it is not certain that he will be able to eat any thing elſe.

Their meat being often newly killed is very tough, and as nothing is ſufficiently ſubdued by the fire, is not eaſy to be eaten. Carving is here a very laborious employment, for the knives are never whetted. Table-knives are not of long ſubſiſtence in the Highlands; every man, while arms were a regular part of dreſs, had his knife and fork appendant to his dirk. Knives they now lay upon the table, but the handles are apt to ſhew that they have been in other hands, and the blades have neither brightneſs nor edge.

Of ſilver there is no want; and it will laſt long, for it is never cleaned. They are a nation juſt riſing from barbarity; long contented with neceſſaries, now ſomewhat ſtudious of convenience, but not yet arrived at delicate diſcriminations. Their linen is how-

however both clean and fine. Bread, ſuch as we mean by that name, I have never ſeen in the Iſle of Skie. They have ovens, for they bake their pies, but they never ferment their meal, nor mould a loaf. Cakes of oats and barley are brought to the table, but I believe wheat is reſerved for ſtrangers. They are commonly too hard for me, and therefore I take potatoes to my meat, and I am ſure to find them on almoſt every table.

They retain ſo much of the paſtoral life, that ſome preparation of milk is commonly one of the diſhes both at dinner and ſupper. Tea is always drank at the uſual time; but in the morning the table is polluted with a plate of ſlices of ſtrong cheeſe. This is peculiar to the Highlands; at Edinburgh there are always honey and ſweet-meats on the morning tea table.

Strong liquors they ſeem to love. Every man, perhaps woman, begins the day with a dram; and the punch is made both at dinner and ſupper.

They have neither wood nor coal for fuel, but burn peat or turf in their chimnies. It is dug out of the muirs or moſſes, and makes a ſtrong and laſting fire, not always very ſweet, and ſomewhat apt to ſmoke the pot.

The houſes of inferior gentlemen are very ſmall, and every room ſerves many purpoſes. In the bed-rooms, perhaps, are laid up ſtores of different kinds; and the parlour of the day is a bed-room at night. In the room which I inhabited laſt, about fourteen feet ſquare, there were three cheſts of drawers, a long cheſt for larger cloths, two cloſet cupboards, and the bed. Theſe rooms are commonly dirty, of which they ſeem to have little ſenſibility, and if they had more, clean floors would be difficultly kept, where the firſt ſtep from the door is into dirt. They are very much inclined to carpets, and ſeldom fail to lay down ſomething under their feet, better or worſe, as they happen to be furniſhed.

The Highland dreſs, being forbidden by law, is very little uſed; ſometimes it may be ſeen, but the Engliſh traveller is ſtruck with nothing ſo much as the *nudite des pies* of the common people.

Skie is the greateſt iſland, or the greateſt but one, among the Hebrides. Of the ſoil, I have already given ſome account, it is generally barren, but ſome ſpots are not wholly unfruitful. The gardens have apples and pears, cherries, ſtrawberries, raſberries, currants, and gooſeberries, but all the fruit that I have ſeen is ſmall. They attempt to ſow nothing but oats and barley. Oats conſtitute the bread-corn of the place. Their harveſt is about the beginning of October; and being ſo late, is very much ſubject to diſappointments from the rains that follow the equinox. This year has been particularly diſaſtrous. Their rainy ſeaſon laſts from Autumn to Spring. They have ſeldom very hard froſts; nor was it ever known that a lake was covered with ice ſtrong enough to bear a ſkater. The ſea round them is always open. The ſnow falls, but ſoon melts; only in 1771 they had a cold ſpring, in which the iſland was ſo long covered with it, that many beaſts, both wild and domeſtic, periſhed, and the whole country was reduced to diſtreſs, from which I know not if it is even yet recovered.

The animals here are not remarkably ſmall; perhaps they recruit their breed from the main land. The cows are ſometimes without horns. The horned and unhorned cattle are not accidental variations, but different ſpecies; they will however breed together.

Oct. 3d. The wind is now changed, and if we ſnatch the moment of opportunity, an eſcape from this iſland is become practicable; I have no reaſon to complain of my reception, yet I long to be again at home.

You

You and my maſter may perhaps expect, after this deſcription of Skie, ſome account of myſelf. My eye is, I am afraid, not fully recovered; my ears are not mended; my nerves ſeem to grow weaker, and I have been otherwiſe not as well as I ſometimes am, but think myſelf lately better. This climate perhaps is not within my degree of healthy latitude.

Thus I have given my moſt honoured miſtreſs the ſtory of me and my little ramble.

## WALKING IN SLEEP.

READING in the Arminian Magazine, an account of a Gentleman who uſed to walk in his ſleep, it brought to my remembrance the following facts; which I thought might be of ſervice to ſuch as are troubled with that diſorder, by which ſome have run the riſk of their lives.

The eldeſt ſon of one of my uncles who uſed to walk in his ſleep, was cured by a tub full of water being ſet in the Nurſery when he went to bed. My uncle was told that it was likely he might walk into it; and that if it waked him, he would never do it again. The tub was accordingly ſet in the room, and he getting up as uſual, walked into it, and by ſo doing waked himſelf; but never attempted to riſe in his ſleep after.

When I was a child I walked in my ſleep, and my mother was adviſed to awaken me ſuddenly, and endeavour to frighten me. But others told her this was dangerous; for ſome children had been thrown into fits by that means, and ſome irrecoverably loſt their ſenſes. She therefore tried the tub of water, which ſo effectually ſucceeded, that from the firſt night it was ſet, I never walked again in my ſleep.

How long the water was continued in my room I do not know; being only about ſeven years old. From the account the ſervants gave, my mother did not believe I was aſleep. She therefore ordered them to call her ſome night as ſoon as I began to move; but, when ſhe came, ſhe ſaid, the ſight was ſo affecting, ſhe never deſired to ſee it more: for my eyes were open; but looked like thoſe of a corpſe! and my face was ſo deadly pale, and covered with cold ſweat, with ſomething inexpreſſibly diſtreſſing in my countenance, that I appeared like one riſing from the tomb. She ſaid, ſhe ſpoke to me, and I anſwered as rationally as if I had been awake: and that I diſtinguiſhed when ſhe aſked a queſtion; but in the morning ſhe ſaid, I knew nothing of what happened.

Whether it would anſwer upon perſons who have had a long habit of walking in their ſleep, I know not; but I am ſure (however it be accounted for) it cured us two.

*Leeds, Oct.* 31, 1787. D. D.

## *Account of the Life of* Baron Trenk.

### *Written by himſelf.*

BARON Frederick Trenk was born of honourable parents in the year 1726. Till the 13th year of his age he was privately educated at his father's houſe. His ready capacity, and lively turn of mind, drew upon him the admiration and affection of his parents, who, in conſequence, allowed him great indulgences; whereby he acquired very early a high degree of forwardneſs and ſelf-ſufficiency, which afterwards grew up into a ſpirit of preſumption and reſiſtance; two qualities which he allows to have been the ſources of many of thoſe difficulties and misfortunes that are related in the hiſtory of his life.

By

By the time that he was thirteen, he had made ſo much progreſs in his ſtudies, that he was deemed qualified for going to the Univerſity, where he was accordingly ſent. After he had remained here about three years, during which time he had applied himſelf to his purſuits with his former ſucceſs, he was taken away by a relation (for his father had died while he was at college) an officer in the Pruſſian ſervice, to Potſdam, and was there preſented to the late King. "Some pertinent anſwers," ſays he, "to Frederick's enlightened queſtions, my remarkable growth, and my totally free and undiſconcerted manner, pleaſed his Majeſty, and I immediately received the uniform of the body-guard, as cadet, with aſſurances of my future fortune according to the manner in which I ſhould conduct myſelf."

Scarcely had he been cadet three weeks, before the monarch was ſo well pleaſed with his conduct that he promoted him to the rank of a Cornet, and, as a further mark of his approbation and favour, preſented him with a coſtly equipage. Frederick at the ſame time introduced him to his Literary Society; in conſequence of which he became acquainted, and formed a friendſhip with Maupertuis, and ſeveral other philoſophical and ſcientific characters.

In the Autumn of 1744, when a rupture took place between Auſtria and Pruſſia, he accompanied Frederick to Prague: after raiſing the ſiege of which, Trenk, in conſequence of a duel, and abſence from the parade at the appointed time, was put under arreſt, and remained ſo till the opening of the next campaign in the Spring of 1745, when the Pruſſian army marched into Sileſia, and beat the Imperial forces at Strigau; an action in which Trenk was wounded. In a ſecond engagement at Sorow, the Pruſſians were again victorious. It was a few days after this laſt-mentioned battle that Trenk received a letter ſigned with the name of his Hungarian relation Francis Trenk, an officer in the Auſtrian ſervice. In this letter he was invited to come over to the ſide of his relation, under promiſe of being made heir to his Hungarian eſtates. This letter Frederick Trenk, who declares it to have been forged, had no ſooner read, than he ſhewed it to his Commander, who, it ſeems, was a favourite of the King, and jealous of Trenk's riſing. Be it as it may, Trenk was ſuſpected of treaſon, arreſted, and conveyed to the Fort of Glatz, from whence, after an impriſonment of many months, he contrived to make his eſcape along with one of the garriſon officers, named Schell. In this attempt they were obliged to jump over the ramparts, in doing which, his companion diſlocated his ancle-joint. Schell being thus diſabled, he was obliged to put him on his back, and carry him and himſelf off as well as he could. In this manner did he paſs a river, which was only partly frozen (for it was in the month of December) and walk through ſnow the great part of the night. The next morning, however, they found means to get a couple of horſes, rode away, and reached the Bohemian boundaries, where they had no longer any thing to fear from their purſuers.

After they had remained here about three weeks, in order to have the diſlocated ancle cured, they ſet off on foot on the 18th of January 1747, from Brunau to Billitz, in Poland, provided with paſſports as common Pruſſian deſerters, and with only a few ſhillings in their pockets. It may be eaſily imagined what hardſhips and dangers they muſt have encountered in ſuch a journey, undertaken at ſuch a ſeaſon, and under ſuch circumſtances.

On the 27th of February they arrived at the houſe of his ſiſter, who was married to a Pruſſian officer.

Here

Here they promiſed themſelves thoſe comforts which are at all times, but more eſpecially in ſuch a ſituation as theirs, naturally expected by one relation from another. But how great was their aſtoniſhment, their diſtreſs, and indignation, when they were told that the huſband with-held his ſiſter from joining him, and threatened, if they did not immediately quit the houſe, to have them arreſted. Thus, inſtead of having a hoſpitable reception in his brother's houſe, they were obliged to paſs the night in a foreſt! proceeding the next day, as the only remaining ſource of hopes, on their way to his mother, who having heard of his ſituation, with true parental tenderneſs, met him on the road about the middle of the following month, March; and after having furniſhed him with money and other neceſſaries, took leave of him, recommending him to go to Vienna, as the beſt place for ſeeking his fortune.

Following his mother's advice, he went to Vienna; here having involved himſelf in ſome difficulties on account of his relations of Hungary, he thought it prudent to retire, and accordingly quitted this capital towards the end of the Summer 1748, with the intention of going to Holland, and from thence to the Indies: but having fallen in with ſome Ruſſian troops in the way, that were commanded by one of his mother's relations, he, on being offered a Captaincy, entered into the Ruſſian ſervice. Some time after this, his commander ſent him with a party of invalids to Dantzick, from whence he was to tranſport them to Riga, were he landed, after having been expoſed to a violent ſtorm, and from thence to Muſcow. The Ruſſian court was held there at that time, and he had the good fortune to meet with every friendſhip and aſſiſtance from the Britiſh and Imperial Envoys, Lord Hyndford and Count Bernes. The count afterwards removed to Peterſburgh, and Trenk went along with the ſame; for he had now, by the intereſt of his two juſt-named patrons, gotten a poſt under Count Beſtucheff, firſt miniſter of the then reigning Empreſs Elizabeth.

While he now ſeemed to be in the direct road to making his fortune, an accident happened which ſhowed him that the King of Pruſſia was reſolved to oppoſe his ſucceſs at Peterſburgh. This circumſtance, together with the news of his relation, Francis Trenk's death, whereby he became heir to ſome Hungarian eſtates, made him leave Ruſſia and return to Vienna. In his way he paſſed by Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Amſterdam, and from thence by the Hague to Vienna, where he arrived in 1750, after an abſence of about three years.

No ſooner was he here, than he became engaged in a law-ſuit for the recovery of the eſtates bequeathed to him; of which, however, after a long and expenſive proceſs, he loſt almoſt all. To divert his mind under this diſappointment he made a tour into Italy, viſiting Venice, Florence, and Rome. On his return, he received a commiſſion in one of the regiments which was garriſoned in Hungary, where he went to join it.

His mother's death requiring him to go to Dantzick, he made another journey thither in 1754, having obtained for that purpoſe ſix months leave of abſence. Here, after he had arranged his family affairs, he fell once again into the King of Pruſſia's power. Having been ſeized upon in his bed, he was conveyed under a ſtrong eſcort to Berlin, and from thence to Magdeburgh. With the hiſtory of his impriſonment at this fort, begins the ſecond volume.

At Magdeburgh he remained dungeoned and fettered with heavy chains, nearly ten years, during which period he experienced all the miſeries attend-

ent on confinement, ſuch as bodily and mental diſtraction, hunger, and diſeaſe, in the bittereſt degree. On occaſions, however, by force of money, he could procure himſelf ſome means of comfort, ſuch as better nouriſhment (for his preſcribed diet conſiſted only of bread and water) light, fire, paper, and books. With theſe laſt, he diverted his mind from too much reflection on the horrors of his ſituation. He even compoſed a collection of poems, ſuch as fables, tales, and ſatires, of which many had a reference to his own ſufferings, or to thoſe concerned in them. It is remarkable, that he wrote them, not with ink, but with his own blood. Another occupation, not very different from this, ſerved to paſs away his time, and amuſe his fancy: this was etching or engraving, which, though executed with a miſerable inſtrument, and upon tin, was yet, by his great application, brought to a conſiderable perfection. The prints from theſe were generally allegorical, and ſerved, as he thinks, as a help to his deliverance.

Amidſt all theſe endeavours to conſole himſelf during the continuance of his impriſonment, he did not leave untried others to put a ſtop to its continuance, by procuring his eſcape. And here it is truly wonderful what artifices he deviſed, what labours he endured, for the attainment of this end. It is hardly conceivable, how a perſon loaded as he was with ſo many irons, could find means to looſen them from him. Not only, however, did he effectuate this (having been furniſhed with file) but he afterwards undertook, and nearly compleated the undermining of his goal; and was twice on the point of getting out by this method, had he not been overheard the firſt time by the centinel without, under whoſe feet he was working; and had he not the laſt time confeſſed his project himſelf, in the hopes of working thereby on the king's generoſity, and ſo obtaining an honourable enlargement. In this, however, he was diſappointed; and it was not till a conſiderable time after the concluſion of the ſeven years war between Auſtria and Pruſſia that the Queen of the Great Frederick, whom ſhe perceived to be one day in a remarkable good humour, hinted to the Imperial Envoy, that it was the proper moment for ſpeaking in Trenk's behalf. This was immediately done, and the Monarch pronounced his "Yes."

## ANECDOTE OF BISHOP CUMBERLAND.

THE following anecdote, relative to the learned Biſhop Cumberland, who was preferred to the ſee of Peterborough in 1691, deſerves particular notice. To the honour of the preſent age, we have lately ſeen ſome ſimilar appointments, unſolicited and unexpected; and it is to be hoped we ſhall ſee many more, as no other mode of preferment can either afford encouragement to learning, or ſupport the dignity of the church. The greateſt and moſt glorious patriot is the munificent rewarder of merit.

J. H. N.

"As deſert was above all things, regarded in the diſpoſal of preferments, ſo it was eſpecially in the eccleſiaſtical ones. Whatever motives might, in other times, have recommended clergymen to biſhopries, at this ſeaſon nothing could do it but merit. It was not ſo much conſidered who had made their court beſt, but who had deſerved it beſt; and the men, who were then raiſed to that high ſtation, were ſuch, and ſuch only, as had been moſt eminent for their learning, moſt exemplary in their lives,

lives, and firmeſt to the Proteſtant intereſt.

Whilſt theſe qualifications only were conſidered, ſuch a man as Dr. Cumberland could not eaſily be overlooked, though he himſelf did, leaſt of any man, look for ſuch a promotion. The King was told that Dr Cumberland was the fitteſt man he could nominate to the biſhopric of Peterborough. Thus a private country clergyman, without poſting to court, a place he had rarely ſeen, without ſuing to great men, without taking the leaſt ſtep towards ſoliciting for it, was pitched upon to fill ſo great a truſt, only becauſe he was fitteſt for it. He walked, after his uſual manner, on a poſt-day, to the coffee-houſe, and read in the newspaper, that one Dr Cumberland, of Stamford, was named to the biſhopric of Peterborough; a greater ſurprize to himſelf than to any body elſe." Cumb. Sanch. pref. p. 12.

[Gent. Mag.

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# Biography.

## MEMOIRS OF Dr JONATHAN SHIPLEY, Biſhop of St Aſaph.

OF this Prelate it has been ſaid, that he poſſeſſes learning without pedantry, patriotiſm without faction, and politneſs without affectation. Should this eulogium to ſome appear overcharged, it ought to be recollected, that the virulence of party, even when it had attained its greateſt height, paid a particular reſpect to the character of his Lordſhip. When, at the ſame time, it is remembered, that his talents were acknowledged on all ſides; and whilſt one party triumphed in his aſſiſtance, the other wiſhed for his ſupport; it can be no flattery in a Literary Journal to repeat the public opinion, which certainly aſcribes to him the qualities we have above enumerated.

Dr JONATHAN SHIPLEY was born, as we conjecture, about the year 1714. His education was liberal, and at a proper age we find him at Chriſt Church, Oxford, where, while he was Bachelor of Arts, he exhibited a talent for poetry, which with cultivation might have ariſen to excellence. On the death of Queen Caroline, he wrote ſome verſes in the Oxford Collection, and it is but ſmall praiſe to ſay, they are the beſt produced on that occaſion. On the 24th of April 1738, he took the degree of Maſter of Arts, and in that year wrote the following lines on the death of a friend who died on his travels:

LANGTON, dear partner of my ſoul,
Accept what pious paſſion meditates
To grace thy fate. Sad memory,
And grateful love, and impotent regret,
Shall wake to paint thy gentle mind,
Thy wiſe good-nature, friendſhip delicate
In ſecret converſe, native mirth,
And ſprightly fancy; ſweet artificer
Of ſocial pleaſure; nor forgot
The noble thirſt of knowledge and fair fame
That led thee far thro' foreign climes
Inquiſitive: but chief the pleaſant banks
Of Tiber, ever-honour'd ſtream,
Detain'd thee viſiting the laſt remains
Of antient art—fair forms exact
In ſculpture, columns, and the mould'ring bulk
Of theatres. In deep thought rapt

Of old renown, thy mind ſurvey'd the ſcenes
Delighted, where the firſt of men
Once dwelt——familiar Scipio, virtuous chief,
Stern Cato, and the patriot mind
Of faithful Brutus, beſt philoſopher.
Well did the generous ſearch employ
Thy blooming years by virtue crown'd, tho' death
Unſeen oppreſs'd thee, far from home,
A helpleſs ſtranger. No familiar voice,
No piting eye chear'd thy laſt pangs.
O worthy longeſt days! for thee ſhall flow
The pious, ſolitary tear,
And thoughtful friendſhip ſadden o'er thine urn.

He ſoon afterwards entered into holy orders, and obtained a living. In May 27, 1743, he was inſtalled a Prebendary in the Cathedral Church of Wincheſter; and in March 1745 was appointed Chaplain to the Duke of Cumberland, to attend him abroad. On October 14, 1748, he took the degree of Doctor of Divinity; and on January 28, 1749, became Canon of Chriſt Church in Oxford. In the year 1760 he was advanced to the Deanery of Wincheſter, and at the ſame time was permitted by diſpenſation to retain the Livings of Silcheſter and Chilbolton. His laſt preferment took place in the year 1769, when he was promoted to the Biſhopric of St Aſaph, in which See he has ever ſince remained.

When it is recorded, that Dr. Shipley gave an early and decided opinion againſt the coercive meaſures ſo fatally adopted towards America, his receiving no further advancement will create but little ſurprize.—In the year 1774 he publiſhed "A ſpeech intended to have been ſpoken on the Bill for altering the Charters of the Colony of Maſſachuſett's-Bay," 8vo, a performance which Mr Mainwaring, in the Introduction to his Sermons, pag 28, 8vo ſpeaks of in the following terms:——"If it were allowable for a moment to adopt "the poetical creed of the antients, "one would almoſt imagine, that "the thoughts of a truly elegant writer were formed by Apollo, and attired by the Graces. It "would ſeem, indeed, that language was at a loſs to furniſh a "garb adapted to their rank and "worth; that judgment, fancy, "taſte, had all combined to adorn "them, yet without imparing that "divine ſimplicity for the want "of which nothing can compenſate." And in a note on this paſſage he ſays, "Amongſt all the productions, "antient or modern, it would be "difficult to find an inſtance of more "conſummate elegance than in a "printed Speech intended to be "ſpoken in the Houſe of Lords." It is to be lamented, that the benevolent ſuggeſtions of the Biſhop of St Aſaph in this Speech were at that time unattended to. A different ſyſtem was adopted and the event is too well known. During the whole American war his Lordſhip continued to be an opponent of Government.

Dr. Shipley is the author of two or three Sermons on public occaſions; but we are not informed of any other pieces. He is the father of the Dean of St Aſaph (whoſe proſecution lately occaſioned ſo much controverſy both in the political and legal world), and of the Lady of Sir William Jones.

## *New* ANECDOTES *of the late illuſtrious* FREDERICK II. *King of Pruſſia.*

IT is ſaid, that Frederick was an excellent judge of men, and knew per-

perfectly well how to appreciate their merits. Nevertheleſs, a great many inſtances may be mentioned, in which he was miſtaken. Before the celebrated general Laudohn entered into the army of the late empreſs queen, he offered his ſervices to Frederick: "I do not like that man's countenance," ſaid the king, and rejected him. He had reaſon to repent of it.

Nothing was more irkſome to the king than ſtate ceremonies and he avoided them as much as poſſible. When he went to Koningſberg to receive the homage of the Pruſſians, he was accompanied by the Marquis d' Argens, whom he deſired to acquaint him with the etiquette obſerved on ſuch occaſions in France, in order that he might conform to it. When the cermony was over, he enquired of d'Argens how he had acquitted himſelf?—"Extremely well," anſwered the marquis; "but I know one that would have done better."—"And who is he?" enquired the king.—"Lewis XV," replied the marquis.—"And I," ſaid the king, "know one that would have acquitted himſelf better than Lewis XV"—"And who is he?" returned the marquis.—"Baron, the actor."

The king had a great prejudice againſt the Germans, whom he thought incapable of any work of genius or ſkill. It was the count de Rothenbourg, it is ſaid, that infuſed into him theſe ideas. This count, one day, brought a very beautiful ſnuff-box, which he preſented to him as the workmanſhip of one of the beſt artiſts in Paris. This box happened to fall from his majeſty's hands, and was broken.—"It is a pity," ſaid the king; "I was very fond of this box."—One of his friends adviſed him to get it mended,—"By whom can it be mended?" anſwered the king: "Are not all our German artiſts very unſkilful?"—The other aſſured his majeſty, that there was a very expert workman in Berlin, and that he would undertake to get it mended. The box was accordingly carried to the artiſt, and he was aſked whether he could repair it.—"Why not?" anſwered the artiſt: "it is my own performance." The workmanſhip he immediately proved by inconteſtable marks. When the box was returned to the king, he was informed that it was the work of a German artiſt. "What!" ſaid the king coldly, "this box was made at Berlin: Very well, I make you a preſent of it: I ſhall uſe it no more."

When Madame Mara came to Berlin, the king, at firſt, refuſed to hear her ſing, and ſaid, "Poh! ſhe is a German: ſhe muſt be horrid!"—He yielded at laſt, and he gave her ſome very difficult airs, which ſhe ſung at ſight. His Majeſty was enchanted with her: "I could not have expected this," ſaid he, "from a German."—He took her into his ſervice, and gave her a penſion of 4000 crowns.

Madame Karſch had acquired great reputation in Germany, for poems in which wit, ſentiment, and elegance were conſpicuous. She one day ſent a poem to the king, requeſting him, at the ſame time, to build her a ſmall houſe. Frederick built every year ſixty or ſeventy handſome houſes that formed part of the plan for the embelliſhment of Berlin; and theſe he granted to people of all deſcriptions. But, inſtead of granting the requeſt of the German muſe, he ſent her four crowns. Madame Karſch returned them with four verſes, expreſſing that this preſent was equally unworthy of Frederick and of herſelf. Frederick-William II, the preſent ſovereign, who, the moment he began to reign was eager to repare the faults of Frederick II. he ſince built a beautiful houſe for madame Karſch.

A captain S**** had the miſ-

for-

fortune to kill another officer in a duel. He was apprehended, and carried to the main guard. Frederick could not prevent him from being tried according to the laws, and he was condemned. Frederick, who loved the captain, becauſe he was a brave man, thought of an expedient to ſave him. He gave ſome of his confidential officers to underſtand, that he ſhould not be ſorry if the priſoner eſcaped. They accordingly prepared every thing for his flight; and in order to facilitate it, he ſent for the captain that mounted guard that day, and ſaid, "Mind, Sir: if you ſuffer S**** to eſcape to-night, you may depend upon my word, that I will order you to be put under arreſt for twenty-four hours."—The captain underſtood his majeſty's meaning. About mid-night he propoſed to the priſoner to take a little air in the front of the guard houſe. His friends were at a diſtance in a poſt-chaiſe. They approached: they gave him an account of their preparations, and carried him off. The next day, the captain reported this *accident* to his majeſty, who pretended to be much enraged againſt him, and ordered him under arreſt for twenty-four hours.

When Frederick built the palace of Sans-Souci, there was a mill, which diſconcerted him greatly in the execution of his plan, and he ſent to enquire of the miller what he would have for it. The miller anſwered, that, for a long ſeries of years, his family had poſſeſſed the mill from father to ſon, that he would not ſell it. The king was very preſſing to gain his point, and even offered to build another mill for him in a better ſituation, excluſive of the ſum that he might demand of him. The obſtinate miller perſiſted in keeping the inheritance of his anceſtors. The king, irritated, ſent for the man, and ſternly ſaid to him, "Why will you not ſell me your mill, notwithſtanding the advantageous offers I have made to you?"—The miller repeated all his reaſons—"Don't you know," continued the king, "that I could take it without giving you one penny?—"Yes," anſwered the miller, "if there were no Chamber of juſtice at Berlin."—The king, who had himſelf inſtituted this court for the more ſpeedy relief of the injured and oppreſſed, was extremely pleaſed with this anſwer, which intimated, that he was thought incapable of an act of injuſtice. He ſuffered the man to enjoy his mill, and he altered the plan of his gardens.

It is well known, that the king cauſed a great quantity of ſmall baſe money to be coined, that were called *pieces of ſix ſenins*. With theſe were paid the ſoldiers, artificers, and part of the penſions of the civil and military officers. But theſe ſix ſenins were never received at any of the royal offices; inſomuch that the king amaſſed all the good coin in his treaſury, never to leave it, and diſtributed among the people the baſe money, that was to return no more into the royal treaſury. One day, Frederick paſſing by the door of a baker at Potzdam, heard him diſputing with a peaſant. He enquired what was the matter; and was anſwered, that the baker wanted to pay in ſix ſenins for the corn he had purchaſed of the peaſant, and that he refuſed to take it.—"Why," ſaid Frederick to the latter, will you not take this money?"—The peaſant looking at the king, peeviſhly anſwered, "Do you take them yourſelf?"—The king anſwered not a word, but went on.

The king one day found a Dutch merchant at Sans-Souci. He politely accoſted him, and aſked him if he wiſhed to ſee the gardens. The merchant, who did not know his majeſty, anſwered, he did not think that

that would be permitted while the king was there.——"Give yourſelf no concern about that," anſwered Frederick, "I will ſhow it to you myſelf." He then led the merchant to the moſt beautiful ſpots in the garden, and deſired his opinion concerning a variety of things. When he had ſhown him every thing that was remarkable, the merchant took out his purſe, and would have given ſome money to his guide. "No," ſaid the king, "we are not allowed to take any thing: we ſhould loſe our places if we did."—The merchant thanked him very politely, and took his leave, perſuaded that it was the inſpector of the gardens. He had ſcarce proceeded a few ſteps, when he met the gardener, who ſaid to him roughly, "What do you do here? The king is yonder."——The Dutchman told him what had happened, and praiſed very much the politeneſs of the gentleman that had ſhown him the garden. "And do you know who that is?" ſaid the gardener: "It is the king himſelf."——The aſtoniſhment of the Dutchman may be eaſily conceived.

A reduced officer, who had ſerved with great bravery as lieutenant colonel during the war of ſeven years, repaired every day to the king's antichamber, to ſolicit a penſion. The king had often ſaid to him, "Have patience; I cannot, at preſent, do any thing for you."——The officer was not repulſed; and wherever he found the king, he did not fail to importune him. The king, tired with this perſeverance, ordered that he ſhould be admitted no more. In the mean time, a violent ſatire appeared againſt Frederick, who, contrary to his uſual cuſtom, promiſed a reward of fifty louis to whomſoever ſhould diſcover the author. The next day, the lieutenant-colonel repaired to the palace: he was refuſed admittance. He perſiſted, however, urging, that he had ſomething of importance to communicate to his majeſty. He is announced, and enters. "Have I not told you already," ſaid Frederick, "that I can do nothing for you at preſent?"—"I require nothing," anſwered the officer: "but your majeſty has promiſed fifty louis to whomſoever ſhould diſcover the author of the new pamphlet that has juſt appeared againſt your majeſty: I am the author: puniſh the guilty man; but pay this money to my wife, that ſhe may buy bread for her wretched children."—"The d——l confound you," ſaid the king, "you ſhall go to Spandau."*—"Sire, I ſubmit to whatever your majeſty orders with reſpect to myſelf: but the fifty louis."—"In an hour's time your wife ſhall have them: wait a moment."—The king ſat down, wrote a letter, and gave it to the officer, ſaying, "You will deliver this letter to the commandant of Spandau, and tell him that I forbid him to open it until he has dined."—He then ordered the officer to be conducted to Spandau. He arrives there, and preſents the letter to the commandant, with the orders he had received. The commandant dines: the officer, the whole time, is in the moſt cruel ſuſpenſe; the letter is at laſt opened, and read as follows:

"The bearer of this letter is appointed commandant of the fortreſs of Spandau. His wife and children will be there ſoon with fifty louis. The former commandant of Spandau will repair to Potzdam, where a better place awaits him."

A corporal of the life-guards, who was known to have a great deal of vanity, but, at the ſame time, to be

* A fortreſs, where military and ſtate priſoners are either confined, or obliged to work upon the fortifications.

brave

a brave fellow, wore a watch chain, to which he had affixed a muſquet bullet, inſtead of a watch, which he was unable to buy. The king being inclined one day to rally him, ſaid, "A-propos, coporal, you muſt have been very frugal to buy a watch: it is ſix o'clock by mine: tell me what it is upon yours?"—The ſoldier, who gueſſed the king's intention, inſtantly drew the bullet from his fob, and ſaid, "Sire, my watch neither marks five nor ſix o'clock; but it tells me every moment, that it is my duty to die for your majeſty."—"Here, my friend," ſaid the king, quite affected, "take this watch, that you may be able to tell the hour alſo"——And he gave him his watch, which was adorned with brilliants.

Frederick rung one day, and nobody anſwered. He opened the door, and found the page ſleeping on a ſofa. He was going to wake him, when he perceived the end of a billet out of his pocket. He had the curioſity to know the contents: he took, and read it. It was a letter from the mother of the young man, who thanked him for having ſent her a part of his wages, to aſſiſt her in her diſtreſs. She concluded by beſeeching God to bleſs him for his filial goodneſs. The king returned ſoftly to his room, took a roller of ducats, and ſlid them, with the letter, into the page's pocket. Returned to his appartment, he rang ſo violently, that the page opened it and entered.——"You have ſlept well," ſaid the king. The page made an apology, and, in his embarraſſment, he happened to put his hand into his pocket, and felt with aſtouiſhment, the roller. He drew it out, turned pale, and looking at the king, burſt into tears, without being able to ſpeak a word—"What is the matter?"—"Ah! ſire," ſaid the young man, throwing himſelf at his feet, "ſomebody would wiſh to ruin me: I know not how I came by this money in my pocket."——"My friend," ſaid Frederick, "God often ſends us good in our ſleep. Send this to your mother. Salute her in my name; and aſſure her that I ſhall take care of her and of you."

Note. Engel has made this anecdote the ſubject of a little drama, entitled "The Page."

## *On the* SCOTCH FISHERIES.

### LETTER V.

BUILDING ciſterns of ſtone, either above or below the ſurface of the ground, but rather under it of ſuch dimenſions, as may ſuit the particular local leads in to the ſubject of fiſh curing; it is an extenſive field, upon which much might and ought to be ſaid, but as theſe letters are already, and unavoidably will be, extended to a length that may perhaps be though wearifome to many of our readers, it is neceſſary to be as brief as the nature of the thing will well admit of; I ſhall therefore confine myſelf to the moſt common methods of curing the general run of what is known to be a marketable commodity.

This is a branch of the fiſhery buſineſs of very great importance for promoting and inſuring the continuance of quick demand, and great conſumpt both at foreign and domeſtic markets; it is what we are rather deficient in at preſent, leaving much ſcope for improvement, and ſadly will we be to blame indeed if we do not improve, for vain will it be to think of meeting an experienced rival in a foreign market with any proſpect of ſucceſs particularly in an article of food, unleſs much care, cleanneſs and attention is beſtowed, to preſent our fiſh for ſale in the beſt condidtion they all admit of.

The many regulations of the con-

Dutch upon herring fiſhing, packing, and curing, appears rather finical, although it is probable they have been found neceſſary to check the procedure of a people prone to chicane. Perhaps this is not the only inſtance that might be adduced to ſhow, that ſtrong meaſures have been found proper to compel individuals to attend to what in the end is much for their intereſt, although troubleſome or expenſive at firſt.

Eſtabliſhing conciſe, diſtinct, clear and ſimple orders for gilping, ſorting, packing, and repacking, will be uſeful. Herrings ſhould be waſhed before repacking: If the bloody pickle is preſerved as it ought, where it can be done, it ſhould be paſſed through a ſearch or cloath, to ſeparate the ſcales and groſs matter from it, and boiled up and ſkimmed to purify the blood in it, before being put about the fiſh again, as nothing is more apt to turn rancid, or ſooner promotes putrefaction than it does; If the bloody pickle is not preſerved, boiling up a few of the damaged or ſmalleſt herrings, and putting the liquor among the pickle, will probably have the ſame effect in preſerving the fiſh.

As much of their oil as can ſhould be extracted from them; this muſt be done by luting with clay, ſmall wooden or earthen cups upon a narrow bung hole, pierced on purpoſe in the ſide of the caſk, when they and the upper cups are filled with pickle, in doing which, the cup anſwers as a funnel, the oil, as being lighter, naturally forces its way to the ſurface of the pickle in the cup, where it is to be ſkimmed off with a ſpoon.——— This proceſs ſucceeds beſt in warm weather, that makes the oil aſcend copiouſly.

To forward this, it is cuſtomary for two men to paſs betwixt the tiers with ſticks in their hands, ſimilar to handſpikes, having a pretty ſtout pin put into the ſide of them, at ſuch a diſtance from the lower end, that, when it is at the ground, the point of the pin touches the center of the barrel-head, and both preſſing at once upon each end of the caſk, makes the pickle bubble as if boiling in the cup, and with its motion it carrries up the oil in its courſe.

In the careful performance of this ſimple operation, after the fiſh has been well ſalted or pined, and honeſtly packed, conſiſts the principal merit of the curing Aberdeen ſalmon, that has long ſince eſtabliſhed the character they ſtill retain, which gives them a preference of from 5s. to 10s. above all others, at all the markets they appear in; and it is exactly the very ſame the Dutch uſe in curing their herrings; from us, I may ſay with certainty, they borrowed the practice; for it is notorious Aberdeen ſalmon was as early in repute, if not earlier, than Dutch herrings; and the opportunities they had of learning this is conſpicuous; for, till within theſe ſeven years bypaſt, they were regularly exported in Dutch bottoms, and the operation chiefly performed before their peoples eyes, while waiting their cargoes.

Doing this is of more utility than is generally imagined, particularly for ſuch as have a chance of being kept any time on hand, or ſent to a warm climate; as it prevents their gilding. Burning on the maker's name, and his place of abode, as well as that of the proprietor's, upon each barrel, will be ſerviceable, as it may lead to the detection of thoſe ill made or negligently cured.

The ſimple affair of gilping or gutting is very imperfectly done by our people; they uſe nothing but the fingers, and it is very common to tear away part of the belly, which leaves an ugly gap betwixt the head

and the body, that much diſfigures the fiſh. All other nations uſe a ſharp pointed knife in doing this, and ſo preſerves their proper ſymmetry. This operation, if poſſible, ſhould always be performed under a roof or awning, to defend them from the influence of the ſun's rays, which ſoftens and injures them greatly.

I am morally certain, that the erection of ciſterns for the cure of fiſh, is a meaſure, that, if properly executed, will be found of more real advantage to the intereſt of the herring fiſhing in general, and to that of boat fiſhing in particular, than any other that has hitherto been ſpoken of, or can, I almoſt may ſay, be deviſed.

A proper ſtock of ſalt ſhould always be kept in them, and put under the charge of judicious managers, that take the gill and adhering gut clean away, without hurting the body, to take care that no fiſh is received into them but ſuch as are in good condition, that is, has not been too long taken, that they are cleanly gilped and well ſalted. Here the produce of many boats crews can be lodged at a very moderate expence, without endangering the waſte of a barrel or barrel hoop, until purchaſers appear, or offers are made from diſtant correſpondents, who may ſend caſks by the veſſels that receive and are to carry them to market.

Will not this place the boat fiſhers upon a very independent footing in regard to ſales, and enable them to obtain a more liberal and fair price than they could do by any other means? Surely it will ſerve them infinitely more than the late indulgent clauſe of allowing the bounty veſſels to buy of the country boats, from which ſo much good is expected; for as theſe veſſels are obliged by law to be properly equipped for catching their own cargoes, which they can do in the courſe of a few nights, when the fiſh happen to ſet into the lochs, when, it well may be ſuppoſed they need not buy, or, if they do, it will be at a very low price indeed; ſo that it can only be in ſcanty gleaning ſeaſons that either party can derive any advantage from it; and as it is moſt likely it will prevent the attendance of veſſels furniſhed with caſks and ſalt to buy fiſh, as uſual, it is a doubtful point with me, if the boats will not be more loſers than gainers by it.

If, as I hope I ſhall ſoon ſee, or at leaſt hear of, the bounty veſſels going out to ſea in queſt of the ſhoals of herrings at a diſtance from the lochs, the boats there cannot follow to ſell, conſequently they will be as effectually deprived of ſales to them as if it were prohibited.

One building of 100 feet long by 14 wide, gives ſeven ſeparate rooms or ciſterns, of 12 feet long, allowing two feet to each diviſion or partition wall; the ſquare contents of one of theſe rooms of 12 by 14, and 6½ feet deep, ſuppoſing them filled only 6 feet, gives 1008 feet, equal to 200 barrels, conſequently 1400 barrels in the whole ſeven; and, as many of theſe may be ranged along ſide of each other, as convenience of ſituation and other circumſtances will admit of or require, ſuppoſe ſix others, and ſeven in all, at one ſtation, they will contain 10,000 barrels within the ſquare of 100 feet each way: one ſurrounding wall will ſerve to incloſe the whole, with pillars of wood, brick, or ſtone, and run-joiſts to ſupport the roofs.

A few planks of wood ranged over the tops of the ciſterns, for gangways and bearers, will contain great quantities of caſks, although the ſide walls were no higher than ſeven or eight feet; and, if carried higher, ſo as to form two or more flats, it will make excellent lofts, wherein immenſe quantities of dry fiſh, fiſhing ſtores, naval

naval ſtores, proviſions, &c. may be kept; the two outer ſides might be fitted up, as being well lighted, to give accommodation to many people; the end windows, it is ſuppoſed, muſt be reſerved for promoting a circulation of air, and giving light to the inner apartments.

A little practice will ſoon determine the proper method of working theſe ciſterns. In putting in and taking out the herrings, perhaps it will be neceſſary to prepare pretty broad flat frames of wicker work, to put under the feet of the labourers when at work in them, which, by dividing their weight, will prevent the fiſh from being injured by the preſſure. Theſe will be uſeful too, to lay over the tops of the ciſterns when full, ſo as a ſufficient weight may be put upon them to preſs down the uppermoſt fiſh under the ſurface of the pickle, and thereby prevent their being ſpoiled by the air.

If they are ſubſtantially built of ſtone, cemented with lime properly prepared, they will need no repairs in an age, unleſs ſome ſmall matter to the roofs; and, if they are laid down near a proper landing place, will be equally convenient for the ſmall decked veſſels recommended for the fiſhing, who ſtow their fiſh in bulk, as for boat fiſhers. A few additional hands to the crews can ſoon diſcharge their cargoes and depoſit them here, where they may lie until they are thoroughly pined or impregnated with the ſalt, and ready for barrelling.

From 14 to 20 days will be ſufficient for this, when, if they are not to be barrelled directly, perhaps it will be found proper to ſhift them from one ciſtern to another to ſeparate the bloody pickle from them to be boiled, to correct and purify it before being put about them again; when, as before ſaid, they will be found in condition fit to keep any reaſonable length of time; nor will they need much freſh ſalt at packing, if this purified pickle is put about them in ſufficient quantity.

*The following* ALLEGORY *lately made its Appearance in a* PHILADELPHIA NEWS-PAPER; *and is ſaid to come from the Pen of the celebrated* DOCTOR FRANKLIN.

IN a dream I thought myſelf in a ſolitary temple. I ſaw a kind of phantom coming towards me, but as he drew near, his form expanded and became more than human; his robe hung majeſtically down to his feet; ſix wings whiter than ſnow, whoſe extremities were edged with gold, covered a part of his body: then I ſaw him quit his material ſubſtance, which he had put on not to terrify me; his body was of all the colours in the rainbow. He took me by the hair, and I was ſenſible I was travelling in the ætherial plains without any dread, with the rapidity of an arrow ſent from a bow drawn by a ſupple and nervous arm.

A thouſand glowing orbs rolled beneath me: but I could only caſt a rapid glance on all thoſe globes, diſtinguiſhed by the ſtriking colours with which they were diverſified.

I now ſuddenly perceived ſo beautiful, ſo flouriſhing, ſo fertile a country, that I conceived a ſtrong deſire to alight upon it. My wiſhes were inſtantly gratified; I felt myſelf gently landed on its ſurface, where I was ſurrounded by a balmy atmoſphere. I found myſelf repoſed at the dawn, on the ſoft verdant graſs. I ſtretched out my arms, in token of gratitude, to my celeſtial guide, who pointed to a reſplendent ſun, towards which ſwiftly riſing, he diſappeared in the luminous body.

I roſe, and imagined myſelf to be

tranſported into the garden of Eden. Every thing inſpired my ſoul with ſoft tranquility. The moſt profound peace covered this new globe; nature was raviſhing and incorruptible here, and a delicious freſhneſs expanded my ſenſe to extacy; a ſweet odour accompanied the air I breathed; my heart, which beat with an unuſual power, was immerged in a ſea of rapture; while pleaſure, like a pure and immortal light, penetrated the inmoſt receſſes of my ſoul.

The inhabitants of this happy country came to meet me; and after ſaluting me they took me by the hand. Their noble countenances inſpired confidence and reſpect; innocence and happineſs were depicted in their looks; they often lifted their eyes towards Heaven, and as often uttered a name which I afterwards knew to be that of the Eternal, while their cheeks were moiſtened with the tears of gratitude.

I experienced great emotion while I converſed with theſe ſublime beings. They poured out their hearts with the moſt ſincere tenderneſs; and the voice of reaſon, moſt majeſtic, and no leſs melting, was, at the ſame time, conveyed to my enraptured ear.

I ſoon perceived this abode was totally different from that which I had left. A divine impulſe made me fly into their arms;—I bowed my knees to them; but being raiſed up in the moſt endearing manner, I was preſſed to the boſoms that encloſed ſuch excellent hearts, and I conceived a preſentiment of celeſtial amity, of that amity which united their ſouls, and formed the greateſt portion of their felicity.

The Angel of darkneſs, with all his artifice, was never able to diſcover the entrance into this world! Notwithſtanding his over watchful malice, he never found out the means to ſpread his poiſon over this happy globe. Anger, envy, and pride, were there unknown; the happineſs of one appeared the happineſs of all! an extatic tranſport inceſſantly elevating their ſouls at the ſight of the magnificent and bountiful Hand that collected over their heads the moſt aſtoniſhing prodigies of the creation.

The lovely morning, with her humid ſaffron wings, diſtilled the pearly dew from the ſhrubs and flowers, and the rays of the riſing ſun multiplied the moſt enchanting colours, when I perceived a wood embelliſhed by the opening dawn.

The youth of both ſexes there ſent forth hymns of adoration towards Heaven, and were filled at the ſame time with the grandeur and majeſty of God, which rolled almoſt viſibly over their heads; for in this world of innocence, he vouchſafed to manifeſt himſelf by means unknown to our weak underſtandings.

All things announced his auguſt preſence, the ſerenity of the air, the dies of the flowers, the brilliancy of the inſects, a kind of univerſal ſenſibility ſpread over all beings, and which vivified bodies that ſeemed the leaſt ſuſceptible of it; every thing bore the appearance of ſentiment; and the birds ſtopped in the midſt of their flight, as if attentive to the affecting modulations of their voices.

But no pencil can expreſs the raviſhing countenance of the young beauties whoſe boſoms breathed love. Who can deſcribe that love of which we have not any idea, that love for which we have no name, that love the lot of pure intelligent beings, divine love, which they only can conceive and feel? The tongue of man, incapable, muſt be ſilent!—The remembrance of this enchanting place ſuſpends at this moment all the faculties of my ſoul.

The ſun was riſing—the pencil falls from my hand.—Oh, Thomſon, never did your Muſe view ſuch a ſun!—What a world, and what magnificent order! I trod, with regret, on the flow-

flowery plants, endued, like that which we call ſenſitive, with a quick and lively feeling; they bent under my foot, only to riſe with more brilliancy: the fruit gently dropped, on the firſt touch, from the complying branch, and had ſcarcely gratified the palate when the delicious ſenſation of its juices were felt glowing in every vein: the eye, more piercing, ſparkled with uncommon luſtre; the ear was more lively; the heart, which expanded itſelf all over nature, ſeemed to poſſeſs and enjoy its fertile extent: the univerſal enjoyment did not diſturb any individual; for union multiplied their delights, and they eſteemed themſelves leſs happy in their own fruition than in the happineſs of others.

This ſun did not reſemble the comparative paleneſs and weakneſs which illuminates our gloomy, terreſtrial priſon; yet the eye could bear to gaze on it, and, in a manner, plunge itſelf in a kind of ecſtacy into its mild and pure light: it enlivened at once the ſight and the underſtanding, and even penetrated the ſoul. The bodies of thoſe fortunate perſons became, as it were, tranſparent; while each read in his brother's heart the ſentiments of affability and tenderneſs with which himſelf was affected.

There darted from the leaves of all the ſhrubs that the planet enlighted, a luminous matter which reſembled, at a diſtance, all the colours of the rainbow; its orb, which was never eclipſed, was crowned with ſparkling rays that the daring priſm of Newton could not divide.—When this planet ſet, ſix brilliant moons floated in the atmoſphere; their progreſſion, in different orbits, each night formed a new exhibition. The multitude of ſtars, which ſeem to us as if ſcattered by chance, were here ſeen in their true point of view, and the order of the univerſe appeared in all its pomp and ſplendor.

In this happy country, when a man gave way to ſleep, his body, which had none of the properties of terreſtrial elements, gave no oppoſition the ſoul, but contemplated in a viſion, bordering on reality, the lucid region, the throne of the Eternal, to which it was ſoon to be elevated. Men awaked from a light ſlumber without perturbation or uneaſineſs; enjoying futurity by a forcible ſentiment of immortality, being intoxicated with the image of an approaching felicity, exceeding that which they already enjoyed.

Grief, the fatal reſult of the imperfect ſenſibility of our rude frames, was unknown to theſe innocent men; a light ſenſation warned them of the objects that could hurt them; and nature removed them from the danger, as a tender mother would gently draw her child by the hand from a pitfal.

I breathed more freely in this habitation of joy and concord; my exiſtence became moſt valuable to me: but in proportion as the charms which ſurrounded me were lively, the greater was my ſorrow when my ideas returned to the globe I had quitted. All the calamities of the human race united as in one point to overwhelm my heart, and I exclaimed piteouſly—"Alas! the world I inhabited formerly reſembled yours; but peace, innocence, chaſte pleaſures ſoon vaniſhed.—Why was I not born among you? What a contraſt! The earth that was my ſorrowful abode is inceſſantly filled with tears and ſighs: there the ſmaller number oppreſs the greater; the demon of property infects what he touches, and what he covets. Gold is there a god, and they ſacrifice on his altar, love, humanity, and the moſt valuable virtues.

"Shudder, you that hear me! The greateſt enemy man has is *man*; his chiefs are his tyrants; they make all things bend under the yoke of their pride or their caprice; the chains

of

of oppreſſion are in a manner extended from pole to pole: a monſter who aſſumes the maſque of glory, makes lawful whatever is moſt horrible, violence and murder. Since the fatal invention of an inflammable owder, no mortal can ſay, To-morrow I ſhall repoſe in peace;—to morrow the arm of deſpotiſm will not cruſh my head;—to morrow dreadful ſorrow will not grind my bones;—to-morrow the wailings of an uſeleſs deſpair, proceeding from a diſtreſſed heart, will not eſcape my lips, and tyranny bury me alive as in a ſtone coffin!

"Oh, my brethren! weep, weep over us! We are not only ſurrounded with chains and executioners, but are moreover dependant on the ſeaſons, the elements, and the meaneſt inſects. All nature rebels againſt us; and even if we ſubdue her, ſhe makes us pay dearly for the benefits our labour forces from her. The bread we eat is earned by our tears and the ſweat of our brow; then greedy men come and plunder us, to ſquander it on their idle favourites.

"Weep, weep with me, my brethren! Hatred purſues us; revenge ſharpens its poniard in the dark; calumny brands us, and even deprives us of the power of making our defence; the object of friendſhip betrays our confidence, and forces us to curſe this otherwiſe conſolatory ſentiment. We muſt live in the midſt of all the ſtrokes of wickedneſs, error, pride, and folly."

Whilſt my heart gave a free courſe to my complaints, I ſaw a band of ſhining ſeraphs deſcending from Heaven; on which ſhouts of joy were immediately ſent forth from the whole race of theſe fortunate beings. As I gazed with aſtoniſhment, I was accoſted by an old man, who ſaid, "Farewel, my friend! the moment of our death draws near; or rather, that of a new life. The miniſters of the God of clemency are come to take us from this earth; we are going to dwell in a world of ſtill greater perfection."—"Why, father," ſaid I, "are you, then, ſtrangers to the agonies of death, the anguiſh, the pain, the dread, which accompany us in our laſt moments?"——

"Yes, my child," he replied, "theſe angels of the Higheſt come at ſtated periods, and carry us the road to a new world, of which we have an idea by the undoubted conviction of the unlimited bounty and magnificence of the Creator."

A chearful glow was immediately ſpread over their countenances; their brows ſeemed crowned with immortal ſplendor; they ſprang lightly from the earth in my ſight; I preſſed the ſacred hand of each for the laſt time, while with a ſmile they held out the other to the ſeraph, who had ſpread his wings to carry them to heaven.

They aſcended all at once, like a flock of beautiful ſwans that taking flight raiſe themſelves with majeſtic rapidity over the tops of our higheſt palaces. I gazed with ſadneſs; my eye followed them in the air, until their venerable heads were loſt in the ſilver clouds, and I remained alone on this magnificent deſerted land.

I perceived I was not yet fitted to dwell in it, and wiſhed to return to this unfortunate world of expiation: thus the animal eſcaped from his keeper returns, following the track of his chain, with a mild aſpect, and enters his priſon. Awaking, the illuſion was diſpelled, which it is beyond the power of my weak tongue or pen to deſcribe in its full ſplendor: but this illuſion I ſhall for ever cheriſh; and, ſupported by the foundation of hope, I will preſerve it until death in the inmoſt receſſes of my ſoul.

*For the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

To Mr. A. Z.

SIR, *Aberdeen, May* 14, 1788.

I Have read over your eſſay on *Hope* in laſt Aberdeen Magazine of

of the 8th. Your thoughts on that ſubject, as far as I can judge, are juſt, and bear marks of being the production of a mind intereſted in the ſubject. After a ſecond ſerious peruſal of your eſſay, I was led into the following reflections, which are offered to your conſideration.

There certainly is ſome ſort of Hope which even the loweſt of the animal creation are poſſeſſed of, in common with man: I mean that hope which is the grand ſpring of action and motion. Were this principle of animal life to ceaſe, then all action and motion muſt be ſuſpended, and univerſal ſtilneſs muſt ſucceed thro' all the various tribes of animated beings on the face of the earth. Did not the eagle hope to bring forth her young brood, ſhe would hardly undergo the trouble of building herſelf a neſt: Did not the lion hope for prey, he would be ſeen to range the foreſt no more: And did not man hope for future happineſs in the accompliſhment of his deſigns and purſuits, he would for ever ceaſe to act. But,

"Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt,
"Man never *is*, but always *to be* bleſt."

Nay farther, did he not hope to walk or perform ſome other function of nature, he would never move his limbs; Did he not hope to ſee the light, he would never lift his eyes.—So univerſal is the effect of this principle, and ſo neceſſary is it for the very exiſtence of animal life. But to riſe a little higher: That was a more noble, but ſtrangely miſguided principle of Hope, which animated the heroes of the ancient pagan world. The expectation of having their names mentioned with veneration thro' ſucceeding ages, or they knew not what ſort of dark confuſed immortality, rouſed them to undertake the greateſt exploits that were ever atchieved by human valour.

But how weak and inconſiderable is both that actuating principle of animal life, (tho' neceſſary in its own department) and that feeble ray of glimmering Hope, which is ſtruck out by unaſſiſted reaſon, when compared with *Chriſtian hope!* This with bold adventurous wing, ſoars a nobler flight, and with pleaſing expectation graſps an eternity more certain and divine. It may be obſerved, however, with regard to the nature of Hope in general, that it is but a ſecondary principle, that is, it is indebted to ſome prior endowment for its very exiſtence in the mind; thus, for inſtance, the firſt kind, which all animals are poſſeſſed of, is the effect of invariable nature, ſtrengthened at laſt by cuſtom and experience; the ſecond is the reſult of ſome faint ſuggeſtions of reaſon, or ſome confuſed ideas concerning immortality, or which is almoſt the ſame thing, the vain conceit of a certain ſort of fancied divinity, which imagination fooliſhly attributed to the power of *fame*: The laſt is founded on the promiſes of our Holy Religion, and is generally in proportion to the degree of faith with which we truſt in it. In your laſt obſervation concerning this Chriſtian Hope, I ſuppoſe you mean, that this Hope is an emanation of the Holy Spirit. The obſervation ſeems ſo juſt, that to gain aſſent it needs only to be ſuggeſted:—The *Holy Spirit is called the Comforter*, and this Hope is, no doubt, one great means employed thereby, for the comfort of the ſaints. The obſervation is likewiſe corroborated by the apoſtolical prayer for the Roman converts, that they might "abound in *Hope*, thro' the power of the *Holy Ghoſt*."

You have well obſerved, that this principle is that which affords us the greateſt comfort upon the death of our beloved friends. Had we no view of any life beyond the grave, did all our hopes and expectations terminate there, how inſupportable would the ſepa-

ſeparation be, when we ſee thoſe who were dear to us as our own ſouls ſink into its devouring abyſs? But when animated by this heaven-born expectation, we ſee them ſink down, only to riſe again, with more perfect and tranſcendent beauty, in a life of endleſs felicity; where we hope ſoon to be united to theſe dear companions of our more imperfect ſtate, without the fear of ſeparation; this is only like parting for a day, and that with more than human certainty of meeting again, amidſt the concomitants of happineſs and pure delight, which the moſt fertile imagination can conceive.

I hope you will not ſay, that there is any thing ſelfiſh in this deſire and expectation of re-union with thoſe who juſtly merited our eſteem in this life, or in the ſorrow we feel upon their ſeparation from us; I know, this is a prevailing opinion, but I confeſs I am not ſo faſhionable as to accede to it. I believe, there are ſome paſſions and emotions of the ſoul, where ſelf and intereſt, thoſe mighty rulers of the world, are not at all conſulted: What elſe ſhould make a man endanger his fortune and even his life to ſerve his friend?—Of which (to the honour of human nature be it ſpoken) there are many inſtances in the annals of mankind. And thoſe generous and diſintereſted affections are the ſource of the moſt refined delight that the human mind is capable of. It will readily be granted, that the baſeſt of paſſions ſometimes paſſes for love, and the mean arts of a *Paraſite* are often dignified with the name of friendſhip; but that, therefore, there is neither love nor friendſhip in the world, let us ever abandon the thought! I am well perſuaded, that, diveſted of every ſelfiſh view, there is a ſecret delight reſults to the mind from the company and converſe of thoſe we eſteem. And the error of thoſe, (if almoſt all the world can err), who put *ſelf* at the bottom of our moſt refined affections, is in miſtaking the conſequences for the motives of thoſe affections. I ſhould be glad to ſee a hint on this ſubject in the Aberdeen Magazine, when time or inclination permitted you. I am, Sir, &c.

Z.

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## To the EDITOR of the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

*Among the Papers of a deceaſed friend, to whom I performed the office of Executor, I diſcovered a pretty large Packet carefully wrapped up, and placed in a corner of his bureau. I found, upon examination, that it contained many curious remarks, hiſtories, &c. which my friend (who was a great traveller) had made and collected in foreign countries. Of theſe, the narrative which I incloſe for the uſe of your readers, engaged my attention more particularly than the others; becauſe I recollected, that the elegant tranſlator of the firſt verſion* (Spectator, No. 159) *did not accompliſh, for ſome unknown reaſon, the purpoſe which he intimates of continuing it. I therefore thought, that the continuation, which came thus accidentally into my poſſeſſion, might not be unacceptable to your readers.*

*I beg leave only to add, in juſtice to my deceaſed friend, that the reader ought to excuſe its inaccuracies, as he meant moſt probably, rather to tranſlate the original for his own amuſement, than to offer it with ſtudied improvements to the public.*

*I am, Sir,*

*Your obedient humble ſervant,*

*AMICUS.*

The

# THE SECOND VISION OF *MIRZAH.*

(See the Firſt Viſion, Spectator, Vol. II. No. 159.)

ENcouraged by the appearance of the benevolent genius, who had placed before me the rewards that await the virtuous, and animated by the hope of receiving farther inſtruction, I performed every duty of a good Muſſulman with a ſcrupulous exactneſs, that might render me ſtill more worthy of the honour that had been conferred on me.

At the end of the month Ramadan, which I had kept ſacred by faſting, according to the ſtrict injunctions of the Prophet, I aſcended once more the mountains of Bagdat, in the hope, that my unknown friend would again condeſcend to viſit an unworthy but devout worſhipper of Allah, and of his Prophet: I was not deceived in this expectation. Having lain down on the brow of an eminence, that commanded a proſpect of the city and of the plain, I began to meditate on the ſcenes that had formerly paſt before me. While I was thus employed, my ſenſes were again raviſhed by celeſtial muſic, of which the ſweetneſs ariſing from an exquiſite modulation, conveyed a delight that ſurpaſſeth deſcription. It deſcended gradually from the higher region: and ceaſing at the moment when it reached the place where I reclined, the heavenly muſician again ſtood before me. He was not now clad in the dreſs of a ſhepherd, although his countenance diſplayed its former benignity. Mine eyes were dazzled by his reſplendent wings, that ſparkled as he moved with innumerable dies, of which the combination almoſt overpowered mortality. A crown glittered on his forehead, and a white robe edged with gold, falling down to his feet, heightened the majeſty of his aſpect and deportment.

"Mirzah, ſaid the Genius, with a look of ineffable complacency, thy oblation of a pure heart, and thy attention to the duties of religion, are acceptable to the great Allah. Carry thine eyes from me to the proſpect before thee, and tell me what thou ſeeſt." I ſee, replied I, turning mine eyes towards the tomb of the Prophet, the long valley, the tide, the bridge crowded with paſſengers, the rock of adamant dividing an immenſe ocean into two equal parts, and the black clouds that reſt upon the oppoſite ſides of it.

"Look, ſaid my conductor, more cloſely upon the clouds on the left ſide of the maſs of adamant." I gazed intently upon the object towards which my ſight was directed; when the clouds being diſperſed, I ſaw that the ocean was bounded by a chain of inacceſſible rocks, whoſe ſummits were exceeded in height only by the ſtupendous pile of adamant that overlooked the proſpect. "Theſe precipices, ſaid he, are the boundaries of an immenſe territory, that is ſurrounded on all ſides by an interminable ocean, and is called the *Region of* DESPAIR. Thou canſt not as yet diſcover the inhabitants, who have no means of eſcape from it. But look now upon the ſpace between theſe barriers and the bridge, and tell me what thou diſcovereſt." "I ſee, ſaid I, the birds that reſted in great numbers upon the middle arches, taking flight towards theſe rocks, over which they mount ſucceſſively, and are no longer beheld." "Theſe, ſaid he, are the beings who drew the unwary paſſengers into pitfalls, which they might have avoided by care and circumſpection. They now follow them into the Region of Deſpair, in order to heighten their puniſhment."

I gazed, while he was yet ſpeaking, upon my benevolent guide; and having perceived nothing in his countenance that ſhould prevent me from making another requeſt: Let me now, ſaid I,

behold the inhabitants of the gloomy manſion before me, and be the witneſs of the horrors of their deſtiny, that I may be deterred from vice as much by the view of its puniſhments, as I have been incited to practiſe virtue by the contemplation of its reward."

The Genius looking upon me, while I pronounced theſe words, with a mixture of pity and ſeverity, raiſed me from the ground, and upon recovering my ſight, of which the rapidity of his flight had deprived me for a moment, I perceived that I was placed upon the ſummit of the adamantine maſs, that divided the ocean into two equal parts. I remained during ſome time motionleſs with aſtoniſhment, upon the place to which I was raiſed; but reviving, at the inſtant when my benevolent inſtructor touched my forehead with his hand, I turned mine eyes upon the left ſide, and found, that the precipices no longer obſtructed my view of the manſions which they incloſed.

I no ſooner began to contemplate the ſcenes that now opened upon me, than I repented of the requeſt I had made to ſurvey them. I beheld a wide, and in all appearance an unbounded region, filled with inhabitants, upon whoſe faces, as they paſſed and repaſſed before me, I could obſerve ſtrongly impreſſed, traces of rage, compunction, remorſe, and diſmay. They were followed by beings who held bows in their hands ready bent, from which they diſcharged envenomed arrows at the miſerable objects of their vengeance, who, as ſoon as they felt the point, ſuddenly ſunk into the earth.

I recoiled with unutterable horror, from this ſcene of complicated miſery, which a ſuperior power compelled me to behold. The Genius (who had been offended at my requeſt to witneſs the deſtiny of thoſe victims of divine diſpleaſure) looked ſternly upon me. "Brother of the worm, ſaid he, why didſt thou conceive thyſelf to be able to witneſs the puniſhment of the children of darkneſs? I will farther chaſtiſe thee, by granting thy requeſt." While he ſpoke, the ground upon which I gazed was cleft aſunder; and I beheld under it, by the light blue and livid flame, a region that had hitherto been concealed: I perceived, that they who inhabited this diſmal manſion, were toſſed about in perpetual agitation by waves of liquid fire, that appeared to riſe and fall ſucceſſively, as thoſe of an ocean diſturbed by earthquakes, or vexed by ſtorms. I ſaw that beings of gigantic magnitude, and of horrible aſpect, occupied the higher part of this abyſs; and while I liſtened to what paſſed below, methought I heard the ſound of the ſcourge, the clanking of chains, the raving of frenzy, and the ſhrieking of pain. An univerſal wail, that indicated the excluſion of Hope, overpowered my ſenſes. I fell motionleſs at the feet of my conductor, who immediately raiſed me up, and ſmiling upon me with his uſual complacency, "Thou haſt ſeen, ſaid he, O Mirzah, a land of which thou wilt never become an inhabitant. It is the abode of Deſpair; an abode into which thoſe are received, who fall by the fiery arrows that are launched at them in the upper region. Before I leave thee, (ſaid my benevolent friend, with an eye, to which pity gave the mildeſt expreſſion,) let me raiſe thy dejected heart, by a diſplay that may wear out the impreſſions of what thou haſt ſeen"

While he was yet ſpeaking, I perceived that the clouds on the right ſide of the rock were again diſpelled; and that the happy iſles, the meandring rivulets, the little ſhining ſeas, encircling meadows, that were overſpread with verdure, and enamelled with flowers; the bowers impregnated with fragrance, the zephyrs that played among the branches; and the perſons, crowned with garlands, and arrayed in white robes, who reclined in the luxury of enjoyment under their ſhade, again captivated my ſight and ſtruck a raviſhment

to

to my heart, that cannot be uttered.—Whether the delight I now felt was heightened by the leſſened diſtance, at which I beheld its objects; or whether it was improved by compariſon with the ſcenes that I had ſo lately contemplated, I cannot determine: but the air methought was milder and more exhilarating; the voices ſweeter and more muſical; the inhabitants more enchantingly beautiful, and the concert of all more exquiſitely harmonious, than at the time of my former enjoyment. "Ah! cried I, in a tranſport of which I could no longer ſuppreſs the language, if I cannot be immediately tranſlated into thoſe glorious and happy regions, be not again offended at the wiſhes which thou haſt ſtirred up in the heart of a reptile of the duſt! Let me have a token of remembrance, whereby I may be ſupported in my journey thro' the vale of miſery, in the proſpect of arriving at the happy abodes that lye beyond it." "Mirzah, ſaid the Genius, I am now about to leave thee, until we ſhall meet together in yonder ſcenes of feſtivity. In the mean time receive from me, what thou wiſheſt to obtain: caſt thine eye again upon the bridge."

I turned mine eyes as I was directed, and beheld, among the winged train that hung over the arches, a female of diſtinguiſhed beauty and elegance, who ſeemed to be preſent in all parts at once. She appeared to conſider the paſſengers indiſcriminately as her children: and hovering over them, ſometimes directed their courſe by the waving of her hand, and ſometimes illuminated their path by the ſplendor of her eye. I felt an emotion, while I gazed upon this amiable friend of men, which I cannot deſcribe. It was a ſenſation of delight, that rouzed all the powers of my mind into the moſt vigorous activity; I felt as if I had received wings, fitted to bear me into whatever region I might chooſe to direct my flight. My happineſs at this moment would have been compleat, had it not been chaſtiſed by a ſecret diſtruſt and apprehenſion, which, while it tempered the ſallies of tranſport, excited me to ſtrenuous efforts, and rendered the taſk delightful, which had formerly been undertaken with reluctance, and accompliſhed with pain.

While I was thus employed, I imagined that the being, upon whom I looked with admiration, turned her eyes towards me; and that ſhe beheld me with a ſmile that raviſhed my heart. The bloom of ſpring was on her cheek, and the radiance of morning ſparkled in her eyes. While I yet gazed upon her with ineffable delight, ſhe ſpread her wings, and alighted in an inſtant at my ſide; Nature was reanimated at her approach, Gladneſs ſported in her train, and Happineſs ſeemed to be the handmaid of her will. I drew nearer, methought, to the land of rejoicing; and judged myſelf already to be a member of the ſociety of the bleſſed.

Before I had time to ſpeak, my divine companion raiſed me with one hand, and pointing with the other to the objects that were in ſight, addreſſed to me the following words:

"I, O Mirzah, am the Being by whom Nature is prevented from languiſhing in her operations; my name is HOPE. I am originally a daughter of Paradiſe, from which I voluntarily deſcended to the vale of miſery, in order to alleviate the afflictions of men, and to conduct yonder paſſengers to the happy land, which thou beholdeſt in proſpect.—Yonder (ſaid ſhe, with an elevated voice, and an erected hand) are the abodes to which the tide of eternity will convey the virtuous! Look upon them under the influence, and with the animation of HOPE! I will be the companion of thy journey to the region of felicity, in common with the other children of virtue. In no peril or difficulty, ſhall mine eye ceaſe to enlighten thy path, or the influence of my counſel be with-held from thy requeſt. My preſent form will indeed be diſſolved, at the time when the tide that rolls

under yonder bridge ſhall have ſwallowed up its remaining arches;—but riſing from it with ſuperior ſplendor and beauty, I will accompany into the manſions of the bleſſed, the ſpirits whom I have animated in their journey, and will ſhare with them the enjoyment of a reward, that will no longer be the object of deſire.

My ſpirit was now on the wing to depart. "Ah! I exclaimed, why am I not at this moment tranſlated to the manſions of the happy? Merciful powers, let me not ſojourn again in the vale of miſery! Bear, O bear me, over the little ſtream that parts me from the happy iſles! The inhabitants already beckon me to approach, and tune their harps to welcome my arrival."

While I ſpoke, I was again raiſed from the ground; but when I looked around, in the expectation of being united to the ſons and daughters of paradiſe, I found myſelf in the ſtreets of Bagdat, among a concourſe of the devout worſhippers of Allah, who were going to perform at the moſque their evening devotions.

End of the Viſions of Mirzah.
Aberdeenſhire, May 15, 1788. } by a Son of L. Ogilvie of Inchmarlo

## THE ART OF FLATTERY.

SIR,

I BELIEVE it is *generally* allowed by philoſophers, that the ſhare of a man's felicity is very inferior to its concomitant miſery; but it is at the ſame time *univerſally* acknowledged, that by far the greater part of our anxieties is of our own creating, and that a few trifling vexations which occur daily, embitter our lives more than material misfortunes. Whoever then attempts to cure theſe evils, muſt let the remedy be, as their diſeaſe is, altogether imaginary.

Every individual muſt think himſelf highly indebted to any other, who can add any thing to the ſmall ſhare of his happineſs; therefore I do not doubt but that I ſhall receive the bleſſings of all of your readers, ſince they can all become happier by treading in the path which I have followed, and by attending to the admonition which I ſhall give.

In the earlier ages of infancy, when I might be ſuppoſed to act, as it were, only by inſtinct, I remember to have been whipt by my mamma, for not making uſe of the word *pleaſe*, when I aſked ſomething of her. I was ſurpriſed that the omiſſion of one word ſhould be attended with ſuch diſagreeable conſequences, and reſolved to ſay *pleaſe* an hundred times rather than experience the like again. Accordingly the next time I had occaſion to make any requeſt to her, I did not fail to premiſe that *fearful word*, when, happily for me, inſtead of the four looks of my mamma, and the *fourer looks* of a *birch rod*, I was encouraged by the ſalutation of "that's a good boy;" I had my requeſt granted, and got a *penny* beſides. This circumſtance of my life was fixed ſo indelibly on my mind, as to furniſh me with many reflections, which have proved very eſſential to my happineſs ſince I grew up: I ſoon found I had the admirable ſecret of pleaſing others and of making myſelf happy, or, to ſpeak with a metaphor, that I had the power of converting *lead* into *gold*. When I was at ſchool, I had frequent opportunities of trying the effect of this ſecret, and uſed to flatter every ſcholar with whom it was my intereſt to be friendly. If I wanted any thing of him, I would praiſe his *generoſity*; but if I knew him to be *ſtingy*, I would praiſe his *economy*; if ſullen, I would praiſe his *ſolidity*; if a *bully*, his *courage*; and if idle, his *jovial temper*, always endeavouring to adapt my *baits* to the *fiſh* I would wiſh to catch.

As I always endeavour to pleaſe others

thers by flattery, ſo I cannot always avoid being pleaſed with it myſelf; for I cannot at this day help reading any book that is addreſſed to the *candid*, *benevolent*, *learned*, or *pious* reader, unleſs it be ſome *muſty folio* or *quarto*, and even then my vanity prompts me to read the part thus dedicated.

I am withal very charitable, and make it a material point never to ſpeak ill of any one, unleſs it is in the company of ladies, or a rival, and even then I am very cautious, for I let them begin the ſlander, and then I am ſure it is only good breeding to ſay *yes* to what they ſay. If any one of my neighbours buys any thing, I praiſe his judgment extravagantly; an inſtance occurred of one who bought a horſe: "Ah, neighbour (ſays I) I find you have cut your *hind* teeth." If I go to the ſhop of a mechanic, I praiſe his ingenuity, and always expreſs particular wonder at any contrivance I know to be his own. To an aſtronomer I can talk in raptures of the ſtars; to a muſician of the powers of ſound; and even the barber of the village looks upon me as a man of vaſt penetration, becauſe I once obſerved to him, that he handled his *razor* with amazing dexterity.

But above all things I lay it down as a rule ever to be obſerved, to laugh, or at leaſt ſmile, at every piece of *wit* I hear, although heard an hundred times before; and to lend an attentive ear to every anecdote or ſtory that is told me, even if it ſhould be the ſtory of Joſeph and his brethren, or the ſmart ſpeeches of Buchanan the king's fool. I mention, that this rule is one of my moſt valuable ones, as it procured me the privilege of being ſet down in *black and white*, in a certain piece of parchment, carefully kept by a *good* old uncle of mine.

But there is one piece of flattery which I once committed, that I look upon as my maſter-piece, as it excels every thing or piece of deep contrivance that I am maſter of, and which I honeſtly confeſs I relate as much from motives of vanity as from a deſire to benefit mankind by it. I belong to a ſect of Chriſtians who look upon it wrong for any of their members to intermarry with thoſe of any other perſuaſion: my father coincided in this opinion with the greateſt ſtrictneſs; I perceived it, and determined to make my greateſt advantage by it. For this purpoſe I became acquainted with a young lady of family, fortune, and underſtanding, but who differed from us in religious principles: it is true, I never ſhewed her any marks of peculiar fondneſs, but I *whiſpered* it about as a *mighty ſecret* to two or three *female* acquaintances, hoping by theſe means it *would* come to my father's ears: meanwhile I looked dejected, and ſpoke but little in the old gentleman's preſence, and counterfeited the ſymptoms of *love* as well as I poſſibly could. My father at length heard of it, and thought the news confirmed by my behaviour. It was with a great deal of concern that he aſked me the truth of it: I pretended I could not deny; but, as an excuſe, I praiſed her beauty and mental accompliſhments, and hoped that he approved of my choice. He anſwered, No—that the difference of religion was an unſurmountable objection. I begged leave to retire, promiſing to return in an hour. I went out, and having *adjuſted* my countenance to the deepeſt deſpair, and appeared before him again at the expiration of the time, I told him, I conſented to reſign all pretenſions to the lady, rather than give him any uneaſineſs; ſince the reflection of ingratitude to a *tender* and *affectionate* parent would damp all the happineſs I could hope to enjoy with her. This had nearly ſtaggered the old gentleman's reſolution, for he declared he would ſcarcely deny any thing to ſuch a loving dutiful ſon; and at length his rigidity gave way to his

pa-

paternal affection, and he conſented that I ſhould marry the young lady, provided ſhe acted up to the principles of her own religion. This laſt had nearly ruined all; yet I pretended to be overjoyed at his condeſcenſion. I reſolved, however, to try whether I could not gain her affections, in which I happily ſucceeded, by a vigilant perſeverance, and a liberal uſe of my ſecret. Her father was next to be attacked. I firſt gained his love by my repeated and well-timed aſſeverations of my *reſpect* for him, and I afterwards gained his conſent to our *union* by a few compliments on his *univerſal charity*. This is the artifice that united me to my dear Sophia, who is one of the *fineſt and worthieſt of women*. I have pleaſed my father by ſuch an undoubted proof of my filial love and duty; I have obtained a genteel competency from him, and now reſt aſſured of his entire love and confidence in me. And, finally, by theſe *innocent* means, I have procured happineſs for *four worthy* perſons, and without doing the leaſt injury to any individual. —Thus, Sir, I have given you a few anecdotes of my life, which more fully confirms my aſſertion, that *flattery* is a more uſeful and neceſſary means of happineſs, than all the fine ſpun arguments of logic, with which I acknowledge I am not well acquainted; and I am ſo aſſured of the innocence of pleaſing others by it, that I would even attempt to flatter you, were it not that I know you are *too wiſe* to be flattered. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

Ed. Mag.] SAMUEL SMOOTHE.

# Poetry.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

By inſerting the following Elegy, occaſioned by the Death of a Friend, you will oblige

Your correſpondent,

N. E.

It is hoped the public will excuſe the faults of it, as it is written at the early age of fifteen.

WHY ſhould the vain unthinking ſons of woe,
E'er place affection on this ſcene below?
A diſmal gloom, ſave where hope's cheering ray,
Winks thro' the twilight ſhade a gleam of day,
Diſcloſing far, the bright rewards of thoſe,
Whoſe breaſts can feel, and bleed for other's woes;
Whoſe nobler minds, taught o'er the croud to ſoar,
Look up to realms, where tempeſts howl no more.
'Tis thee, O hope, that wip'ſt the tearful eye,
'Tis thou that learn'ſt the chriſtian how to die;
'Tis thou, that blunt'ſt the laſt heart rending pang,
While o'er his raptur'd brain, celeſtial viſions hang.
When death's cold hand theſe dying eyes ſhall cloſe,
And in the duſt my pale remains repoſe,
Do thou, fair goddeſs, waft my ſoul away
To realms of endleſs joy, and everlaſting day!
Oh! ye who bloom in pleaſure's feſtive bow'r,
Start from your ſleep, and catch the flying hour;
Leſt at death's call the gilded phantom fly,
And the dark gulf aſſail the ſtartl'd eye.
What tho' the ocean ſhould her ſtores unfold,
Pour forth her gems, and ſands, that flame

flame with gold;
Let the pale miſer graſp the ſhining prize,
Gorge his rapt ſoul, and feaſt his greedy eyes,
Say, would it ſtop the ſteady call of death,
Or in its manſion keep the fleeting breath?
Cou'd virtue, beauty, wit, or honour ſave
One name exalted, from a timeleſs grave,
Lamented youth! I ne'er had cauſe to mourn,
Life's feeble joys half buried in thy urn.
Clos'd are theſe eyes, whence guſh'd the pitying tear,
And mute that voice, which thrill'd the raptur'd ear,
All pale that cheek, where living roſes glow'd,
All cold theſe veins, where ſtreams of purple flow'd.
Then why this vain parade, this empty ſhow,
Whoſe name's a bubble, and whoſe end is woe?
Why ſtrive to climb the rugged height of fame,
In ſearch of honour, or a mighty name,
Since to the grave muſt every corſe retire,
Mixt with that duſt that kindled all its fire.
Lo! that cold clay, where beauty fix'd her home,
Now pale and ſilent, ſeeks its kindred tomb;
Yet theſe the leaſt, the graces of his ſoul,
Each deed confeſs'd bright virtue's meek controul:
Theſe were the charms that fix'd the parents' eye,
The rays of hope conceal'd the clouded ſky,
When the grim tyrant, pointing to the tomb,
Cropt the fair flower, and ruffled all its bloom.
'Tis thus, the great, the good, the rich ſhall die,
Nor mothers tears avail, nor guardian's ſigh,
Death the fell tyrant, knocks at every door,
And now a Sov'reign falls, and now a Moor.
What tho' no gilded chariot grace thy bier,
No hallow'd taper light thy fun'ral pyre,
Yet at thy tomb ſhall angels ſtoop to mourn,
And virtue's tears ſhall grace thy ſpotleſs urn;
Here ſhall the lark his earlieſt ſong beſtow,
To ſoothe a father's plaint, a mother's woe.

## ADVICE to LOVERS.

IF Cupid has not got a dart,
Adapted for each diff'rent part,
Yet when he favours thoſe who love,
He teaches various arts to move.

Some he inſtructs, as we are told,
To creep on crutches deck'd with gold,
And bids them look as ſickly, wan,
Infirm, and crazy, as they can.

Others get oppoſite advice,
And find its ſucceſs in a trice.
He ſays, "be vig'rous, bold and ſtrong,
"You ſhall not love and languiſh long."

Some ſparks, both impudent and ſly,
Meet and engage a lady's *eye*,
And with ſuch certainty take aim,
That all at once they kill or maim.

Others again the *ear* addreſs,
And in ſoft whiſpers gently preſs
Their wiſhes, till the lady's ſighs
Own

Own ſhe accepts the ſacrifice.

Others the moſt diſtinguiſh'd beaus
Uſe all their ſkill to gain the *noſe*,
And, like to elves compos'd of air,
In eſſence hover round the fair.

Some daring votaries make haſte
To pleaſe, or to diſguſt the taſte,
By imitating, in their love,
The courtſhip of the am'rous dove.

Others think proper to diſpenſe
With all except the feeling ſenſe,
And by nice touching of her palms,
Can bring a maid into love qualms.

Of thoſe (the men of feeling call'd)
Tho' lank and bare, and old and bald,
One lately into favour roſe,
By tickling of his miſtreſs' toes.

A certain Greek of whom you've read,
(Once thought immortal, tho' now dead)
Could not be pierc'd by ball or ſteel,
Unleſs it enter'd at his heel.

This hint to all that trade in love
I give—let them the hint improve,
*Each has a vulnerable part,*
*Communicating with the heart.*

From the new Comic Opera of
*M A R I A N.*

SONG.——Mr. BOWDEN.

TO the chace, to the chace, on the brow of the hill
Let the hounds meet the ſweet-breathing morn;
Whilſt full to the welkin, their notes clear and ſhrill,
Join the ſound of the heart-cheering horn:
What muſic celeſtial! when urging the race,
Sweet Echo repeats "To the chace, to the chace!"

Our pleaſure tranſports us, how gay flies the hour!
Sweet health and quick ſpirits attend;
Not ſweeter when evening convenes to the bower,
And we meet the lov'd ſmile of a friend.
See the ſtag juſt before us! He ſtarts at the cry;
He ſtops—his ſtrength fails—ſpeak my friends—muſt he die?
His innocent aſpect, whilſt ſtanding at bay,
His expreſſion of anguiſh and pain,
All plead for compaſſion—your looks ſeem to ſay
Let him bound o'er his foreſts again.
Quick, releaſe him to dart o'er the neighbouring plain,
Let him live—let him bound o'er his foreſts again.

SONG.—Mr. JOHNSTONE.

YE happy pairs ſincere and kind,
'Tis here you taſte each joy refin'd;
Fair truth and love delight to dwell
At yonder cottage on the dell.

How dear ſweet Marian's artleſs ſighs!
Her's the mild eloquence of eyes,
When conſtancy's all-cheering ray
Drives every jealous thought away.

Light as the fairy ſtep at morn,
Swift paſſing o'er th' unbending corn;
All other pleaſures weakly move
The heart awake to generous love.

Far hence be doubt and tender fears!
How bleſt the life which love endears!
When truth informs the glowing cheek,
O love! thy tranſports who can ſpeak?

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## THE TRIFLER, No. XII.

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ON THE GENERAL TENDENCY OF MORAL WRITINGS——THE DANGER OF COPYING TRITE MAXIMS——ON FRIENDSHIP——CAUTIONS RESPECTING IT.

WHEN we reflect on the many attempts made by writers to reform mankind; when, in an extenſive library, we caſt our eyes around, and reflect, that all we ſee were written to give wiſdom or virtue to the world, we are *naturally* (or *commonly*) ſurpriſed, at the ſame time, that ſo little uſe has been made of the precepts of wiſdom. Such a reflection has often occurred to me, but more particularly about four years ago, when I viſited Oxford, with a dear and much lamented friend, who is now in that place where "the wicked ceaſe from troubling, "and the weary are at reſt." There are in Oxford above twenty large and extenſive libraries, each containing ſome thouſands of volumes; and after I had reviewed the whole, and had returned to the inn, as I was walking up and down the room waiting for dinner, I could not help ſaying to my friend, "Were all "thoſe books intended to make men "wiſer and better?" The queſtion was not thrown away; a converſation enſued, of which I have now little remembrance; but the purport of it has often occurred to me, namely, that the number of really good books, publiſhed in the world, bears no proportion to the moral advantages that have reſulted from them.

The reception of moral writings, in which I am principally concerned, has been various. But it muſt be confeſſed, that ſome of the beſt of them have been received with general attention, and are become part, I had almoſt ſaid, of the neceſſary furniture of our houſes. Among theſe may be reckoned the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Guardian*. The ſucceſs of thoſe has been certainly proportioned to their merit. Whether we are to "look on their like again," I know not, but we have not ſince ſeen any papers, which ſo perfectly anſwer the purpoſe they were intended for. But I find I am going farther

and farther from the original purpoſe of this paper.

Although I am very partial to every man whoſe works are intended to promote the purpoſes of piety and morality, and are calculated by ſtile and ſubject, for thoſe valuable purpoſes, I am aware, that in many things they copy from each other too much, and many of them are written by men who have not had ſufficient acquaintance with the general manners of the world. Any man can paint the miſeries that flow from vice; but he only who has had experience of human life can point out the preciſe limits where vice ends, and virtue begins; who can nicely diſcriminate the boundaries of each, and can make the proper diſtinction between poſitive and negative virtue. It is eaſy to copy a ſet of maxims or proverbs, or to dilate them into eſſays, by well-choſen and apt phraſes. This will make a fine piece of declamation; but it will be read without attention, unleſs to the ſtile; and remembered, if perchance it be remembered at all, with indifference, and without impreſſion.

Many great and good men have delivered excellent maxims of prudence dedicated to the young, without conſidering whether they could be adopted with underſtanding, or in fact, whether they could be underſtood at all. A phyſician who gives the ſame preſcription to all perſons afflicted with the ſame diſeaſe, is not worthy of his name; he is a Quack: HE is the true and judicious phyſician, who adapts his medicine to the actual ſtate of his patient's conſtitution and habits. There is a double danger ariſing from the practice of the quack; he may do too little, or too much. If he does too little, he does not cure the diſorder; if he does too much, he brings on a new diſorder. But to an example.

In moſt books of morality I have ever ſeen, it is uſual to adviſe young perſons, "Not to form friendſhips "without having had experience of "thoſe whom they ſelect as friends." The advice is good; it is a maxim of nature, to *try* before you *put confidence*. But it is not a maxim drawn from the actual experience of human life. This will appear, if we conſider the uſual creation and progreſs of friendſhip.

Let us ſuppoſe I, by ſome accidental interview, become acquainted with a gentleman. Our converſation is mutually agreeable, at leaſt as far as I can judge; we meet again, we are agreeable to each other; we meet a third, a fourth, a fifth time, &c. and ſtill I am pleaſed with him, and (I have reaſon to ſuppoſe) he with me. By and by we viſit each other; the acquaintance improves to intimacy in the proceſs of time; and after many years of this intimacy, and a frequent interchange of mutual civilities, we are counted by the world as FRIENDS; and, indeed, we call ourſelves ſo—and are ſo, to all intents. In this manner, or ſomewhat in this manner, are all friendſhips contracted. Let the oldeſt man, who may honour this paper with a peruſal, look back to his former life, and ſay, whether the beſt friends he ever had, were not ſuch as he met with by accident, and with whom he became intimate by habits of intercourſe, ſuch as are common in all parts of the world. I except *relations*. I think *there* there is a bond of a ſuperior kind; but even the friendſhip of relations cannot in ſincerity and uſefulneſs exceed that of two real friends, who are not connected by blood; and I am afraid, in too many inſtances, comes very ſhort of it.

But in all the progreſs of this friendſhip, no opportunity has occurred for *trial* of friendſhip. I have neither been diſtreſſed in worldly circumſtances, nor has any perſonal or family

family affliction given me a chance of knowing, whether my *friend* was a *real* friend, or not. Many men live together in habits of the moſt ſincere friendſhip, to the lateſt period of their lives, even to the moment when they reſign their laſt breath, without ever having occaſion ſo much as to ſuſpect the ſincerity of their friends. If then I am to try a friend before I admit him to my intimacy, *how* am I to try him? Here is the great difficulty.

If, on our firſt acquaintance, I *feign* a diſtreſs (for that is the only way I can try him) in the firſt place, I am guilty of a fraud, for which he muſt deſpiſe me if he detects me, becauſe it diſcovers a ſuſpicion which he will think he did not deſerve. But ſecondly, allowing there is no culpability in this fraud, how can the trial be a fair one? I am trying whether he be a real *friend*, whom I have in fact *not admitted* into my *friendſhip*. He is at preſent but a common acquaintance, and as a common acquaintance, I can expect from him but his ſhare of common pity. To expect more would be unreaſonable; for, as friendſhip implies mutual confidence, to HIM I have never given that confidence—and from all ſuch experiments, it is natural to ſuppoſe a man will therefore return diſappointed.

To adviſe a young man to *try* before he forms a friendſhip, is, in my opinion, a good caution, if we could at the ſame time tell him in *what manner* he is to make the experiment; but as that cannot be done, I have noted down this very common advice, among thoſe ſubjects which I think it my duty, as far as I am able, to explain.

Let it not be ſuppoſed, that this advice, ill expreſſed as it is, ought to be neglected. To try a common acquaintance by feigned diſtreſſes is a Quixote ſcheme—but to form friendſhips haſtily, and without caution, is a much more dangerous error. The one may produce embarraſſment and ridiculous perplexity, the other may end in abſolute ruin. Some meaning there is, therefore, in the advice, although in general not ſo clearly expreſſed as it ought. A few hints on the ſubject cannot, I hope, be conſidered as an improper winding-up to this paper.

Among the various claſſes of men whom we may meet with in our journey through life, let us ſelect the VIRTUOUS only for our friends. We can be at no loſs for this *criterion*. Common obſervation will tend to diſplay the character of a common acquaintance, and ſhould he be ever ſo artful in hypocriſy, intimacy will develope thoſe parts of his character, which he may wiſh to conceal from the world in general. With any other ſpecies of men than the virtuous I never found, nor ever expect to find real friendſhip The avaricious will be friendly, while you are independent of their aſſiſtance. The profuſe will be generous, while they poſſeſs any thing to give, but their folly ſoon incapacitates them. The profligate may have all the appearance of munificence, but in order to ſhare that, you muſt ſacrifice what all his favours cannot atone for, and which, when once loſt, can never more return.—The ſelf intereſted will ſerve you, provided they are ſecure of an equivalent, but that cannot be, when the rude hand of calamity has thruſt you aſide, and the dreadful weight of poverty has ſunk you to the earth.

With the virtuous, however, you will always be ſafe. *Their* treaſure is open to diſtreſs. *They* have the inclination, as well as the means, to diſpenſe a general good; and in their integrity, their piety, and their philanthropy, you have the only ſecurity which the world can afford; and from their lips, you will receive the

only comfort human nature can receive in an hour of diſtreſs.

To acquire this friendſhip, we muſt ourſelves be virtuous! This truth is but ſeldom inculcated, and may now be forgotten, but it ſtands immutably recorded on the book of experience and eternal truth, that friendſhip cannot ſubſiſt between the good and the bad. A ſimilarity of diſpoſition muſt be the ſecondary condition of all real friendſhip; he that would profit by the friendſhip of the good and the amiable, muſt deſerve it, and he can only deſerve it, by being good and amiable in his own character and conduct. Theſe few maxims, ſo plain to underſtand, and ſo eaſy to practiſe, would be more general, if men ſtudied the true ends and purpoſes of human life, which are now, and ever muſt be, to exhibit a rational being, endued with an immortal ſoul, attempting to recover that purity from which human nature has degenerated, and to acquire thoſe habits which are to laſte through the endleſs ages of eternity.

## AN ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE ESTABLISHMENT OF EDUCATION AT PARIS.

*Maxima debetur puero reverentia.*
JUVEN. xiv.

YOUR theories are good, but impracticable.—This is the anſwer which every man who propoſes a new plan of education muſt expect. He is ſent away without examination, as a mere ſchemer; and blind practice ſtill follows the old beaten path, conducted therein by another blind being, called cuſtom.

The plan here detailed will not give room for this continual objection. It is not a romance that is now preſented to amuſe the public; it is the hiſtory of an inſtitution which actually exiſts at Paris. There is a good ſketch of it in the journal of Geneva, of December 1787. But the chevalier Paulet has enabled the writer of this to examine and verify every thing; he has recounted to him the progreſs of his thoughts on education: and it is from the chevalier's own relation that the following particulars are faithfully recited.

This gentleman, born of an Iriſh family ſettled in France, ſerved in the French army during the latter part of the German war. He quitted it at the peace, and lived in Paris in the midſt of ſociety, where he ſoon experienced that amuſements do not form happineſs. He might nevertheleſs have continued to ſpend his life in diſſipation, had not a fortunate circumſtance drawn forth both his virtues and his talents.

As he was hunting in the foreſt of Vincennes, he was ſtruck with the cries of a child. He ſought and found him in the bottom of a ditch, in which the water was accumulating from all ſides. The poor child reſtored to life, told his ſtory to his benefactor. Son of an invalid, and an orphan by the death of his mother, being left alone on the highway, he had ſubſiſted on the generoſity of travellers. Illneſs had prevented him during two days from coming out of the foreſt, and he had fallen into this ditch which he had not ſtrength to quit.

The chevalier, from this moment, adopted and took the greateſt care of him, and made it his pleaſure to become his inſtructor.—After a few weeks, his ward, with tears in his eyes, brought him two children of his own age, who were beggars and hungry. Having been the companions of his adverſity, he wiſhed them to participate in his good fortune, and he had promiſed them that his friend would alſo be theirs. "But I cannot (ſaid "the chevalier) take them, I am not "rich

"rich enough. Are you willing to "ſhare with them what I give you; "your cloaths and your meals?" The child accepted the propoſition with joy, and the chevalier, ſatisfied with the trial he had made, ſcrupled not to increaſe his family. He now becomes the father of three children; and as the deſire of doing good is augmented by doing it, he took in more orphans of the neighbourhood, among whom he equally divided his care and his bounty.—Growing more and more eager for ſuch benevolent employments, he knew no other pleaſure. Each day he retrenched ſome ſuperfluity of his own expences, and was aſtoniſhed to find how eaſy it is to become truly rich, by reducing one's ſelf to that alone which is neceſſary.—But all his œconomy could do, did not ſatisfy his wiſhes. Fortune however ſoon ſeconded his deſigns. Hearing that a conſiderable inheritance had fallen to him, he made a *vow of poverty*. His plan, till then bounded by his circumſtances, extended itſelf ſucceſſively to two hundred children, whom he choſe from the claſs of poor ſoldiers, or of gentlemen of no fortune, to whom he intends that education ſhould reſtore that which diſtreſs had taken away. There are beſides theſe, one hundred of his pupils, who ſerve apprenticeſhips to different trades; and he reſerves room alſo for twenty-four young perſons, to be able to encourage thoſe who are recommended to him for talents and good behaviour.

This ſeminary, founded by the beneficence and cares of one man, is excellent in its detail with reſpect to order, inſtruction, and morality.

The chevalier Paulet, though he gives his young people a civil education, yet has preferred a military form, either from a remaining partiality for his firſt profeſſion, or from the opinion that young people, being eaſily captivated by the dazzling appearance of a military life, can better ſubmit to the ſtrict diſcipline it impoſes. Beſides, he was well aware of the defects of the common ſchools, and has avoided them as much as the difficulties with which he is ſurrounded have permitted.

1. The *pupils govern themſelves*. They are formed into diviſions of forty, each of which has its captain; and there are beſides, a major, a commander, &c. Theſe officers are members of a permanent council, which meeting every night in public, hears all reports, judges faults, and keeps a regiſter.—The internal police is intruſted to a guard, which is daily relieved. A centry at the door alone has power to open and ſhut it. All the particulars of their adminiſtration are regulated by articles, which form the code of the commonwealth.—When any new queſtion ariſes, or when an appeal is made, the council addreſſes itſelf to their wiſe Mentor, who gives his advice, but never conſtrains, ſeeming rather to follow than to guide them. He has thus often had reaſon to be ſurprized at the good ſenſe of theſe children; who being accuſtomed to make uſe of their intellects, know how to examine the different ſides of a queſtion, and diveſt themſelves of all partiality to pronounce a ſentence that gains univerſal applauſe.—He has not admitted thoſe ſervile and arbitrary puniſhments, of which the leaſt inconvenience is, that children diſregard them; either through cuſtom or falſe pride, and whoſe ſeverity muſt be increaſed to preſerve their effect. He has rejected the miſtaken notion of thoſe maſters, who have found no better expedient than to condemn young people to an exceſs of labour, in order to puniſh them. In his houſe the guilty are condemned to idleneſs; ſtanding fixed againſt a wall, they are ſubjected to a ſtate of inaction, which is continued in proportion to their faults. If the crime is great, the

party

party is deprived of his uniform; and one may eaſily perceive how much the deſire of regaining it is conducive to the fulfilling of the neceſſary condition.

2. The care of *inſtruction* is *partly given to the pupils themſelves*. The chevalier having made choice of able maſters, and had the art of ſimplifying all methods of inſtruction, has by degrees acquired ſcholars capable of giving leſſons to beginners. Nothing can be more intereſting than to ſee, in a large hall, ſeveral different claſſes, each of which occupies a table, over which preſides a young maſter, who exerciſes his utmoſt attention to prepare the members of it for paſſing into the hands of the profeſſors. The young director cannot, however, grow too proud of his juniors, whom he had juſt before ſuperintended.—The chevalier related with pleaſure, that the under-drawing maſter, a youth of ten years old, giving an account of thoſe under his care, ſaid of one of them, "I think we ſhall never be "able to do any thing with him; and "I am afraid he will turn out ill in "life." This anecdote is related, amongſt others of the ſame kind, to ſhew that the children attach themſelves to the inſtitution, and conſider their honour as intereſted in its ſucceſs.—They are inſtructed in languages, hiſtory, literature, geography, mathematics, drawing, muſic, fencing, and dancing. Care is taken to communicate learning to them gradually; and, as oſtentation is of no account, they are not in a hurry to acquire learning only for ſhow. He rather prefers leaving their minds long on the ſame ſtudy, that they may the better imbibe it; and his method of employing the more able, to aſſiſt the leſs able, is alſo very proper to make that enter into the judgment, which moſt maſters only place in the memory.

3. The chevalier Paulet derives an advantage from his ſituation which cannot belong to every ſchool-maſter. Being at liberty to apply his pupils to the profeſſion for which they ſeem moſt fit, he is not afraid of being deſired to make a mathematician of one whom nature has deſigned for ſome mechanic employment. The caprices of parents do not here fruſtrate the intentions of nature. It is true that gentlemen's ſons are qualified for ſtudy, while the children whom he intends for trade, only learn reading, writing, and accompts.—But the chevalier ſtops nobody in the full exertion of their talents; and having acquired, by a long obſervation, the art of ſeeing the extent of a child's genius, and of perceiving their turn of mind, in ſpite of their inconſtancy, his ſucceſs is incredible.—A boy twelve years old, the ſon of a ſoldier, read to us a paſtoral of his own compoſition in three languages; and the purity of the Latin and French gave us a good opinion of the German. Many of them are good tranſlators, and ſome ſpeak Engliſh tolerably well. A youth of fourteen had himſelf the charge of a claſs of geometry; and read to us, at the ſame time, a diſſertation on Horace and Boileau, which ſhewed wit and judgement. Two of his pupils have been ſent to Rome, to perfect themſelves in painting: the apartments are ornamented with their drawings. The chevalier pointed out a picture to us, which one of them had finiſhed without aſſiſtance; it is the reſurrection of the ſon of the widow of Naim. A celebrated artiſt of Paris, after having much praiſed it, wiſhed to make ſome obſervations to the young compoſer: the looks of the young man who was reſtored, appeared to him too animated. "The hand "(ſaid he) is ſtretched towards his "mother with too much action; he "is *too much alive* for a man that is "coming out of the grave."—"In "my opinion, (anſwered the lad) "Jeſus

" Jeſus did not raiſe him as a phyſi-
" cian, but as a God." He was thir-
teen years old.—The chevalier has ſeen extraordinary talents for muſic diſplay themſelves, by a like liberty given to the natural diſpoſition. One of his teachers on the violin, aged fif teen years, has made an opera, which he ſays manifeſts genius: and we heard a concerto on the harp, a ſonata on the harpſichord, and very agreeable ſymphonies: the compoſers of which were amongſt the performers. It would be impoſſible for thoſe who had not ſeen the muſicians, to gueſs their age.—A preſident of the parliament of Bourdeaux, who was viſiting this inſtitution, it is ſaid, was ſo much ſtruck with the abilities of a ſcholar of fourteen, in inſtructing his claſs, that he aſked him of the chevalier, to make him tutor to his ſon, of eight years old.—The double employment of learning and of teaching, muſt certainly raiſe in this ſchool a ſeminary of good maſters.

When the intended additions ſhall be completed, and when the chevalier has in his houſe three or four hundred people chiefly intended for the arts, with workſhops and good artiſts, one cannot doubt but that, in a ſhort time, he will form able perſons of every deſcription.—Always intent on conſulting nature, he watches the firſt emotions of curioſity in a pupil, at the ſight of a machine of which he wants to diſcover the principles; his ſagacious patron ſees a path pointed out; and, accuſtoming his fingers to the pencil, and his head to calculation, continually offers him new models, and engages him either to follow them, or to exerciſe his own invention.—In the mean time, all the arts being aſſembled in his houſe, the artiſts gain an univerſal knowledge, and improve by the light they reflect on one another. Other artiſts, in general, are not well acquainted even with their own profeſſion, from being confined to that alone.

4. The *care of morals* is attended to, as well as the culture of the mind. " I cannot (ſays the chevalier) make " diſtinguiſhed characters of all my " ſcholars, but they may all become " honeſt people." Very different this, from thoſe modern philoſophers who make a practice of ſeparating morals from religion, that they may the eaſier deſtroy them one after the other: the chevalier makes it his ſtudy to unite them. He had compoſed a catechiſm, as plain as poſſible, with the doctrine he had to inculcate; and conceiving it abſurd to give for trial to the capacity of a child that which requires the reaſon of a man, he has reſolved that this part of inſtruction ſhould be laſt, and the beſt taken care of; but he has received ſo many repreſentations, and knows ſo well the officious zeal of bigotry in calumniating the moſt innocent intentions, that he has again made uſe of the common catechiſm, and teaches it to children. But, in ſpite of the clamour of ſome of the clergy, he has proteſtants in his houſe; and, as they are educated in the ſame manner as the Roman catholics, toleration is not ſo much in queſtion with them as a true unanimity.

We have ſeen how much the intent of this inſtitution is conducive to the ſpreading of principles of equity, of moderation, and of mildneſs, among them; and to the inculcating mutual love. But the chevalier explained the intention of ſeveral regulations of leſs importance, which tended to prevent vice, and to produce their effect without ſhewing their deſign. He takes off from his vigilance the appearance of diſtruſt, and contrives ſome probable reaſon which hinders curioſity from being gratified at the expence of morals. Experience has ſhewn him, that the moſt efficacious method of ſurmounting the dangerous effervescence of puberty, conſiſted in violent exerciſes; which, by fatigu-

tiguing the body, quiet the imagination; and, by furniſhing innocent public recreation for youth, ſave them from the dangers of ſolitude and idleneſs.—Each hour has its employment: even walking has its rules: and, as all the motions are accompanied with martial muſic, a beat of the drum is ſufficient to aſſemble all the young people that are diſperſed, and to bring them to their colours. This diſcipline has not the inconvenience of the authority of maſters, which they are ſoon accuſtomed to elude.—The chevalier, in giving his pupils the charge of themſelves, has found how to ſpare them lies, deceit, and all that apprenticeſhip of falſehood, to which children uſe themſelves, to avoid conſtraint, and the arbitrary puniſhment of their teachers.

If there is an opportunity of giving an uſeful leſſon, or a good example, the chevalier does not fail to make uſe of it.—A young ſoldier had been received into the invalids, who had quitted the ſervice with the admiration of his corps. He was carrying bombs, in a garriſon that was under ſiege, for the ſervice of a battery, and had his right arm taken away by a ball, which alſo wounded one of his comrades. "Poor fellow! (ſaid he) "was not there already miſchief "enough done, for you to be ſpar-"ed?" Then cauſing his load to be put on his left ſhoulder, he added, that he was bound to ſerve his country as long as he had an arm left. Paris was reſounding with the praiſes of this young hero, when the chevalier reſolved that the preſence of this brave ſoldier ſhould excite the emulation of his pupils. After having related the fact, he adds, that this hero intended him the honour of dining with him, and that he invited all thoſe of his ſcholars to meet him whoſe names were not ſet down in the regiſters for any fault; ſince to deſerve to ſit in company with a man who had ſo well fulfilled his duty, the party muſt never have neglected his own. The chevalier retires, the council aſſembles, the regiſters are conſulted, and many of the young people find themſelves excluded. Not a complaint, not a murmur, is heard.———They receive the maimed ſoldier with military honours; he is informed of all that paſſed; and the chevalier concludes by ſaying, that in order to reward the repentance and ſubmiſſion of thoſe who had not been admitted, they might ſurround the table, and drink his health.—It is not probable that this ſcene will ever ceaſe to be engraved on the hearts of theſe young people, or fail to leave deeper impreſſions than all the precepts of a ſuperficial education.

5. It now remains to give ſome account of the *œconomical* part of the plan, to which the chevalier Paulet attaches himſelf very much: firſt, becauſe frugality is beneficence; and, in the next place, he has obſerved that, whatever ſuperfluous expence is retrenched, ſome vice receives a check. For inſtance, he has diſcharged from his houſe mercenary domeſtics, a certain ſource of corruption. The ſcholars having the care of the houſe by turns, learn early that uſeful occupations do not debaſe any one; and they themſelves buy moſt of the things for the public wants, which is an apprenticeſhip of life.—There is no authority nor dependence among them but what is reciprocal and conſequently without danger.—Their dreſs is ſimple, but neat. In each diviſion there are ſome who are intruſted with inventories of the linen and furniture, and theſe give an account to others, who are to examine and ſee that nothing is loſt, and that all that is worn be repaired in time.—Each pupil is committed to the care of another, and when any negligence is obſerved, they not only blame the one immedi-

ate-

ately guilty, but him who in quality of inſpector ought to take care of him.—The young gentlemen are not exempted from domeſtic employments; they preſide like the reſt over the kitchen, with this diſtinction, that they do not put their hands to any thing.

When the chevalier ſhall have improved his plan, and has in his houſe the neceſſary workmen, he will not have recourſe to any ſtrange tradeſmen.—He has in particular reſolved to give a large extent of land for cultivation, and to form a great number of gardeners; not only to provide them with the reſource of an uſeful occupation, but alſo to profit by their labour, and ſell the productions of his garden in the metropolis. If he is deceived in his calculations, his benevolence alone has ſeduced him into error. Always animated by grand motives, he ſeems to forget all that he has done, to think of what he may yet do.—The execution of his new plans requiring adequate means, the king has granted him the annual ſum of 32,000 livres, to replace the intereſt of the capital he applies to his new buildings; the plan of which may ſerve as a model to all eſtabliſhments of this kind.

This worthy man is entirely devoted to the cares of this large family; he thinks and acts only for his children. His equipage conſiſts only in a little phaeton; and coarſe linen and a mean coat compoſe his apparel. This neglect of himſelf has ſomething moving and great; it ſhews forgetfulneſs of himſelf, and a perfect indifference for all but his chief object. Endowed with great activity, he undertakes every thing without confuſion or noiſe. He ſtudies all tempers; he corrects the defects of youth with patience; and encourages thoſe that do well by praiſes, not ſo much intended to excite ſelf-love, as to create a deſire of ſurpaſſing themſelves. As for thoſe who do not ſucceed, he never puts them to the bluſh: "They are unhappy enough (ſays he) in wanting abilities and application, and they are puniſhed enough by the ſhame of ſtudying under their juniors." And well-judged indulgence is the ground work of his method.——He loves his pupils too well not to be beloved by them—It was very intereſting to obſerve their ſentiments differing with their ages. They had no ſervile fear, but an honeſt confidence animated their looks. They anſwer ſtrangers who ſpeak them with a moeſt aſſurance. Diſſatisfaction is felt leſs there than in any other place of education, becauſe the greater part of the youth are employed in what they chuſe, and becauſe their ſtudies are varied with uſeful recreations and walks. Their patron intereſts himſelf in their amuſements as well as in their labours. "*They muſt be happy*, (ſays he) *that they may be good.*"

All the pains he takes to finiſh what he has ſo nobly begun, become pleaſures. What pure happineſs muſt this feeling man enjoy in the midſt of theſe many pupils, to whom, in lieu of miſery, dereliction, idleneſs, vice, and its dangerous conſequences, he gives a happy youth, a virtuous education, induſtrious habits, an advantageous trade, and returns them back to ſociety, after having made them good citizens!

The modeſty of this good man is equal to his beneficence. His ſchool, eſtabliſhed theſe fifteen or ſixteen years, is hardly known at Paris. This obſcurity is his glory; but it is fortunate that he is taken from it, as it is hoped that ſo fine an example will not remain without imitators.

## *On the* SCOTCH FISHERIES.

### LETTER VII.

IT is a good many years ſince the practicability of drying fiſh in a

houſe, heated with a ſtove, was fully aſcertained in Scotland. I ſuppoſe there is not any kind of fiſh that may not be dried in them in a very ſhort while, and that at no great expence; and as they may be cured here with leſs ſalt than by any other means, (it is to be obſerved that the leſs ſalt fiſh get, once they are thoroughly dry, they keep the better) and that all ſeaſons of the year, wet or dry, froſty or ſnowy weather. I would therefore preſume to recommend, that they make one of theſe erections at leaſt in each intended village.

Cod, ling, tuſk, &c. may be dried in them in the uſual kind of dry ſalt fiſh, or made into ſtock fiſh, without any ſalt at all. Saith, or col fiſh, are dry but wholeſome food; they are valuable when in proper ſeaſon for the oil their livers yield; the quantity, I am informed, is not leſs, and the quality rather ſuperior to that of dog fiſh.

Small and middling ſized ſkate, which makes a light and wholeſome food, even the large ones, if properly blooded (of this all kinds of them yield a great quantity) immediately when taken, will, when cut up in long thin pieces, dry well here, and be found marketable.

Dried flounders, place, and ſoles of all kinds, are in great repute at Dantzic, and other parts of the Baltic. Hollobut is a fiſh that abounds in amazing quantities upon many parts of our coaſt; they are a dry fiſh, and not often cured, altho' they take ſalt well, and may either be cured in the ciſterns and barrelled, or dried with a ſmall portion of ſalt, or without any in theſe ſtoves. They and ſkate are fiſh that might be furniſhed at a very low rate for the Weſt India and other markets.

Codlings, haddocks, and all other kinds of ſmall fiſh, may be dried here with or without ſalt. I have reaſon to think drying of herrings in them would be an improvement upon reddening, which is done by the ſmoak of wood; but, I apprehend, all fat fiſh, ſuch as herring, mackrel, ſalmon, &c. muſt get ſalt more or leſs before they are dried in them and cured; they muſt be done with a very ſlow deliberate heat, to diſcharge the oil as much as poſſible; when the beſt is done, they will have a greater tendency to turn moiſt than fiſh of a drier nature.

The ſtove houſes will require to be divided into ſeparate rooms, and furniſhed with many both fixed and moveable laths of wood, ſimilar to the Yarmouth red herring houſes; a little practice, with attention, will lead to the propereſt method of fitting them up, and ſhow whether the ſtoves will anſwer beſt placed in the center of the apartments, and the flue carried perpendicularly up or round the walls, to prolong and encreaſe the heat; and very ſhort experience, under any thing of judicious obſervation, will ſoon eſtabliſh a right management in tempering the fires.

When people come to be familiarized to this method, every boat's crew, though placed in the moſt lonely ſituation, if they can afford to buy a ſmall caſt metal ſtove, and build a hut, may dry their fiſh on ropes of heath or any other coarſe matter, ſtretched acroſs it width or length, as effectually as in the moſt expenſive ones.

It is humiliating to reflect upon the preſent ſtate of the herring fiſhing, being quite the reverſe of what it ſhould be, in the hand of thoſe, who, as a maritime, would wiſh to be viewed in the light of either a commercial, enterpriſing or induſtrious people. This, with what is formerly, and probably may be ſaid, will be thought by many as treating the ſubject with too much aſperity. I muſt own I warmly feel for the honour of my country,

country, which I think peculiarly injured by our management of the mater, and wiſh, as far as my weak abilities can, to convince my countrymen of their error, by ſpreading them broadly out to their fulleſt view; for, until theſe are ſeen in their proper light, it is vain to look for improvement; till then they will not be thought neceſſary, and will not be attempted.

It is not eaſy to be accounted for how this buſineſs has fallen from what it once was among ourſelves, in times we eſteem much leſs enlightened than the preſent, having the annual example of the Dutch and the people of Yarmouth too before our eyes. The beſt apology I can frame for it, is the ſingular convenience of boat-fiſhing in the lochs, which has no doubt led our people to follow it and boat-fiſhing along the coaſt, until the buſs rope method was forgot altogether.

If, at any period of time, the loch fiſhing was ſo regular as to deſerve being depended upon, it is no great wonder it ſhould be preferred; but when it came to be precarious as it has been theſe many years bypaſt, the great wonder is, that no attempts have been made to try the other, when, perhaps, going the diſtance of a few leagues, or even miles, without the lochs, and ſhooting their nets there, would have accompliſhed a good fiſhing; for, it is well known, the fiſh will frequently be ſeen in very great bodies a few miles without, when none enter within them, from cauſes we are and probably ever will remain ignorant of.

But indeed the great obſtinacy with which the argument is ſupported by thoſe engaged in the trade, that no other than boat fiſhing is applicable to the Highlands, is truly aſtoniſhing, and ſhows there is no inclination to make the experiment, until it is done for them. They ſeem to regret their diſtance from Shetland, as if it could be ſuppoſed the herrings had a predilection for that ſtation only, becauſe the people upon the eaſt coaſt formerly, and the Dutch, have long continued to find abundance of fiſh in that neighbourhood, and that they were only to be found during the ſummer months, the beſt fiſhing weather, and when they are got in good condition, ſo as to be fit for all markets; not adverting to the accounts that have been long ſince given, and often repeated, of the vaſt conſumpt of herrings that are actually made by the immenſe flocks of ſea fowls (who, when attended to, are found the fiſherman's beſt director) that frequent the Iſlands of St Kilda, Flanan, Rona, &c. in the neighbourhood of which they certainly procure their food, which is known to be herrings: and where, when properly ſought for, perhaps will be found a fiſhery full as productive, or ſuperior to that of Shetland, (for it is to be obſerved that the largeſt and beſt herrings got by our fiſhers, are thoſe caught in Loch Rogue upon the weſt ſide of the Lewes), to which, veſſels from the Firth of Clyde, and that neighbourhood, would have been a ſhort clear run, and plenty of ſea room.

Beſides what may be done in the Caledonian Ocean, among the Iſlands where, notwithſtanding all that has been ſaid to the contrary, I am clearly of opinion, and will continue to be ſo, until otherwiſe is proved by actual experiment, much fiſh may be taken in this method, by carefully attending to the courſe of the tides, and ſhooting only ſuch proportion of nets as can be eaſily hawled on board within the time to be allowed for driving, when the tide happens to be ſetting into the narrow channels or upon the land.

Shooting and hawling nets by the buſs-rope muſt ſurely be a ſimple pro-

ceſs, and might be eaſily acquired by thoſe accuſtomed to working nets by boats, would our people who have veſſels only take courage to try it; their ordinary cables and hawſers, with very little addition, would anſwer for buſs-ropes to ſhoot all the nets they do uſually carry. I would here deſcribe the method, as I have had it repeatedly done to me by practical fiſhers; but as Mr Knox has done it in his account of the Yarmouth fiſhing, it would be needleſs to repeat it here; but experienced fiſhers muſt be had, to put them fairly into the method, before it can be much attempted with any probability of ſucceſs.

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# Biography.

## MEMOIRS OF JOHN MOLE

*Of* NACTON, *near* IPSWICH, *Author of the book entitled a* SYSTEM OF ALGEBRA, *lately publiſhed.*

IT is aſtoniſhing what perfection in any ſcience may be attained by intenſe application, when the principles or ideas are ſtamped upon the ſoul or mind at its make; as a proof of which the above perſon, amongſt many others in the world, is a ſtriking inſtance. He was born at Old Newton, near Stow-market in the ſaid county, in the year 1743. When he was very young he loſt his father, and never had any other education than what his mother was able to give, in teaching him the alphabet, and to read ſhort ſentences. He followed the buſineſs of an huſbandman, and nothing remarkable occurred till he was 27, when ſome carpenters being at work at his maſter's, one of his fellow-ſervants obſerved to him that a certain number of tiles at 2*d.* each, would come to ſo much money. *Mole* thought he was wrong, and in a few minutes told him the exact ſum, to the aſtoniſhment of all the workmen preſent. One queſtion naturally giving riſe to another, he was aſked how many pounds there was in a million of farthings, which he ſolved in about half an hour. This appeared more extraordinary than the former, as he had no knowledge of figures but what he had collected by enquiry what ſuch a number ſtood for, and in this manner he became gradually acquainted with numeration. Some time afterwards he was aſked how many quarters of inches there were in one foot; this he ſoon told; alſo how many there were in 10,000 ſolid feet, and likewiſe how many farthings there were in a million of moidores. *Mole* then applied to Mr Gerrard, of Nacton, to teach him multiplication; when he was told multiplication was an improper part of arithmetic to begin with, as he did not know addition, which was really the caſe. He however ſhewed him how to multiply 12 by 12 the long way, making two lines of the product, and after how to add them together. This was all he learnt the firſt time of trial. The next day Mr Gerrard ſhewed him two or three ſmall ſums more, when on the 5th day Mole produced the moments in the date of the year by the multiplication. He was then adviſed to ſtudy books of arithmetic; but there being a great many words in theſe books which he could not articulate, he uſed to write them down, and get perſons to pronounce them for him. The figures he found leſs difficult, and could eaſily improve himſelf in them without aſſiſtance. In the firſt year (beſides learning to write a little) he made himſelf acquainted

with

with Reduction, and acquired a tolerable notion of the Rule of Three. These he thought great acquisitions; for it may reasonably be supposed that his views were at first very contracted. However, on further progress, he perceived there was more to be done than he expected: he found by books that persons must be acquainted with Algebra, before they perfectly understand the solutions to questions, in which the extraction of the root is required. This led him on to Algebra. What proficiency he has made in it, is submitted to the judgment of those learned in that useful science, who may be inclined to peruse his publication, which is intended as an introduction to Algebra, wherein a beginner may learn with little trouble, he having taken the more pains, that learners may have the less. He says he has often been pleased with the improvement he had made in an evening; but the next morning, on examination, he had the mortification to find it of little avail, and with chagrin has felt the aptness of Pope's remarks:

In human works, though laboured on with pain,
A thousand moments scarce one purpose gain.

A few days since he was in London for the first time, and was introduced by P. B. Brook, Esq; of Nacton, to the Bishop of Lincoln, and Lord Walpole, and was highly pleased with the manner of his reception. But nothing in that city struck his attention so much as the height of the houses. He has for some years kept a school in the above village; at his leisure hours he now studies astronomy, and his demeanor is as humble as his situation in life.

[Gent. Mag.

## Account of Job Charnock, Founder of Calcutta, in the East-Indies.

AFTER a quarrel between the Mogul and the East-India Company towards the latter part of the last century, a peace was established; and about the year 1690, Mr. Charnock being the Company's agent in Bengal, had the liberty to settle an emporium in any part of the river's side below Hughly; and for the sake of a large shady tree chose that place, though he could not have chosen a more unhealthy one on all the river: for three miles to the north-eastward is a salt-water lake that over-flows in September and October, and then prodigious numbers of fish resort thither; but in November and December, when the floods are dissipated, those fishes are left dry, and with their putrefaction affect the air with thick stinking vapours, which the north-east winds bring with them to Fort William, so that they cause a yearly mortality. One year, says Capt. Alexander Hamilton in his Account of the East-Indies, I was there, and there were reckoned in August about 1200 English, some military, some servants to to the Company, some private merchants residing in the town, and some seamen belonging to shipping lying at the town; and before the beginning of January there were four hundred and sixty burials registered in the clerk's book of mortality.

Mr Charnock choosing the ground of the colony where it now is, reigned more absolute than a Rajah, only he wanted much of their humanity; for when any of the poor ignorant natives transgressed his laws, they were sure to undergo a severe whipping for a penalty; and the execution was generally done when at dinner,

so

ſo near his dining room, that the groans and cries of the poor delinquents ſerved him for muſic.

The country about being overſpread with paganiſm, the cuſtom of wives burning with their deceaſed huſbands was alſo practiſed there. Before the Mogul's war, Mr Charnock went one time, with his ordinary guard of ſoldiers, to ſee a young widow act that tragical cataſtrophe; but he was ſo ſmitten with the widow's beauty, that he ſent his guards to take her by force from her executioners, and conducted her to his own lodgings. They lived lovingly many years, and had ſeveral children; at length ſhe died, after he had ſettled in Calcutta. But inſtead of converting her to Chriſtianity, ſhe made him a proſelyte to paganiſm; and the only part of Chriſtianity that was remarkable in him was burying her decently; and he built a tomb, over which all his life after her death he kept the anniverſary day of her departure, by ſacrificing a cock on her tomb, after the pagan manner. This was and is the common report; and I have been credibly informed both by Chriſtians and pagans, who lived at Calcutta under his agency, that the ſtory was really a matter of fact.

## Literary Chronicle and Review.

HUMANITY, *or the Rights of Nature, a Poem; in Two Books. By the* AUTHOR *of* SYMPATHY. 4to. pp. 114.

MR. PRATT, to whom the Public have been already indebted for ſeveral valuable poetical Pieces, which have deſervedly met with general approbation, is well known to be the Author of this Poem. In his Preface he obſerves as follows.

"What I ventured abroad ſome years ſince, under the title of Sympathy—a poem, which, on account of the intereſts created in the heart by the ſubject itſelf was received by the Public with ſo much generous warmth—was intended to ſerve as a preliminary to what I had farther to obſerve on ſociety, or a proſpect of the human race, under the combined influences of clime and government, religions, laws and liberties: from theſe, the tranſition to tyranny was natural and ſtrongly in connection; and from tyranny, I felt myſelf called upon by all the awakened emotions of Humanity, to conſider ſlavery; but not only that ſpecies of it which conſiſts in buying and ſelling our fellow-creatures in Africa, but every other kind, in every other place. Views, therefore, of freedom and bondage, throughout the different parts of the globe, have been taken, as well from experience, as the beſt hiſtorical evidence."

The Poem commences with the following beautiful lines:

"FROM vernal blooms and many a fragrant bow'r,
The red'ning bloſſom and unfolding flower,
From breezy mountains and the covert vale,
The gliding water and the whiſpering gale,
From gayer ſcenes where careleſs Fancy ſtray'd,
Baſk'd in the ſun, or frolick'd in the ſhade,
Ambitious grown, and touch'd by generous praiſe,
Now turns the Muſe to more advent'rous lays;
No more ſhe paints the tints of bluſhing morn,
Nor hangs the dew-drop on the trembling thorn;

No

No more, the brook runs murmuring in her line,
No more, fair Spring, her florid verſe is thine;
Farewell, a long farewell, to founts and flow'rs,
Far loftier themes demand her thoughtful powers.
Where'er ſublime Society expands,
By art or nature form'd, thy potent bands,
Thro' realms of heat, where faints th' expiring breeze,
Or piercing climes, where the ſun ſeems to freeze;
In darkſome caverns, on tremendous ſteeps,
Th' embow'ring foreſt, or the billowy deeps;
Where roars the gulph, or where the ſtreamlets flow,
Or dazzling mountains riſe of endleſs ſnow,
Soon ſhall ſhe dare to wing the vaſt domain,
Thy awful power the ſubject of her ſtrain."

The Author then proceeds in a very judicious manner to enter on the various ſubjects that are naturally included in the theme he propoſes to illuſtrate; and as we are perſuaded that our Readers will applaud his zeal as well as his poetical talents, we ſhall lay before them the following extract as a ſpecimen of the poem.

" But, ah! firſt kneeling at Compaſſion's ſhrine,
Her opening lay, HUMANITY, be thine!
For thou, her guardian, patroneſs, and guide,
She owns with rapture, and obeys with pride!
Thee ſhe invokes, oh! ſoother of diſtreſs,
Who with our kindneſs wove our happineſs;
For as thy circling virtues round us move,
From their beſt *deeds* thy brighteſt *joys* we prove;
Oft as our neighbour ſinks in ſudden grief,
Thou wak'ſt as ſudden to afford relief,
Oft as the ſtranger's boſom heaves with ſighs,
The ſoft reſponſes in our boſoms riſe:
The cries of terror and the throes of care,
The groan of miſery, and diſtraction's glare,
Sickneſs that droops, diſeaſe that gaſps for breath,
The howl of madneſs, and the ſhrieks of death,
Deep ſounds of agony that moſt affright,
Dread views of horror that moſt blaſt the ſight,
Dire as they are, like wond'rous magnets draw,
And own, HUMANITY, thy ſacred law.
And oh! 'tis thine, when vital breath ſeems fled,
To ſeek the awful confines of the dead;
Drag the pale victim from the whelming wave,
And ſnatch the body from the floating grave;
Beneath the billow, tho' entomb'd it lies,
Thy dauntleſs zeal the roaring main defies;
Inſpir'd by him, whoſe hallow'd touch reſtor'd
The darling ſon the widow's ſoul deplor'd,
Her matron boſom eas'd of dire alarms,
And gave the youth to her deſpairing arms,
'Tis thine to plunge into the bloating flood,

Cluſp

Claſp the ſwol'n frame, and thaw the frozen blood;
Breathe in the lips re-animating fire,
Till warm'd to Second Life, the drown'd reſpire.
Hark! as thoſe lips once more begin to move,
What ſounds aſcend of gratitude and love!
Now with the Great Redeemer's praiſe they glow,
Then bleſs the * agents of his power below;
New ſprung to life, the renovated band,
Joyful before their ſecond Saviours ſtand;
And oh, far ſweeter than the breathing ſpring,
Fairer than Paradiſe, the wreaths they bring!
The bliſsful homage reſcu'd friends impart,
Th' enraptur'd incenſe of a parent's heart;
O'er-aw'd, and wondering at themſelves, they ſee
And feel the power of ſoft HUMANITY!
When ſovereign Reaſon from her throne is hurl'd,
And with her all the ſubject ſenſes whirl'd,
From ſweet HUMANITY, the nurſe of grief,
Even *thy* deep woes, O Phrenzy! find relief;
For tho' the treſſes looſe and boſom bare,
And maniac glance thy hapleſs ſtate declare,
With gentle hand *ſhe* ſtill ſupports thy head,
Beguiles thy wand'ring wit, and ſmoothes thy bed;
Aſſiſts thy roving fancy in its flight,
To crown thy airy ſallies with delight;
And healing balm to thy wai p'd ſenſe ſhe brings,
Till from her ſoftneſs magic comfort ſprings,
And joys which reaſon with a frown denies,
Her tender pity with a ſmile ſupplies;
E'en in thy priſon-houſe ſhe bids thee draw
From the ruſh ſceptre, and the crown of ſtraw,
The mimic truncheon, and the love-knot true,
Full many a tranſport Reaſon never knew;
And at thy grated cell ſhe oft appears,
She culls thee flowers, and bathes them with her tears
The perfum'd violet and the blooming roſe,
On thy hurt mind a tranſient bliſs beſtows;
Into a thouſand ſhapes the garlands change,
As fairy fancy takes its antic range;
Then as my brows the fragrant wreaths adorn,
The roſes ſeem to bloom without a thorn.
Yet not to *woes* confin'd, for pleaſure's ſong,
The reckleſs frolics of the village throng;
Ev'n as we paſs them by in diſtant lands,
Thou mak'ſt our own, and oft we join the bands;
The ſudden ſounds of happineſs we hail,
And ſwell the chorus echoing in the gale;
Gladly we pauſe, then blythe purſue our way,
While brighter ſunſhine ſeems to gild the day;

* Promoters of that glorious inſtitution the Humane Society.

For

For from the jovial groupe as we depart,
Thy richer ſunſhine beams upon the heart;
Thus bliſs is doubled, and thus pain can warm,
From thee, HUMANITY, both boaſt a charm;
We chear, are chear'd; now grant, and now receive,
And need, in turn, the comfort which we give.
Thus thy fair ſtreams ſpread plenty where they run,
Yet bleſs the fountain whence thoſe ſtreams begun;
Like the rich Nile thy ſources ne'er are dry,
Although a thouſand channels they ſupply.
But thou from whom theſe boſom'd comforts flow,
HUMANITY! thou friend to joy and woe,
Haſt ſtill ordain'd, that grief to crimes belong,
And that keen anguiſh ſhall attend on wrong;
Pride, hate, revenge, and tyranny, and ſtrife,
As they mix poiſons in the bowl of life,
Daſh their *own* cup, and impotently try
To break, *unpuniſh'd*, nature's *ſocial tie;*
Good is of good productive; ill, of ill;
Conſcience o'er both exerts her empire ſtill:
And this great truth ſhall ev'ry tyrant know,
The woe he gives, ſhall be repaid by woe.

*Remarkable* ANECDOTE *of a* MOUSE.
From BARON TRENCK's Life.

AFTER reciting his various projects to eſcape, and the impatience with which he waited for the opportunity, the Baron thus proceeds: 'My time hung very heavy. Every thing was carefully examined on the charge of the garriſon. A ſtill ſtricter ſcrutiny might occur, and my projects of eſcape be diſcovered. This had nearly been effected by the following very ſingular accident; I had two years before ſo tamed a mouſe, that it would play round me, and eat from my mouth. This intelligent mouſe had nearly been my ruin. I had diverted myſelf with it during the night; it had been nibbling at my door, and capering on a trencher. The centinels happening to hear our amuſement, called the officers; they heard alſo, and added all was not right in my dungeon. At day-break, my doors reſounded; the town major, a ſmith, and maſon entered: ſtrict ſearch was begun; flooring, walls, chains, and my own perſon, were all ſcrutinized, but in vain. They aſked what was the noiſe they had heard: I mentioned the mouſe, whiſtled, and it came and jumped upon my ſhoulder. Orders were given I ſhould be deprived of its ſociety; I earneſtly intreated they would at leaſt ſpare its life. The officer on guard gave me his word of honour, he would preſent it to a lady, who would treat it with the utmoſt tenderneſs.

'He took it away, and turned it looſe in the guard-room, but it was tame to me alone, and ſought a hiding place. It had fled to my priſon door, and, at the hour of viſitation, ran into my dungeon, immediately teſtifying its joy by its antic leaping between my legs. It is worthy remark, that it had been taken away blindfold, that is to ſay, wrapped in a handkerchief. The guard-room was a hundred paces from my dungeon. How then did it find its maſter? Did it know, or did it wait for,

the hour of viſitation? Had it remarked the doors were daily opened?

'All were deſirous of obtaining this mouſe, but the major carried it off for his lady; ſhe put it into a cage, where it pined, refuſed all ſuſtenance, and, in a few days, was found dead.

'The loſs of this little companion made me, for ſome time, quite melancholy, yet, on the laſt examination, I perceived it had ſo eaten away the bread, by which I had concealed the crevices I had made in cutting the floor, that the examiners muſt be all blind not to diſcover them; and I was convinced that my faithful little friend had fallen a neceſſary victim to its maſter's ſafety.'

*Deſcription of a curious Funeral Ceremony.*

THE natives of the coaſt of Africa depoſit their dead in the ground in the European manner, and generally either in the evening or morning; but the ceremony of interrogating the corpſe is curious, and deſerves a particular deſcription.

When the deceaſed is deſigned for interment, the corpſe is laid upon an open bier, decently wrapped in a white cloth, and borne upon the heads of ſix young people, either male or female; for that is a matter left entirely to the choice of the corpſe, who ſignifies his approbation or diſapprobation of the bearers, by his inclination or diſinclination to move (which they firmly believe it is capable of exerting) to the place of burial. When arrived there, a perſon, who is generally a relation or friend of the deceaſed, places himſelf five or ſix paces before the bier, with a green bough in his hand, and addreſſes the deceaſed in this manner—"You are now a dead man "—you know you are no longer a-"live and as one of us—you know "you are placed upon the ſticks (*i. e.* "the bier) of God Almighty, and "that you muſt anſwer truth." And then he aſks him what made him die—whether he knew of his own death, or whether it was cauſed by witchcraft or poiſon; for it is a firm and univerſal belief among them, that no perſon dies without having a previous knowledge of his death, except his death be cauſed by witchcraft or poiſon, or the more powerful charms of another perſon over thoſe he wears.

If the corpſe anſwers in the affirmative to any of the queſtions propoſed, it is ſignified by forcibly impelling the bearers ſeveral paces forward, by a power which they ſay they are unable to reſiſt—if on the contrary, it is ſignified by a rolling motion which they alſo ſay they cannot prevent. If, by the ſign given, a ſuſpicion ariſes that the death of the party was occaſioned by poiſon or witchcraft, they proceed to queſtion him who was the perſon, and name ſeveral people to whom they ſuppoſe he was not attached in his life time; but they firſt begin with his relations. If it ſhould happen to be any of them, the corpſe remains ſilent for ſome time, as if aſhamed to accuſe his own kindred, but at laſt is obliged to anſwer. He is then more particularly queſtioned whether he is certain of the perſon; if he is, it is requeſted that he will ſtrike that hand which holds the bough, (the perſon before the corpſe holding the bough up in his hand.) Upon this the corpſe immediately impels the bier forwards, and ſtrikes the bough. In order to convince the ſpectators, they repeat this two or three times.

The culprit is then ſeized, and if a witch, ſold without ceremony: and it frequently happens, if the deceaſed were a great man, and the accuſed poor, not only he himſelf, but his whole family are ſold together. But if the death of the deceaſed was cauſed

ſed by poiſon, the offender is reſerved for a further trial; from which, tho' it is in ſome meaſure voluntary, he ſeldom eſcapes with life.

After depoſiting the corpſe in the grave, which is hung round with mats, and his moſt valued cloaths and neceſſaries put in with him, they confine the accuſed in ſuch a manner that he cannot releaſe himſelf; which ſignifies to him he has tranſgreſſed the laws of his country, and is ſuppoſed to be no longer at liberty. As ſoon, however, as it is dark, he eſcapes to the next town, and there claims the protection of the head man, who is ſuppoſed to be an impartial perſon; informs him that the corpſe of ſuch a perſon has accuſed him of cauſing his death by poiſon; that he is innocent, and deſires that to prove it he may drink red water. This requeſt is always allowed, and the friends of the deceaſed are ſent for, to be witneſſes.

At the time appointed, the accuſed is placed upon a kind of high chair, ſtripped of his common apparel, and a quantity of plantain leaves are wrapped round his waiſt. Then in the preſence of the whole town, who are always aſſembled upon theſe occaſions, he firſt eats a little cola or rice, and then drinks the poiſoned water. If it kills him, which it is almoſt ſure to do, he is pronounced guilty; but if he eſcapes with life afte drinking five or ſix quarts, and throwing up the rice or cola unchanged by the digeſtive powers of the ſtomach, he is judged innocent, but yet not entirely ſo till the ſame hour next day. During the interval he is not allowed to eaſe nature by any evacuations; and ſhould he not be able to reſtrain them, it would be conſidered as ſtrong a proof of his guilt as if he had fallen a victim to the firſt draught. And to prevent the leaſt poſſibility of the medicine's not operating, ſhould any remain in the ſtomach, they oblige the accuſed to join in the rejoicings made for his eſcape, which conſiſts in ſinging and dancing all night.---After being fairly acquitted by this ordeal trial, he is held in higher eſtimation than formerly, and brings a palaver, or, to ſpeak in profeſſional language, an action againſt the friends of the deceaſed, for defamation or falſe impriſonment, which is generally compromiſed by a payment adequate to the ſuppoſed injury.

But if the deceaſed ſays he knew of his death, and that it was premeditated; they aſk him what induced him to die and leave them? and propoſe ſeveral queſtions, ſuch as, Was any one poſſeſſed of a fine gun, or a fine cloth, that he could not acquire the ſame? or had any body offended him that he could not be revenged of? but on theſe accounts they cannot bring any palaver againſt the object of his reſentment.

It ſometimes happens that the corpſe will accuſe a perſon of cauſing his death by witchcraft, that they cannot fell on account of their age, or dare not fell on account of their family or connections, as it leaves a ſtain upon the family; in that caſe, after the guilt of the perſon accuſed is proved, he is carried to a field out of the town, and obliged to dig his own grave; the people who are with him as a guard frequently reviling him, ſaying, "You deal in death, and can make other people die, you muſt now taſte of it yourſelf." Notwithſtanding, he goes on with his work with an appearance of the utmoſt unconcern, retorting, "'Tis true, I did kill ſuch a one, and many others, and if I lived I would kill many more," and often during his work meaſuring the length and width of the grave, by the dimenſions of his own body. When the grave is judged deep enough, they direct the priſoner to ſtand at the edge of the foot of it, with his face towards it, then a perſon behind ſtrikes him a violent blow upon the nape of the

neck, which cauſes him to fall upon his face into the grave; a little looſe earth is then thrown upon him, and a ſharp ſtake of hard wood is drove through the expiring delinquent, which pins him to the earth; the grave is then filled up, and his or her name is never after mentioned.

Though the ceremonies above related are conſtantly practiſed, yet the different tribes have different methods of performing them. The Suzees carry the whole body, but the Timmaneys and Bullams only the cloaths the deceaſed had on at the time of his death, and the nails of his hands and feet, which they cut off immediately after he is expired, and which they hold to have the ſame power to anſwer the queſtions propoſed, as if the whole body was preſent.

Since the Letter from Mr Hume to Sir John Pringle was printed, (vid. p. 308.) the following has appeared in a London Paper, in which the ſame Letter was inſerted. As *we have been enabled to vouch for the authenticity* of the former, it becomes of ſome importance to have the facts contained it either confirmed or confuted. It would therefore be very obliging, if any perſon, well acquainted with the private hiſtory of the laſt of the Stuart race, would favour us with any remarks on it, and particularly with an impartial account of the circumſtances attending his embarkation for Scotland. There may have been ſome foundation for the anecdote of Helvetius; though the fact may turn out neither ſo humiliating to the dignity of a Prince, nor ſo derogatory to the perſonal character of the ſubject of theſe Letters.

SIR,

HAVING lately read in your paper a ſuppoſed letter from David Hume, Eſq; to Sir John Pringle, containing a moſt malicious calumny on the memory of the late unfortunate Charles Stuart (commonly called the Pretender) I could not help reflecting on the ſingular fate of that unhappy prince, and of moſt of his family, who were not only doomed while alive to feel the iron hand of adverſity, but whoſe aſhes with unrelenting ſeverity have been raked up from the grave by the envenomed claw of faction. The authors of ſuch illiberal falſehood probably have in view to flatter the living by traducing the dead; but they are little acquainted with the generoſity and candor of the preſent poſſeſſor of the Britiſh throne, who imagine that he is pleaſed with detraction, or that, even if true, it could afford him any ſatisfaction to be told that the unhappy man, whoſe anceſtors had forfeited the crown of theſe realms by their follies, had been a wretch deſtitute of every virtue; and the grandſon of the brave Sobieſki, and immediate deſcendant of the gallant Henry IV. had been a daſtardly coward. That he was born with ſuperior talents or abilities, there is no great reaſon to ſuppoſe; that he was a man of ſtrong paſſions, and a violent temper, is pretty generally allowed; and for many years he had given himſelf up entirely to his bottle, is univerſally known. But that he was deficient in perſonal courage, or in ſpirit, is contradicted by every part of his conduct, and every action of his life. That he was tied and carried on board a ſhip and ſent out on his expedition to Scotland, is a ſtory equally deſtitute of probability as of truth. What is mentioned of Helvetius is equally falſe. The elder Helvetius was dead before the time mentioned*, and his ſon was then too young to have had a houſe in Paris. Beſides,

* This is a miſtake. He died in 1755. Ed.

can

can it be credited that Charles, who had ſo many tried and attached friends there, ſhould truſt his ſafety, and give his confidence to a young man whom he knew only by report? I could point out other inconſiſtencies equally glaring in the letter in queſtion; but theſe are ſufficient to convince any reaſonable mind, that the whole is a baſe forgery—falſe, not only as to the ſubject, but likewiſe to the ſuppoſed author, who had too great a regard to truth and juſtice, to have given birth to ſo malevolent a fabrication. *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, ſed major amica.*

*London, May* 11, 1788. } *VERITAS.*

[Ed. Mag.

*Report of Lieutenant Colonel* Stamford *to the Prince of* Orange, *dated* Nimeguen, July the 1ſt, 1787, *which he is ready to atteſt on Oath. (From the original* French, *in the Appendix to Mr* Bowdler's *Letters, No. III. p.* 4—11.)

SIR,

YOUR Serene Highneſs having commanded me to give you a faithful account of what happened to your Auguſt Conſort, relative to the impediment ſhe ſuffered in her journey to the Hague, near Schoonhoven, I proceed to give a minute and circumſtantial detail of this event, as ſingular as unexpected. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when her Royal Highneſs arrived at the banks of Leck near Schoonhoven. Upon entering the boat to paſs this river, we ſaw the oppoſite bank lined with a crowd of inhabitants from the town, who waited for our croſſing; and Mr Bentinck informed me that he obſerved, at a diſtance, ſome ſoldiers of the *Vry Corps* ſhutting a bar, through which he ſuppoſed we were to paſs to Schoonhoven. We agreed that as it was probable they would aſk us who we were, we would tell the truth, flattering ourſelves that at her Highneſs's name they would immediately open the bar. We were not miſtaken. When we reached the bar, we ſaw an Anſpeſſade with three volunteers coming to meet us, to aſk us, with an embarraſſed air, our names, where we came from, and whither we were going. At the reſolute manner in which Mr Bentinck anſwered them, and in which I deſired them not to make her Highneſs wait, they returned to make a report to the guard, and ſhortly after opened the bar to us. We ſaw, as we entered, the guard under arms, who ſaluted her Highneſs in their beſt manner, and Mr Bentinck and myſelf thought ourſelves well through this diſagreeable way, and drew from it a good omen for the reſt of our journey; but we ſoon found ourſelves miſtaken.

We had proceeded a full league beyond Schoonhoven, when we perceived ourſelves ſuddenly ſtopped by a new troop of the *Vry Corps*, whoſe commander aſked us the ſame queſtions as at Schoonhoven. We gave the ſame anſwers, but met with a very different reception. The officer detached one of his men to inform the commander of the principal troop, who ſtopped a little way behind, but now came forward, and told us, that he had orders to let no perſon paſs without an expreſs permiſſion from the commander of the line. "This order (replied Mr Bentinck) cannot apply to the Princeſs of Orange, who is here with a very ſmall ſuite, and you will eaſily be convinced of it, if you will be ſo good as to inform your commander of her Royal Highneſs's arrival." As I thought I perceived that he was at a loſs how to act, and I was going to tell him to make haſte, we ſaw a de-

detachment coming up of about 30 horſe of the regiment of Heſſe Philipſtal, which ſtopped when it had joined the troop of volunteers. The officer we had been talking with left us, and fell into converſation with the *Marechal du Logis*, but they were at too great a diſtance for us to hear what paſſed. Their converſation was long: and, growing impatient, I deſired Mr Bentinck to alight, and enquire if there were no officers in this detachment, and, in caſe there was one, to bring him forward, that we might come to an explanation with him. Mr Bentinck concurred with me in opinion, and joined the troop. At the ſame time I got out of our carriage, to inform her Royal Highneſs of what was doing, when I ſaw myſelf ſuddenly ſtopped by one of the volunteers, who, preſenting his piece to me, ordered me to ſtay where I was. "Friend (ſaid I) you know not what you are doing, you do not underſtand your profeſſion; I mean only to tell the Princeſs, who is in this coach, the reaſon of our waiting here ſo long." I was going forward, but he ſtopped me a ſecond time, crying that he ſhould poſitively oppoſe me. I was obliged to ſubmit, and got into the chaiſe again, provoked at the fellow's behaviour, and was putting in their places a pair of piſtols: "What have you there?" ſaid the man. "Have you never ſeen a pair of piſtols? (ſaid I); I aſſure you they are charged." He aſked no more queſtions; and, a moment after, I ſaw Mr Bentinck arrive with the officer who commanded the detachment, who was, I know not why, behind his troop. I deſired the officer to go with us to the Princeſs's coach, and he himſelf repeated the order which, he ſaid, had been given him by General Van Ryſſel, commander of the line. Her Highneſs deſired him to ſend a meſſenger expreſs to that Genral, to inform him of her arrival, adding, that ſhe was perſuaded he would give no obſtruction to our route. He conſented with ſome difficulty, but abſolutely refuſed Mr Bentinck's offer to ſend off the expreſs in one of our chaiſes, and to accompany it, in order to haſten its return. All that we could obtain of this officer, worthy by his rough manners to ſerve in the Vry Corps, was to permit Mr Bentinck to write ſome lines to Gen. Van Ryſſel, with which he ſent a horſeman of his company.

I next obſerved, that, as it was but three leagues from the place where we were to Van Ryſſel's quarters, it was not proper to keep the Princeſs waiting in the middle of the road till the return of the expreſs, and I deſired the officer to conduct us to ſome place in the neighbourhood, where her Royal Highneſs might be more at her eaſe. To this he conſented, and we prepared for our departure. Part of the cavalry and the volunteers went behind the carriage, making ſuch a noiſe as I ſuppoſed highwaymen would do upon a good prize. I could not obſerve the leaſt diſcipline or ſubordination in this whole troop, except what was ſhewn by the lieutenant of horſe to the officer of the volunteers; he never ſpoke to him but with his hat in his hand, and we ſaw plainly that he depended on him for his orders, though the latter was not at all depended on by his miſerable troop. They placed themſelves behind and before the carriage juſt as they thought fit. In this confuſion one of the Princeſs's coach-horſes took fright, and I expected every moment they would overſet the coach in one of the dykes on each ſide of the road. Mr. B. and I leaped out of the carriage to aſſiſt, but the Vry Corps had the inſolence to hinder us. Meanwhile the Princeſs's ſervants diſengaged the horſes from the traces, and we ſet off, conducted like priſoners, we knew not where.

where. On the road, we learnt that they were carying us to a place called the *Goverwelſe Sluys*, where we arrived at ſeven o'clock in the evening. The Princeſs and her ſuite were conducted to the quarters of the commander of the Vry Corps, who was abſent. The volunteer officers of the troops that convoyed us carried us all together into the ſame room, and her Royal Highneſs's attendants into another adjoining. They placed centinels at the doors, and took the moſt ridiculous precautions, ſo far as to cauſe three ſoldiers, with their ſwords drawn, to accompany one of her Highneſs's waiting-maids, who had occaſion to go to a place, whither, probably, no woman was ever ſo eſcorted. The officer who conducted us was, however, polite after his faſhion. He ſtayed, at firſt, with his ſword drawn in the Princeſs's chamber; but ſome of her Highneſs's attendants having obſerved to him that this was not at all proper, he made no difficulty of putting it up again into his ſcabbard. He carried his politeneſs ſo far as to offer her Royal Highneſs and her ſuite wine and beer, and even pipes and tobacco, ſitting croſs-legged by her ſide. Her Highneſs readily forgave him this want of reſpect, plainly ſeeing that he was a good kind of brute, whom chance had made, from a ſhoemaker or a taylor, captain of the Vry Corps.

After ſome hours, her Highneſs received a viſit from the commiſſioners of the States of Holland reſiding at Woerden. Her ſuite went into the next room; but I muſt obſerve, that, during the converſation theſe gentlemen held with her Highneſs, they kept the officer of the Vry Corps conſtantly in the room, whence I conclude that they conſidered her as their priſoner. They began by aſking her Highneſs the motives of her journey, and if ſhe meant to go to the Hague. She ſatisfied their enquiries, and did not conceal from them her ſurprize at what had happened. They then made their excuſes, and endeavoured to palliate their conduct, concluding with telling her, that they had been obliged to keep to their orders, which were extremely ſtrict; that they had diſpatched an expreſs to the States, to inform them of what had happened, and to get their farther orders; till the return of the expreſs, it was impoſſible for them to let her proceed on her journey; and that they deſired her to chooſe ſome neighbouring town to paſs the night in. They propoſed to her Woerden or Schoonhoven. She had at firſt propoſed Gouda, which was neareſt; but as they made many difficulties, and were apprehenſive of an inſurrection, ſhe did not inſiſt on it, in order to prove the ſincerity of the aſſurances which ſhe had given them. She had alſo thought of returning back to Leerdam, but the difficulty of getting horſes made her determine for Schoonhoven, whither two of the commiſſioners accompanied her with an eſcort of horſe.

It was about midnight when we arrived there. Her Royal Highneſs wrote immediately to the Grand Penſioner and the Secretary, and having in vain waited all the 29th for an anſwer from the States of Holland, not only to her letters, but alſo the expreſs from the commiſſioners, ſhe thought it was moſt adviſeable to return to Nimeguen. At four in the morning ſhe quitted Schoonhoven, after having quietly paſſed 36 hours there without attempting to ſurmount the obſtacles raiſed to her departure; becauſe, as her intentions were laudable, ſhe had nothing to reproach herſelf with, and feared nothing, but was perfectly reſigned to all that could happen to her. Her Highneſs received at laſt from the States the anſwer ſo long expected, at the moment we were about to croſs the Leck; and you know, Sir, that the contents of

theſe

theſe letters were not ſuch as to induce her Royal Highneſs to ſtay any longer in the territory of Holland. During our ſtay at Schoonhoven, we heard that the Rhingrave had ſpread a report that the Prince was marching with a body of 10 or 12,000 men to this town, and had ſent before a detachment of huſſars, under pretence of coming to her relief, but that the magiſtrate had refuſed them entrance, ſaying, that he would be anſwerable for the tranquillity of the town. A pleaſant idea, to make people believe that your Serene Highneſs was marching with an army, of which your Auguſt Conſort formed the advanced guard. I have the honour, &c.

*For the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

*Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat.* VIRGIL.

NO virtues are more univerſally applauded, or ſeldomer practiſed, than frugality, temperance, and humanity. We are charmed with the deſcriptions which the Poets give us, of the happineſs of the primitive ages, and cannot help wiſhing ourſelves partners of their felicity. But while we indulge this wiſh, we forget, that we purſue roads totally different, from thoſe that lead to the deſired point. Thoſe virtues, which they practiſed from choice or habit, are with us, the effects of vanity or compulſion. Our frugality ariſes only from want, our temperance from diſ-health, and our generoſity from oſtentation; if ever they are found to proceed from other cauſes, like plants tranſlated to diſtant climates, and different ſoils, they not only degenerate, but acquire qualities altogether different, from thoſe which they formerly poſſeſſed. Thus frugality ſinks into avarice, and beneficence into profuſion.

The poets, without doubt, have employed the graces of fiction, in the celebration of their golden age; but their narrations, even when theſe are expunged, ſhew how much preferable primitive manners were to thoſe of the preſent times.

The reader will not, perhaps, be diſpleaſed, to ſee the contraſt wrought into the following allegory, which though very imperfect, may ſerve to furniſh ſome idea of the conſequences of ſuch depravities.

Frugality was the ſon of Honeſty and Temperance: Beneficence was the daughter of Virtue and Humanity. They were educated in the court of Jupiter, with the ſtricteſt care, and tuition. Beſides the excellent principles, which both imbibed from their parents, there was a certain candour and ſweetneſs in their countenances, which attracted the attention, and engaged the eſteem of all the celeſtial regions.

Jupiter was, in a particular manner, charmed with their frank and ingenuous deportment, and declared his intention, of committing the government of the world into their hands, as ſoon as they arrived at the years of maturity. The earth, then in its infancy, and mankind, happy under the influence of ſimplicity, yielded the moſt flattering proſpect of a glorious reign, to the young adventurers.

As ſoon as the important period arrived, they withdrew to their adminiſtration, diſmiſſed with the good wiſhes of all the gods and goddeſſes, and accompanied by a band of celeſtial attendants. Frugality received from his father, Labour, Induſtry, and Perſeverance; from his mother, Innocence, Purity, and Peace. Beneficence was preſented by her father, with Prudence and Compaſſion; by her mother, with Gratitude, Gladneſs, and conſcious Approbation.

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Although they raiſed no deluſions to enhance eſteem, nor made uſe of any artifices to ſupport their pretenſions, yet the maxims of Frugality were adopted by Princes, and the example of Beneficence imitated by Queens. The leſſons which they taught mankind, they themſelves were not aſhamed to practiſe.

Frugality was always happy, as he never allowed his deſires to roam beyond the neceſſities of life. Beneficence was never uneaſy, as ſhe ſeldom beſtowed her favours on the undeſerving. The conſciouſneſs of innocence ſmoothed the features of Frugality, while the unpremeditated effuſions of Gratitude gladdened the boſom of Beneficence. They were equally welcome to the habitations of all, for the only diſtinctions of mankind in thoſe days, were according as they adhered to the inſtructions, and example, of theſe benevolent powers.

But the natural congeniality of their ſentiments, forwarded by the intimacy, that neceſſarily ſubſiſted between them, by degrees ripened into a higher affection; they diſcovered mutual inclinations for one another; the deities approved of their paſſion; and a match was ſoon after concluded. This union was productive of the moſt beneficial conſequences, to themſelves, and to mankind in general. The bluntneſs of Frugality was ſweetened by the ſmiles of Beneficence; and the ſallies of Beneficence tempered by the foreſight of Frugality. The ſuperfluities of the former were converted by the latter, to the aſſiſtance and ſupport of the poor, whom Frugality taught to leſſen their wants, by contracting their deſires.

It was obſervable, that the attendants of both were divided into two claſſes: the firſt were the miniſters of probation, the laſt of retribution. According as men obeyed the injunctions of the former, they were rewarded by the latter. The efforts of Labour and Induſtry, were always ſucceeded by the conſolations of Innocence and Peace: and Gratitude, and Gladneſs conſtantly attended the footſteps of Prudence and Pity.

In a ſhort time, after the celebration of the nuptials, Beneficence became pregnant, and was delivered of twins, the elder of whom, a ſon, was called Plenty, the younger, a daughter, was named Content. Both partook largely of the good qualities of their anceſtors, and both were highly endeared to the ſons of men. Their parents were careful to inſtill into them, the beſt notions, and the moſt judicious conceptions of things. Plenty was ſenſible, that if he did not adhere to the rules of ſobriety, practiſed by his father, his ſubſtance would ſoon be waſted, and his ſtores exhauſted; and Contentment was taught to reflect upon her happy ſituation, when compared with that of thoſe, whom her mother's bounty had relieved.

The joyful parents conſigned the adminiſtration of affairs to this heavenly pair, while they embraced the opportunity, to reviſit the realms above, and their celeſtial friends. Mankind were perfectly happy under their government: the ſovereigns were generous and bountiful, the people loyal and affectionate. Contentment taught them to indulge no wiſh, which reaſon could cenſure; and every reaſonable wiſh, Plenty was always at hand to gratify.

When *he* waved his wand, the valleys were crowned with laughing crops, the meadows were covered with the richeſt herbage, and the boughs were loaded with ripe and mellow fruit. Wherever *ſhe* appeared, the fields looked more verdant, the ſky more ſerene, the flowers aſſumed a brighter die, the birds a ſprightlier note, the brooks a more delightful murmur, and in fine, the

whole face of nature a more agreeable appearance.

For a great number of ages, this golden reign continued, and old tradition relates, that during that period, no part of the univerſe could boaſt greater happineſs, or proſperity: many of the celeſtial powers had fixed their reſidence on earth, and dwelt in ſocial intercourſe with the children of men.

The pleaſant part of our hiſtory is now at an end, and before we proceed to that which is more diſagreeable, it may not be improper to reflect a little.

Excluſive of the intrinſic merit of a frugal and beneficent courſe of life, it may be recommended from motives of *Duty*, *Intereſt*, and *Honour*.

It is our *duty* to be frugal, that we may increaſe, or at leaſt leave unimpaired, the patrimony received from our anceſtors, which is the juſt property of our deſcendants. It is our duty to aſſiſt decayed relations, to relieve diſtreſſed friends, and to contribute to works of utility and charity: this is real beneficence.

It is our *intereſt* to be frugal, that we may live without the bounty of our neighbours, which they may not always be diſpoſed to grant; and it is our intereſt to do acts of kindneſs to others, that we may receive the like from them.

It is our *honour* to be frugal, that we may ſupport our rank and title, and live independent of the world; and to perform good offices to objects of compaſſion, who are entitled to them, and from whom we cannot expect any return, reflects more real honour upon the donor, than it is in the power of riches, or grandeur to beſtow.

Theſe motives will influence thoſe, who judge for themſelves; but they can have no force upon that numerous claſs of men, who do not act from principle, but are governed by faſhion. To thoſe I would recommend, inſtead of their preſent courſe, a ſtrict imitation of the manners of the illuſtrious characters of antiquity, and of ſeveral to be found in the annals of our own country. Their judgment, though not very profound, will, perhaps, be able to diſtinguiſh the proper objects, which, though not ſo glaring as many around them, yet ſhine with more real luſtre, and genuine ſplendour.

GAVIN ROCH.

[*The continuance of this correſpondent's favours is requeſted.*]

# Monthly Chronicle, and Review of Politics.

## *JUNE*, 1788.

### *RUSSIA.*

THE war between the Turks and their imperial opponents ſeems to be only a war of ſkirmiſhes; nothing great or deciſive has as yet taken place. The Emperor ſeems determined to undertake the ſiege of Belgrade, which is well provided with every defence. The Empreſs's troops ſeem to be rather inactive, and do not by any means co-operate with thoſe of the Emperor. This is attributed to want of money in the Empreſs's coffers, and a diviſion among her commanders. Her projected naval equipment will not take effect this ſeaſon; the refuſal of aſſiſtance from England and other maritime powers, who have declared their reſolution of a perfect neutrality, effectually puts a ſtop to it, as tranſport ſhips are not to be had in Ruſſia.

### *FRANCE.*

Though the general conduct of the Parliament of Paris has been highly ſpirited and commendable, it cannot but be regretted, that they did not reſolve, one and all, to ſhare a common fate. Had this been the caſe, and the de-

demanded Members been refuſed, the Monarch would have been perplexed, and probably not chooſing to take ſo important a ſtep as impriſoning the whole Parliament, they would, by this means, have ſaved an unfortunate part of their body. And had the King taken the raſh ſtep of baniſhing the whole, ſuch a reſolution would have been highly favourable to the intereſts of the Parliament, as it would at once have excited the people to take revenge for the inſult offered their protectors—but this want of determined reſolution is the character of the nation.

If the French King ſhall proceed to violent meaſures, the temper of his people will certainly be now put to a kind of trial. Hitherto the ſubjects of France have exhibited much affection and obedience to their Sovereigns, but as the Parliaments are univerſally conceived, in their late oppoſition to the King's fiat, to have acted for the people, and on inconteſtible principles of right, the impreſſion ſuch a ſtep as diſſolving thoſe reſpectable bodies muſt make, will undoubtedly produce great murmurings. To retain the full extent of power which the rulers of France claim as their prerogative, requires great delicacy as well as much firmneſs at this moment when it has been conteſted; but it is ſtill ſcarce credible ſuch a conduct has been purſued as is aſſerted, which undoubtedly would tend to weaken or entirely eſtrange that tenderneſs and reſpect for the king which have long been the characteriſtic of the inhabitants of that country.

## *A VOLCANO in IRELAND.*

A letter from Ballycaſtle, to a gentleman in Dublin, dated May 31ſt, ſays—"Yeſterday we had the moſt violent ſtorm of thunder and lightning that has been remembered by the oldeſt perſon here; many accidents have happened; the old rookery of Boonymargy, adjoining Knocklade, is totally deſtroyed; added to which the woods of Gartmaddy have ſuffered much, many trees being torn up from the roots. But our fears were much increaſed in the evening, by a moſt uncommon noiſe from Knocklade, the top of which burſt, and the diſcharge of burning matter and hot ſtones was truly alarming, killing ſeveral cattle in the adjacent fields; many cabbins were thrown down, and ſeveral people are amiſſing (among whom are the diſſenting miniſter, and pariſh prieſt of this place) ſuppoſed to have been overtaken by the burning matter, which was thirty perches in breadth, and ran near a mile and a half.

## EDINBURGH,

### *GENERAL ASSEMBLY.*

May 22. the General Aſſembly of the Church of Scotland met here. The Right Honourable the *EARL OF LEVEN* is his Majeſty's High Commiſſioner. After hearing an excellent ſermon by the Rev. Mr Robert Liſton, miniſter of the goſpel at Aberdour in Fife, the Aſſembly choſe for Moderator the Rev. Dr Archibald Davidſon, Principal of the Univerſity of Glaſgow. His Grace having preſented his Majeſty's commiſſion appointing him to repreſent his perſon in the Aſſembly, alſo his Majeſty's letter and warrant for the Royal bounty of 1000l. the ſame were read, and ordered to be recorded. His Grace then delivered an elegant ſpeech to the Aſſembly from the throne; to which a ſuitable return having been made by the Moderator, a Committee was appointed to draw up an anſwer to his Majeſty's moſt gracious letter.

A letter was produced, addreſſed to the Moderator, from William Robertſon, Eſq; advocate, procurator for the Church, to be communicated, in which that gentleman repreſented,

that, from the ſtate of his health he was ſorry that he could not give his perſonal attendance at the Aſſembly, and praying to be excuſed, which the Aſſembly unanimouſly ſuſtained.

The moderator produced a letter from the Rev. Dr John Dryſdale, one of the miniſters of this city, and principal clerk of the Church, ſetting forth, That he recollected with gratitude, the handſome manner in which the laſt General Aſſembly, on account of his bad health, had indulged him with an aſſiſtant; but that, although at preſent much recruited, he felt himſelf again under the neceſſity to ſolicit leave of abſence, which, from the experience he had had of their generoſity, he truſted would be granted; and that it would add to the obligation, if his friend Profeſſor Dalziel was appointed to officiate in his room, during the ſeveral diets of the Aſſembly. The queſtion being put, was unanimouſly agreed to. The Moderator having conveyed the reſolution of the houſe to Dr Dryſdale (then in his place); he thanked the Aſſembly for their kindneſs.

His Majeſty's letter was in a ſtile ſomewhat different from thoſe of former years. Among other peculiarities, it ſpoke of *temptations to virtue*, and of *ſocial proceedings*. Theſe novelties of diction gave riſe to pretty long and animated debates, in conſequence of a motion by the Honourable Henry Erſkine, to echo thoſe *elegant* expreſſions in the Aſſembly's anſwer, which, however, on a diviſion, was negatived by a great majority—104 to 7, and the anſwer prepared by the Committee adopted.

May 26. the Aſſembly took under conſideration a reference from the Synod of Aberdeen, and another from the Preſbytery of Aberdeen, concerning Ruling Elders. The nature of this cauſe is ſhortly this: The church ſeſſion of Aberdeen claim a right of ſending three Elders to the Synod, and this they alledge to have been in the conſtant practice of doing without objection till the Synod of October 1787. The objectors to their ſending more than one are, the Profeſſor of Divinity in King's College, the Miniſter of Kinellar, and the firſt miniſter of Old Aberdeen; and they do it upon this ground, that as Aberdeen is but one pariſh, they ſhould have but one Elder. To this poſition, however, the Seſſion oppoſe their own practice, as well as that of Edinburgh and Glaſgow, which ſend an Elder for every church, and they demand no more. There are three churches in Aberdeen, and they think themſelves entitled to an Elder for each of theſe churches. The objectors, however, contend, that each congregation in Edinburgh and Glaſgow is to be conſidered as a pariſh, becauſe it has a ſeparate ſeſſion; whereas Aberdeen has but one church-ſeſſion for the whole town. But to this the Aberdeen Seſſions anſwer, that, in their apprehenſion there is but one church ſeſſion in Edinburgh and Glaſgow, which they commonly call the General Seſſions, all the private ſeſſions being no more than Committees of it, for the purpoſe of managing more eaſily thoſe matters in which the ſeveral congregations are excluſively concerned. The Aſſembly unanimouſly, without debate, found that the church ſeſſion of Aberdeen have no right to ſend more than one elder to repreſent them.

May 27. the Aſſembly proceeded to conſider the overture reſpecting the ſuppreſſion and annexation of benefices, which, after reaſoning upon the ſubject, they agreed to remit to the Procurator for the Church, for his opinion; and to refer to a committee the overtures reſpecting the taxes upon the clergy, and particularly the maid-ſervant and horſe tax.

May 28. the Aſſembly had under their conſideration overtures reſpecting

ting the ſale of Patronages during a vacancy. The following motion was made by Profeſſor Hill, and unanimouſly agreed to ;—" Having conſidered theſe overtures, the Aſſembly do agree, that it is at preſent unneceſſary to enter into the preſent conſideration of them. At the ſame time, the General Aſſembly repeat that ſtrong diſapprobation which the laſt Aſſembly expreſſed of Simoniacal practices, and declare their firm reſolution to exerciſe the powers with which the conſtitution hath inveſted them, in preſerving the purity of the members of this Church."

The Aſſembly next took under conſideration the overtures from the different Synods and Preſbyteries for commemorating, on the 5th of November next, the glorious Revolution of 1688, by a National Thankſgiving to Almighty God.

The *Hon. Henry Erſkine* propoſed a motion, drawn up in very elegant terms, as the ſentiments of the Aſſembly upon this occaſion. The Lord Advocate, Mr Solicitor General, Mr Robert M'Intoſh, the Rev. Dr Lamont, Mr Burns at Forgan, Profeſſor Hill, Dr Carlyle, Dr Grieve, Mr Hardie ſpoke, all approving of the commemoration. Mr Erſkine's motion was unanimouſly agreed to, and referred to a committee, who were ordered to draw up an act of Aſſembly thereupon, to be tranſmitted to the different pariſhes.—Both ſides of the Houſe concurred in their warmeſt approbation and ſentiments of gratitude for the bleſſings this nation has for ſo long a time enjoyed, in conſequence of the glorious Revolution.

The following was the motion made by the Honourable Mr Erſkine ;——" That the General Aſſembly of the Church of Scotland recollect, with gratitude to Almighty God, the happy and glorious event that, in the year 1688, (of which the preſent year is the ſecular anniverſary), delivered the nation from civil and religious oppreſſion, ſet proper bounds to the Royal prerogative, ſecured the liberties and juſt rights of the people, and eſtabliſhed to this national church all the religious rights and privileges which ſhe now enjoys under the illuſtrious Houſe of Hanover : That being fully convinced, that the principles of the Revolution ſettlement are the only foundation on which the ſecurity of the Throne, and the happineſs of the people can be permanently eſtabliſhed, they think themſelves called upon, by their duty to God and to their country, to embrace every proper opportunity of recalling to the ſerious and grateful recollection of the people committed to their charge, that ſpecial interpoſition of Divine Providence in their favour, and of impreſſing on their minds a lively ſenſe of the value of the civil and religious liberties thereby attained, and of exhorting them, by every conſtitutional means, to preſerve and tranſmit them inviolate to the lateſt poſterity. And conſidering, that the bleſſings enjoyed by the ſubjects of this free and happy country, in conſequence of the Revolution, do far exceed the meaſure of civil and religious advantages which the providence of God hath allotted to any other nation, they do therefore appoint the 5th of November this year to be obſerved within the bounds of this national church, as a day of ſolemn thankſgiving to Almighty God, for the enjoyment of thoſe ineſtimable bleſſings for a century paſt, and of earneſt ſupplication for their continuation to the lateſt generations."

The Aſſembly conſidered a petition for Patrick M'George in Braco, complaining of a ſentence of the ſynod of Dumfries, of the 17th of October laſt, refuſing to allow him an exculpatory

proof. The Aſſembly unanimouſly reverſed the ſentence of the ſynod, and found the exculpation relevant.

The overtures reſpecting the ſlave trade were next taken into conſideration, when *Mr Erſkine* propoſed the following motion:—"The General Aſſembly having conſidered the overtures, they approve of the ſpirit thereof; and think themſelves called upon as men, as Chriſtians, and as members of this national Church, to declare their abhorrence of a traffic contrary to the rights of mankind, and the feelings of humanity; and their earneſt wiſh that the mercy and wiſdom of the legiſlature may be ſpeedily exerted for the relief of that unhappy portion of their fellow creatures." This motion was unanimouſly agreed to by the Aſſembly, and ordered to be entered into their records; but ſome gentlemen ſtill inſiſting to petition the Houſe of Commons, the vote was put, and it paſſed in the negative, by a majority of 34, there being for petitioning 30, againſt it 64.

May 29. the Aſſembly had before them, the caſe of the Rev. Dr Bryden, at Dalton, accuſed of ſeveral groſs immoralities. This cauſe has been depending for ſix years, and the particulars, which are in general well known, are improper to be related in a magazine. Mr *Corbett*, as counſel for the proſecution, ſpoke long and with great ability, after which Dr Bryden made a very ingenious defence. The Aſſembly, after ſome debate, unanimouſly agreed to the following motion:—"Having conſidered the libel, defences, and whole proof, find that the firſt and third articles of the libel, are not proven; that the ſecond and fifth articles have been abandoned by the proſecutors, as conſcious that they are unable to adduce the ſhadow of proof in ſupport of them; that it is not proven under the fourth article, that Dr Bryden is an habitual curſer and ſwearer; the Aſſembly therefore aſſoilzied Dr Bryden from all thoſe articles of the libel, but in regard it appears in proof, and is acknowledged by Dr Bryden in his defences, that he has, upon ſeveral occaſions, and in the heat of paſſion, uttered expreſſions irreverent towards Almighty God, and unbecoming the character of a clergyman, the Aſſembly appoint the Moderator to give a ſharp rebuke to Dr Bryden from the chair, for having taken the name of God in vain, and earneſtly to admoniſh him to guard againſt all ſuch expreſſions in time to come." Dr Bryden was rebuked and admoniſhed accordingly, and diſmiſſed from the bar. Thus an end is at length put to this long litigated cauſe.

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She bade the Druid-harp to battle ſound,
In tones prophetic, through the gloom profound
Of foreſts hoar, with holy foliage hung;
From grove to grove the pealing prelude rung:
Belinus call'd his painted tribes around,
And, rough with many a veteran ſcar,
Swept the pale Legions with his ſcythed car:

While

While baffled Cesar fled to gain
An easier triumph on Pharsalia's plain;
And left the stubborn isle to stand elate
Amidst a conquer'd world, in lone majestic state!

II.

A kindred spirit soon to Britain's shore
The sons of Saxon Elva bore;
Fraught with th' unconquerable soul,
Who died, to drain the warrior-bowl,
In that bright Hall, where Odin's Gothic throne
With the broad blaze of brandish'd falchions shone;
Where the long roofs rebounded to the din
Of Spectre-chiefs, who feasted far within:
Yet, not intent on deathful deeds alone,
They felt the fires of social zeal,
The peaceful wisdom of the public weal;
Though nurs'd in arms and hardy strife,
They knew to frame the plans of temper'd life;
The king's, the people's balanc'd claims to found
On one eternal base, indissolubly bound.

III.

Sudden, to shake the Saxon's mild domain,
Rush'd in rude swarms the robber Dane,
From frozen wastes, and caverns wild,
To genial England's scenes beguil'd;
And in his clamorous van exulting came
The Demons foul of Famine and of Flame:
Witness the sheep-clad summits, roughly crown'd
With many a frowning fosse, and airy mound,
Which yet his desultory march proclaim!—
Nor ceas'd the tide of gore to flow,
Till Alfred's laws allur'd th' intestine foe;
And Harold calm'd his headlong rage
To brave atchievement, and to counsel sage:
For oft in savage breasts the buried seeds
Of brooding virtue live, and freedom's fairest deeds!

IV.

But see, triumphant o'er the southern wave
The Norman sweeps!--Though first he gave
New grace to Britain's naked plain,
With Arts and Manners in his train;
And many a Fane he rear'd, that still sublime,
In massy pomp, has mock'd the stealth of time;
And Castle fair, that stript of half its towers,
From some broad steep in shatter'd glory lowers;
Yet brought he slavery from a softer clime:
Each eve, the curfeu's note severe,
(That now but soothes the musing poet's ear)
At the new tyrant's stern command,
Warned to unwelcome rest a wakeful land;
While proud Oppression o'er the ravish'd field
High rais'd his armed hand, and shook the feudal shield.

V.

Stoop'd then that Freedom to despotic sway,
For which, in many a fierce affray,
The Britons bold, the Saxons bled,
His Danish javelins Leswin led
O'er Hastings' plain to stay the Norman yoke?
She felt, but to resist, the sudden stroke:
The tyrant-baron grasp'd the patriot's steel,
And taught the tyrant king its force to feel;
And quick revenge the regal bondage broke.
And still, unchang'd and uncontrol'd,
Its rescued rights shall the dread empire hold:
For lo, revering Britain's cause,
A King new lustre lends to native laws!
The sacred Sovereign of this festal-day
On Albion's old renown reflects a kindred ray!

A. *shall appear in our next.*

THE

# ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

## LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. XIII.] Thurſday July 3, 1788. [Price 3d.

## THE TRIFLER, No. XIII.

*July* 3, 1788.

A NEW TRIFLER APPEARS——ON THE NAME OF THIS PAPER——DISTRESSES OF AN ABERDEEN'S MAN IN LONDON——ON NATIONAL PREJUDICES——CONCLUSION.

SINCE writing my laſt paper, I am informed, that a rival has appeared in London, another *Trifler*, who has commenced, under that ſignature, a ſeries of periodical papers, conducted by ſome youths of Weſtminſter School, with a view, no doubt, to emulate the fame acquired by thoſe of Eton in the *Microcoſm*, a work lately publiſhed. It is not, however, likely that this new Trifler and I can interfere, at the diſtance of five hundred miles from each. The world is wide enough for two Triflers—and perhaps it were as well, if there were no more to be found who better deſerved the name. The name of a periodical paper is of no farther conſequence than the name of moſt things, to diſtinguiſh one from the other. And, I hope, I ſhall be excuſed for chuſing this name, if it be hereafter found, that I have, by means of my name, gained that admittance which a more ſerious title might have prevented. It is much to the praiſe of Goldſmith's Pariſh Curate, that (ſuch were the effects of his *manner*)

——" Fools who came to ſcoff, remained to pray."

But I have, in my firſt paper, ſaid enough on my name, and if that is not ſufficient, I muſt e'en leave it at the mercy of the critics.

The ſubject of the following letter is ſuch, as I truſt will render any apology for the inſertion of it wholly unneceſſary.

*To the* AUTHOR *of the* TRIFLER.

SIR,

AS it long has been the practice with you periodical writers, to admit and take into conſideration, all complaints from perſons whoſe injuries are not cognizable by the laws of the kingdom, I hope you will not in this or any other reſpect, deviate from the noble precedent your predeceſſors have laid down. My com-

plaint, I own, is of a particular kind, and I find nothing like it in any works of the periodical ſort. I am neither to ſtate the grievances of an injured huſband, nor of an unhappy father—I am not to expoſe an expenſive wife, nor draw the cenſure of the world upon undutiful children—I am neither to deplore the loſs of trade, nor deprecate the wrath of critics for an effort of the pen:—But I am to repreſent to you the many inconveniencies which have attended me for ſome time paſt, in conſequence of a trifling circumſtance that happened at my birth, which was, that I was born *North* of the *Tweed*. In this I certainly had no hand; they who did the deed only are reſponſible—for at the moment of my birth, I will venture to ſay, that it was a matter of abſolute indifference to me, whether I was born north of the Tweed, or ſouth—in Scotland, or in Senegal—in Aberdeen, or on the Blue Mountains;[*a*] but, as I tell you, it did ſo happen, that I was born in Aberdeen.

Had I always remained there, I never would have experienced any diſadvantage from this circumſtance; but I, forſooth, like many others, muſt go to ſeek my fortune, as it is called, and London, the receiver-general, the great Heidelberg tun, that contains many thouſand gallons of Scotch blood, received your humble ſervant, about a ſcore of years ago;—there, Sir, I ſoon found occaſion to repent the place of my birth. I ſhall not tell you all the dangers I run during the *Scoto-phobia*,[*b*] which prevailed at the time of my arrival in London, for thoſe were what both Scotch and Engliſh had to encounter, which-ever ſide they took; but my rebuffs and mortifications ſtill remain;—every day affords ſome opportunity to be reminded of my birth-place.

If I eat heartily, "ay, mind the "Scotſman! he had no ſuch feeding "in his own country." If I eat ſparingly, "What! have you been "in your own country again, and "forgot the uſe of your chops?" Here a loud laugh enſues, and is ſcarcely over, when a wag remarks, "No, no! he'll not go back again, "I'll anſwer for him"—and the laugh begins afreſh. One day, a celebrated countryman of mine, known to the world by being the travelling companion of a certain great writer, was dining with Mr Wilkes; a piece of roaſt-beef was carved by the latter, who ſaid to Mr B———, "B——, ſhall I help you "to a little of what is called *fat* in "this country?"

If I am modeſt and unaſſuming, "Why, 'tis very well, conſidering "he is a Scotchman." If talkative, and perhaps poſitive, "Well, theſe "Scotchmen will ſay any thing." If I walk in the country, they ſhow me a *tree*, and aſk, if I ever ſaw any thing like that in Scotland—and this joke, by the bye, we owe to Dr Johnſon, and ſo I tell them; but they only laugh and ſay, "We know "you don't much like the Doctor's "Tour." Although a weakneſs of ſtomach will not permit me to eat much

[*a*] A great man wrote a book, to prove that liberty is not the natural right of mankind, becauſe we come into the world without our conſent had or aſked. Thoſe who contend for the natural rights of man, will find it difficult to obviate this objection, by obtaining any ſuch conſent. An eminent Practitioner in Midwifery tells me, that the conſent is obtained by proxy. *Periwigmenos Bathos.*

[*b*] Our author alludes to the days of John Wilkes, Eſq; at which time the general opinion of the Scotch was, that "they were a nation without "honour, without honeſty, and without breeches." *P. Bathos.*

much *fat*, particularly of *roaſted* meat, I often am obliged to cram down as much as I am helped to, leſt they obſerve me, and repeat the ſtale joke, "That I was not much "uſed to that in my own country:" Yet, even this does not always ſtand me in ſtead, for if any one obſerves me eating fat, "Ay, *now* you *can* "eat fat; we ſhall make a chriſtian "of you by and bye."

It is much the cuſtom among the plump-fed citizens, to talk of eating, and I have often been obliged to liſten for an hour to colloquial diſſertations on *delicate* haunches,[c] *nice* buttocks of beef, and *charming* plumb puddings; how Mr Such-a-one dreſſes a neck of mutton, and how another cuts up a ſhoulder of veal. One evening, a little tired with this converſation, which to me was rather nauſeous than provocative, I took the liberty to joke with ſome of the company, on their propenſity to make eating ſo frequently a ſubject of converſation; and unfortunately, in the pride of my heart, obſerved, "That in Scotland we "never made ſuch things the ſubject "of converſation." Here was a loud and univerſal laugh. "No, "egad, I believe not, you have no "ſuch things to talk about." You may believe, Sir, this ſilenced me for the evening.

Even at breakfaſt, I am put in mind of *crowdie*; and if I but *rub my hands* in a cold day, out flies ſome good joke about a certain diſorder, of which brimſtone is the cure: nay, it was but the other day, an acquaintance, who vends a *noſtrum* for the cure of that diſorder, told me he wanted to eſtabliſh a retail ſhop near the Glaſgow wharff, for the ſale of his medicine, that "it might be "quite handy for Scotchmen, on "their arrival in the river." I parried this ſtroke, by ſuggeſting, that it was not much for his intereſt to prevent the propagation of the diſorder among his own countrymen, who confeſſedly were *better pay* than mine, and were given to encourage Quacks! This turned the laugh againſt him for a while, but I own I am but ſeldom ſo fortunate in my retorts.

Although I have been ſettled here for many years, I am every now and then aſked, "How much money I "had in my pocket when I firſt ar-"rived;"[d] and ſome, more ſaucy than the reſt, pull out half a crown, and aſk, if that was not my whole perſonal property at the time. If I complain of my breeches being too tight, it is "becauſe I have not been "long uſed to them;" or if too wide, "O they'll put you in mind "of your philabeg;" and then ſome *good-natured* friend takes my part, with "Pooh, you don't conſider, "gentlemen, Mr ——— has been "*caught* a long time now." I am, no doubt, very much obliged for ſuch friendly interpoſition.

This is really, Mr Trifler, what a body may call running the gauntlet,

[c] I remember once calling on a friend in London, and finding him very intent upon a figure in chalk drawn upon his table; curioſity prompted me to enquire what it was, when he told me, that his neighbour *Tunbelly Guttle*, Eſq; had juſt been with him, and had been inſtructing him to hit with the greateſt *exactitude*, the *nice cut* of a calf's head, of which this was the drawing. This I am ready to take my oath upon.

*Thomas Trot.*

[d] A young extravagant wiſhing to raiſe a laugh at the expence of a gentleman in company, ſaid, "There is "Mr ——, who came to town with "five ſhillings in his pocket:"—"You "lie, you raſcal, ſaid the other, I had "but *half a crown*, and I am now "worth ten thouſand pounds; *you* "came to town with ten thouſand "pounds, and now you have not half "a crown." *T. Sly.*

and yet this gauntlet I have to run every day in my life, provided I am in company; every circumſtance affords them ſome opportunity of baiting me, even the moſt trivial and diſtant. If the converſation turns on literary matters, I am not one whit more ſafe than when politics are on the tapis. If I praiſe the fine philoſophy of Beattie, it is, "because he is a Scotchman." If I cenſure the improper tendency of Hume's ſyſtem, or rather want of ſyſtem, they "are ſurprized to hear "me ſay ſo, who am a Scotchman." And if I perſiſt in my opinion, and they lack argument to confute me, out comes a dozen lines from Churchill's *Prophecy of Famine*; and I muſt ſubmit. Churchill's poetry is a kind of *previous queſtion*, by means of which, they get rid of a troubleſome motion.

And yet, Mr Triſler, theſe good people really mean no ill, nor any diſreſpect to me; on the contrary, ſome of my cloſeſt purſuers, when they pleaſe to *ſtart me*, are at the ſame time ſome of my beſt friends. Here is the greateſt difficulty of all; for how can a man fall out with his friends, for a few jocular expreſſions without miſchievous intention? I wiſh, Sir, you would give me your opinion on this ſubject. I think you might tell the Engliſh, that jokes too often repeated become ſtale and unpleaſant; ſomething, too, you might add, about the fable of the ſchool-boys pelting the frogs: and as to my own countrymen, you might adviſe them to anticipate ſuch jokes, as the beſt way of getting rid of them, as there is no more ſure method of riſing ſuperior to an enemy, than by diſarming him on the onſet. But you are a better judge of theſe things than me, and therefore I conclude, with a hearty good wiſh for the ſucceſs of your paper, and am, Sir,

Your very humble ſervant,
ABERDONENSIS.

*London, June* 6, 1788.

As my correſpondent, by his own account, is chiefly roaſted by his intimate friends, I am of opinion, from the manner in which he has depicted his troubles, he is not altogether unprovided with weapons of defence. National prejudices are very faſt decaying in England, and little now remains, among the liberal and genteel part of the Engliſh, than the humorous jokes and witticiſms mentioned by my correſpondent; but as they paſs current only among friends, they are conſequently accompanied by a portion of good nature and harmleſs playfulneſs, which render them more than tolerable.

Nothing is more certain, than that there is a mixture of good men and bad in all nations, and this goodneſs or badneſs, a change of climate will ſcarcely alter: *Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.* A conviction of this truth, ought to inſpire us with univerſal benevolence to men of all nations. Nothing can be a more certain proof of a little mind, than to like or diſlike any man, becauſe of the nation to which he belongs. If a philoſopher, of the moſt extended experience, were to chuſe anew what nation he would belong to, I believe he would be puzzled to make his choice from the character of the people: and he would therefore be principally determined by certain local circumſtances of government, ſoil, connection in buſineſs, &c. For my own part, I love my friends in both countries; I defend the wickedneſs of none in either country. As to *national character*, the phraſe ought to be changed to *national cuſtoms*, the characters of moſt men bein g nearly the ſame; religion and

and education only make the difference, for if they are not allowed a ſhare in the formation of our habits, I know not what ought. Yet there is in us all, an inborn attachment to our native country; and I am not aſhamed to ſay, that when I look back to it, in ſpite of reaſon and philoſophy, I cannot ſuppreſs a ſigh of tender remembrance, but exclaim with the poet——

"*O Rus! quando ego te aſpiciam!*"

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## HISTORICAL NOTES *of* SCOTLAND *in* 1699 *and* 1700, *(the firſt of which was one of thoſe called* The Dear Years.)

[*From the* EDINBURGH GAZETTE.]

EDINBURGH, *March* 6, 1699.

ON Saturday the Fiars or Prices were ſet upon Victual by the Sheriff for the current Year as follows, viz. Wheat 17 l. Beans and Peaſe 14 l. Barley 13 l. 6 s. 8d. Oat Meal, 13 l. 4 s. Blanded Bear, 12l. 6s. 8d. Oats, 12l. Rough Bear, 11l. per Boll. [Scots money]

Some ill-diſpoſed people keep up Meal at Leith, which occaſions the mercats to be ſo high as at preſent: Oat-meal being at 19s. Peaſe meal at 14s. Bear meal, 11s. per peck; Brandy at Leith, between 50 and 52s. per pint. [Scots money]

*March* 30, 1699. There is a great murmuring among the common people here, that the Victual-mongers of this place foreſtall the mercats in going ſeveral miles out of town, and buy corn and meal upon the road, as it is a coming to the mercat, ſo that they keep oatmeal ſtill at the rate of 18s. or 19s. the peck, tho' they buy it for 14 or 15s. themſelves. Saturday arrived at Leith, ſeveral barks with beef, meal, bear, &c. from Caithneſs and Orkney.

*April* 12, 1699. The late act anent regulating the price of victual, the ſeaſonable ſpring, &c. is like to have ſo good effect, that there was Oatmeal ſold in the mercat yeſterday for 16 pence the peck, and it is generally believed, that it is not the ſcarcity of corn that has occaſioned ſo great a dearth, but rather the covetouſneſs of ſome ill men, who withheld it.

The Edinburgh Gazette of May 1. 1699. contains "an act of the commiſſioners of Supply of the ſheriffdom of Edinburgh anent the ſettlement of the prices of victual within the ſaid ſhire, till the firſt day of September:" which ſtates, that having taken true and exact trial of the prices for five weeks ſpace, they have ſtated and ſettled the higheſt prices to be as follows: Beſt wheat, 17l. beſt Oats, 12l. beſt Barley Bear, 13l. 6s. 8d. Peaſe, 13l. per boll Oatmeal, eight ſtone, 16s. ſix pennies the peck; beſt bear meal, 10s. the peck; Peaſe meal, 12s. the peck; diſcharging all perſons from preſuming to ſell at higher rates.

*May* 1. Arrived, ſome Barks from *Orkney* with *meal*.

The Magiſtrates of this City, for encouraging thoſe who have victual to ſell, to bring it to the Mercat here, allow a little more than the fiar for the Shire; becauſe the City cannot be ſupplied with Corn except it come from the Country, have ſettled a Fiar allenarly for the City at the following prices, *viz.* Wheat 17l. Oats 12 *lib.* Barley 13 *lib.* 6 *ſ.* 8 *d.* Peaſe 13 *lib. per* Boll, Oat Meal 17 *ſ.* Bear Meal 10 *ſ.* 6*d.* Peaſe Meal 12 *ſ.* 6 *d. per* Peck. On the other hand, that none may with-hold Victual nor preſume to ſell at higher prices than theſe above mentioned in this City or Suburbs, have by beat of drum diſcharged any perſon whatſoever to withhold victual within this city or privileges thereof, under certificati-

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on of being puniſhed as uſurers and Occurrers.

July 24. The Corn about the town has a very good appearance, and people are beginning to cut it down.

We have advices from all parts of the kingdom, of the plentiful Crop that is every where, which, together with the good and ſeaſonable harveſt, has lowered the Prices of Victual conſiderably, in ſeveral places, and eſpecially at *Aberdeen*, where it fell four ſhilling the Peck in one day; And we have account from *Fife*, that the beſt Oat Meal was ſold the laſt Week at *Kennoway*, for 14 *ſhil*: *per* Peck.

We have had as good a harveſt as could be deſired, inſomuch that the corns are almoſt got in, in moſt places of this kingdom; So that when the harveſt is over and people have time to threſh out their corns, we expect a great down fall of the prices of Victual.—Sept. 14.

Oct. 30. The drought has been greater here for ſome months paſt than has been known in the memory of man at this time of the year, ſo that the Mills on ſmall brooks have wanted water to grind the neceſſary proviſions.

*April* 14, 1699. The general meeting of the Governor and Company of the Bank of Scotland have ordered a Dividend of 12 per cent. to be paid to the adventurers, out of the profits of the company.

Couper in Fife, *April* 11. This being our race-day, three horſes belonging to the right honble. The Earl of Crawfoord, the Laird of Kinninmont, and the laird of Halyeards, run for the prize as is uſual; the Earl of Crawfoord won; Kinninmont's horſe by an accidental fall diſmounted his rider.

*April* 17. The Magiſtrates of this City being informed that the Papiſts here did ſtill continue to hold meetings for maſs, having ordered the town guard to ſearch a place ſuſpected, found about 60 of them convened there; the men they ſeized and committed to priſon, but only took a liſt of the womens names, and diſmiſſed them.

The Committee of Council for occurrences here during the adjournment of the Council, had before them on the 17th inſtant 4 of the priſoners taken at the Popiſh meeting laſt Lord's day, and have ordained all of them to be ſet at liberty, upon finding ſufficient caution, under the penalty of 500 pounds, to compear againſt the 4th of *May* next; 10 or 12 have already found caution, and the reſt are ſtill in cuſtody.

Six or ſeven of the priſoners taken at the Popiſh meeting, formerly mentioned, are ſtill in cuſtody, not being able to find caution.

The Magiſtrates of this City, are taking all meaſures poſſible to prevent prophanation of the Lord's day, and amongſt other methods appoint all the conſtables to go through the alehouſes of the town every Lord's day after Sermon, to take notice, where they find any perſons drinking, and have appointed a Court to be held every Monday morning to examine ſuch as are found tippling, &c.

This day a Woman who has been frequently very active in what concerns the common welfare of the country, commonly known by the name of Captain *Sarah*, together with ſeveral other women whom ſhe headed, ript up ſeveral Wool Packs which were ſhipping for *Holland*; by which means they were hindered to be ſhipped off at that tide: And we hear ſince there is orders come from his Majeſty to ſtop the exportation of wool, purſuant to the ſtanding laws diſcharging exportation thereof, and that actually theſe ſame very packs are arreſted in his Majeſty's name.

The Magiſtrates of this City have taken and are ſtill taking great care of their poor, having built a Hoſpital, and

and therein maintain not only all that have been long reſidenters, or born in the place, but alſo many ſtrangers that are not able to travel to their former places of abode; as alſo they have appointed a School for teaching the Children of ſuch as are not able to maintain them themſelves, where they are not only taught to read and write, but the females alſo taught to work ſtockings, &c.

Five or ſix days ago, we had an account of a Shower of Manna at *Culroſs*, and ſince, have had it ſeveral times confirmed; but the thing being ſo extraordinary, we thought not fit to inſert it till we had received ſuch advice as may be relied on; And now we are credibly informed, That upon the 23*d ultimo*, about one o' clock in the afternoon, there was a common ſhower of Hail at that place, after which there was another of a ſmaller ſort, inclining ſomewhat to a blewiſh colour, about the bigneſs of pin-heads, of a middle ſize, which was taken notice of by ſome people who taſted thereof, and finding it of a far different quality from common Hail-ſtones, acquainted diverſe others who took more narrow inſpection of it; they gathered ſome thereof, and kept it ſeveral days, which many did eat, who ſay it differs very little in taſte from honey.—June 1.

We hear from *Perth Shire*, That one *Coll. Mackdonald*, ſometime of *Kepach*, a Rebel, with about 40 others, whom he headed, having come into the *Appin* of *Dul*, *Grantully*, *Strathbran*, and ſeveral other parts thereabouts, did openly compel the country people by threats and menaces to give them what money, &c. he pleaſed. This ſect of thieves are continually vagueing from place to place, uſing the like practices. June 5.

On Monday morning laſt, that Woman formerly mentioned, who in all occaſions concerns herſelf in publick affairs, either by addreſſes to the government, or at her own hand attempting to redreſs what ſhe thinks amiſs, had like to have raiſed another tumult, upon report, that a ſhip in the harbour was taking in wool: but at the gathering of the mob, the Seamen cutted the ropes, and went to Sea.—June 8.

We hear from *Kirkaldie*, that a Mealmonger near that place, who had ſome Meal to ſell, and hearing that the price was higher here than in that place, and deſigning to tranſport the ſame hither, it was ſeized by order of the Magiſtrates of the place, and taken to the mercat and ſold at the regular price, whereupon the Mealmonger immediately went and hanged himſelf in his own cravat, having tied it to his ſtaff, which he had fixed in the cliſt of a rock.

The Council having called a lybel and ſome witneſſes on Thurſday laſt, as evidence againſt thoſe lately taken at a Popiſh Meeting, only three compeared, who all refuſing to depone, were committed to priſon, and further diligence allowed againſt the reſt: And the Duke of *Gordon* giving in a Petition relating to that affair, wherein were ſome unbecoming words, for which and ſome unfit expreſſions by him uttered before the Council at the bar, he was ſent to the Caſtle.—June 26.

The Duke of *Gordon* having given in a Petition to the Council, acknowledging his inconſiderate expreſſions when he was laſt before them, is thereupon ſet at liberty.—July 10.

The Right Honourable, The Lords of his Majeſty's Privy Council, having taken into their conſideration the complaints made of many miſchievous practices of Witchcraft, uſed and committed by ſeveral perſons in the North-country, have granted a Commiſſion to Mr *William Robertſon* of *Inches*, *George Roſs* of *Morangie*, Mr *Alexander Roſs* of *Pitkerrie*, Sheriff Depute of *Cromartie*, *Alexander Chie-*

*Chieſhulm* Sheriff Depute of *Weſt-Roſs*; *William Roſs* of *Eaſter-fearn*, Sheriff Depute of *Eaſt Roſs*, Mr. *David Polſone* of *Killmylies*, Sheriff Depute of *Inverneſs*, and *William Bailie* Commiſſar of *Inverneſs*; Or any five of them to be a Quorum, the ſaid Sheriff Depute of *Weſter Roſs*, being one of the number, to take tryal of and do juſtice upon the perſons named in the ſaid Commiſſion, as alledged guilty of the diabolical Crimes and Charms of Witches and Witch-craft, and ſeveral other Malyfices; The Commiſſioners are to meet at *Fortroſe* or *Weſter-Roſs*, the 22*d* of *Auguſt* next, with power to them to conſtitute Serjeants, Dempſters, &c. And to decern the ſaid criminals to be Burnt, or otherways Executed to Death, as they ſhall think fit, Reſerving the appointment of the time to the Privy Council, to whom the ſaid Commiſſioners and their Clerk, are to tranſmit the whole proceſs, and every ſtep thereof, betwixt and the firſt Council of *October* next to come.

Four lewd Women, were whipt this day through this City, by the hand of the Hangman, being firſt ſhaven, purſuant to the laws made in that behalf; and one was likeways ſhaven, and put upon the Tron, but was not whipt, the Magiſtrates having compaſſion on her, becauſe ſhe's ſaid to be with child.

Saturday laſt about 10 o'clock at night, a terrible fire broke out in the Meal-market, the occaſion uncertain, which by reaſon of the endeavours uſed to ſuppreſs it by the perſons poſſeſſors of the houſe, made a great progreſs before they gave the alarm, and 'ere the Magiſtrates could be preſent to give the neceſſary orders, had taken hold of the neighbouring houſes, which being greatly encreaſed by the high blowing winds, notwithſtanding all neceſſary directions, given by his Majeſty's moſt honourable Privy Council, who met upon that occaſion, and the Magiſtrates of the City, has burnt down the whole Courts of the Meal-mercat, the Exchange walks, and Old-Exchange ſhops, and without doubt the largeſt and higheſt, I ſhall not poſitively ſay the moſt magnificent, building in Europe, ſo that all the dwelling houſes fronting to the court of the Parliament Cloſe, are reduced to rubbiſh.

Our Lord Chancellor on this occaſion was very diligent and careful to have the fire brought under, he attended at the Privy Council Chamber, giving the neceſſary directions from 3 in the morning till near ſix o'clock at night, except a little time his Lordſhip went to his lodgings at noon.

'Tis generally computed, that 200 families are diſlodged, having their houſes burnt down by this fire, but by the diligent endeavours to preſerve the Parliament, Privy Council and Exchequer Houſes, they are yet entire. Febr. 5. 1700

About ſixty barrels full of Wool, deſigned to be exported, have been ſeized at the *Ely*. Feb. 29. 1700

## *On the* SCOTCH FISHERIES.

### LETTER VIII.

THE veſſels preſently in uſe, with ſome little alteration, may be ſuitable for this method of fiſhing; thoſe who mean to pack their fiſh in barrels on board will be obliged to give them a good many ſtaunchions, let down betwixt the timbers, raiſed the uſual height of quarter rails the whole length, and lined in the outſide with boards: this will give them the advantage of deep waiſts, without lowering their decks and leſſening their burden: to theſe ſtaunchions, when fitted with ringbolts, the barrels may be laſhed, ſtanding on end, for the purpoſe of packing; without this

this precaution they could not be brought upon deck with any degree of ſafety for fear of rolling and tumbling overboard.

The veſſels deſcribed in the ſecond and third of theſe letters, as formerly ſaid, will be found ſingularly convenient for this trade, being calculated to ſerve as a medium betwixt boats and large expenſive veſſels; from them every advantage that might be expected from either may be depended upon, at little expence. They will comfortably lodge the neceſſary number of men, ſtow a conſiderable quantity of fiſh, and may be wrought either within the lochs, or in the open ocean, as proſpects offer beſt. The method of curing the fiſh in bulk will relieve the crews of much labour that may be advantageouſly employed in other branches; and the facility with which they may deliver their cargoes into the recommended ciſterns to be finally cured, packed, and exported in larger veſſels, will leave them ſo much at freedom to proſecute the buſineſs without interruption, that a few hours may ſerve to diſcharge the produce of their labours, take on board proviſions and water, a freſh ſtock of ſalt, and ſhift their nets, when they may run to ſea again directly, and thus almoſt unceaſingly purſue their operations in a deliberate ſyſtematic manner, whereby they will be enabled to repeat their trips or voyages very frequently; and the reſult will be found highly beneficial to all concerned in it, as well as the public at large.

When the proper method of fiſhing is eſtabliſhed round all our coaſts, (for it is equally applicable to the eaſt as well as the weſt, and it is certain, that herring abound upon it as plenty as any where elſe, and ſeveral of its towns would make as fine fiſhing ſtations as any round the iſland), and were their ciſterns built of ſizes proportioned to the number of veſſels or boats employed at each ſtation or village, the quantity that might be taken may be great indeed. Then would our fiſheries wear quite another aſpect than they do at preſent, there would no complaint be heard of having only half cargoes in courſe of the ſeaſon; inſtead of which they may and certainly will make ſeveral whole ones, beſide the very great advantage which may be derived from carrying on the cod fiſhing at the ſame time; for, notwithſtanding the prohibition againſt catching and curing cod, during the herring ſeaſon, is very ſenſibly done away, little advantage is to be expected from it while the fiſhery is confined into lochs; but when they go out to and keep the ſea, the caſe will be quite altered; if they are induſtrious, the quantity taken may be ſuch as inſure a profit, were the herrings failing altogether, which is not to be ſuppoſed as poſſible; for, although the Dutch may have better and worſe ſeaſons, we never hear of their failing them, nor will they us, when we follow a proper plan. They always, as ſoon as their nets are hauled in the morning, and their herrings gutted and ſalted, immediately ſet to work with their hand lines to fiſh for cod. By practiſing this method, the laſt veſſel that was employed from Aberdeen properly fitted out for the herring fiſhing, about fifty years ago catched ſix laſts of fine cod, ling, and tuſk, in the courſe of the ſeaſon, as can be certified by the cooper who was on board her, and is yet alive

When the buſs rope method of fiſhing is introduced, and the nets are made ſtronger than they are uſed at preſent, and when the fiſh happen to ſet into the lochs in ſuch bodies as repreſented, and the depth of the water is not too much, they may be uſed in ſuch a manner as to ſurround and retain great numbers of them, until they are gradually taken out

by ſmall bag nets with handles, in the way the Swediſh fiſhery is conducted.

It is ſeveral years ſince a net was contrived, that may, it is preſumed, be uſed with great ſucceſs in ſuch vaſt ſhoals of herrings as are frequently fallen in with in the German ocean, and upon the north and weſt coaſts, although as yet no proper opportunity has occurred of trying it. It is to be compoſed of a frame conſiſting of four pieces of wood of any given length, ſuppoſe 9 feet 6 inches broad, by 1½ or 2 inches thick, or round altogether, made of tough ſtraight wood, to be tied together at the corners with pieces of ropes, or fitted with iron hinges: In the laſt caſe, two of the hinge pins at oppoſite corners muſt be made to draw out, on purpoſe to let the frame flap together, for the convenience of ſtowing in little room when not in uſe. One of the ſides of the frame is to be loaded with a ſufficient quantity of a weighty matter, either lead, iron, or ſtone, to ſink it quickly. To this frame a bag net made of pretty ſtrong twine is to be laſhed, to what is deſigned as the under edge of it: It ſhould not be of a large meſh, of a proportional ſize, ſuppoſe 9 feet deep, and ſufficiently wide, to hang fair, without overſtretching the meſhes.

The ſlings for working it by are to be made of two pieces of ropes ſeiſed double, leaving an open eye in the middle, the four ends to be paſſed to, and fixed to, or round the four corners. Care muſt be taken to ſling it equally, ſo as, when ſuſpended by the largeſt or main hawling rope, to be tied to the center of the ſlings, it may hang fair.

To the other ſide of the frame, oppoſite to that loaded with the weight, another ſling, made of one piece of rope, is to be tied near the two ends of the ſide of the frame, with an eye formed in the center of it alſo, for fixing a ſmall rope for dipping or letting down the net; It will likewiſe be neceſſary that the net be loaded with ſome little weight, in the ſame ſide that the weight is put upon the frame.

When thus fitted, a ſmall boom or long piece of wood muſt be prepared, one end of which muſt be tied to the maſt, or any part of the veſſel that will reſiſt a preſſure; the length required ſuch, that the outer end muſt at leaſt project more than half the diameter of the net over the veſſel's ſide: If this outer end be ſupported by a tackle or any rope paſſing through a block at or near the maſt head, that it can be hoiſted up or let down a little, ſo much the better. To this end of the boom there is to be ſecured, a double block of two ſhieves, through which the two ropes for letting down and hoiſting up the net is to paſs; alſo two braces or gays, the one leading forward, the other aft, for ſteadying it. On putting the net overboard, by keeping taught the ſmall rope, it will go down into the ſea the weightieſt ſide foremoſt, occupying no more ſurface of the water than juſt the length and breadth of one ſide of the frame; and when at the depth thought neceſſary, by letting go the ſmall rope, and hawling up the larger one, the net falls horizontally, and, in coming up, will bring with it whatever comes in its way: conſequently, where herrings are in ſuch bodies as they are ſaid to ſwim in, great quantities of them at once; and the dips, when ſucceſsful, may be be repeated very quickly. Upon a ſucceſsful hawl, it is to be ſuſpended alongſide, the edge of the net juſt above the ſurface of the water, where the fiſh are retained alive, until they are taken out by ſmall handled bag nets.

The ſquare contents of this net is above 140 barrel; but making allowances for its hanging fair, although

upon a reſiſtant preſſure, it will expand itſelf much farther: Were it yielding a fourth, fifth, or tenth part of this quantity, for a few minutes labour, it will be allowed to ſurpaſs any thing yet in uſe; and the expence is but a trifle in proportion to its apparent utility.

It is ſuppoſed that a larger one than the above may be uſed; but a little practice will beſt determine whether larger or leſſer ones will be moſt convenient, or what number can be wrought at once. Boats may uſe them of a ſmall ſize in ſmooth water, and decked veſſels in any weather not very tempeſtuous. In any thing of rough ſea, it will be neceſſary that the boom have ſufficient length to force the net to ſome diſtance from the veſſel's ſide, for fear of injuring it.

It is only where the body of herrings is very thick, and in the night time, it can be uſed with any proſpect of ſucceſs; and it will be found eaſieſt wrought about the turn of tide, or where there is little current or tideway. For ſmall, good ſtout hogſhead hoops may ſerve for frames fixing bag-nets to them, and ſlinging it in three parts; for the leſs interruption there is in their mouth, ſo much the better.

I apprehend it may be ſingularly ſerviceable in catching dogs. They are a voracious fearleſs fiſh. By ſuſpending bait of any kind, even pieces of themſelves, within it, I ſuppoſe great quantities of them may be taken. Perhaps it may be found uſeful in other fiſheries alſo: By placing a light above it, fiſh of various kinds may be amuſed until ſurpriſed by it; for it is well known, that fiſh in general, ſalmon in particular, run upon light. However, I will not preſume to ſay farther in its favour, but leave to future practice to aſcertain and eſtabliſh its importance and utility.

By theſe various methods of fiſhing, as well as others that may be deviſed, it may happen that the quantity of herrings taken in ſome ſeaſons may far ſurpaſs the probability of finding markets for them, even at the loweſt price they could be ſold for, to defray the neceſſary charge of ſending them to any diſtance; in which event, the ſurplus may be boiled, as the Swedes do, for extracting the oil: The roes of theſe may be taken out for the purpoſe of making caviar. For doing this, proper directions ſhould be procured: If oil is neceſſary for the purpoſe, perhaps their own oil may be found as fit as any other. From an experiment lately made, I find it will not be poſſible to prevent its turning thick in cold weather, for I obſerved it to condenſe into a kind of gloomy ſubſtance when floating upon the ſurface of clean pickle; notwithſtanding which it may be found ſerviceable for many purpoſes; for olive oil, that is ſo eſſential for woollen manufactures, and the price runs ſo high as from 40l. to 50l. per ton, alſo thickens with cold.

When theſe herrings are boiled to a proper conſiſtence, the oil ſkimmed off, and the groſſer parts ſeparated by paſſing the liquor through a woollen bag, theſe groſſer parts will make excellent food for hogs, ducks, geeſe, or other poultry, and the liquor may be boiled down to a proper thickneſs for making iſinglaſs. This, as it will contain the whole eſſence of the herrings, if cleanly gone about, may be uſeful for many purpoſes. In the ſame veſſels that ſerve to boil the herrings may the heads and inteſtines of cod, ling, &c. be alſo boiled for making iſinglaſs, and thereby turn every part of the fiſheries to account in ſome ſhape or other. In the ſtoves mentioned for drying fiſh with heated air, this iſinglaſs may be thoroughly dried in a

time, perfectly clean and pure.

These stoves and boilers will be singularly useful for barking and drying herring nets. It has been formerly said, how necessary it is to have this done frequently, without which it would be impossible to keep them in any tolerable condition. At all places I have heard of, the drying and frequent airings are performed in the open air: The inconvenience and risk from rain, in doing this, must appear conspicuous; the convenience and facility with which it can be done in these, in any weather, at all seasons, is obvious.

## *The* SAILOR's TALE,

*(From Original Stories in real Life, just published.)*

THE evening was pleasant; Mrs Mason and the children walked out; and many rustic noises struck their ears. Some bells in a neighbouring village, softened by the distance, sounded pleasingly; the beetles hummed, and the children pursued them, not to destroy them; but to observe their form, and ask questions concerning their mode of living. Sheep were bleating, and cattle lowing, the rivulet near them babbled along, while the sound of the distant ocean died away on the ear—or they forgot it, listening to the whistling of the hay-makers, who were returning from the field. They met a whole family, who came every year from another county, where they could not find constant employment, and Mrs Mason allowed them to sleep in her barn. The little ones knew their benefactress; and tried to catch a smile; and she was ever ready to smile on those whom she obliged; for with her money she gave love, and it made the obligation light.

A few moments after, they met a deformed woman; the children stared her almost out of countenance; but Mrs Mason turned her head another way, and when the poor object was out of hearing, said to Mary, I intended reproving you for a fault, I have frequently seen you run into, and the other evening it was particularly conspicuous. When that deformed woman passed by us, I involuntarily looked at something else, and would not let her perceive that she was a disgusting figure, and attracted notice on that account. I say I did it involuntarily, for I have accustomed myself to think of others, and what they will suffer on all occasions, and this loathness to offend, or even to hurt the feelings of another, is an instantaneous spring which actuates my conduct, and makes me kindly affected to every thing that breathes. If I then am so careful not to wound a stranger, what shall I think of your behaviour, Mary? You laughed at a respectable old woman, who, besides her virtues and her age, had been particularly civil to you. I have always seen persons of the weakest understandings, and whose hearts benevolence seldom touched, ridicule bodily infirmities, and accidental defects. They could only relish the inferior kinds of beauty, I mentioned this morning, and a silly joy has elated their empty souls, on finding, by comparison, that they were superior to others in that respect, though the conclusion was erroneous, for merit, and mental acquirements only, give a just superiority. Had you possessed the smallest portion of discernment, you would soon have forgot the tones, loss of teeth made drawling, in listening to the chearful good sense which her words conveyed. You laughed because you are ignorant, and I excuse you; but some years hence, if I was to see you in company, with such a propensity, I should still think

think you a child, an overgrown one, whose mind did not expand as the body grew.

The sky began to thicken, and the lowing of the cattle to have a a melancholy cadence; the nightingale forgot her song, and fled to her nest; and the sea roared and lashed the rocks. During the calm which portended an approaching storm, every creature was running for shelter.—We must, if possible, said Mrs Mason, reach yon cottage on the cliff, for we shall soon have a violent thunder-storm; they quickened their pace, but the hurricane overtook them. The hail-stones fell, the clouds seemed to open and disclose the lightning, while loud peals of thunder shook the ground; the wind in violent gusts rushed among the trees, tore off the slender branches and loosened the roots.

The children were terrified; but Mrs Mason gave them each a hand, and chatted with them to dispel their fears. She informed them storms were necessary to dissipate noxious vapours, and to answer many other ends, which were not, perhaps, obvious to our weak understandings. But are you not afraid? cried the trembling Caroline. No, certainly, I am not afraid; I walk with the same security as when the sun enlivened the prospect—God still is present, and we are safe. Should the flash that passes by us, strike me dead, it cannot hurt me, I fear not death!—I only fear that Being who can render death terrible, on whose providence I calmly rest; and my confidence, earthly sorrows cannot destroy. A mind is never truly great, till the love of virtue overcomes the fear of death.

By this time they had mounted the cliff, and saw the tumultous deep, the angry billows rose, and dashed against the rocks, and the loud noise resounded from one to another. They ran into the cottage; the poor woman who lived in it, sent her children for wood, and made a fire in a moment to dry them.

The father of the family soon after came in, leaning on crutches; and over one eye there was a large patch. I am glad to see you honest Jack, said Mrs Mason, come and take your seat by the fire, and tell the children the story of your shipwreck.

I was very young, my dear ladies, said Jack, when I went to sea, and endured many hardships,—however I made a shift to weather them all; and whether the wind was fair or foul, I ran up the shrouds and sung at the helm. I had always a good heart, no lad fore or aft had a better; when we were at sea, I never was the first to flinch; and on shore I was as merry as the best of them. I married she you see yonder, (lifting his crutch to point to his wife) and her work, and my wages did together, till I was shipwrecked on these rocks. Oh! it was a dreadful night; this is nothing to it; but I am getting to the end of my story before I begin it.

During the war, I went once or twice to New York. The last was a good voyage, and we were all returning with joy, to dear England, when the storm rose; the vessel was like a bird, it flew up and down, and several of our best hands were washed clean overboard—My poor captain, a better never plowed the ocean, he fell overboard, and it was some time before we missed him; it was quite dark, except that the flashes of lightning now and then gave us light. I was at the helm, lashing it to the side of the ship—a dreadful flash came across me, and I lost one of my precious eyes; but thank God I have one left!

The weather cleared next day, and, though we had been finely mauled,

led, I began to hope, for I hate to be faint-hearted, and certainly we ſhould have got into the channel very ſoon, if we had not fell in with a French man of war, who took us, we could not make any reſiſtance. I had a dog, poor Pompey! with me. Pompey would not leave me, he was as fond of me as if he had been a chriſtian. I had loſt one eye by the lightning, the other had been hurt, I could hardly call it a peep-hole; ſomehow I fell down the hatchway, and bruiſed one of my legs; but I did not mind it, do ye ſee, till we arrived at Breſt, and were thrown into a French priſon. There I was worſe off than ever; the room we were all ſtowed in, was full of vermin, and our food very bad, mouldy biſcuits, and ſalt-fiſh. The priſon was choke full, and many a morning did we find ſome honeſt fellow with his chops fallen—he was not to be waked any more!—he was gone to the other country.

Yet the French have not ſuch hard hearts as people ſay they have! ſeveral women brought us broth, and wine; and one gave me ſome rags to wrap round my leg, it was very painful, I could not clean it, nor had I any plaſter. One day I was looking ſorrowfully at it, thinking for certain I ſhould loſe my precious limb: when, would you believe it, Pompey ſaw what I was thinking about, and began to lick it,—and I never knew ſuch a ſurpriſing thing, it grew better and better every day, and at laſt was healed without any plaiſter.

After that I was very ſick, and the ſame tender hearted creature who gave me the rags, took me to her houſe; and freſh air ſoon recovered me. I ought to ſpeak well of the French; but for their kindneſs I certainly ſhould have been in another port by this time. Mayhap I might have gone with a fair wind, but I ſhould have been ſorry to have left my poor wife there and her children. But I am letting all my time run out! Well, by-and-by, there was an exchange of priſoners, and we were once more in an Engliſh veſſel, and I made ſure of ſeeing my family again; but the weather was ſtill croſs. Three days and nights we were in the greateſt diſtreſs, the fourth the ſhip was daſhed againſt theſe rocks Oh! if you had heard the craſh! The water ruſhed in—the men ſcreamed, Lord have mercy on us! There was a woman in the ſhip, and, as I could ſwim, I tried to ſave her, and Pompey followed me; but I loſt him, poor fellow! I declare I cried like a child when I ſaw his dead body. I brought the woman to ſhore; and aſſiſted ſome more of my meſs-mates; but, ſtanding in the water ſo long, I loſt the uſe of my limbs—yet Heaven was good to me; Madam, there, ſent a cart for us all, and took care of us; but I never recovered the uſe of my limbs. So ſhe aſked me all about my misfortunes, and ſent for my wife, who came directly, and we have lived here ever ſince. We catch fiſh for Madam, and watch for a ſtorm, hoping ſome time or other to be as kind to a poor periſhing ſoul as ſhe has been to me. Indeed we are very happy—I might now have been begging about the ſtreets but for her, God bleſs her!

A tear ſtrayed down Mrs Maſon's cheek, while a ſmile of benevolence lighted up her countenance—the little girls caught her hands—they were all ſilent a few minutes, when ſhe willing to turn the diſcourſe, enquired if they had any fiſh in the houſe? Some were produced, they were quickly dreſſed, and they all eat together. They had a chearful meal, and honeſt Jack ſung ſome of his ſeafaring ſongs, and did all he could to divert them and expreſs his gra-

gratitude. Getting up to reach the brown loaf, he limped very awkwardly, Mary was juſt beginning to laugh, when ſhe recollected herſelf; ſhe remembered that his awkwardneſs made him truly reſpectable, as he had loſt the uſe of his limbs in doing good, in ſaving the lives of his fellow creatures.

The weather cleared up, and they returned home. The children chatted to each other all the way, and talked of the poor ſailor, and his faithful dog.

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## Literary Chronicle and Review.

*The Works of the late John Gregory, M D. F. R. S. late Profeſſor of Medicine in the Univerſity of Edinburgh, and Firſt Phyſician to his Majeſty in Scotland. To which is prefixed an Account of the Life of the Author.* 4 vols. ſmall 8vo. 12s. boards. London. 1788.

THIS is a compleat edition of Dr Gregory's different publications; which, though now collected together, may be had by any purchaſer ſeparately. They are arranged in the following order, viz. A Father's Legacy to his Daughters; A Comparative View of the State and Faculties of Man with thoſe of the Animal World; Lectures on the Duties and Qualifications of a Phyſician; Elements of the Practice of Phyſic. The public voice has already determined in favour of the ingenuity, judgment, and knowledge diſplayed in theſe various treatiſes; we have therefore only to obſerve, that the amiable author was not leſs diſtinguiſhed for the moral virtues than for the qualities juſt now mentioned. He was deſcended from an ancient family in Aberdeenſhire, and counted among his anceſtors a ſucceſſion of men eminent for their abilities. It is a ſingular fact, that this family has been noted for mathematical genius for the courſe of two centuries. We ſhall mention the chief particulars:

James Gregory (the author's grandfather), one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed mathematicians of the laſt century, was a ſon of the Rev. Mr. John Gregory, miniſter of Drumoak, in the county of Aberdeen, and was born at that city in November 1638. His mother was a daughter of Mr. David Anderſon of Finzaugh, a gentleman who poſſeſſed an extraordinary taſte for mathematical and mechanical knowledge.* A genius for theſe ſtudies was hereditary in the family of the Andersons, and from them ſeems to have been tranſmitted to their deſcendants of the name of Gregory; even the daughter of Mr. Anderſon abovementioned being extremely remarkable for the ſame talent. Her ſon James Gregory, at the age of twenty-four, publiſhed the "Optica Promota;" a work of great genius, in which he gave the world an invention of his own, and one of the moſt valuable of the modern diſcoveries, the conſtruction of the reflecting teleſcope.

After the publication of this work he went to the univerſity of Padua, then in high reputation; where fixing his reſidence for ſome years, he publiſhed, in 1667, "Vera Circuli

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* He was alſo an Architect, for he built the Steeple of St Nicholas Church in Aberdeen, and put on the weathercock with his own hand; he was married with Jean Guild who is famous for her many charitable donations. Jean Guild and her Brother the Dr. (one of the Miniſters of Aberdeen) left a ſum of money for the maintenance of 20 Burghers Children, being Orphans.

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et Hyperboles Quadratura," which contained another diſcovery of his own, namely, the invention of an infinitely converging ſeries for the areas of the circle and hyperbole. To this treatiſe, when republiſhed in 1668, he added a new work entitled "Geometriæ Pars Univerſalis inſerviens Quantitatum Curvarum Tranſmutationi et Menſuræ." In this work he gave, for the firſt time, a method for the tranſmutation of curves. Theſe works procured him the correſpondence of the greateſt mathematicians of the age, Newton, Huygens, Halley, and Wallis. In the following year, at London, he publiſhed another work entitled "Exercitationes Geometricæ," which farther increaſed his reputation. About this time he was elected profeſſor of mathematics in the univerſity of St. Andrew; but, at the end of ſix years, was called to occupy the ſame department in the univerſity at Edinburgh. He had not held this place above a year, when, in October 1673, being employed in ſhewing ſome of his pupils the ſatellites of Jupiter through a teleſcope, he was ſuddenly ſtruck with total blindneſs, and died a few days after, at the age of thirty-ſeven.*

David Gregory, ‡ of Kinnairdy, in the county of Aberdeen, and brother of the abovementioned Mr. James Gregory, was bred a merchant in Holland, and paſſed a great part of his life in that country. He returned, however, to Scotland in his latter years, and living to the age of ninety-three, had the ſingular fortune of three of his ſons, David, James, and Charles, all profeſſors of mathematics, at the ſame time, in three of the Britiſh univerſities. The eldeſt of theſe, David, in 1683, and the twenty-third year of his age, was elected profeſſor of mathematics in the univerſity of Edinburgh, and publiſhed in the ſame year "Exercitatio Geometrica de Dimenſione Figurarum; ſive Specimen Methodi Generalis dimetendi quaſvis figuras." In 1691, on the report of Dr Bernard's intention of reſigning the Savilian profeſſorſhip of aſtronomy at Oxford, he went to London, and being patronized by Sir Iſaac Newton, and warmly befriended by Mr Flamſtead the aſtronomer-royal, he obtained the vacant profeſſorſhip, for which Dr Halley was a competitor. This rivalſhip, however, inſtead of animoſity, laid the foundation of friendſhip between theſe eminent men; and Halley ſoon after became the colleague of Gregory, by obtaining the profeſſorſhip of Geometry in the ſame univerſity.

In 1693 Mr. Gregory publiſhed, in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, a reſolution of the Florentine problem, "De Teſtudine veliformi quadribili;" and he continued to communicate to the public, from time to time, many ingenious mathematical papers by the ſame channel. In 1695 he printed at Oxford "Catoptricæ et Dioptricæ Sphericæ Elementa." The editor of the preſent work remarks that, in the end of thoſe "Elementa,"

* He was married with Mary, daughter of Mr Jameſon the Painter.

‡ David Gregory ſucceeded to Kinnairdy, by the death of his eldeſt Brother Alexander, who was murdered by Crichton of Frendraught, on account of a family quarrel, which began about their marches, and Crichton pretending that he wiſhed to have it made up, invited Mr Gregory to dine, who having accepted the invitation, Crichton fell upon him, beat and cut him in a terrible manner, and then, with the aſſiſtance of his ſervants, tied him hand and foot under his horſes belly and ſent him home, when he languiſhed a ſhort time, and then died.

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there is an obſervation which ſhews that what is generally believed to be a diſcovery of a much latter date, the conſtruction of achromatic teleſcopes, which has been carried to great perfection by Mr Dolland and Mr Ramſden, had ſuggeſted itſelf to the mind of David Gregory, from the reflection on the admirable contrivance of nature in combining the different humours of the eye.

In 1702, Dr. David Gregory publiſhed at Oxford "Aſtronomiæ Phyſicæ et Geometricæ Elementa;" a work which is accounted his maſterpiece. He engaged ſoon after, with his colleague Halley, in the publication of the Conics of Apollonius: but he had proceeded only a little way in this undertaking, when he died, in the forty-ninth year of his age, at Maidenhead in Berkſhire, in the year 1710.

Dr David Gregory married, in 1695, Elizabeth, the daughter of Mr. Oliphant, of Langton in Scotland. By this lady he had four ſons, of whom the eldeſt, David, was appointed regius profeſſor of modern hiſtory at Oxford by King George the Firſt, and died in 1767, in an advanced age, after enjoying for many years the dignity of dean of Chriſt Church in that univerſity.

Dr David Gregory, on obtaining the Savillian profeſſorſhip of aſtronomy at Oxford, was ſucceeded in the profeſſorſhip of mathematics at Edinburgh by his brother James, likewiſe an eminent mathematician. He held that office for thirty-three years, and retiring in 1725 was ſucceeded by the celebrated Maclaurin. We are informed, that a daughter of this profeſſor James Gregory, a young lady of great beauty and accompliſhments, was the victim of an unfortunate attachment, which furniſhed the ſubject of Mallet's well-known ballad of "William and Margaret."

Charles Gregory, third ſon of Mr. Gregory of Kinnairdy, and brother of the two preceeding profeſſors, David and James, was created profeſſor of mathematics at St. Andrew's by Queen Anne in 1707. This office he held with reputation for thirty two years, and reſigning in 1739, was ſucceeded by his ſon, the late profeſſor David Gregory, a gentleman of great worth, of agreeable manners, and remarkably endowed with a talent of communicating to his pupils the knowledge of the ſcience which he taught. He died at St. Andrew's in 1763.

Dr. John Gregory, the author of the works now before us, was the ſon of Dr. James Gregory, profeſſor of medicine in King's College, Aberdeen, and grandſon of James, the inventor of the Gregorian teleſcope. When in the ſeventh year of his age his father died, and the care of his education devolved on his grandfather, principal Chalmers, and his eldeſt brother Dr. James Gregory, who, upon the reſignation of their father a ſhort time before his death, had been appointed to ſucceed him in the profeſſorſhip of medicine in King's College. He likewiſe owed much, during the whole courſe of his ſtudies, to the care and attention of his couſin, the philoſophical Dr. Reid, now a member of the univerſity of Glaſgow. Of his abilities and proficiency in ſcience his works afford the beſt proof; but we muſt not omit to mention, that he inherited likewiſe, in no ſmall degree, the mathematical genius of his family. He was firſt choſen profeſſor of philoſophy in King's College, Aberdeen, in which capacity he read lectures for three years on mathematics and experimental and moral philoſophy. But in 1749, his views being turned chiefly to the practice of phyſic, he reſigned his profeſſorſhip. In 1764 he removed to Edinburgh, where, in two years after, he was appointed profeſſor of the practice of

on the reſignation of Dr. Rutherford, Having lived in great eſteem for his literary and medical abilities, as well as his ſocial qualifications, he died on the 9th of February 1773, in the forty-ninth year of his age. By his wife Elizabeth, daughter of William, Lord Forbes, he left three ſons and two daughters. The eldeſt of his ſons is now profeſſor of the theory of medicine in the univerſity of Edinburgh.

We have thus given our readers an abridged account of this ingenious author's family, which, in reſpect of the number of eminent men it has produced, and chiefly in the mathematical ſciences, is perhaps unequalled in the biographical records of any nation. To have let ſlip the opportunity of reciting ſuch extrordinary merit, diſplayed through ſucceſſive generations, would be an act of literary injuſtice which we ſhould be extremely ſorry to commit.

*A Voyage to the River* Sierra-Leone, *on the Coaſt of* Africa; *containing an Account of the Trade and Productions of the Country, and of the civil and religious Cuſtoms and Manners of the People. In a Series of Letters to a Friend in* England. *By* John Matthews, *Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, during his Reſidence in that Country in the Years* 1785, 6, 7, *with an additional Letter on the Subject of the* African *Slave Trade; alſo a Chart of Part of the Coaſt of* Africa, *from* Cape St. Ann *to the River* Rionvonas; *with a View of the Iſland* Banana. 8*vo*.

THE firſt account of this country, firſt diſcovered by the Portugueſe, was given by our countryman, *Wm. Finch*, in 1607, in Purchas's and other Collections; the next, by the Sieur *Villault de Bellefond*, 1666; a third by *Barbot* 1678; and a fourth, by Mr. *Atkins*, 1721. *Labat* has alſo publiſhed ſeveral pertinent remarks on the ſame parts. But all theſe accounts are very imperfect, and do not convey a juſt idea of the country, or aſcertain the ſituation of the towns or bays, not even Barbot's large map. A reſidence of three years, it is natural to ſuppoſe, would enable Mr. Mathews to exceed all theſe in accuracy and information. If we may judge from comparing his map with former ones, we ſhall be led to give it the preference for ſcale, poſition, and orthography of places names. The beſt deſcriptions, however, do not ſet off the charms of the country ſufficiently to tempt any ſettlers, except for the purpoſes of trade; and one would wonder that even commerce had her votaries amongſt *diſhoneſt* natives, tempeſtuous and rainy ſeaſons, a year divided equally into *rains* and *dry*, with tornados for a month in each ſeaſon, a low ſwampy ſoil interſected with innumerable little creeks; more inland, a boggy plain, covered with a thin ſward, on which grow a few ſtraggling ſtunted trees, of the ebony kind, without any under wood; the cultivated country woody from ſix years fallow out of 7; mountains abounding with fierce and hungry leopards, wild hogs, elephants and buffaloes, champanſes, ſnakes thirteen feet long and three round. Indigo and cottons are cultivated by the natives; the ſugar-cane is indigenous; ſome bad tobacco; rice is the chief and ſtaple commodity. The religion of the natives is indolent ſuperſtition; their gods, maſſes of earth and clay; their offerings rags and broken veſſels, or a ſmall libation. They are moſt ſtrongly addicted to witchcraft and charms called *Greggories*. Mahometaniſm is well kept up among the Mandingoes, who practiſe circumciſion of both ſexes. The government is by a king, who has the power

power of appointing a deputy, who ſucceeds and governs till a new king is elected; or the deputy is either confirmed in the dignity of a king, or continues to act as a deputy as long as he lives. Every principal man, or head of a village, is ſole lord within his own town. Preſent poſſeſſion is the only tenure of lands. Their laws are the local traditionary cuſtoms of the country. All cauſes are tried before the king in open court, and counſellors are employed, who ſpeak for *two hours with ſuch dignity of action, force, and energy of elocution as would do honour to an Engliſh orator.* " Debts " are commonly contracted for a li- " mited time, that is, there is ſuch a " length of credit given.——If the " debtor refuſes or delays payment " when the debt is due and demand- " ed, the creditor applies to the king " or chief for his aſſiſtance, who ſends " to the debtor, deſiring him to pay " the debt. If, after this notice from " the king, he refuſes to pay it, or to " ſatisfy the creditor, the latter gets " the king's conſent to ſeize the per- " ſon of his debtor, or any of his " ſlaves or people. If this be found " impracticable by the debtor, living " in another town, the creditor ſeizes " upon any perſon who reſides in the " ſame town as the debtor, and de- " tains that perſon till the debt is " paid, which the people of the town " compel the debtor to do immediate- " ly. And this is not all; for, when " a man is thus deprived of his liber- " ty for the debt of another, he in- " ſtantly brings a *palaver* or action " againſt the real debtor, and gene- " rally recovers conſiderable damages " as a compenſation for the impri- " ſonment." Such is the mode of proceeding for debt among theſe, comparatively, unenlightened people. The *Purrah*, a more political inſtitution, or rather aſſociation, for putting an end to diſputes and wars, is a kind of *Arrier Ban*, and equally dreaded. The *Toolahs*, being ſtrict Mahometans, by their wars for the propagation of their religion, furniſh a great number of ſlaves, which are ſold in theſe parts. " The diſpoſiti- " tion of the natives is nearly ſimilar " every where, extremely indolent, " unleſs excited by revenge; of " implacable tempers; full of treach- " ery and diſſimulation where they " conceive the leaſt reſentment; nor " do they ever let ſlip an opportunity " of gratifying their thirſt of ven- " geance, when they can do it with " impunity. To their particular " friends, indeed, they are hoſpitable " and kind; but are addicted to pil- " fering, and are remarkable for the " fickleneſs of their conduct on al- " moſt every occaſion. The Man- " dingoes, from religious motives, " hate a Chriſtian, and vilify thoſe " Europeans who reſide among them, " and whom they frequently ſee " drinking and rioting, with the ap- " pellation of dogs. But when I " formerly reſided among them, by " purſuing a contrary conduct, and " being enabled to converſe upon " the tenets of their religion, *I receiv-* " *ed ſuch treatment in the time of* " *the utmoſt diſtreſs, when I was dan-* " *gerouſly ill, as I could have expected* " *only from my beſt and deareſt* " *friends.*" The women are extremely clean and attentive to domeſtic duties. Marriages and funerals are both celebrated with muſic and dancing. The dreſs of both ſexes is very ſimple; the cuſtom of tattooing, or, as they call it, *ſoccala*, is pretty general all over Africa. Their houſes are built of wood, wattled, and covered with a ſtiff clay, the roofs ſupported by long poles, and thatched with graſs; ſome more inland, of burnt brick. Polygamy prevails here. It is not unfrequent to bring up an intended bride from a child; and, with all their regard to chaſtity, married women are allowed their *yangee canee*, or ciciſbeo;

and adultery is not eaſily puniſhed; but a ſpuribus offſpring is never obtruded. Every dead perſon is ſtrictly interrogated concerning his death, and is ſuppoſed to anſwer by impelling or moving the bearers of the bier in different directions. If he died by witchcraft, the offender is ſold with all his family; or if old, or of great connections, buried alive in a grave dug by himſelf. If the dead loſt his life by poiſon, the offender is condemned to drink a poiſoned water, which, if he ſurvives, determines him to be innocent. The moſt common diſeaſes are intermitting fevers and the hydrocele, the latter the effect of palm wine and exceſſive venery. The venereal diſeaſe is frequent, but not attended with the dreadful ſymptoms of Europe, and always eaſily cured. The ſmall-pox is endemial, but not ſo frequent on the ſea-coaſt as inland. The phyſicians are old women. The firſt trade was in gold, ivory, wax, gums, oſtrich feathers, and ſeveral ſorts of medicinal and dying woods; nor was it till the Europeans had formed ſettlements in the Weſt Indies, that ſlaves became an article of traffic. 3000 ſlaves are annually exported, yet no appearance of depopulation, ſo populous is the interior country. They are either priſoners taken in war, or criminals; "and ſo "great is the demand for Euro-"pean goods, and particularly ſalt, "that interior natives will part "with their wives and children, and "every thing dear to them, to obtain "it." Cuſtom and tradition concur to perſuade us, that the practice of making, buying, and ſelling ſlaves, obtained in Africa long before our knowledge of it. The fate of priſoners was determined by the ſeaſon of the year, and the occaſion they had for their ſervices; and they ſtill ſeldom diſpoſe of their new ſlaves till the rice is on the ground, or cut. Among theſe many independent ſtates war and ſlavery cannot be eaſily aboliſhed. When European ſhips do not come, they ſtarve or kill their numerous ſlaves. A head-man keeps 200 or 300 of both ſexes, excluſive of domeſtics, who are very numerous; and ſome of the chief Mandingoes have from 700 to 1000 employed in every ſervile and laborious occupation, the labouring ones are fixed to the ſoil as the animals that cultivate it, the houſe ſlaves conſidered as a branch of the family, but let out as ſailors and labourers, the maſters receiving the wages. They were treated ſo cruelly, that in 1785 they roſe on their maſters.

Mr. Mathews admits, "it is not "to be doubted but the idea of a "ſlave, when ſold to one of his own "country and colour, and to an "European, are very different; but "as to the cruelty of ſeparation of "the ſexes, he obſerves that the faci-"lity with which they form new "connections, and the knowledge "that their children are the property "of their maſters, ſoon remove all "anxiety on theſe occaſions." Maſters, though they have no power of life and death over their ſlaves, are never at a loſs for an accuſation to ſell or pawn them; and people of all ranks pawn their children. Mr. Mathews compares the ſale in Africa and its effect on the ſlave, with the tranſportation of Engliſh felons to Botany Bay, and pronounces it a happy exchange. "It might be urged in "ſupport of this commerce, that the "cruelty of the laws in Africa, which "puniſh with death, is mitigated by "tranſportation, as ſlavery would un-"doubtedly be the portion of theſe "unhappy people in their native "country. *This is unalterable;* but "if their ſituation in our Weſt India "iſlands could be reſtored by wiſe "and humane regulations, ſuch a "plan would redound much to the "honour of the Britiſh legiſlature, "and may be conſidered as the only

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« effectual relief that, under the pre-
« ſent circumſtances of Africa, can
« be adminiſtered." Mr. Mathews' arguments againſt the aboliſhers of the Slave Trade are, that wars happen in Africa without any view to this trade, but chiefly on religious accounts; that there is no ſuch practice as *kidnapping*; that the inhabitants on the coaſt are only the brokers, who carry European goods into the country, and receive ſlaves in return, of whom priſoners and criminals do not conſtitute a tenth part; that priſoners, if not ſold, would be killed, is confirmed by indubitable facts; that the abolition of ſlavery in Europe would not be followed by the abolition of it in Africa, nor by any mitigation of the treatment of ſlaves by their own maſters there; and that the African, for want of our trade, would loſe many articles eſſential to his happineſs. Mr. Mathews appears to be a ſenſible, humane, and well-informed writer.

## *The* TRIUMPH *of* NATURE; *or, the* Adventure *of a* Journey.

THE Archer's melancholy month had already announced Winter with his hoary locks. Adieu to the ſmiling meads, the ſhady woods, and meandering ſtreams. The chilling ſire,

'His robe a miſt, his voice a ſtorm,'

reigned tremendous over ravaged nature. It was now neceſſary to ſeek the town, that tumultuous ſcene, where all the paſſions ferment, and ſeem, with their impure breath, to taint the ambient air. I left, with regret, the rural walks, where ſix months had elapſed like a ſingle ſummer's-day. In my journey, I ſtopped in the evening at an inn, in which I intended to ſleep. Seated near a large fire, and warming my benumbed hands, I perceived a young woman enter, whoſe perſon was uncommonly attracting; with a ſimplicity in her dreſs that was ennobled by a certain undeſcribable elegance in her manner. She held in her arms a ſmall bundle which ſhe preſſed gently to her boſom. Scarcely was ſhe ſeated near me, when ſhe opened it, and I ſaw one of the moſt beautiful infants I had ever beheld. This ſcene, though natural and common, ſtruck me forcibly, from the charms, the nobleneſs, and the dignity of the perſon that repreſented it. Reſpectful admirer of maternal tenderneſs, I contemplated the picture, for ſome time, with ſilent pleaſure. I felt myſelf inſpired rather by a tender intereſt than by mere curioſity; and I ventured to enquire whence ſhe came, and whether ſhe had ſtill to proceed far with ſuch a burden.—'This is not a burden,' anſwered the lovely mother: 'My child is too dear to me to feel heavy in my arms; nor will they ceaſe to carry him, till I have the ſweet ſatisfaction of giving him to my huſband. I long for that happy moment. But if it be ſtill diſtant, courageous hope ſhall enable me to wait for it with fortitude.'—Theſe words, uttered with vehemence, excited the deſire of knowing more of her. I queſtioned her with that reſpect and delicacy, which the voice and air of rectitude inſpire. She anſwered me, at firſt with heſitation; but in my manner of ſpeaking, perhaps there was ſomething that inſenſibly engaged her confidence, for ſhe ſoon ſpoke to me with a charming frankneſs, tempered, however, by unaffected modeſty. 'You will eaſily perceive,' ſaid ſhe, 'by my accent, that I am not of this province. I am a native of * * * *. I loſt my mother very early. When I arrived at that age in which every thing appears attractive, and in which vanity, perhaps, would whiſper, that I myſelf was ſo, I found a variety of eyes

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that ſeemed deſirous of fixing mine; and, among theſe were two to whom it became requiſite to give an anſwer. It was impoſſible to help it; for, in looking at them, I fancied I ſaw felicity ſparkling in them with a pure flame, which ſoon kindled one in my heart. We perfectly underſtood each other. Our hearts ſoon formed but one; and being obliged to conceal our mutual paſſion, it became but the more violent. My parents were in opulent circumſtances, but of a deſpotic temper. My lover was young, handſome, ſenſible, and virtuous; but his fortune was far inferior to mine; and, thus circumſtanced, it was impoſſible to expect the conſent of my parents. A rich man, without either perſonal accompliſhments or any good qualities, demanded me in marriage of my father, as one would cheapen a toy that happened to hit the fancy. This match appeared ſo advantageous, that my tears could procure me two days only to conſider of it. I conſulted my lover; and I ſaid to him, 'I ſee only death that can free me from the orders of a father, who ſeems rather to thunder than to command. What is to be done?—'Fly,' ſaid he; 'if you love me, flight is neceſſary. Other countries will afford us an aſylum againſt tyranny. God has given us hearts made for each other; and we will confide in his providence. Come: henceforth my arm muſt guide your ſteps, and protect you.' His voice was endued with an irreſiſtible charm. Love lent to us his wings, and his imprudence alſo In our infatuation, we ſhould have been, I believe, to the very end of the world, if the want of money had not unexpectedly ſtopped us. We were aſtoniſhed: we looked at each other; and already indebted in the place where you ſee me, we were not permitted to leave it. At the firſt town to which we came, after I had left my father's houſe, we had been united in the tender bands of wedlock. I was by this time pregnant with the child which is ſo charming in your eyes and mine. What a ſituation for a mother, for a huſband! In this deplorable ſtate he recollected that he had an uncle, of whoſe beneficence and humanity he had heard much praiſe. He held a very lucrative poſt, not far from this country. 'Canſt thou permit me,' ſaid he, 'to depart alone, in order to move this relation to ſuccour us? For I ſhall die with ſhame and grief for the ſtate to which I have reduced thee. The labour of my hands would now be inſufficient. Remain here as an hoſtage, and fear nothing,'—'Go,' ſaid I, bedewing him with my tears; 'can I doubt a moment of your heart?' He left me. For three months paſt, I have received not the leaſt intelligence of him. Others might ſuſpect his fidelity; but this dreadful thought I have never harboured. My huſband is not dead; for heaven is righteous. I know not where he is; but I expect him every day. Nevertheleſs, I have been left to all the pains of child-birth, far from a ſight ſo dear, which would have mitigated them. He has not yet ſeen his ſon; he has not yet careſſed him. Oh, heavens! in what anxiety muſt he be plunged! In whatever ſituation he is, he muſt ſuffer, and the idea of his ſufferings increaſes mine. It is true, I want nothing here; the people of the houſe have intereſted themſelves in my fate; they have not ſuſpected my honour, my integrity; but the birth of this child has augmented my debts. How irkſome it is to owe ſuch ſervices to the compaſſion of others! What would be my deſpair if religion did not ſupport me! I weep, when I kiſs my child, to think that the firſt food he receives is from the favour of others. I tremble, leſt my misfortunes which have marked his infancy, may accompany him to the end of his days

days. Gracious God, the protector of innocence, have compaſſion upon him. My huſband, when he ſet out, conjured me, to wait for him here, not to leave this place, and particularly not to diſquiet myſelf, whatever delay might happen. I confide in his word, as in the voice of heaven itſelf. But alas! moſt people look with averted eye upon the unfortunate. They are cruelly ingenious in imputing their misfortunes to faults. The pity of ſome men is ſo inſulting, ſo barbarous---- I obſerve that here they begin to be tired of the ſuccour they afford me: they enquire why I have not received any news from my huſband, if he is to come ſoon. I know not what to anſwer. All are aſtoniſhed at my fortitude; but not one of them has my heart.'

During this intereſting recital I preſerved an attentive ſilence. 'Ah;' continued ſhe, in a more animated tone, 'were he living, he would be at my ſide; but this child, whom I embrace, in whom I fancy I ſee him, this child is the tie that ſtill attaches me to hope and to life.'—She then tenderly kiſſed the ſweet infant, regarding it for ſome moments with thoſe inexpreſſible looks in which are diſplayed the energy of nature. With a modeſt grace ſhe placed her child's head under her handkerchief, that it might ſuck the more freely. How exquiſitively beautiful was ſhe then! I have ſeen the majeſty of kings ſeated upon their thrones; that of a mother in this auguſt duty is far more worthy of my homage.

On a ſudden, a young man, in diſorder, haſtily enters: he flies into the arms of this tender mother, who utters a piercing cry: he keeps her long folded to his heart. It is unneceſſary to enquire who this is. Speechleſs with tenderneſs and aſtoniſhment, ſhe preſents to him his ſon, that ſon whom hitherto he had not ſeen. When he took the child into his arms, he could no longer refrain; he lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and tears trinkled down his cheeks. But who can deſcribe his emotions? Who can paint his various, his pathetic expreſſion of them? The ſpectators (for by this time the people of the houſe were apprized of his arrival) were all affected by this ſcene. I participated with them in the exquiſite delight. At length, the deſire of converſing with more freedom, led the virtuous pair to their chamber. The young man ſupported his wife, whoſe ſtrength ſeemed exhauſted by the exceſs of joy.

I retired to my own chamber, which I ſoon found was adjoining to that of the young couple. A door, badly nailed up, and ſlightly covered with tapeſtry, permitted me to hear their voices very diſtinctly. An involuntary ſentiment led me irreſiſtibly to liſten. 'Ah! my deareſt wife!' ſaid the young man, with an impaſſioned voice, 'how exquiſite the joy to ſee you again, to claſp you in theſe arms! But, alas! how ill fated is our love! Can you yet have the fortitude to ſupport our deſtiny? Can you have the reſolution to hear me?'—'Speak,' ſaid ſhe, 'without fear, two hours ago I was the moſt wretched of women: I am now the happieſt. You live; you love me; our child ſleeps between us. A new exiſtence animates my heart. What can I deſire more? If inhuman relations deny ſubſiſtence to us, we will demand it of the whole earth. We will engage in the ſervice of maſters, whoſe tyranny will be confined at leaſt to the enjoyment of the fruit of our labour. We ſhall have the liberty to love, to live, to labour, and to die together.'

'Oh! heavens!' reſumed the young man, 'are people bleſſed with riches only to be unjuſt? I flew to that uncle, in whom I had hoped to find a father: he was already prepoſſeſſed againſt me by yours. He reproached

me

me with having violated the moſt ſacred laws, with having diſhonoured his name, and with meriting the ſevereſt puniſhment. He added, that ſhe, whom I had had the audacity to carry off, ſhould never be my wife; that her father would take meaſures to annul an illegal marriage; and that he himſelf would do his utmoſt to ſecond them.

'In vain did I anſwer mildly to theſe unjuſt reproaches. In vain did I deſcribe our love, pure, innocent, imprudent perhaps, but virtuous. In vain did I urge the difference between parental authority and parental deſpotiſm. He was inexorable; and I was about to leave this cruel uncle for ever, when he rung the bell, and ordered his ſervants to ſeize me, and convey me to priſon. I was there rigorouſly confined. I was offered my liberty, but on the condition of diſcovering your retreat. All their perſuaſions, all their menaces were in vain. Nothing could extort the ſecret from me. My firmneſs was even ſtrengthened by my ſufferings; but I ſuffered for you, and that idea, that idea only, mitigated the horrors of my captivity.

'They ceaſed, for ſome time, to perſecute me. The man, who brought me my food, ſeemed to be intereſted in my fate. He offered his ſervices to me, and would have engaged me to confide to his care a letter which I had written; but I could never bring myſelf to write the addreſs. 'To convince you,' ſaid he, 'of the ſincerity of my attachment to you, I will, this very evening, procure you the means of eſcaping, provided you will act with caution'—I embraced him as my deliverer; and, the night following, I was enabled to fly to you. I have walked for three days together without reſt. I have been almoſt overcome by fatigue; but love recruited my ſtrength. I have forgotten all, my deareſt wife, now that I repoſe with you and my ſweet child. And yet, (muſt I confeſs it?) my love is not without anxiety. I have ſome gloomy apprehenſions, that I was permitted to eſcape, that they might trace my ſteps, and diſcover your retreat. On the firſt day of my departure, I obſerved a poſt-chaiſe at a diſtance, which took the ſame road that I did. Let us fly, my beloved; let us haſten from this place by break of day, and find ſome aſylum where providence may protect us from our perſecutors.'—'But how can we leave this place,' anſwered the young wife, 'when we are detained here by debts which we cannot diſcharge?'—'I would obviate this objection, but by a method to which you would never conſent.'—'Speak,'—'I am apprehenſive for you alone. If you are found in this place, we are loſt to each other for ever. Fly, with my ſon; conceal yourſelf in ſome place where you may be unknown. I will remain here to be anſwerable for the ſum. I will ſell, if it be neceſſary, my cloaths, and the few effects we have left. Perhaps I may acquire the friendſhip of ſome generous and compaſſionate heart, that may be touched by the recital of our misfortunes. I will then fly to you, and never will part more. But our firſt care muſt be to ſecure you from the purſuit of your father, whoſe intention is to immure you for life in a nunnery. Nevertheleſs, if your heart cannot reſolve to quit me, remain here: we will die together.'—'No,' replied ſhe, 'I ſhall be the cauſe of your ruin. I cannot hope to ſoften an enraged and irritated father. I will fly, the better to ſecure our liberty and happineſs.'——Thus determined, this virtuous pair ſunk inſenſibly into that peaceful and refreſhing ſleep, which, even when ſurrounded by danger, the innocent can enjoy.

The fate of theſe two unfortunate lovers

lovers afforded me ample room for reflection. I revolved in my mind the variety of human prejudices, that for ages paſt ſeem to have been formed and cheriſhed, to combat the laws of nature, and to deſtroy, as far as their baneful influences reach, the noble ſources of human felicity. My prayers roſe with a generous fervour to heaven, that the inhuman father of ſuch an excellent daughter might at length ſee the folly of his conduct, and permit nature to reſume her violated rights. In the midſt of theſe reflections I inſenſibly fell aſleep. I was not, however, permitted to enjoy long that refreſhment, which the fatigues of my journey ſo much required. On a ſudden, I was waked by a diſcordant and plaintive noiſe, which iſſued from the next chamber; in which were the unfortunate lovers, whoſe adventure had ſo deeply intereſted me. I flew thither. What a dreadful and affecting ſcene! A man inflamed with rage, whom I perceived to be the father of this young woman, was attempting to drag her away by force. Her lover reſtrained him with a vigorous arm, cautious, at the ſame time, not to hurt him: By turns, he intreated and reſiſted: he appeared at once the tutelar god of his weeping wife, and the ſuppliant and ſubmiſſive ſon. Every one in the houſe haſtened to the ſpot. The attendants of the furious father endeavoured to maſter the young man; while the other ſpectators took his part. An exempt, however, interfering, and proclaiming his formidable power, the unhappy huſband, and his generous defenders, were compelled to give up the conteſt.

The two lovers were ſeparated by force. I ſaw them fall from the height of deſperation into the ſtupid ſilence of grief. They ſeemed, as it were, to be annihilated, and like victims that were to be led to puniſhment.

I perceived the new-born child half-wakened by the tumult, and ſtruggling in its cradle. An extraordinary impulſe inſpired me. On a ſudden I took this child in my arms, and preſenting it to the inflexible father, 'Sir,' ſaid I, with a firm voice, 'this child has need of a father. It is your blood that palpitates in his little heart; and his heart muſt one day bleſs the man who foſtered it in its infant years, or deteſt the memory of him who could forſake it. Behold this child in whom you ought to live again, and whoſe voice will one day proclaim your honour or your reproach. See this innocent, whom your cruelty would deprive of all. Could you bear that he ſhould curſe you? Your daughter's crime has been in yielding to the impulſe of a paſſion that has more than once maſtered you. She has brought into the world, without your conſent, a ſon, who himſelf, at leaſt, cannot be guilty in your ſight. If ſhe has failed in her duty to you, you may yet educe good from evil, by acknowledging this ſon, and enjoying one day the exquiſite ſatisfaction of being beloved and revered by him. And ſhall cruel prejudices in favour of wealth, induce you to ſacrifice the deareſt objects in the world? As to this young man, he loves, and is beloved: he offers you a virtuous hand. What riches do you require? Ah! Sir! the ſmile of this child (I confeſs it) has more charms and more value than a gloomy heap of gold. His mother is your daughter; and it is a new heart that you acquire. What other title ought the father of this child to bear than that of her huſband? He merits it; for he has fulfilled its duties. Admire his courage, and that ſuſceptible and noble ſoul that loves you in ſpite of all your rigour.'

This father, ſtill more ſtruck with the ſight of the child than with my addreſs to him, contemplated this

unexpected object, motionleſs and ſilent. Whether it were the effect of the moment, or a lucky chance, he looked at his grandfather with that earneſtneſs and ſweetneſs with which he was wont to delight his mother. At this auſpicious moment I ventured to put the little mediator into his arms: 'This,' I cried, is his aſylum: it is the boſom of nature: he ſhall not leave it. That heart cannot be inſenſible to his ſmiles: it cannot re- I forgive thee: I perceive my tears mingling with thine. This child - - - ject him.'—The grandfather's countenance began already to betray the emotions of his heart. He attempted in vain to diſguiſe them. In this firſt agitation of his ſoul, he could not refrain from drawing the child to his face, and kiſſing him. The afflicted mother, attentive to every motion, ſeized the happy inſtant, threw herſelf at his feet, and with one hand ſupporting her child, and preſſing him againſt her father's face, with the other took his hand, and bedewed it with her tears. The young man though at ſome diſtance, dropped upon one knee; and I, with tears in my eyes, and extended arms, was exciting the father, already moved, to tenderneſs and commiſeration. —He bore one hand to his eyes, to wipe away a tear; and, after a long pauſe, which preſaged ſome great event, on a ſudden he ſaid, Thou haſt ſubdued me, my daughter: I did not expect this thunder ſtroke: it comes from heaven, which ordains every event. May it be bleſſed for ever! Riſe: my anger is no more. Ah! leave me: thou haſt affected me too much. Take thy ſon: henceforth he ſhall be mine. Love me both.'—He kiſſed the child with tranſport, and reſtored him to his mother. The young man then ventured to advance: he took his hand and kiſſed it with a reſpectful air. The father wept again, and welcomed him as his ſon. All the witneſſes of this affecting ſcene felt the varying emotions of ſurpriſe, and tenderneſs, and joy.

Love and gratitude were never before evinced by more lively and more affecting expreſſions. In proportion as rage had been predominant before, was the triumph of nature now more exquiſitely charming. And thus the innocent geſture of an infant diſarmed the rage of an irritated man, whom no other could have ſubdued. 'Oh! nature!' thought I, 'we muſt reſort to thee to be ſuſceptible, to be humane, to be happy!'—The father could not ſatiate his eyes with the ſight of this beloved child: he careſſed and careſſed him again. The delighted mother enjoyed the ſcene: ſhe wiped away her tears, but they were tears of unutterable joy. The young man embraced me, and incapable of finding words to thank me, he looked the grateful, the all-expreſſive language of ſilence. And I, exulting in the victory of nature, proceeded on my journey; leaving the now happy family to all the pleaſures of reconciliation, and the exhilarating proſpect of many years of tranquillity and joy.

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# Poetry.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

*By giving the following Ode a place in your Magazine, if you judge it proper, you will greatly oblige,*

*Your conſtant reader*

A.

## *ODE to JUNE.*

I.

LO! the fair, the roſy morning

Spreads

Spreads its luſtre o'er the plain;
Juno now, with ſmiles returning,
Wakes to life her radiant train.

II.

Blooming ſpring with fragrant treaſures
Firſt adorn'd the infant year,
Joyous, nature's op'ning pleaſures
Bade in pride of youth appear:

III.

Now its milder hours ſurrender;
Brighter glory paints the ground,
Summer, cloth'd in nobler ſplendor,
Breathes its foſt'ring warmth around.

IV.

Sol, the ambient arch aſcending,
Downward darts his beaming rays,
O'er the parched world extending;
Nature pants beneath the blaze.

V.

O how pleaſant now to wander
'Neath the covert of the grove,
When the gentle ſtreams meander,
And the cooling breezes move!

VI.

How delicious are the ſlumbers,
When th' aſpiring aſh-tree bends;
When the warblers ſwell their numbers,
And the lofty oak extends.

VII.

Ev'ning's milder hours inviting,
Let me wander o'er the dale,
And, the ſhepherd's pipe delighting,
Catch the fragrance of the gale.

VIII.

Nature ſounds a genial chorus,
Waving verdure decks the glade,
Glad'ning proſpects riſe before us,
Plenty revels in the ſhade.

*June* 13, 1788.

*To* Miſs ——*on her ſpending too much Time at her* Looking-Glass.

WHILE at the mirror, lovely maid,
You trifle time away;
Reflect how ſoon your bloom will fade,
And tranſient charms decay.

By Nature form'd to pleaſe the eye,
All ſtudied airs diſdain;
From art, from affectation fly,
And faſhions light and vain.

Turn from the glaſs, and view your mind;
On that beſtow ſome care;
Improve, correct it, till you find
No imperfections there.

Make it the ſeat of ev'ry grace,
Of charms that will encreaſe;
And give bright luſtre to the face,
When youth and beauty ceaſe.

Charms, that will gain a worthy heart,
And laſting love inſpire;
That will through life, true bliſs impart,
Nor yet with life expire.

JULIA.

*To a* Lady *born on* May-Day.

*By Miſs* Kemble.

HITHER, you loves, your garlands bring,
Your brighteſt roſes twine;
Waft all the odours of the ſpring,
Around fair Emmeline.

She, emblem of her natal day,
All ſmiling ſoft appears;
Thou ſweeteſt bloſſom of the May,
Such be thy future years.

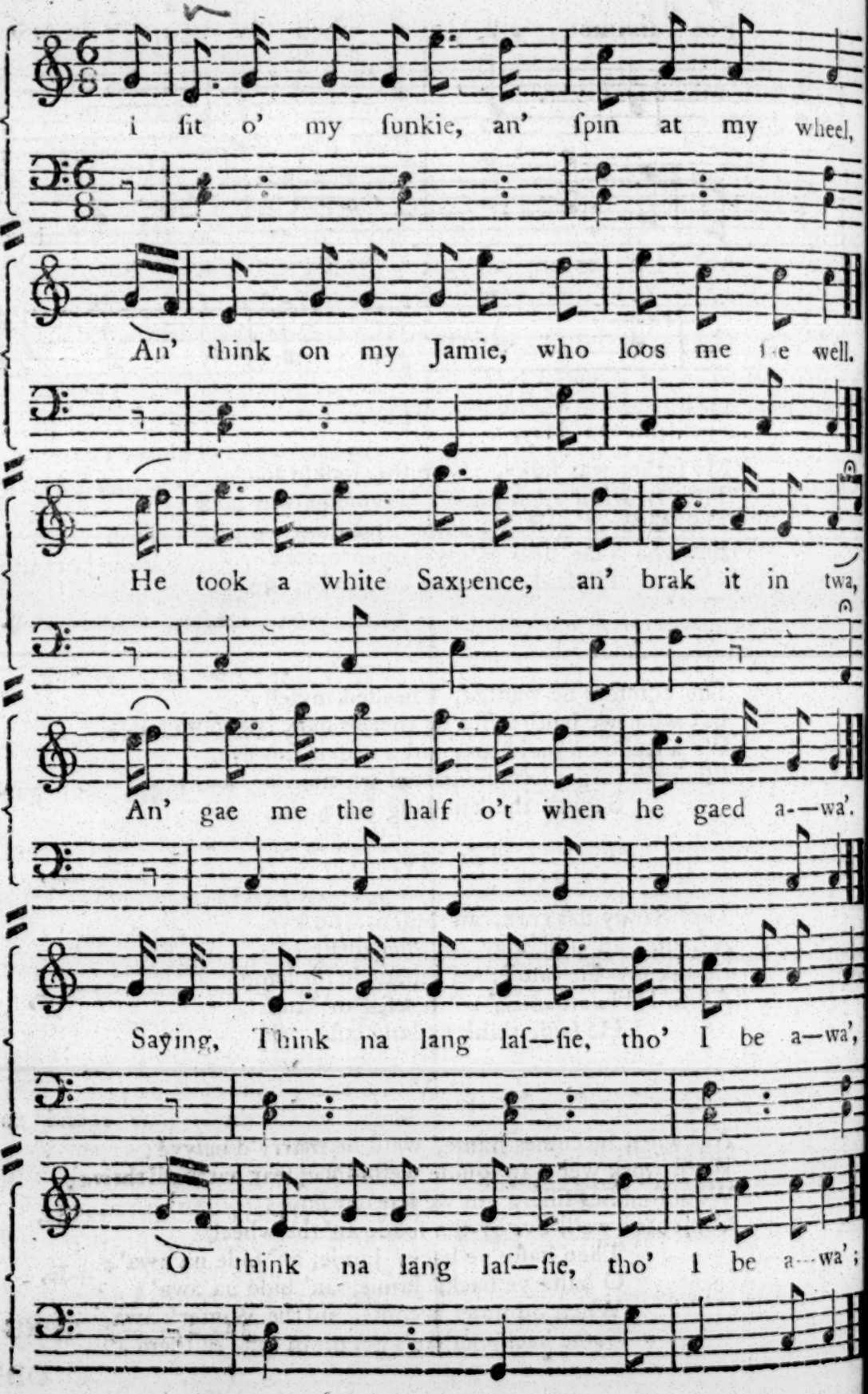
Fair as the lily, ſpotleſs ſnow,
Be every hour of thine;
Bright as the buds that round us glow,
Still may thy virtues ſhine.

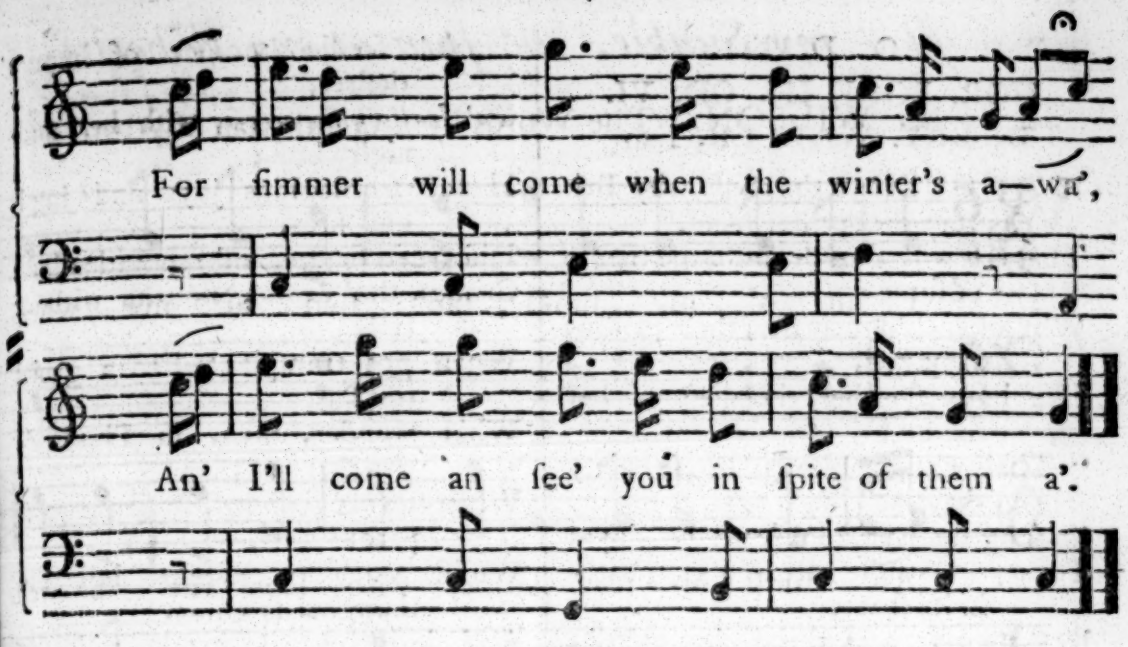
Still may content with thee reſide,
Far from the haunts of care;
May all thy days unclouded glide,
Like thine own reaſon fair.

# *I ſit o' my Sunkie, an' ſpin at my Wheel:*

John Marshall

Set by Mr WILSON. The Words by a Gentleman of Aberdeen.






II.

My father was ſulky, my mither look'd ſour,
They frown'd upon Jamie, becauſe he was poor;
I loo them as well as a dother ſud do——
But wha is ſae dear as my Jamie to me?
He ſaid, think na lang laſſie, &c.

III.

The comfort he wanted, I needed myſell;
But what we baith ſuffer'd, there's nane o's could tell,
Wi' a ſmile on his cheek, an' a tear in his eye,
I'll never forget how he parted wi' me.
Sayin', think na lang laſſie, &c.

IV.

Tho' Sandy has corn, an' ouſen, and kye,
A houſe, an' a haddin', an ſiller forby;
I'd tak my ain Jamie, wi's ſpade in his hand,
Afore I'd hae Sandy, wi' houſes an' land.
He ſaid, think na lang laſſie, &c.

V.

An' when he comes hame, we'll be marry'd belyve;
We'll work well, an' guide well—Nae fear bat we'll thrive;
What ſignifies ſiller, gin we hae our hool?
Contented we'll live by the ſpade an' the wheel.
Then haſte ye back, Jamie, an' bide na awa';
O haſte ye back, Jamie, an' bide na awa';
When Summer is come, an' the Winter's awa,
Come back, an' ye's get me in ſpite o' them a'.

ODE

## O D E.

### HOR. BOOK III. OD. VI.

By BRY. WALLER, Esq.

WOULD ye the cauſe why Britain droops her head,
That erſt with thunder fill'd the trump of fame;
Why quench'd their fire, their priſtine fury fled,
Her lions ſlumber, heedleſs of her ſhame?
"That nation bleeds whoſe piety decays:"
So ſung the Lyriſt in Auguſtan days!
Time was—whilſt Reaſon kept within its ſhore,
Nor madly brav'd the circumſcribing line,
Ere falſe Philoſophy, with wretched lore,
The Deity would ſound, and Heaven confine;
Whilſt men more meek walk'd humbly with their God,
And cheer'd by Faith, with reſignation trod;
Time was, a nation blaſted to its root,
Deſpoil'd of provinces, and robb'd of fame,
Bereft of wealth, its honour proſtitute,
The feeble echo of a ſounding name,
Had pour'd inceſſantly the bitter prayer,
And penitential tears mov'd Heaven to ſpare.
But we, a *wiſer race*, import freſh crimes;
Each nation teems an enervating brood,
Eunuchs and Pandars, drain'd from foreign climes,
Who ſcarcely leave us leiſure to be good:
For reeking incenſe far and wide we roam,
And pamper Veſtris, while we ſtarve De Lolme.
Hark! fertile mother of impure deſires,
*Th' Italian Sorcereſs*, with her midnight hoſt;
Hence ſacrilegious joys and impious fires,
Diſcarded ſhame, and reputation loſt:
Crimes, tho' exotic, flouriſh without toil,
When got tranſplanted to a genial toil!
What wonder, then, in Pleaſure's treacherous tide,
When ſtormy paſſions ſwell the proſperous gale,
Whilſt warbling Syrens lull the thoughtleſs guide,
And giddy youth ſpreads wide the purple ſail,
The little ſkiff of *Female Honour* ſhrinks,
Splits on Ambition, or in folly ſinks!
Train'd to each meretricious ſtealth of bliſs,
The tempting leer and animating cheek,
With lips of coral pouting for the kiſs,
And ſwimming eyes which, more than lips, will ſpeak;
*The well-bred* matron, lock'd in th' adulterer's arms,
Gluts with clandeſtine joys and furtive charms.
At length comes out the thundering Bull of State,
Enjoining abſtinence from bed and board;
With mutual tears—of joy, they ſeparate,
The faithleſs Counteſs from her worthleſs Lord:
Thus thro' the courſe of infamy they run,
Till the law finiſhes what luſt begun.
Not ſuch the loins, impoveriſh'd and decay'd,
Whence ſprung the Chiefs who grac'd Poictiers' day;
Not ſuch the race when good Eliza ſway'd,

Bur-

Burleigh* to guide, and Howard† to obey:
Each age adds ſomething to the ſtock of ſin,
And where we pauſe our children ſhall begin.

---

* Treaſurer to Queen Elizabeth.

† Charles, ſecond Lord Howard, of Effingham, Lord High Admiral in the ſame reign, and Commander of the Engliſh fleet in 1588.

## SONG.

### On MELISSA SLEEPING.

BY THE SAME.

SLEEP on in peace, my lovely fair,
Nor let thy gentle breaſt
E'er doubt thy anxious Cynthia's care
To guard thy hallow'd reſt.

Be yours the charge, yé Genii mild!
To ope the breathing flowers,
And with aerial muſic wild
To fill theſe myrtle bowers.

Whilſt buſy Sylphs their magic ſkill
Shall prove upon her eyes,
And on her purple cheek ſhall ſteal
The luſtre of the ſkies.

So may no ſprite, in evil hour,
Meliſſa's peace annoy;
But every flying moment pour
A golden tide of joy:

'Till lightly from the ſtartled maid
The painted viſion move,
And with new charms ſhe ſhine, array'd
In innocence and love.

---

## ELEGY, *addreſſed to a* BROTHER *immediately after his departure to* JAMAICA.

*Quid nos? quibus te vita ſi ſuperſtite Jucunda; ſi contra, gravis.* HOR.

WHEN cruel fate decreed that we ſhould part,
What words can paint the anguiſh of my heart!
Fraternal love I cheriſh to exceſs;
But then I wiſh'd I could have lov'd thee leſs.
If 'twas a fault, oh! think, ere thou ſhalt blame,
From what compelling cauſe tranſgreſſion came:
For, had our love not been ſo great, ſo long,
My grief, at parting, had not been ſo ſtrong.
Againſt my judgment, thou waſt keen to broil,
Since fortune courted, in Jamaica's iſle;
Againſt my love, I rather ſhould have ſaid,
My judgment yielded, but my love forbade.
O may propitious winds fill all thy ſails;
And never blow fierce ſtorms, nor adverſe gales!
O may thy Palinurus ſafely ſteer
From merc'leſs rocks and ſhelves, to many dear!
May dire ſea-ſickneſs ne'er thy ſtomach pain!
That racking ill peculiar to the main:
May Guardian Angels on thy ſhip attend,
And let thy tedious voyage happ'ly end!
Yet, how thy gentle manners ſhock'd will be
With the rough ſeamen's nauſeous company!
Here one will jeſt in dialect uncouth,
While oaths and imprecations fill his mouth;
There will another, in like manner, boaſt
How he ſeduc'd a maid on ev'ry coaſt:
For, elegance of manners, ſpeech, or mind,
In ſuch ſociety, thou wilt not find.
Now ſettled on Jamaica's torrid ſoil,

There

There let my fancy view thee for a while:
Not when envelop'd in the ſtir of trade:
But, lonely, walking in the verdant glade;
Or elſe ſequeſter'd in ſome cool retreat,
To ſhun the ſcorching ſun's meridian heat.
Methinks, I ſee thee, while thy wiling mind
Recalls the happy ſcenes in which we join'd:
For, oft, I know, thy eager thoughts will roam
To the dear kindred thou haſt left at home.
While theſe ſoft notions ſwell thy tender breaſt,
Where filial love was e'er a pow'rful gueſt,
Methinks, I hear thee call each much-lov'd name,
And, in the fulneſs, of thy heart, exclaim:
" Grant me, kind Heaven! ('tis no unjuſt deſire)
" An honeſt independence to acquire:
" With this, th' Atlantic let me croſs once more,
" And land me ſafe on Scotland's wiſh'd-for ſhore.
" There let me find—more dear than ſordid wealth——
" My parents, brothers, ſiſters, all in health!
" Grant me, to ſpend my days which then remain
" With them; and let us never part again!"
O may it be thy fortune to return!
Thou'lt find my love with no leſs ardour burn:
No length of time ſhall ever ever find
Thy deareſt image weaken'd on my mind:
The love for thee I cheriſh in my heart
Shall only with my lateſt breath depart. *A. R. B. E.*

## ELEGIAC SONNET.

FAIR as the flow'ret opening on the lawn,
Appear'd my Ella to my raptur'd view,
Her lovely cheek outvied the roſe's hue,
That ſcents the vernal gale when chearful morn,
(Diſpenſer of dark midnight's gloom forlorn,)
Smiling, diſpels the drops of pearly dew;
As fair, as blooming, ſo my Ella grew,
While white-rob'd Virtue did her mind adorn:
Then, oh! what ſorrow muſt this breaſt have felt!
What keen-edg'd anguiſh muſt this heart have known!
When pale-hued Death his fatal arrow dealt,
And left me here her abſence to bemoan.
My days, my nights, my hours, in tears I'll melt,
For all my joy with her fair form is flown.

T. L—D.

## EPITAPH *on a* YOUNG LADY.

THIS mournful hearſe approach, each weeping fair,
Your once-lov'd dear Louiſa claims the tear;
In her ſhone beauty, youth, and wit combin'd,
A form angelic with an angel-mind:
Ah; what avail'd youth, beauty, wit combin'd,
Her form angelic, and her angel mind?
See the poor relicks of this goodly ſtore,
And youth and wit and beauty boaſt no more.

THE

# ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

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No. XIV.] Thurſday July 17, 1788. [Price 3d.

## THE TRIFLER, No. XIV.

*July* 17, 1788.

CHARACTERISTICS OF FOLLY——A QUESTION MENTIONED—DIFFICULTY OF WRITING SATIRE—OBJECTS OF SATIRE—DANGER OF RIDICULE—FIELDING'S JONATHAN WILD—AN EXTRACT——

THE never-ceaſing variety of whims and follies which preſent themſelves to the eye of an obſerver, affords an argument againſt thoſe who think that the funds of periodical writing were exhauſted in the days of the Spectator; for nothing is more certain than that folly is *varium & mutabile ſemper*. And while it, like certain animals, takes its hue from the place where it happens to be, there will never be wanting ample food for the moral as well as the ſatirical writer.

But it remains yet to be decided which mode of cenſure is moſt profitable, the ſerious or the comic, the grave moral eſſay, or the ſatirical lucubration. Unable to decide this queſtion, which has been agitated at leaſt ſince the days of Horace, writers have in general adopted the plan laid down in theſe lines,

" Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit utile dulci,
" Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo."

How much judgment is required to pen a good ſatire appears from this, that very few except our principal writers have ſucceeded. It is not eaſy to raiſe a laugh ſo as not to appear to join in it yourſelf, and ſo to laſh a folly as to ſeem perfectly in jeſt, or ſo to direct the judgment of your reader, that he ſhall be filled with contempt for the object of your ſatire, at the ſame time that he admires your manner. *Hic labor, hoc opus eſt.*

Satire is miſapplied if it is not confined to petty follies and vices, for it becomes itſelf ridiculous when applied to high crimes and miſdemeanours. The follies of dreſs, manners, language, &c. are proper objects of ſatire; the whims of weak and ſuperſtitious people may alſo be laughed into contempt: Perhaps too the ſpirit of gambling and the decay of matrimonial fidelity may likewiſe

be treated with a degree of laughing contempt, to ſhow that they are not worth a ſerious argument—But no man in his ſenſes would write a ſatire to prevent murder, or endeavour to laugh a thief out of his pilfering habits.

Serious argument, after all, will be found moſt effectual where a regular and permanent change of manners is intended. Laughter is ſo dangerous a medicine, that, unleſs in very ſkilful hands, the adminiſtration of it is always attended with danger. It is a weapon ſo eaſily turned upon him who uſes it, that he is in danger of being defeated where he thought himſelf moſt ſecure. Beſides, a too frequent uſe of it gives ſuſpicion that it is the only weapon he can wield, and it is well known that ridicule in the hands of the infidel and the profligate has done much more miſchief than any arguments. In a word, although I allow its uſe as a gentleman-like weapon, for occaſional ſparring, yet I would recommend to the writer or the diſputant not to truſt to it where he has much at ſtake. The victory it gains is never complete, although when defeated, no diſgrace is ſo ſeverely felt.

But although ſatire in weak hands is a weapon moſt dangerous to him who uſes it, in the hands of an expert warrior, backed by ſtrong argument and irreſiſtible conviction, and in a good cauſe too, Satire will be found to carry all before it; and although I have ſaid that the petty vices and follies of the day are more properly its objects, yet in certain circumſtances it has been wielded with the greateſt ſucceſs, and has produced effects perhaps ſuperior, at leaſt equal, to any train of argument. Of this we have an inſtance in the fineſt ſatire ever written in our own or any other language, I mean *Fielding's Life of Jonathan Wild*, a work to which I wiſh to introduce ſuch of my readers as may yet be unacquainted with it.

The hero of this work had little, it might ſeem, to recommend him as the ſubject of biography. He was, in one word, a moſt notorious thief, and was hanged for receiving ſtolen goods. He had perhaps a ſuperior degree of cunning and of villainy, which enabled him to defy the law for a very conſiderable time—and here is the only diſtinction betwixt him and any other felon now in priſon. Such a man did not promiſe to furniſh any very great matter for a Biographical Hiſtory, unleſs in the Annals of Newgate, or in a *halfpenny Life and Death*—yet from ſuch ſcarcity of materials, joined to a moſt perfect knowledge of human life in all its ranks and degrees, Fielding has compoſed a Satirical Hiſtory matchleſs in its nature, and unrivalled in every attempt ſince. He repreſents his hero as born to be a GREAT MAN, and he conducts him through innumerable ſcenes of deliberate villainy, which he finely contraſts with the atchievements of thoſe whom the world calls *Great Men*. Throughout the whole he preſerves a perfectly uniform tenor of writing, in the mock heroic, or rather the mock biographical ſtile, delivering every event with the gravity of the moſt ſerious hiſtorian, and with the keenneſs of the moſt ſevere ſatiriſt. The flaſhes of wit occur in every page, but ſparkle around ſo lightly that a firſt, nor a ſecond nor a third reading is ſufficient to mark their force and brilliancy; and we may ſay of the whole, as has often been ſaid of Shakeſpeare, that on every repetition you diſcover new beauties. To ſelect theſe would be endleſs, and I hope my readers will ſave me the trouble, by ſpeedily making themſelves acquainted with a work in which entertainment and inſtruction are ſo admirably blended, where they will find

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many reflections drawn from an attentive obſervation of human nature, and where the vices of the great are ſatirized with a force of humour, a keenneſs, and withal a delicacy of colouring which is irreſiſtible. I cannot however conclude my paper without an extract from this work, which may ſerve to give ſome idea of the manner in which Fielding has conducted the whole plan. At the end of the work, in imitation of the Biographers, he gives a ſketch of the character of his hero, which I have always reckoned among the moſt maſterly pieces of humour and keen ſatire in our language.

"We will now endeavour," ſays my author, "to draw the character of this *Great Man;* and bringing together theſe ſeveral features as it were of his mind, which lie ſcattered up and down in this hiſtory, to preſent our readers with a perfect picture of greatneſs.

"Jonathan Wild had every qualification neceſſary to form a great man. As his moſt powerful and predominant paſſion was ambition, ſo nature had, with conſummate propriety, adapted all his faculties to the attaining thoſe glorious ends to which this paſſion directed him. He was extremely ingenious in inventing deſigns: artful in contriving the means to accompliſh his purpoſes, and reſolute in executing them: For as the moſt exquiſite cunning, and moſt undaunted boldneſs qualified him for any undertaking; ſo he was not reſtrained by any of thoſe weakneſſes which diſappoint the views of mean and vulgar ſouls, and which are comprehended in one general term of honeſty, which is a corruption of Honosty, a word derived from what the Greeks call an Aſs. He was entirely free from thoſe low vices of modeſty and good-nature, which, as he ſaid, implied a total negation of human greatneſs, and were the only qualities which abſolutely rendered a man incapable of making a conſiderable figure in the world. His luſt was inferior only to his ambition; but, as for what ſimple people called love, he knew not what it was. His avarice was immenſe; but it was of the rapacious, not of the tenacious kind; his rapaciouſneſs was indeed ſo violent, that nothing ever contented him but the whole; for, however conſiderable the ſhare was, which his co-adjutors allowed him of a booty, he was reſtleſs in inventing means to make himſelf maſter of the ſmalleſt pittance reſerved by them. He ſaid, laws were made for the uſe of *Prigs (thieves)* only, and to ſecure their property: they were never therefore more perverted, than when their edge was turned againſt theſe; but that this generally happened through their want of ſufficient dexterity. The character which he moſt valued himſelf upon, and which he principally honoured in others, was that of hypocriſy. His opinion was, that no one could carry *Priggiſm* very far without it; for which reaſon he ſaid, there was little greatneſs to be expected in a man who acknowledged his vices; but always much to be hoped from him, who profeſſed great virtues; wherefore, though he would always ſhun the perſon whom he diſcovered guilty of a good action, yet he was never deterred by a good character, which was more commonly the effect of profeſſion than of action: For which reaſon, he himſelf was always very liberal of honeſt profeſſions, and had as much virtue and goodneſs in his mouth as a ſaint; never in the leaſt ſcrupling to ſwear by his honour, even to thoſe who knew him the beſt; nay, though he held good nature and modeſty in the higheſt contempt, he conſtantly practiſed the affectation of both, and recommended this to others, whoſe welfare, on his own account, he wiſhed well to.——

" Nor had he any of thoſe flaws in his character, which, tho' they have been commended by weak writers, have (as I hinted in the beginning of this hiſtory) by the judicious reader been cenſured and deſpiſed. Such was the clemency of Alexander and Cæſar, which nature hath as groſsly erred in giving them, as a painter would, who ſhould dreſs a peaſant in robes of ſtate, or give the noſe, or any other feature of a Venus, to a ſatyr. What had the deſtroyers of mankind, that glorious pair, one of whom came into the world to uſurp the dominion, and aboliſh the conſtitution of his own country; the other to conquer, enſlave, and rule over the whole world, at leaſt as much as was well known to him, and the ſhortneſs of his life would give him leave to viſit; what had, I ſay, ſuch as theſe to do with clemency? Who cannot ſee the abſurdity and contradiction of mixing ſuch an ingredient with theſe noble and great qualities I have before mentioned? Now in Wild, every thing was truly great almoſt without alloy, as his imperfections (for ſurely ſome ſmall ones he had) were only ſuch as ſerved to denominate him a human creature, of which kind none ever arrived at conſummate excellence: but ſurely his whole behaviour to his friend Heartfree is a convincing proof, that the true iron or ſteel greatneſs of his heart was not debaſed by any ſofter metal. Indeed, while greatneſs conſiſts in power, pride, inſolence, and doing miſchief to mankind:—to ſpeak out —while a great man and a great rogue are ſynonymous terms, ſo long ſhall Wild ſtand unrivalled on the pinacle of GREATNESS. Nor muſt me omit here, as the finiſhing of his character, what indeed ought to be remembered on his tomb or his ſtatue, the conformity above mentioned of his death to his life; and that Jonathan Wild the Great, after all his mighty exploits, was, what ſo few GREAT men can accompliſh—— hanged by the neck till he was dead."

*On the Cauſes and Cures of Smokey Chimneys. By Dr* B. Franklin. From *Tranſactions of the American Philoſophical Society.* Vol. II.

MANY are apt to think that ſmoke is in its own nature and of itſelf ſpecifically lighter than air, and riſes in it from the reaſon that cork riſes in water. Smoke is, however, heavier than air, and is carried upwards only when attached to, or acted upon, by air that is heated, and thereby rarefied and rendered ſpecifically lighter than the air in its neighbourhood.

Smoke being rarely ſeen but in company with heated air, and its upward motion being viſible, tho' that of the rarefied air that drives it is not ſo, has naturally given riſe to this error.

No form of the funnel of a chimney has any ſhare in its operation or effect reſpecting ſmoke, except its height. The longer the funnel, if erect, the greater its force when filled with heated and rarefied air, to *draw* in below and drive up the ſmoke; if any one may, in compliance with cuſtom, uſe the expreſſion *draw*, when in fact it is the ſuperior weight of the ſurrounding atmoſphere that *preſſes* to enter the funnel below, and ſo *drives up* before it the ſmoke and warm air it meets with in its paſſage.

What is it then which makes a *ſmokey chimney*, that is, a chimney which, inſtead of conveying up all the ſmoke, diſcharges a part of it in the room, offending the eyes and damaging the furniture?

The cauſes of this effect, which have fallen under my obſervation, amount

amount to *nine*, differing from each other, and therefore requiring different remedies.

1. *Smokey chimneys in a new houſe, are ſuch, frequently from mere want of air.* The workmanſhip of the rooms being all good, and juſt out of the workman's hand, the joints of the boards of the flooring, and of the pannels of wainſcotting are all true and tight; the more ſo, as the walls, perhaps not yet throughly dry, preſerve a dampneſs in the air of the room, which keeps the wood-work ſwelled and cloſe. The doors and the ſaſhes too, being worked with truth, ſhut with exactneſs; ſo that the room is as tight as a ſnuff-box, no paſſage being left open for air to enter, except the key hole, and even it ſometimes covered by a little dropping ſhutter.

*Remedies.* When you find, on trial, that opening the door or a window, enables the chimney to carry up the ſmoke, you may be ſure that want of air *from without* was the cauſe of its ſmoking.

It remains to be conſidered how and where this neceſſary quantity of air from without is to be admitted ſo as to be leaſt inconvenient.

Eaſy and cheap methods, though not quite ſo perfect in themſelves, are of moſt general utility; and ſuch are the following:

In all rooms where there is a fire, the body of air warmed and rarefied before the chimney is continually changing place, and making room for other air that is to be warmed in its turn. Part of it enters and goes up the chimney, and the reſt riſes and takes place near the ceiling. If the room be lofty, that warm air remains above our heads as long as it continues warm, and we are little benefitted by it, becauſe it does not deſcend till it is cooler. Few can imagine the difference of climate between the upper and lower parts of ſuch a room, who have not tried it by the thermometer, or by going up a ladder till their heads are near the ceiling. It is then among this warm air the wanted quantity of outward air is beſt admitted, with which being mixed, its coldneſs is abated, and its inconvenience diminiſhed, ſo as to become ſcarce obſervable. This may be eaſily done, by drawing down about an inch of the upper ſaſh of a window; or if not movable, by cutting ſuch a crevice thro' its frame; in both which caſes, it will be well to place a thin ſhelf of the length, to conceal the opening, and ſloping upwards to direct the entering air horizontally along and under the ceiling. In ſome houſes the air may be admitted by ſuch a crevice made in the wainſcot, corniſh, plaſtering, near the ceiling and over the opening of the chimney. This if practicable, is to be choſen, becauſe the entering cold air will there meet with the warmeſt riſing air from before the fire, and the ſooneſt tempered by the mixture. The ſame kind of ſhelf ſhould alſo be placed here. Another way, and not a very difficult one, is to take out an upper pane of glaſs in one of your ſaſhes, ſet in a tin frame, giving it two ſpringing angular ſides, and then replacing it with hinges below, on which it may be turned to open more or leſs above. It will then have the appearance of an internal ſky light. By drawing this pane in more or leſs, you may admit what air you find neceſſary. Its poſition will naturally throw that air up and along the ceiling.

2. A ſecond cauſe of the ſmoking of chimneys is, *their opening in the room being too large;* that is, too wide, too high, or both. If there be a large opening to a chimney that does not draw ſtrongly, the funnel may happen to be furniſhed with the air it demands, by a partial current entering on one ſide of the opening, and leaving the other ſide free of any oppoſing current, may permit the ſmoke

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to iſſue there into the room. Much too of the force of draught in a funnel depends on the degree of rarefaction in the air it contains, and that depends on the nearneſs to the fire of its paſſage in entering the funnel. If it can enter far from the fire on each ſide, or above the fire, in a wide or high opening, it receives little heat in paſſing by the fire, and the contents of the funnel is by no means leſs different in levity from the ſurrounding atmoſphere, and its force in drawing conſequently weaker.

*Remedy.* If you ſuſpect that your chimney ſmokes from the too great dimenſion of its opening, contract it by placing moveable boards ſo as to lower and narrow it gradually, till you find the ſmoke no longer iſſues into the room. The proportion ſo found will be that which is proper for the chimney, and you may employ the bricklayer or maſon to reduce it accordingly. If in large and elegant rooms cuſtom or fancy ſhould require the appearance of a larger chimney, it may be formed of expenſive marginal decorations, in marble, *&c.* In time, perhaps, that which is fitteſt in the nature of things may come to be thought handſomeſt. But at preſent, when men and women in different countries ſhow themſelves diſſatisfied with the forms God has given to their heads, waiſts, and feet, and pretend to ſhape them more perfectly, it is hardly to be expected that they will be content always with the beſt form of a chimney. And there are ſome I know ſo bigotted to the fancy of a large noble opening, that rather than change it they would ſubmit to have damaged furniture, ſore eyes, and ſkins almoſt ſmoked to bacon.

3. Another cauſe of ſmokey chimneys is, *too ſhort a funnel.* This happens neceſſarily in ſome, as where a chimney is required in a low building; for if the funnel be raiſed high above the roof, in order to ſtrengthen its draft, it is then in danger of being blown down, and cruſhing the roof in its fall.

*Remedies.* Contract the opening of the chimney, ſo as to oblige all the entering air to paſs through or very near the fire; whereby it will be more heated and rarefied, the funnel itſelf be more warmed, and its contents have more of what may be called the force of levity, ſo as to riſe ſtrongly, and maintain a good draft at the opening.

If the low building be uſed as a kitchen, and a contraction of the opening therefore inconvenient, a large one being neceſſary, at leaſt when there are great dinners, for the free management of ſo many cooking utenſils; in ſuch caſe, I would adviſe the building of two more funnels joining to the firſt, and having three moderate openings, one to each funnel, inſtead of one large one. When there is occaſion to uſe but one, the other two may be kept ſhut up by ſliding plates; and two, or all of them may be uſed together when wanted.

4. Another very common cauſe of the ſmoking of chimneys is *their overpowering one another.* For inſtance, if there be two chimneys in one large room, and you make fires in both of them, the doors and windows cloſe ſhut, you will find that the greater and ſtronger fire ſhall overpower the weaker, and draw air down its funnel to ſupply its own demand; which air deſcending in the weaker funnel will drive down its ſmoke, and force it into the room. If, inſtead of being in one room, the two chimneys are in two different rooms, communicating by a door, the caſe is the ſame whenever that door is open. In a tight houſe I have known a kitchen chimney on the loweſt floor, when it had a great fire in it, overpowering any other chimney in the houſe, and draw air and ſmoke into its room as often

often as the door was opened communicating with the ſtaircaſe.

*Remedy.* Take care that every room have the means of ſupplying itſelf from without, with the air its chimney may require, ſo that no one of them may be obliged to borrow from another, nor under the neceſſity of lending. A variety of theſe means have been already deſcribed.

5. Another cauſe of ſmoking is, *when the tops of chimneys are commanded by higher buildings, or by a hill,* ſo that the wind blowing over ſuch eminence falls like water over a dam; ſometimes almoſt perpendicularly on the tops of the chimneys that lie in its way, and beats down the ſmoke contained in them.

*Remedy.* That commonly applied to this is a turncap made of tin or plate iron, covering the chimney above and on three ſides, open on one ſide, turning on a ſpindle, and which being guided or governed by a vane, always preſents its back to the current. This, I believe, may be generally effectual, though not certain, as there may be caſes in which it will not ſucceed. Raiſing your funnels, if practicable, ſo as their tops may be higher, or at leaſt equal with the commanding eminence, is more to be depended on. But the turning cap being eaſier and cheaper, ſhould firſt be tried. If obliged to build in ſuch a ſituation, I would chuſe to place my doors on the ſide next the hill, and the backs of my chimneys on the furtheſt ſide, for then the column of air falling over the eminence, and of courſe preſſing on that elbow, and forcing it to enter the doors on that ſide, would tend to balance the preſſure down the chimneys, and leave the funnels more free in the exerciſe of their functions.

6. There is another caſe of command, the reverſe of the laſt mentioned. It is where the commanding eminence is farther from the wind than the chimney commanded. Suppoſe a building whoſe ſide happens to be expoſed to the wind, and forms a kind of dam againſt its progreſs. The air obſtructed by this dam will, like water, preſs and ſearch for paſſages through it; and finding the top of a chimney below the top of the dam, that is, lower than the top of the houſe, it will force itſelf down that funnel, in order to get through by ſome door or window open on the other ſide of the building: And if there be a fire in ſuch chimney, its ſmoke is of courſe beat down, and fills the room.

*Remedy.* I know of but one, which is to raiſe ſuch funnel higher than the roof, ſupporting it, if neceſſary, by iron bars. For a turncap in this caſe has no effect, the dammed-up air preſſing down thro' it in whatever poſition the wind may have placed its opening.

7. Chimneys, otherwiſe drawing well, are ſometimes made to ſmoke by *the improper and inconvenient ſituation of a door.* When the door and chimney are on the ſame ſide of the room, if the door, being in the corner, is made to open againſt the wall, which is common, as being there, when open, more out of the way, it follows, that when the door is only opened in part, a current of air ruſhing in paſſes along the wall into and acroſs the opening of the chimney, and flirts ſome of the ſmoke into the room. This always happens more certainly when the door is ſhutting, for then the force of the current is augmented, and becomes very inconvenient to thoſe who, warming themſelves by the fire, happen to ſit in its way.

The *Remedies* are obvious and eaſy. Either put an intervening ſkreen from the wall round great part of the fire-place; or, which is perhaps preferable, ſhift the hinges of your door, ſo as it may open the other way, and when open throw the air along the other wall.

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8. A room that has no fire in its chimney is ſometimes filled with *ſmoke which is received at the top of its funnel, and deſcends into the room.* Funnels without fires have an effect, according to their degree of coldneſs or warmth, on the air that happens to be contained in them. The ſurrounding atmoſphere is frequently changing its temperature; but ſtacks of funnels covered from winds and ſun by the houſe that contains them, retain a more equal temperature. If, after a warm ſeaſon, the outward air ſuddenly grows cold, the empty warm funnels begin to draw ſtrongly upward; that is, they rarefy the air contained in them, which of courſe riſes, cooler air enters below to ſupply its place, is rarefied in its turn, and riſes; and this operation continues till the funnel grows cooler, or the outward air warmer, or both, when the motion ceaſes. On the other hand, if after a cold ſeaſon the outward air ſuddenly grows warm, and of courſe lighter, the air contained in the cool funnels, being heavier, deſcends into the room: and the warmer air which enters their tops being cooled in its turn, and made heavier, continues to deſcend; and this operation goes on till the funnels are warmed by the paſſing of warm air through them, or the air itſelf grows cooler. When the temperature of the air and of the funnels is nearly equal, the difference of warmth in the air between day and night is ſufficient to produce theſe currents; the air will begin to aſcend the funnels as the cool of the evening comes on, and this current will continue till perhaps nine or ten o'clock the next morning, when it begins to heſitate; and as the heat of the day approaches, it ſets downwards, and continues ſo till towards evening, when it again heſitates for ſome time, and then goes upwards conſtantly during the night, as before mentioned. Now when ſmoke iſſuing from the tops of neighbouring funnels paſſes over the tops of funnels which are at the time drawing downwards, as they often are in the middle part of the day, ſuch ſmoke is of neceſſity drawn into theſe funnels, and deſcends with the air into the chamber.

The *Remedy* is to have a ſliding plate, that will ſhut perfectly the offending funnel.

9. Chimneys which generally draw well, do nevertheleſs ſometimes give ſmoke into the rooms, *it being driven down by ſtrong winds paſſing over the tops of their funnels*, though not deſcending from any commanding eminence. This caſe is moſt frequent where the funnel is ſhort, and the opening turned from the wind. It is the more grievous, when it happens to be a cold wind that produces the effect, becauſe when you moſt want your fire, you are ſometimes obliged to extinguiſh it. To underſtand this, it may be conſidered that the riſing light air, to obtain a free iſſue from the funnel, muſt puſh out of its way or oblige the air that is over it to riſe. In a time of calm or of little wind this is done viſibly, for we ſee the ſmoke that is brought up by the air riſe in a column above the chimney. But when a violent current of air, that is, a ſtrong wind, paſſes over the top of a chimney, its particles have received ſo much force, which keeps them in a horizontal direction, and follow each other ſo rapidly, that the riſing light air has not ſtrength ſufficient to oblige them to quit that direction, and move upwards to permit its iſſue. Add to this, that ſome of the current paſſing over that ſide of the funnel which it firſt meets with, having been compreſſed by the reſiſtance of the funnel, may expand itſelf over the flue, and ſtrike the interior oppoſite ſide, from whence it may be reflected downwards.

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*Remedies.* In ſome places, particularly in Venice, where they have not ſtacks of chimneys, but ſingle flues, the cuſtom is, to open or widen the top of the flue rounding in the true form of a funnel; which ſome think may prevent the effect juſt mentioned, for the wind blowing over one of the edges into the funnel, may be ſlanted out again on the other ſide by its form. I have had no experience of this; but I have lived in a windy country, where the contrary is practiſed, the tops of the flues being *narrowed* inwards, ſo as to form a ſlit for the iſſue of the ſmoke, long as the breadth of the funnel, and only four inches wide. This ſeems to have been contrived on a ſuppoſition that the entry of the wind would thereby be obſtructed, and perhaps it might have been imagined, that the whole force of the riſing warm air being condenſed, as it were, in the narrow opening, would thereby be ſtrengthened ſo as to overthrow the reſiſtance of the wind. This however did not always ſucceed; for when the wind was at north-eaſt and blew freſh, the ſmoke was forced down by fits into the room I commonly ſat in, ſo as to oblige me to ſhift the fire into another. The poſition of the ſlit of this funnel was indeed north-eaſt and ſouth-weſt. Perhaps if it had been lain acroſs the wind, the effect might have been different. But on this I can give no certainty. It ſeems a matter proper to be referred to experiment. Poſſibly a turn-cap might have been ſerviceable, but it was not tried.

I have thus gone through all the common cauſes of the ſmoking of chimneys that I can at preſent recollect as having fallen under my obſervation; communicating the remedies that I have known ſucceſsfully uſed for the different caſes, together with the principles on which both the diſeaſe and the remedy depend, and confeſſing my ignorance wherever I have been ſenſible of it. For many years paſt, I have rarely met with a caſe of a ſmokey chimney, which has not been ſolvable on theſe principles, and cured by theſe remedies, where people have been willing to apply them; which is indeed not always the caſe; for many have prejudices in favour of the noſtrums of pretending chimney-doctors and fumiſts, and ſome have conceits and fancies of their own, which they rather chuſe to try, than to lengthen a funnel, alter the ſize of an opening, or admit air into a room, however neceſſary; for ſome are as much afraid of freſh air as perſons in the hydrophobia are of freſh water. I myſelf had formerly this *aerophobia*, as I now account it; and dreading the ſuppoſed dangerous effects of cool air, I conſidered it as an enemy, and cloſed with extreme care every crevice in the rooms I inhabited. Experience has convinced me of the error. I now look upon freſh air as a friend: I even ſleep with an open window. I am perſuaded that no common air from without is ſo unwholeſome as the air within a cloſe room that has been often breathed and not changed.

*Miſcellaneous Obſervations.*

CHIMNEYS whoſe funnels go up in the north wall of a houſe, and are expoſed to the north winds, are not ſo apt to draw well, as thoſe in a ſouth wall; becauſe when rendered cold by thoſe winds, they draw downwards.

Chimneys incloſed in the body of a houſe are better than thoſe whoſe funnels are expoſed in cold walls.

Chimneys in ſtacks are apt to draw better than ſeparate funnels, becauſe the funnels that have conſtant fires in them, warm the others in ſome degree that have none.

One of the funnels in a houſe I once occupied had a particular funnel joined to the ſouth ſide of the ſtack, ſo that three of its ſides were expoſed to the ſun in the courſe of the day,

viz. the eaſt ſide during the morning, the ſouth ſide in the middle part of the day, and the weſt ſide during the afternoon, while its north ſide was ſheltered by the ſtack from the cold winds. This funnel, which came from the ground floor, and had a conſiderable height above the roof, was conſtantly in a ſtrong drawing ſtate day and night, winter and ſummer.

Blacking of funnels expoſed to the ſun would probably make them draw ill ſtronger.

## *An ESSAY on FRUGALITY.*

*(Concluded from page 378.)*

*Cauſa igitur largitionis eſt, ſi aut neceſſe eſt, aut utile.* CICERO.

DURING that period of felicity, which mankind enjoyed, under the auſpices of their celeſtial guardians, the infernal powers, ſtill bent on miſchief, deputed two of their number, to oppoſe, ſubvert, and overturn that happy ſyſtem of government. Theſe were Avarice, and Profuſion. Both were the offspring of Plutus, but not by the ſame mother: Avarice was the ſon of Self-love; Profuſion was the daughter of Vanity.

That they might, as much as poſſible, reſemble their predeceſſors, they alſo were attended by an infernal guard. On the right hand of Avarice, appeared Toil, Fraud, Oppreſſion, and Rapine; on the left, Care, Uneaſineſs, and Anxiety. Profuſion was eſcorted, on the one hand, by Pride, Folly, and Oſtentation; on the other, by Flattery, Adulation, and Vain Applauſe.

As mankind had been accuſtomed to pay the greateſt deference to the maxims of Frugality, and Beneficence, imitation ſeemed the ſureſt and moſt expeditious method of ſucceſs, to their antagoniſts. Thus Avarice introduced himſelf under the maſk of Frugality, and Profuſion aſſumed the character and manners of Beneficence, until both were in a condition to appear in their native colours. Toil was eaſily miſtaken for Labour; and what Frugality accompliſhed by Induſtry and Perſeverance, Avarice found means to effect by Fraud: his reception into the human heart, naturally paved the way for his co-adjutors, Oppreſſion, and Rapine. The favours of Profuſion, though not ſo ſubſtantial, were yet more brilliant, that thoſe of Beneficence; and mankind, eaſily dazzled with the outward appearance, never entertained a ſuſpicion, that the motives, from which they proceeded, were different.

As both inherited a large portion of the nature of their father, and the principles of their mothers were not eſſentially different, there was even a kind of ſimilarity in their own diſpoſitions. Avarice, though he never practiſed, frequently extolled the munificence of Profuſion; and Profuſion, though ſhe publicly deſpiſed the groveling maxims of Avarice, yet was not unfrequently detected in the practice of them in private. The former was never ſatisfied, as his deſires knew no bounds: the pleaſure of the latter was ſeldom real, as ſhe ſoon diſcovered, that the proteſtations of her dependents were not genuine, but affected.

A diſtemper ſhews but few of its ſymptoms at firſt, and acquires ſtrength ſlowly and by degrees; but when it has arrived at a certain period, all its malignity burſts out at once, and it baffles every power of medicine to eradicate its principles, which are diſſeminated through the whole frame. Such was the progreſs of Avarice, and Profuſion: mankind were never awakened from the deluſion, till they found it too lat

late to recede, and in general, they were ſo much intoxicated, that notwithſtanding repeated diſappointments, they ſtill perſiſted in their former courſe. The offers of Plenty were rejected, and the admonitions of Content were diſregarded: an univerſal infatuation prevailed, which reaſon could not overcome, nor reflection and experience remove. Avarice was the favourite of the old, and Profuſion was the darling of the young. The former always attended in the compting houſe: the latter conſtantly preſided in the drawing-room.

A few indeed perceived their error, and to them, the alteration was ſufficiently obvious. The acquiſitions of Frugality were in proportion to his wants, and the gifts of Beneficence were ſuited to the condition of thoſe who received them; but the demands of Avarice ſtill increaſed with his treaſures, and Profuſion paid more regard to oſtentation, than merit. The diſciples of the one pined under the torments of Care and Anxiety, while the votaries of the other were lulled with the profeſſions of Flattery and Vain Applauſe.

Though never linked by the connubial tie, yet from their illicit embraces, ſprung that ill-omened pair, Want, and Sorrow. All the inheritance that the ſon received from his parents, was a complication of their miſeries: for what his father ſcraped together, by grinding the face of the poor, his mother laviſhed on flatterers and ſycophants. All the dowry of his ſiſter conſiſted in the mortifying retroſpect of former felicity. Want followed hard after Avarice, and Profuſion; and it was obſerved, as an invariable rule, that Sorrow always accompanied her brother. The government of Plenty, and Content, was entirely ſubverted, and it is ſaid, that they were obliged to retire to the moſt diſtant climates, and fix their reſidence among the ſons of Otaheite, whence, it is to be feared, they will likewiſe ſoon be expelled, if the celeſtials, out of pity to mankind, do not put a timely ſtop to the career of Avarice and Profuſion, and their offſpring, Want, and Sorrow. Thoſe heavenly beings, who had deigned to reſide on earth, betook themſelves again to the ſkies, and left mankind to the aſſaults and ravages of the infernal intruders.

It hath been laid down as a general obſervation, that ſuperfluities are more eaſily retrenched, than defects are ſupplied. This axiom, for the moſt part, holds true, but as in every other general rule, ſo likewiſe in this, ſome exceptions muſt be allowed. It hath been applied, among many more, to the preſent ſubject, but not, in my opinion, with a ſufficient degree of propriety.

Though we can ſay, with great juſtice, that the avaritious man falls much ſhort of his duty, we cannot, with equal truth, affirm, that the prodigal performs more. This would be to endow him with all the properties of real beneficence, with no other failing, but an exceſs of goodneſs and humanity. But let us appeal to actual experience, and we ſhall find that thoſe, whom ſympathy, or the ties of nature point out as proper objects, are as little indebted to the generoſity of the profuſe, as to the parſimony of the churl. With regard to the former, the ſharers of his bounty in general, can neither claim it by the laws of nature, juſtice, or compaſſion.

His error therefore, is not to be attributed ſo much to the ſuperfluity of his favours, as to their wrong application, and object. If beſtowed judiciouſly, and diſtributed to thoſe who are entitled to them, the ſeeming overplus will be much diminiſhed, but the real value will be proportionably increaſed. Similar cauſes commonly produce ſimilar effects: conſe-

quences therefore, ſo different in their manner, and tendency, as thoſe of beneficence and proſuſion, we ought to refer to diſſimilar motives. The error of the niggard lies, in neglecting to perform his part, and that of the prodigal, in performing it to the wrong purpoſe. The principles of both are widely different from thoſe of the really beneficent man, who is charitable from a ſenſe of virtue, and duty; the other two being actuated, only by ſelf-intereſt, and pride, with their concomitant paſſions.

To what, then, ſhall we attribute this depravity of principle, and obliquity of inclination, which we obſerve, in a great part of the human race? Shall we refer it to a bias originally implanted in their nature, or to any infection, which they imbibe with the milk that nouriſhes them? A cauſe more natural than either of theſe, may eaſily be found: let us examine the education of the youth of both ſexes, let us conſider the maxims which are moſt frequently impreſſed upon their minds, let us review the examples which are preſented for their imitation, and we ſhall immediately perceive, that the degeneracy of the preſent race proceeds from that of the former, that the vices of the young are only the effects of the nurture which they received from the old.

GAVIN ROCH.

## *On the* SCOTCH FISHERIES.

## LETTER IX.

### Of Cod-fishing.

I Am ſorry to ſay, that our cod fiſhery is in no better ſituation than our herring fiſhery. However, as a ſpirit of adventure in the Iceland fiſhery has commenced, the general ſucceſs that has attended thoſe who have tried it will certainly increaſe the number, and be the means of helping us forward in improving this branch of the fiſhing buſineſs. But although we have frequently been told of the great advantage the Dutch derive from fiſhing for cod as well as herrings on our coaſt, many of whoſe veſſels arrive early in the ſpring, when they catch vaſt quantities of the prime of our fiſh, there ſeems as yet no diſpoſition for imitating them; ſo that all around the Scottiſh ſhores, nothing is practiſed or to be ſeen at this day, but boat fiſhing, which is very precarious, and by which there is not much chance for the beſt fiſh, as they cannot venture out the proper diſtance, or keep the ſea.

Our people upon the eaſt coaſt are, in general, allowed to be very good fiſhers; they are certainly very induſtrious upon many parts of it, in the way they have been accuſtomed to work, although they are rather far behind what they ought to be, to give them a full title to that character; as they cannot continue long at ſea in the ſmall boats they generally uſe, they fiſh with the long line, that they may more effectually avail themſelves of the ſhort time they are out.

From the application of reaſon, and attention to the ſubject, it occurred to me, that, by the long line method of fiſhing, the hooks and bait muſt lie at the bottom, where many of them muſt get into hollows, upon rocky ground, or among weeds, where the fiſh can have no opportunity of getting a fair bite, conſequently the chance of ſucceſs is greatly reduced; therefore I ſuppoſed, that, were theſe lines fitted with ſmall buoys of cork, upon each ſnood, a little diſtant from the hook, juſt ſufficient to float the hook and bait, but not to raiſe the line from the bottom, being thus ſuſpended in the water, the natural agitation of it, either from the effect of the wind or tide, would keep the

hook

hook vibrating in continual motion, ſimilar to that of the hand, as practiſed by the moſt induſtrious hand-line fiſhers, and be a great improvement upon long line fiſhing; but I did not at firſt conceive the full importance of it.

I had often heard our fiſhermen acknowledge, that when fiſhing upon the Marr Bank, about fifteen leagues diſtance from the land, where thoſe that have pretty large boats do venture out a few weeks in the heat of ſummer, and where they fall in with many Dutch veſſels, the crews of whom will be hawling on board vaſt quantities of fine cod and ling, while they, on the very ſame ground, upon a long line fitted with ſeveral hundred hooks, will perhaps have five or ſix of theſe among the whole, hardly any thing but ſkate and hollobut, fiſh that are no doubt of value to them, as they are brought on ſhore directly, where they always find a good and ready market (the ſkate are particularly valuable at that ſeaſon, on account of the oil their livers yield, being worth from 6d. to 1s. each, or even more), but which the Dutch can and do carefully avoid.

I naturally aſked them, if they knew the reaſon of the ſuperior ſucceſs of the Dutch. They readily owned, that they are more expert fiſhers, but wiſhed chiefly to attribute it to the better bait they uſe, being eels, herrings, and mackarel in their ſeaſon; and I partly credited their report, until ſome time ago, that I accidentally fell in with a Fleming from Oſtend, a moſt intelligent fiſher indeed. Upon hearing him repeat the many ſucceſsful fiſhings he made upon our coaſt, and ſpeak in rapture of what he could do, if ſettled here, and furniſhed with a veſſel to his mind, I aſked him, which way he accounted for it, that our fiſhers were ſo much leſs ſucceſsful in getting the proper marketable fiſh than his countrymen and the Dutch? His anſwer was, that, as our people uſe the long line, the whole hooks of which lying upon the ground, where ſkate, hollobut, and all the other tribe of flat fiſh feed, it is next to an impoſſibility, uſe what bait they will, that they ſhould have any thing elſe upon them: That the Dutch and they fiſh with the hand line; in doing which, they juſt feel the bottom with the leaden ſinker, and immediately draw back the length of from three to ſix feet, where, if there are cod or ling, they are ſure to find them, and generally avoid the flat fiſh, although they will at times fall in with ſome of them: Theſe, when at a diſtance from home and do not chuſe to be cumbered with them, are, upon coming up, cut off the hook, and then ſet adrift, except what they chuſe to reſerve for the ſhip's uſe: When the ſkate livers are full, they ſometimes take them out for making oil.

I aſked him, if the Dutch, and they too, do not frequently uſe this long line? He ſaid, they did, but never where they have a dependence upon getting proper cod and ling, only for ſmall fiſh, and chiefly for little ſkate, flounders, &c. Theſe anſwers fully explained what had appeared ſomething myſterious to me, and anſwered my queries, in a perfectly ſimple and rational manner, and made the idea of the ſmall buoy, or piece of cork, upon the ſnood of each hook, recur upon my mind with redoubled force; as I had been at pains before this, I was at more afterwards, to recommend it to every fiſher with whom I converſed (and I have with a good many) to try it; all of them readily owned, that they were convinced it would have the deſired effect, and, in ſeeming compliance to my urgent requeſt of making the experiment, have promiſed; but I cannot hear of one of them that has done it, for which no

other

other reaſon can be aſſigned, but an inſatuated adherence to old practices, for which they are ſingularly remarkable in general.

I thought they would have deviated in this inſtance, on account of its very great apparent proſpect of ſo materially promoting their intereſt, particularly as they all allow it bids fair to relieve them from the ſtar-fiſh (what they call the *croſs-feet*), who form one of the greateſt grievances they labour under along the whole coaſt, devouring their bait in ſuch an extraordinary manner, that, upon many parts of the beſt fiſhing ground (*no new bank, but as old occupied as any in Europe*), it is rare if one hook and bait in three eſcapes them, the whole ſnoods of their lines being covered with them very frequently, and their fiſhing prodigiouſly injured.

They have felt the hardſhip of this ſo forcibly along the coaſt of Cairnbulg, Ratrahead, &c. &c. that they entered into a reſolution, ſome years ago, to bring on ſhore all that were got upon their lines, to try to deſtroy them; they continued to do this until they collected great heaps of them at each fiſhing village; but, after conſiderable perſeverance, they found them no thinner, and were obliged to deſiſt, and patiently ſubmit to an inconvenience they found they could not ſurmount.

If ever the ſmall buoys upon each ſnood of the long line come fairly into uſe, I am morally certain, it will benefit the fiſheries in a ſingular manner; for where much is done at preſent without them, much more will then be done with them. If I ſtate the increaſed ſucceſs at fourfold, upon the hooks and lines preſently in uſe, I have reaſon to think I am far within bounds, unleſs it be in caſes where their labours are meant to be directed to a flat fiſh fiſhery.

Yet, however much may be expected to be done by an improved boat fiſhery, when brought to the utmoſt perfection, precarious and uncertain it muſt always be, in proportion to that carried on in any kind of decked veſſel, wherein men could purſue their labours in ſafety, and refreſh themſelves with a regular meal of comfortable warm proviſions after their fatigue.

The great waſte of time and labour in going to and coming from the fiſhing ground, lays them under much hardſhips; beſides it frequently happens, that, in the very beſt part of the fiſhing ſeaſon, the weather will be ſuch, that an open boat dare not venture out any diſtance to ſea; or when out, or in the midſt of their moſt ſucceſsful operations, they muſt leave off, and make for the ſhore at the hazard of their lives, which not ſeldom fall a ſacrifice in weather that would not interrupt a decked veſſel.

Thoſe who have hitherto adventured in the Highland white fiſheries, have only followed the old track of boat fiſhing, their veſſel lying moored in ſome loch or other, the ſame way as in the herring trade, while their boats go to ſea, in which they are often interrupted for ſeveral days together, although in the ſummer time. I am clearly of opinion, that, were they to keep the ſea with their veſſels, and employ the uſual number of hands they carry out in working hand lines, they would be far more ſucceſsful with much leſs fatigue, unleſs their lines were mounted with the recommended buoys, and, even then, I ſee no cauſe why both methods may not be uſed at once.

I well know, that, in fiſhing with the long line out, without the ſight of land, they muſt keep conſtantly near them, while they are out, for fear of loſing them; but where the fiſhery is carried on within ſight, and at a ſhort diſtance from land, as the caſe is ſaid to be upon much fine fiſhing ground within the Hebrides, where they

they can eaſily take ſuch remarks as will enable them readily to find their lines again, they may ſhoot them, and allow the veſſel to drive either ſouth or north, as wind and tide ſets, returning once in twenty-four hours, to under-run them, taking off the fiſh, baiting their hooks, and laying them down again. It cannot be doubted but this method would much promote their ſucceſs, as it gives them a double chance.

There has been nothing done of any conſequence upon the eaſt coaſt in the cod fiſhing way theſe many years bypaſt, but by our fiſhers themſelves, whoſe abilities and ſubſtance are far too limited to enable them to do much. This is the more to be regreted, when the very great advantage the Dutch are known to reap from their labours upon it is conſidered. It is certain they not only know the value, but the ſituation alſo of our fiſhing ground, infinitely better than we do ourſelves, and avail themſelves of this knowledge far more than I find is generally imagined.

I know not what has induced Mr. Fall, or thoſe with whom he coincides, to ſay, "I agree entirely in opinion with thoſe who think that the fiſhery in the North Sea, between the coaſts of Scotland and Holland, cannot be conſidered as furniſhing fiſh in ſufficient quantity for foreign markets, or of preſenting an object of ſufficient magnitude to engage public attention."

Certain it is, that this ground yields a very great quantity of fiſh to the Dutch; and why ſhould it not do ſo to us, who ought, and certainly will, when we fall into a right method of conducting our operations, procure them at much leſs expence than they, and conſequently ſell them cheaper?

Mr Fall will not ſurely refuſe, becauſe the world knows, that it was the fiſhery in this very ſea that firſt raiſed and long ſupported theſe people as a commercial nation; and although their trade in that line is now far from what it has been, it ſtill is a very important one of them, and to which they pay every attention, proſecuting it with perſevering induſtry, all along the coaſt of Scotland, and acroſs the north ſea, betwixt it and the continent of Europe, as our fiſhermen and ſeamen, who have frequent opportunities of ſeeing them upon the coaſt, as well as in their paſſages to and from the Baltic, &c. will declare.

*Extracts from Papers circulated on the part of the* BRITISH MANUFACTURERS *in* COTTON, *relative to the preſent Competition between the Callico and Muſlin Manufactures of* GREAT BRITAIN, *and the ſame Species of Goods imported from the* EAST INDIES: *dated* LONDON, April, 1788.

THE facilities which the manufacturers of Great Britain have ſuddenly acquired, and the immenſe capitals which they have as ſuddenly laid out in expenſive machinery, and great and heavy eſtabliſhments, for carrying on the cotton trade, are unparalleled in the annals of the world.

Above one million of money is at this moment ſunk in mills, hand-engines, and other machines, including the grounds and neceſſary buildings. A power is created capable of working nearly two millions of ſpindles *; and men, women, and children, are

* The power of ſpindles now capable of being worked is eſtimated thus:

| | |
|---|---|
| In the water mills - - - | 236,000 |
| In the hand jennies - - - | 1,665,100 |
| | 1,951,100 ſpindles. |

trained

trained and training to this buſineſs, capable of carrying the cotton manufacture almoſt to any extent.

Britiſh callicoes were firſt made in Lancaſhire about the year 1772, but the progreſs was ſlow till within the laſt ten years; the quantity manufactured has ſince extended from about fifty thouſand to one million of pieces now made in the courſe of one ſingle year †.

Britiſh muſlins were not ſucceſsfully introduced until the year 1781, and were carried to no great extent until 1785, ſince which period the progreſs has been rapid beyond all example. The acquiſition of cotton wool of a ſuperior quality, from Demerary and the Brazils, and the improvements made in ſpinning fine yarns upon the mule jennies, have given a ſpring to this branch of the cotton manufactory, which has extended it beyond what it was poſſible to conceive. Above half a million pieces * of muſlins of different kinds, including ſhawls and handkerchiefs, are now ſuppoſed to be made in Great Britain, and the quantity not only increaſes daily with the new acceſſion of powers that are burſting forth upon the country, but the quality is exceedingly improved; and ſince about 300 bales of fine Eaſt-India cotton have lately been obtained by the way of Oſtend, yarns have been ſpun, and muſlins have been wove, equal to any from India, and nothing but a fine raw material is wanted to enable the Britiſh manufacturer to carry this branch to the greateſt extent: and of all others, it is that ſpecies of cotton goods which deſerves moſt to be encouraged, becauſe of the immenſe return it makes for labour, more than any other branch of the cotton manufactory. Eaſt-India cotton wool has been ſpun into one pound † of yarn, worth five guineas, and when wove into muſlin, and afterwards ornamented by children in the tambour, has extended to the enormous value of fifteen pounds, yielding a return of five thouſand nine hundred per cent. on the raw material.

Such is the ſtate of the Britiſh cotton manufacture at preſent.—With eſtabliſhments and mechanical powers capable of bringing forward immenſe quantities of goods into the conſumption, this manufacture is checked as it were in a moment, by a great and ſudden reduction of the prices of Eaſt India goods, of the ſame ſpecies which have been recently ſold above 20 per cent. on an average, under the loweſt prices at which the Britiſh manufacturer can afford to ſell without loſs. The conſequence of which has been, *that an univerſal ſtagnation has taken place;* the ſtocks on hand daily accumulate; the poor ſpinners who work upon the hand-mills are in the greateſt diſtreſs ‡; and a great and valuable ſyſtem is in danger of being broke down in a moment, if ſome remedy cannot be applied; for unleſs the Britiſh market can be opened for the home manufacturer ‖, it is impoſſible to go on: men and women trained to the buſineſs, at a

† The value of callicoes is ſuppoſed to be nearly one million and an half ſterling.

* The muſlins will now extend to above one million of money in value.

† In order to aſſiſt the mind in forming a conception of the fineneſs of this yarn, it may not be improper to ſtate, that a ſingle pound of it, if ſtretched out, would extend to the enormous length of about 100 miles.

‡ Many of the poor ſpinners at Stockport are at preſent quite idle. It is the ſame caſe with thoſe in the towns and villages in Lancaſhire.

‖ An eminent manufacturer of muſlins in England, who gave employment to 700 weavers in this branch, has not now 300 employed. The reduction is general all over the country.

great

great expence, will be ſet a-drift, and the numerous children ſent back to the hoſpitals and pariſhes from whence they came.

The cotton manufactory has burſt forth, as it were, upon the country, in a moment; giving a ſpring to the induſtry of the people, unexampled in the annals of the world §.

It is not above twenty years ſince the whole cotton trade of Great Britain did not return 200,000l. to the country for the raw materials, combined with the labour of the people; and at that period, before the water machines and hand-engines were ſucceſsfully introduced **, the power of the ſingle wheel could not exceed *fifty thouſand ſpindles* employed in ſpinning the cotton wool into yarns.

At the preſent moment, this power of ſpindles, capable of being applied to the ſame purpoſe, amounts nearly to *two millions*, in all Great Britain; and the groſs return for the raw materals and labour exceeds *ſeven millions ſterling*.

About 1784, the expiration of Sir Richard Arkwright's patent diſſeminated the knowledge of ſpinning by water machines. Mills were erected in every part of the country, for ſpinning the warps; and the hand engines, or jennies, for the wefts, increaſed in proportion, inſomuch, that at preſent there appears to be 143 water mills, and above twenty thouſand hand engines in Great Britain.

This immenſe power of machinery, (which with the neceſſary buildings and other appendages, has not coſt leſs than *one million ſterling* *) is ca-

§ The cotton machinery in full work, is now ſuppoſed to produce as much yarn as would equal the labour of one million of perſons, according to the old ſyſtem of ſpinning upon the ſingle wheels.

** It is perhaps not generally known, that the yarns ſpun upon the water mills are hard twiſted, and therefore only fit for one part of the manufacture, namely, the warps. The weft, or ſhute-yarns, are for the moſt part ſpun upon the hand machines, or jennies; and it is worthy of remark, that about the ſame period, and coeval to the invention of water mills, the diſcovery was made of multiplying the powers of the common hand wheels, ſo as to ſpin at firſt from five to ten, and from that number to eighty threads (now the power of a ſingle jenny) which being wrought by one man, with the aſſiſtance of a woman to prepare the cotton, and a boy or girl to tie the broken threads, gives a facility to human labour in this manufacture, which is ſcarce conceivable.

* 143 Water mills, ſuppoſed originally to coſt 6000l. on average; but here only averaged at 5000l. - - - - L. 715,000
550 Mule jennies, or machines, partaking of the nature both of the water mill and common jennies, conſiſting of 90 ſpindles each, 19,250
20,070 Hand jennies of 80 ſpindles each, with all appendages, - 140,490
Reels, wheels, carding machines, and buildings for the whole hand machines, - - - - - 125,260
L. 1,000,000

N. B. This eſtimate does not include the value of the looms employed, which have coſt an immenſe ſum.

Theſe 143 water mills are uſefully diſſeminated all over the country, extending the benefits of profitable labour to every corner of the nation, as appears from the following ſtatement, viz.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Iſle of Man, one mill, - | 1 | Idem in Yorkſhire - | 11 |
| Mills in Lancaſhire - | 40 | Idem in Cheſhire - | 8 |
| Idem in Derbyſhire - | 24 | Idem in Staffordſhire - | 7 |
| Idem in Nothinghamſhire | 17 | Idem in Weſtmoreland | 5 |



pable

pable of ſpinning into yarns above twenty millions of pounds of cotton yearly, equal in value to upwards of one million and one half ſterling, for the raw material; which, when ſo ſpun into the various qualities for the manufacture, will be raiſed in value to four millions of money for the yarns alone.

Theſe eſtabliſhments, when in full work, are eſtimated to give employment, in ſpinning alone, to about *twenty-ſix thouſand men, thirty-one thouſand women*, and *fifty-three thouſand children*; and in the ſubſequent ſtages of the manufacture, until it arrives at maturity, the number of perſons employed are alſo eſtimated to amount to one hundred and thirty-three thouſand men, fifty-nine thouſand women, and forty-eight thouſand children; making an aggregate of one hundred and fifty-nine thouſand men, ninety thouſand women, and an hundred and one thouſand children, employed in this branch of trade.

In the year 1784, the raw material of cotton wool, (after deducting the exportation) amounted to about *eleven millions*. The following year it extended to the aſtoniſhing height of nearly eighteen millions. In 1786 there was an increaſe of upwards of one million more, and in 1787 the neat quantity exceeds *twenty-two millions of pounds*.

Of this great aggregate the following eſtimate has been made of the particular growths, which are taken in round numbers, as it is impoſſible to be correct to a point.

| | lb |
|---|---|
| Britiſh iſlands * - - | 6,600,000 |
| French and Spaniſh ſettlements, about - | 6,000,000 |
| Dutch ſettlements, about - - | 1,700,000 |
| Portugueſe ſettlements, - - | 2,500,000 |
| Eaſt Indies (a ſmall quantity obtained laſt year at Oſtend) | 100,000 |
| The Smyrna or Turkey cotton, about - | 5,700,000 |
| Aggregate Total | 22,600,000 |

This immenſe quantity of cotton (according to an eſtimate made by intelligent manufacturers) is ſuppoſed at preſent to be applied nearly as follows:

| | lb |
|---|---|
| 1. To the candle-wick branch - - | 1,500,000 |
| 2. To the hoſiery branch - - | 1,500,000 |
| 3. To ſilk and linen mixtures - - | 2,000,000 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mills in Flintſhire - | 3 | | |
| Idem in Berkſhire - | 2 | | |
| Idem in Surrey - | 1 | | |
| Idem in Hertfordſhire | 1 | | |
| Idem in Leiceſterſhire | 1 | | |
| Idem in Worceſterſhire | 1 | | |
| Idem in Pembrokeſhire - | 1 | | |
| Idem in Glouceſterſhire | 1 | | |
| Idem in Cumberland - | 1 | | |
| Total in England | | 123 | |
| Mills in Lanerkſhire - | 4 | | |
| Idem in Renfrewſhire - | 4 | | |
| Idem in Perthſhire - | 3 | | |
| Mills in Mid Lothian - | 2 | | |
| Idem in Ayrſhire - | 1 | | |
| Idem in Galloway - | 1 | | |
| Idem in Anandale - | 1 | | |
| Idem in Bute - | 1 | | |
| Idem in Aberdeenſhire - | 1 | | |
| Idem in Fifeſhire - | 1 | | |
| Total in Scotland | | 19 | |
| Aggregate Total - | | 143 | |

* In this eſtimate a deduction is made from the actual quantity imported from theſe iſlands, to the extent of what is ſuppoſed to be of foreign growths.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 4. To the fuſtian branch | - - - | 6,000,000 |
| 5. To callicoes and muſlins, &c. | - - | 11,600,000 |
| Total pounds of cotton | | 22,600,000 |

# Literary Chronicle and Review.

*A Tour in England and Scotland in* 1785. *By an Engliſh Gentleman.* 8vo. 7s. 6d. boards. London, 1788.

THE influence of phyſical and moral cauſes on the genius and character of mankind forms a branch of ſpeculative philoſophy which has been highly cultivated in the preſent age. The oppoſite and contending theories of Monteſquieu and Hume have led more recent inquirers * to define the nature and limits of thoſe cauſes with ſyſtematic preciſion, and to eſtimate their relative importance in the great proceedings of nations. From the mere exterior of a country ſome judgment might be formed of the natives; and from the genius of the natives, the ſtate of a country, with regard to cultivation and arts, might, in ſome degree, be anticipated. When Ariſtippus, ſhipwrecked on an unknown coaſt, obſerved ſome mathematical figures traced on the ſhore, he pronounced himſelf, with confidence, on the ſhore of a civiliſed people. But we muſt contemplate the ſcene at large, and carry our reſearches into all the variety of combinations, phyſical and moral, in order to form rational and juſt conceptions of the communities of mankind. National character, which ariſes out of thoſe combinations, is likewiſe wonderfully diverſified in the various diviſions of the ſame country, ſubject to the ſame ſyſtem of laws, of religion, and of general policy. The detail of labour and faſhionable modes of life in town and country, on the coaſt, and in the interior provinces, in the ſeat of government, and in the remote diſtricts, form diſcriminations and varieties of genius and character no leſs curious than intereſting to the ſtateſman, the philoſopher, and the gentleman.

The author of the preſent *Tour in England and Scotland*, who ſeems to have contemplated the works of nature and of art in different regions of the globe, avails himſelf of that general knowledge and information in this domeſtic tour.

To deſcribe the outlines of a country, to mark its diſtinguiſhing features, to paint the landſcape with fidelity, and to exhibit ſtill life in its moſt captivating charms, afford no doubt high entertainment to the imagination; but ought by no means to ſuperſede the ſtill higher efforts of the underſtanding. And we obſerve with pleaſure that our author has happily combined the *utile* with the *dulce*, and united with talents for deſcription a ſagacity of obſervation with regard to arts, manufactures, commerce, and various objects of political economy.

As the ſcene of theſe travels lies principally in North-Britain; and, as the boldneſs of the Scottiſh landſcape is leſs familiar to the generality of our readers, we ſhall preſent them with the deſcription of the country near Lanerk, one of the royal burghs of Scotland; a town not remarkable

* See Dunbar's Eſſays—Falconer on the Influence of Climate; and ſome late American publications.

indeed for population or magnitude, but diſtinguiſhed by the magnificence of the ſurrounding objects. When our author firſt entered Scotland, the aſpect of things ſeemed moſt unpromiſing; and the poverty and barrenneſs, which ſurrounded him, formed a contraſt to the plenty and luxuriancy, which he had juſt been contemplating in his native land. Between Dumfries and Moffat he found not a ſingle houſe which could afford him tolerable accommodation. But the eye of the traveller is gradually relieved, and he finds comfort on the banks of the Clyde; from whence he gratifies the reader with the following intereſting picture:

'Nearly two miles from Lanerk we get out of the chaiſe, and walk about a mile out of the road to an houſe called Corra Lynn, belonging to Sir John Lockhart Roſs; cloſe by which are the Falls of the Clyde, which exhibit the firſt ſcene of this kind in Great Britain. Many circumſtances concur to render theſe ſublime Falls beautifully pictureſque: woody banks, the romantic face of the country, and the form of the rocks over which they daſh, ſo varied as to give the awful torrent the grandeſt as well as the moſt diverſified appearance. At the Corra Lynn, the river, which is very large, is precpitated over a ſolid rock, not leſs than a hundred feet; and at Stone-Byers, about a mile higher up the Clyde, there is another Fall, of about ſixty feet, where the river, confined within a narrow bed, makes one entire ſhoot over the rock. At both theſe places this great body of water, ruſhing with horrid fury, ſeems to threaten deſtruction to the ſolid rocks that enrage it by their reſiſtance. It boils up from the caverns which itſelf has formed, as if it were vomited out of the infernal regions. The horrid and inceſſant din with which this is accompanied unnerves and overcomes the heart. In vain you look for ceſſation or reſt to this troubled ſcene. Day after day, and year after year, it continues its furious courſe; and every moment ſeems as if wearied nature were going to general wreck.

'At the diſtance of about a mile from this awful ſcene you ſee a thick ſmoke aſcending to heaven over the ſtately wood. As you advance you hear a ſullen noiſe, which ſoon after almoſt ſtuns your ears. Doubling, as you proceed, a tuft of wood, you are ſtruck at once with the awful ſcene which ſuddenly burſts upon your aſtoniſhed ſight. Your organs of perception are hurried along, and partake of the turbulence of the roaring waters. The powers of recollection remain ſuſpended for a time by this ſudden ſhock; and it is not till after a conſiderable time that you are enabled to contemplate the ſublime horrors of this majeſtic ſcene.

'It is a certain truth that ſuch falls of water as theſe exhibit grander and more intereſting ſcenes than even any of thoſe outrageous appearances that are formed by ſtorms, when unreſiſted by rocks or land, in the troubled ocean. In the ſea, water rolls heavily on water, without offering to our view any appearance of inherent impetuoſity; we deſiderate the contraſt of the rocky ſhores, and there is not any ſuch horrid noiſe.

'The caſcade at the Corra Lynn, though it falls from the greateſt altitude, and in one uninterrupted ſheet, is narrow in proportion to its height; that at Stone-Byers, though not much more than half the height of the other, has ſomewhat in it of greater grandeur. It is three times as wide; its maſs is more diverſified; its eddies more turbulent and outrageous; and, without being divided into ſuch a number of parts as might take any thing from its ſublimity, it exhibits a variety of forms that give a greater appearance both of quantity and of diſorder.

'In

'In the Corra Lynn, juſt where the water begins to fall down the horrid deep, there ſtands, on a pointed rock, a ruined caſtle, which, about fifty years ago, was inhabited. In floods the rock and caſtle ſhake in ſuch a manner as to ſpill water in a glaſs. Imagination can ſcarcely conceive a ſituation more awfully romantic, or, before the uſe of gunpowder, more impregnable. Sir John Lockhart Roſs has an houſe on the verge of this matchleſs ſcene.

'On the edge alſo of this ſtupendous fall of water, ſtands a mill, whoſe feeble wheel ſeems ready to be daſhed in pieces, even by the ſkirts of its foam.

'The walk between the higher and the lower Falls is extremely beautiful and romantic. The rocks, on each ſide of the river, are an hundred feet high, and covered with wood. It runs alſo over a bed of ſolid rock, in many places broken, and worn into large cavities by the violence of the water, which, from a variety of interruptions, aſſumes a variety of directions, and in other places forms numberleſs inferior caſcades. The two principal Falls, when the river is full, are tremendous beyond deſcription. In the ſummer months the quantity of water which it contains is not generally ſo great as to prevent the curious traveller from making ſo near an approach as may enable him to take a minute and accurate ſurvey of its beauties.

'From the Corra Lynn the Clyde continues to run for ſeveral miles between high rocks covered with wood; and on either ſide are ſeveral good houſes, very pleaſantly ſituated, and the land about them well improved. We dined at Lanerk, which is delightfully ſituated on the brow of an hill above the Clyde, which commands a very pleaſing proſpect.'

The ſcenery above deſcribed is farther illuſtrated by an engraving; beſides which there are five others in this volume of landſcapes equally beautiful and romantic.

Our author purſues his journey along the banks of the Clyde to Glaſgow and Dumbarton; viſits Paiſley and other towns, as well as the ſeats of the nobility and gentry in the weſtern parts; the moſt conſiderable of which are the ſeat of the Duke of Argyle at Inverary, and, at Taymouth, the ſeat of the Earl of Breadalbane; a nobleman on whoſe public and private virtues he has beſtowed a very liberal encomium.

At Aberdeen our traveller has exerciſed his uſual diſcernment, and repreſents its advantages, both as a ſeat of learning and of commerce. The deſign of uniting the Aberdeen ſeminaries into one univerſity was not then in agitation; otherwiſe our intelligent obſerver, who is ſo much alive to public objects, muſt have expatiated on an arrangement of ſuch importance to the flouriſhing ſtate of education there, and ſo eminently calculated to promote the proſperity of arts and ſciences all over the North. In the hall of King's-College our author found ſome good portraits; but has omitted to obſerve that the *Sybils*, and ſome other of thoſe portraits, are the performances of Jamieſon, the Vandyke of Scotland, to whom the ingenious Mr. Walpole has done ſo much juſtice in the *Lives of the Painters*. From Aberdeen our traveller proceeds, by Stonehaven and Inverbervie, to Montroſe, which he deſcribes as flouriſhing in trade, and the country along the coaſt highly cultivated. At Perth his imagination is filled at once with the ſublime and beautiful; and he dwells on the ſcenery, on the improvements, and on the antiquities of the place, with peculiar complacency. This part of the narration is ample, if not digreſſive, and may perhaps be conſidered as an epiſode rather diſproportioned to the magnitude of the whole.

The

The account of Stirling, which is alſo enriched with much learning and obſervation, we ſhall beg leave to lay before our readers as another ſpecimen of the work:

'Stirling, July 27th. In the morning we went to view the caſtle. It is built on a high rock, the weſt ſide of which is at leaſt an hundred feet perpendicular in height. Within the walls is the parliament-houſe, which is a very large room, but now nearly unroofed, and falling to ruin. The palace, alſo a very large place, is now turned into barracks for ſoldiers. The garriſon at preſent conſiſts of an hundred men, and a fort-major; and about thirty ſix guns are mounted on the ramparts. The town of Stirling is built on the ſouth-eaſt ſide of the rock; the houſes very old, and the ſtreets narrow.

'As the Scottiſh nation extended their authority ſouthward, by their conqueſts over the Picts and Danes, and their intermarriages with England, the uſual places of their reſidence became more and more ſoutherly alſo. Dunſtaffnage was exchanged for Scone; Scone for Dumfermling and Falkland; Dumfermling and Falkland for Stirling; Stirling for Linlithgow and Edinburgh; and at laſt Edinburgh for London. But amidſt theſe changes, after the eſtabliſhment of the monarchy of Scotland, the natural boundaries which marked the land, confined, on the whole, the choice of a place of reſidence to that ſpace which is bounded by the courſes of the Forth and the Tay on the ſouth and the north; on the weſt, by the riſing of the country, towards the middle of the iſland; and on the eaſt by the ocean. The interpoſition of the Tay recommended Scone as a proper place of reſidence in the hotteſt times of war with the Engliſh. But, after an alliance had been formed between the royal families of the two kingdoms, by the marriage of Margaret, the daughter of Henry the Seventh of England, and James the Fifth of Scotland; after hoſtilities between the two nations began to be interrupted by long intervals, and the genius of both to tend to peace and conciliation, there was not a ſpot in the whole extent of Scotland that ſo naturally invited the preſence of the king and the court, as Stirling. It is ſtill more centrical to the iſland than Scone; and the ſanctity of a monaſtery was not ill exchanged for the ſtrength of a fortreſs. From the lofty battlements of Stirling-Caſtle the royal eye ſurveyed with pride the bold outlines of an unconquered kingdom. The Grampians, the Ochills, Pentland Hills, conveyed a juſt idea of its natural ſtrength; the whole courſe of the Forth, with his tributary rivers, from the ſource in the Highlands, near Loch-Lomond, winding through Perthſhire, and waſhing the ſhores of Clackmannan and Fife on the north, and thoſe of Stirlingſhire, Linlithgow, and the Lothians, on the ſouth, exhibited a pleaſing proſpect of its natural reſources in fiſhing, and in a ſoil which, though in a rude climate, would not be ungrateful to the hand of cultivation. From this point of view alſo the imagination of a Scotchman is led, by many remembrances, to recall to mind the moſt important viciſſitudes and ſcenes of action in the hiſtory of his country. The whole extent of Strathmore, from Stirling to Stonehaven, is full of Roman camps, and military ways; a matter that has been of late well illuſtrated by the ingenuity and the induſtry of General Melville; and the wall of Agricola, a little towards the ſouth of Stirling, extends between the Forth and Clyde. Bannockburn and Cambuſkenneth, almoſt overhung by the caſtle, remind the ſpectator of fortunate, and Pinkie, ſeen at the diſtance

tance of fourteen * miles, excite a fainter idea of an unfortunate engagement with the Engliſh. The hill of Largo, in Fife, calls to mind the Daniſh invaſion; and the Forth was for ages the well-conteſted boundary between the Scots and the Picts.

'Before we leave Stirling Caſtle, while the keen air yet blows on the ſouthward traveller with unabated force from the northern mountains, let us take a ſhort view of the genius and character of the Caledonians.'

In this part of the work, which is executed with great ability, our author introduces a maſterly account of the progreſſive changes and viciſſitudes of government in Scotland in ancient and modern ages, eſtimates the advantages of the union with England, and rightly conſiders the abolition of heritable juriſdictions in Scotland, in 1747, as the great era of freedom and emancipation from an oppreſſive ariſtocracy, whoſe ſpirit is ſtill too predominant in that part of the united kingdom. [Eng. Rev.

* This is undoubtedly an error of the preſs for *forty* miles, which is the diſtance of Pinkie from Stirling.

*A ſhort Account of the Manners of the Inhabitants of* MOLDAVIA *and* WALACHIA. *By M.* CARRA.

WALACHIA and Moldavia together, occupy a ſpace of about 560 leagues in circumference, and contain about 500,000 inhabitants. The greateſt towns are not walled, have no fortifications, and are no better than wretched villages. The villages are collections of a few huts, from ſix to ſeven feet wide, and as many high, ſcattered here and there over a valley or in a wood, and generally without garden, well, or court. The houſes in the towns are built of wooden piles, with a compoſition of clay and cow-dung for mortar, and they are plaiſtered within and without with a kind of greyiſh earth. Thoſe of the principal Boyards, eſpecially at Jaſſy, (the capital of Moldavia) and at Buchareſt, (the capital of Walachia) are built of ſtone, generally in the form of a croſs, and have only one ſtory above the ground, through which runs a gallery, having at each angle a wretched apartment, the abode of the chief and his family. The ordinary furniture conſiſts of benches that occupy two-thirds of the chamber in length and breadth; they are from a foot to a foot and an half high, and are covered with woollen carpets or ſtraw mats, according to the wealth of the poſſeſſor, which are lined with woollen or linen cloth, painted and ſurrounded with cuſhions of the ſame ſtuff. Chairs and tables of wood are alſo found with ſome; but theſe are articles of European luxury reſerved for ſtrangers; for the Moldavians, Walachians, and Greeks, ſit all day long croſs legged on their ſophas, and eat at a round table, with backs bent like ſo many apes. Their meat is generally very ill dreſſed, ſwimming in butter or the fat of mutton, often mixed with ſugar, and always highly ſeaſoned. They ſeldom eat any thing roaſted, except game, which is ſo much over-done, that it is impoſſible to eat it with any ſatisfaction. After meat they ſmoke a pipe, and then go to ſleep. If it is a marriage feaſt, or a public or private ſeaſon of rejoicing, they get drunk, they dance, they embrace, and come to blows. Their dances are very amuſing; but they are ſo groteſque, and performed with ſuch ſtupid gravity, that the firſt time I ſaw them I could not forbear imagining that I beheld a ſcene in Ovid's Metamorphoſes realiſed. The muſic is wretched and mono-

monotonous, like the dance. The dreſs of the peaſant is a large grey jacket, with long ſleeves. The common people, merchants, and Greek lords, wear furs, and a ſort of large caftans with wide breeches, and ſhort, yellow, or red boots. Their bonnets are made with a high cylindrical crown, terminating at the top in four plain corners, and adorned with ſmall ſkins of young lambs of Aſtracan. All theſe accoutrements are in bad taſte, and contribute much to the natural indolence of the people. A Greek on horſeback, with high ſtirrups, his knees making an acute angle, and his head dangling like that of a Chineſe mandarine in plaiſter of Paris, thinks himſelf the moſt elegant and reſpectable figure in the world. It is forbidden, at the court of the princes of Moldavia and Walachia, to wear a cap of the ſame colour with that of the prince or of his ſon, which is white.

The government is deſpotic in the extreme. There are no printed or written laws; all cauſes are determined according to the intereſt or caprice of the prince, or by the intrigues of his miniſters; and he who gives the largeſt bribe to the favourite of his highneſs, is ſure to gain his cauſe.

The princes of theſe countries have the title of Moſt Serene Highneſs, which was firſt conferred on them by the Republic of Venice. The palace in which the prince of Moldavia reſides, is an old caſtle that was made uſe of by the Ruſſians, during the war, as a ſtable and an hoſpital. The prince has only made the walls be whitened again, and the broken windows mended with white paper. The apartments are very large, but there is no furniture except in his highneſs's bed-chamber. Domeſtic œconomy is carried ſo far in the palace of the ſovereign, that at his own table he has clean linen only once in fifteen days, and the glaſſes he drinks out of, often want the feet. But when the prince wiſhes to diſplay his riches and magnificence, (which happens only on holidays) the tables are then decked with porcelaine and plate. It is ſingular, among the deſpots of Moldavia and Walachia, that all their wealth, money, jewels, and moveables, are always in packing boxes, as if ready to be removed at a moment's warning; and in truth they are in the right; for, as they are in continual danger of being diſplaced, or baniſhed, or aſſaſſinated, their family, by this means, may be able to ſave their moſt valuable effects.

All the male children of the prince are called Bezades; a title they retain during life; but it gives them no pretenſions to the ſucceſſion. Money alone is the prevailing recommendation with the Sublime Porte.

The people of Moldavia and Walachia are in general robuſt and well made. Their dreſs, which is light and wide, conſtrains none of their limbs or joints. Exerciſe on horſeback is the only kind they are fond of, and in good weather, the youth accuſtom themſelves to throw the *girit*, a ſort of lance, after the manner of the Turks. Except ſome attention to the ſtudy of the Greek tongue, they receive hardly any education.

The young lords who are deſtined to buſineſs, whether at the court of the Hoſpodar, or in the provinces, take ſome pains to learn the Turkiſh, Latin, French, and Italian languages; but very few make any proficiency. The morality of the prieſts, and the philoſophy of Ariſtotle, are the only ſources from whence they draw their ſlender ideas of vice and virtue; tho', it muſt be confeſſed, that notwithſtanding the general ignorance and ſtupidity of the two nations, there are ſometimes men to be met with, favoured by nature, and formed by foreign

reign education, that would make no contemptible figure among our moſt celebrated literati.

But theſe people have one quality, which a martial nation might turn to great advantage; that is, they are excellent ſoldiers when well diſciplined. The emperor has made the experiment with ſucceſs and ſatisfaction. He has ſeveral regiments of Walachians in his army, and theſe perform the military exerciſe with ſurpriſing agility and addreſs. It is ſtrange, that, among all nations, the art of deſtroying one another, and of murdering their fellow-creatures, is the art which of all others is learned with the greateſt eaſe.

The Walachians are in general more gay than the Moldavians; they have likewiſe more ſpirit and courage. It may be ſaid of both nations, that they are neither addicted to robbery not aſſaſſination; they even perform the duties of hoſpitality with a degree of ſatisfaction. But their character has in ſome degree been perverted from its natural inclination to virtue: and, if the ſimplicity of their manners has been corrupted, it is owing to the Greeks alone, who, like harpies, infect and tint whatever they touch, that they alone may feed on it: they come from the extremities of Thrace, and the iſlands of the Archipelago, to ſpoil theſe two provinces, and to leave nothing behind them but traces of their crimes and rapacity.

The women of Moldavia and Walachia are in general handſome; they have a white ſkin, but their complexion is for the moſt part pale. Very few among them are fair, but there are a great many brunettes, who have dark and well-formed eyes. The fair ſex in theſe countries are much inclined to love. While the Ruſſian troops were quartered among them, every ſoldier, as well as every officer, had his miſtreſs. Young girls, wives, and widows, all deſerted their families and friends to follow thoſe conquerors of the Turks. The dreſs of the women is a ſort of long robe, without fold, which fits cloſe to the body and is faſtened with claſps at the neck, ſo that the ſhape of the boſom is diſtinctly ſeen. When they go abroad, they throw over this robe, a fur cloak, even in ſummer. The country girls, who cannot purchaſe robes either of ſilk or cotton, nor furs, content themſelves with a ſhirt which has a border on the ſhoulders, and with an apron of coarſe cloth, tied in form of a girdle, which hangs down to the calf of the leg. The married and unmarried women dreſs their hair differently; ſometimes it is allowed to hang down, at other times it is tucked up under a handkerchief, bound round the head in the form of a helmet; this is ſometimes adorned with diamonds or trinkets.

The character of the fair ſex in theſe two provinces is ſoftneſs itſelf. The Moldavian and Walachian women are the ſlaves of their parents, of their huſbands, and even of their lovers; they acknowledge no other law but the ſupreme will of the men: though free, they go abroad but ſeldom, and never alone; the indolence and profound ignorance in which they are educated, are probably the cauſes of their fidelity and ſubmiſſion. Jealouſy, accordingly, has therefore rarely any occaſion of exerting its fury upon them; the huſband commands, and the trembling wife approaches to kiſs his hand, and to implore his forgiveneſs.

I do not believe that any women, not even the reigning princeſſes, at this day, in Moldavia and Walachia, can either write or read. The Greeks pretend that women ought to know nothing, but what their huſbands chooſe to teach them. The young woman are concealed from the eyes

of men, till the very moment when the ceremony of their marriage is concluded, and they are laid on the nuptial couch. Before that time, they have no other employment, but to ſigh for the huſband that providence ſhall pleaſe to deſtine them; till then, they enjoy only in imagination the pleaſures of love.

The civil contract of marriage is made before witneſſes; it is ſigned by the parents or relations of the parties, without any other formality among the nobles, than the ſignature of the prince or of the metropolitan. The marriages of the people are made without contract, and without other ceremony than the benediction of the prieſt. When the day of the marriage ceremony arrives, the young woman is covered with a veil of gold or ſilver tiſſue, which deſcends on all ſides in large folds from the top of the head to the waiſt. Her head is adorned with a plume of black feathers, and in this dreſs ſhe is led by four women, with ſlow ſteps, to the church, like a criminal to puniſhment. There the prieſt makes her promiſe love and fidelity to her future ſpouſe; he joins their hands, makes them both kiſs his, and then a hymn is chanted which laſts two hours; after which, the young pair are conducted home, with a quicker pace and in a leſs ſolemn proceſſion. The feaſt immediately ſucceeds, the company get drunk, the dance laſts the whole night, and the bride and bridegroom for the firſt time ſee one another, and are then put to bed.

In Moldavia, there is a town called by the inhabitants *Czetate Alba*, or the White City, formerly *Julia Alba*, by the Romans. This town is famous for the exile of the poet Ovid, and there is ſtill to be ſeen a lake called, to this day, *Lacul Ovidului*, or the Lake of Ovid. This charming author, whoſe memory will always be dear to lovers and to poets, while baniſhed to the country of the ſavage Getæ, (Moldavia) lived for ſome time at *Czetate Alba*, but afterwards retired to a village, at three leagues diſtance, the ruins of which ſtill remain. Near to the cottage which he inhabited is a little fountain, which ſtill bears his name, as well as the lake above mentioned, by the brink of which he often went to walk. The inhabitants of Moldavia believe that he compoſed ſeveral poems in their language, which ſtill exiſt. The memory of this great man has made ſuch an impreſſion on the people of theſe countries, that they value themſelves upon it. They ſay from tradition, "That there came "from the banks of the Tyber an extraordinary man, who was gentle as a "child, and benevolent as a father; "that he ſighed inceſſantly, and was "perpetually talking to himſelf; but "that when he addreſſed himſelf to "any body, the words flowed from "his mouth like honey." It is ſurpriſing, that ſome of thoſe ſovereigns of the country, who have enjoyed a liberal education, have not erected a monument to the memory of this charming Poet, who honoured their diſmal ſolitudes with his misfortunes and his ſighs. The time will ſurely come, when ſome lovers of the arts and of great men, will diſcharge this debt.

The place where Ovid lived is formed for inſpiring the deepeſt melancholy; and I could not view the ſcene without emotion: I thought I ſaw his manes, ſometimes hovering over the lake, ſometimes wandering among the hills, and in the neighbouring woods, ſometimes ſighing under a ſycamore beſide his favourite fountain, while a crowd of little loves in tears lay reclined in every corner of this enchanting retreat, expecting the return of their divine bard. Let a lover or poet imagine to himſelf, a plain enamelled with flowers, encompaſſing a lake, and ſurrounded by a chain of little hills with unequal ſummits, co-

covered with horn beams, with limes, with apple trees, wild almonds, and lofty oaks, mingled together confuſedly, as if vying with each other in preſenting their foliage and their fruit to the enchanted eye of the beholder: let him contemplate, at the inſtant when Aurora brightens the ſcene, a valley ſloping towards the lake, between two little hills, ſhaded with vines and ſhrubs, and there, near a little fountain which pours a clear ſtream in a winding courſe towards the lake, and encircled with a grove of lime trees, ſtood the cottage of the divine poet. There his enchanting lyre uttered thoſe ſounds which love and melancholy inſpired; and there, undoubtedly, he forgot, with cold diſdain, the deceitful pleaſures of an ungrateful and corrupted court, where Virgil and Horace were only ſuffered, becauſe they exalted to the clouds the coloſſus of tyranny, and bowed the knee to the tyrant.

## PRESERVATION *of* TURNIPS.

*The following is a Copy of* MR VAGG'S *Letter to the Subſcribers to his Scheme for ſecuring* TURNIP CROPS.

SIR,

IN purſuance of the engagement I entered into by my printed propoſals, I have the honour of tranſmitting to you a particular account of the proceſs for ſecuring a crop of turnips. For effecting this good purpoſe, and attaining this deſireable end, many expedients have been offered, and many compoſitions projected, all having for their object the preparation of the ſeed of turnips, ſo as to impregnate the young plant ſpringing from the ſeed with the qualities of the ſeveral ingredients, and by making it offenſive to the ſmell or taſte, preſerve it from the attack of inſects. What reaſon there is or is not in this, cannot be determined by me, whoſe time has been ſpent moſtly in the fields, and not at all in the ſchools of philoſophy. But without intending the leaſt reflection on or depreciating the merit of the ſeveral inventors, I ſhall only ſay, I have never found any thing of the kind on which I could place a dependence. The leading ſtep toward the cure of an evil is the right knowledge of its cauſe, without which our practice will be built on conjecture, and conſequently be liable to error; and from want of ſuch knowledge, as to the failure of turnips, the proper remedy has lain ſo long undiſcovered. The deſtruction of theſe crops is generally attributed to the fly; and in compliance with the popular opinion (which I once entertained in common with others), I have in my advertiſement held forth the ſame idea. But I have now an abſolute certainty, grounded on experience, that the fly is not the only nor indeed the principal occaſion of the miſchief. The turnip, in its infant ſtate, has many enemies; the fly, the common earth worm, and the ſlug. The fly is of two ſorts; the one of a dark brown colour, inclining to black; the other of a lighter brown, with longitudinal ſtrokes of white on its back and wings. Of both theſe ſorts conſiderable numbers may be ſeen on a ſingle ſeed-leaf of a young turnip plant, on the upper ſurface of which they make many ſmall punctures, and though theſe punctures retard the progreſs of it, and are in ſome degree injurious, yet they are not fatal to it, but, enlarging as the plant increaſes in growth, are (as I apprehend) the occaſion of thoſe holes always to be found in the leaves of the beſt crop of turnips. It cannot however be denied, that, in lands naturally poor and unmanured (in which by the way turnips ought never to be ſown), the puncture of the fly is very prejudicial, as, from the languor of vegetation, the plant cannot recover and outgrow the injury, but from its weakneſs droops and dies.

The common earthworm (of which, in all lands, there are more or leſs, and which in ſome are very abundant), by its workings makes the ground light and hollow about the plants, in conſequence of which they are liable to be injured, and are frequently deſtroyed by the ſcorching rays of the ſun. But the greateſt and moſt deſtructive enemy, is a reptile of the ſnail claſs, but without a ſhell, of a whitiſh colour,

and of the medium length of one inch; ſome being more, and ſome leſs. What it is called by naturaliſts I am ignorant of; but in Somerſetſhire, it is well known by the name of the Slug, and ſingly does more damage to young and tender plants, than all the other ſpecies of inſects. And this I aſſert, not from ſpeculation only or conjecture, but from certain experience and ocular demonſtration. In the year 1777, I ſowed a field of ten acres to turnips, and, at the firſt appearance of the ſeed-leaf, ſaw in the evening the crop coming regularly over my field; but obſerving it the next morning, found large patches eaten entirely off, and much ſlime on the vacant places, reſembling the tracks of a ſnail, without being able, on the moſt attentive examination, to diſcover any ſort of inſect except the fly. Reflecting further on this appearance, and conſidering it to be highly improbable, if not almoſt impoſſible, that ſo great a havock ſhould be made by ſo ſmall an inſect, in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time, I was led to think, that whatever might be the operation of the fly by day, the principal damage was done in the night, and that it aroſe not from the fly, but from ſome other then unknown cauſe. Strongly poſſeſſed with this opinion, about midnight I went into the field with a light, to examine the ground, and viewing it in various parts, ſaw the ſlug in great abundance, in almoſt every part of the field, then feeding on the plants that remained from the ravages of the preceding night. It immediately ſtruck me, that, if theſe could be deſtroyed, the remainder of the crop might be ſaved; and, with that view, I ſent out my ſervant to make the experiment, with a barley roller and two horſes, with which, in the ſame night, he went over the whole field; and the next day, the number of ſlugs to be ſeen lying dead on the ground, and turning brown by the ſun, was almoſt incredible. From this time the plants were no more moleſted, tho' the fly was at all times after to be ſeen in the field, but leſs active than before; and, by this ſimple operation, was part of a crop preſerved, which, there is ſtrong reaſon to believe, would otherwiſe have been totally deſtroyed in forty-eight hours. Encouraged by this ſucceſs, I privately purſued the ſame method for ſeveral ſucceſſive years, and, without the aid of any kind of compoſition, have had regularly good and full crops of turnips, when there has been a partial or general failure around me.

To aſcertain, as well as I could, the comparative damage done by the fly and the ſlug, in June 1787, I ſowed ſome turnip ſeed in two earthen pots, kept within doors. In both it came up well, and when it appeared in the ſeed-leaf, I collected a quantity of flies of both ſorts, which I put into one of the pots, and confined them under a glaſs, aired at the top with holes made in paper. Into the other, I, in like manner, put two ſlugs. The conſequence was, that the young plants were entirely eat off by the ſlugs, cloſe to the earth. In the other pot, the flies were daily on the plants, and made ſome degree of puncture on the upper ſurface of the leaves, but did not ſo far affect them, but that every plant went on to the rough leaf, when no more attention being paid to them, they died for want of water.

Having premiſed thus much, and faithfully related the facts on which my management is grounded; I propoſe to your practice, the following cheap, eaſy, and (as I am perſuaded) effectual method for raiſing and preſerving a crop of turnips. Immediately on ſowing and harrowing in the ſeed, and which ſhould be in dry weather if poſſible, roll the ground as for barley, and as ſoon as the turnips appear in the ſeed-leaf, go over the field with a barley roller in the night, and at the interval of two or three days at fartheſt, go over it again a ſecond time, in the ſame manner and at the ſame time, unleſs after the firſt night rolling you obſerve the plants ſtrong and vigorous, and in a ſtate free from danger, which, in clean ſandy or loamy land, will often be the caſe. But in rough and ſtony ground the ſecond night rolling muſt not be omitted.

The roller muſt be 18 or 20 inches in diameter, that it may have weight ſufficient to anſwer the intended purpoſe.

By this ſimple proceſs, the ſlug is deſtroyed while feeding on the plant, the operations of the earth worm are impeded, the activity of the fly check-

ed,

ed, the power of the ſun abated, and the vigour of the plants increaſed in proportion as the earth is broken by the roller, and preſſed cloſer to their roots.

But it may poſſibly be aſked (as the ſole dependence is on rolling for deſtroying the ſlug), why it may not all be performed in the day time. To this the anſwer is eaſy. The ſlug is impatient of the heat of the ſun; retires by day into the earth for ſhelter; and, except in moiſt, cloſe, and cloudy weather, I have at no time been able to ſee any, and then but very few; ſo that rolling in the day cannot be effectual to that purpoſe, though in other reſpects it will be moſt certainly beneficial.

And as doubts may ariſe with you and many, whether the great weight of the roller and the horſes feet, may not be injurious to the young plants; I do from my own experience, aſſure you, that the fact is ſo far from being ſo, that the direct reverſe is the truth. I have frequently remarked myſelf, and heard the ſame obſervation made by others, that, on headlands, which the horſes go over at the end of every furrow, and in tracts where ſheep have been driven to fold, even after the appearing of the ſeed, the turnips have been generally better than in other parts, and have ſucceeded there when they have failed in other quarters of the field.

Thus, Sir, I have fulfilled my engagement, have advanced nothing which is not the reſult of experience; and I have well grounded expectation, that you and every cultivator of turnips, ſtrictly following the practiſe I propoſe, will find it as effectual as I have.

But the utility of this practice is not confined to turnips only; and being deſirous to aid the cauſe of agriculture as much as lies in my power, I wiſh to engage your attention to the following particulars—

About nine years ago, being two after I had experienced the benefit of night rolling on turnips, I ſowed a field of wheat, after a crop of peaſe, which had been deſtroyed, as I ſuppoſe, by the ſlugs. The wheat came up thick and ſtrong, but very ſoon after began to look thinner, the blades being much ſtripped and eaten in many places.—On a nearer inſpection, I obſerved a ſlime on the ſtalks, and concluding the ſlug to be the cauſe of the miſchief, I had immediate recourſe to night rolling, and, by once performing it, the enemy was ſubdued, and the crop preſerved. Two years after that I had another field of wheat attacked in like manner, when my neighbours told me the grub was got into it, and that I ſhould certainly loſe my crop. But knowing by experience the grub to take its food under the ſurface of the earth, and ſeeing the blades of my wheat ſtript at and above the ſurface, I purſued my method of night rolling, and, by ſo doing, ſecured that crop alſo.

Flax I have never ſown, but have often heard it ſaid to be injured by the fly. I rather ſuſpect the miſchief is done by the ſlugs, and would adviſe night rolling to be tried, which is neither difficult nor expenſive.

Cabbage ſeed, cauliflower, and other garden ſeeds, are very frequently attacked, and often deſtroyed both by the fly and ſlug, and the former of theſe ſeeds being now ſown in large quantities for feeding cattle, I recommend night rolling as the moſt probable means of preſerving them, having ſeveral times practiſed it with the garden roller, and always with the ſame good ſucceſs.

While I am writing this, I have a Dutch clover field of 18 acres, where there is ſcarce a ſtalk from which the leaves are not eaten by ſlugs; millions of them ſheltering themſelves by day at the bottom of the graſs, and making their depredations by night. Two night rollings, I have no doubt, would deſtroy them, but for obvious reaſons I at preſent forbear to perform them.

This is what I have to communicate in regard to other ſeeds, and if, on further trial, which I ſtrongly recommend, it ſhall be found to anſwer, I ſhall have the pleaſure of contributing to the advancement of agriculture, and the public benefit; but, if otherwiſe, and my expectations ſhould prove too ſanguine, I ſtill enjoy the conſcious ſatisfaction of having diſcharged my duty to the beſt of my abilities, and with the moſt upright intentions. I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your much obliged, and moſt obedient,

HENRY VAGG.

CHILCOMPTON, JULY 1788.

Poetry.

# Poetry.

## Ode *to* Despair.

By Miſs C. Smith.

THOU ſpectre of terrific mien,
Lord of the hopeleſs heart and hollow eye,
In whoſe fierce train each form is ſeen
That drives ſick Reaſon to inſanity!
I woo thee with unuſual prayer,
" Grim-viſaged, comfortleſs Deſpair:'
Approach; in me a willing victim find,
Who ſeeks thine iron ſway—and calls thee kind!
Ah! hide for ever from my ſight
The faithleſs flatterer Hope—whoſe pencil, gay,
Pourtrays ſome viſion of delight,
Then bids the fairy tablet fade away;
While in dire contraſt, mine eyes
Thy phantoms, yet more hideous, riſe,
And Memory draws, from Pleaſure's wither'd flower,
Corroſives for the heart—of fatal power!
I bid the traitor Love, adieu;
Who to this fond, believing boſom came,
A gueſt inſidious and untrue,
With Pity's ſoothing voice——in Friendſhip's name.
The wounds *he* gave, nor Time ſhall cure,
Nor reaſon teach me to endure.
And to that breaſt mild Patience pleads in vain,
Which feels the curſe—of meriting its pain.
Yet not to me, tremendous power!
The worſt of ſpirit-wounding pangs impart,
With which in dark conviction's hour,
Thou ſtrik'ſt the guilty unrepentant heart!
But, of illuſion long the ſport,
That dreary, tranquil gloom I court,
Where my paſt errors I may ſtill deplore,
And dream of long loſt happineſs no more!
To thee I give this tortured breaſt,
Where Hope ariſes but to foſter pain;
Ah! lull its agonies to reſt!
Ah! let me never be deceiv'd again!
But ca lous, in thy deep repoſe
Behold, in long array, the woes
Of the dread future, calm and undiſmay'd,
Till I may claim the hope—that ſhall not fade!

## HYMN to MODESTY.

By PETER PINDAR.

O MODESTY! thou ſhy and bluſhful maid,
Don't of a ſimple ſhepherd be afraid;
Wert thou MY lamb——with SWEETEST GRASS I'd treat thee—
I am no wolf ſo ſavage that ſhould eat thee:
Then haſte with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell.
Thy fragrant breaſt, like Alpine ſnows ſo white,
Where all the neſtling Loves delight to lie;
Thine eyes, that ſhed the milder light
Of NIGHT's pale wand'rer o'er her cloudleſs ſky,
O Nymph, my panting wiſhing boſom warm,
And beam around me, what a world of charm!
Then haſte with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell.
Thy flaxen ringlets, that luxuriant ſpread,
And hid thy boſom with an envious ſhade;
Thy poliſh'd cheek ſo dimpled, where the roſe

In

In all the bloom of ripening ſummer blows;
Thy luſcious lips that heav'nly dreams inſpire,
By Beauty form'd, and loaded with Deſire;
With ſorrow, and with wonder, LO! I ſee
(What melting treaſures!) thrown away on THEE.
Then haſte with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell.
Thou knoweſt not that boſom's fair deſign;
And as for thoſe two pouting lips divine,
Thou think'ſt them form'd alone for ſimple chat—
To bill ſo happy with thy fav'rite dove,
And playful force, with ſweetly fondling love,
Their kiſſes on a lapdog or a cat.
Then haſte with me, meek maid, to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell.
Such thoughts thy ſweet ſimplicity produces!
But I can point out far ſublimer uſes;
Uſes the very beſt of men eſteem—
Of which thine innocence did never dream:
Then haſte with me, meek maid, to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell.
Oh! fly from IMPUDENCE, the brazen rogue,
Whoſe flippant tongue hath got the IRISH BROGUE;
Whoſe hands would pluck thee like the faireſt flow'r,
Thy cheeks, eyes, forehead, lips, and neck devour:
Shun, ſhun that Caliban, and with me dwell:
Then come, and give a Goddeſs to my cell.
The world, O ſimple maid, is full of art,
Would turn thee pale, and fill with dread thy heart,
Didſt thou perceive but half the ſnares
The DEVIL for charms like thine prepares!
Then haſte, O Nymph, with me to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell.
From morn to eve my kiſs of ſpeechleſs love
Thy eyes' mild beam and bluſhes ſhall improve;
And lo! from our ſo innocent embrace,
Young MODESTIES ſhall ſpring, a numerous race!
The bluſhing girls in EV'RY THING like THEE,
The baſhful boys PRODIGIOUSLY like ME!
Then haſte with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell.

## VERSES

PRINTED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE YEARLY BILL OF MORTALITY

Of the Town of *Northampton*, Dec. 21, 1787.

Suppoſed to be written by the worthy and ingenious Author of the *Taſk* and other Poems.

*Pallida Mors æquo pulſat pede pauperum tabernas*
*Regumque turres.*

Pale Death with equal foot ſtrikes wide the door
Of Royal halls, and hovels of the poor.

WHILE thirteen moons ſaw ſmoothly run
The *Ouſe's* barge-laden wave,
All *theſe*, life's rambling journey done,
Have found their home—the grave.

Was man (frail always) made more frail
Than in foregoing years?
Did famine, or did plague prevail,

That

That ſo much death appears ?
No ; theſe were vigorous as their ſires,
Nor plague or famine came :
This annual tribute Death requires,
And never waves his claim.

Like crowded foreſt-trees we ſtand,
And ſome are mark'd to fall ;
The axe will ſmite at God's command,
And ſoon ſhall ſmite us all.

Green as the bay-tree, ever green,
With its new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtleſs, have I ſeen ;
I paſs'd—and they were gone.

Read, ye that run, the awful truth
With which I charge my page ;
A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.

No preſent health can health inſure,
For yet an hour to come ;
No med'cine, though it often cure,
Can always balk the tomb.

And oh ! that (humble as my lot,
And ſcorn'd as is my ſtrain*)
Theſe truths, though known, too much forgot,
I may not teach in vain.

So prays your *Clerk*, with all his heart ;
And, ere he quits the pen,
Begs *you* at once to take *his* part,
And anſwer all——Amen !

* *John Cox*, Pariſh Clerk of Northampton.

From the *STAR*.

*A New Daily Evening Paper publiſhed at London.*

## THE BEAUTEOUS LOUISA.

SEE the Park throng'd with beauties, the tumult's begun,
And right honour'd knaves boaſt of conqueſts they've won ;
But view yon pale damſel, and mark her ſad air,
'Tis the beauteous Louisa, once virtuous as fair ;
Nor ſpurn her, ye virgins, who ſhone like a ſun,
Ere the beauteous Louisa by man was undone.

A titled deſpoiler this peerleſs maid found,
And, with ſpecious pretences, her innocence drown'd ;
But having grown weary, and cloy'd of her charms,
The titled ſeducer expell'd her his arms ;
E'en the conqueſt, hard won, inſults with his breath,
Though the beauteous Louisa is pining to death.

Tho' numbers yet offer rich proofs of their love,
The penitent victim againſt them has ſtrove :
Betray'd and abuſed by him ſhe ador'd,
She now only wiſhes her honour reſtor'd.
But, alas ! hapleſs fair one, thy wiſhes are vain,
And heart-broke Louisa is left to complain !

But chance, when the ſpoiler ſhall hear ſhe's no more,
The fate of Louisa e'en he may deplore ;
E'en the breaſt that could ſpurn her, may then heave a ſigh,
And wiſh the fair bloſſom ſtill on it could lie ;
But, ah ! then how fruitleſs his love-proffer'd terms,
When the beauteous Louisa's a prey to the worms !

THE

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## THE TRIFLER, No. XV.

*July* 31, 1788.

ON SUNDAY SCHOOLS—OBJECTIONS ANSWERED—EVIL OF IGNORANCE IN A CIVILIZED STATE—OBJECT OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS—EXAMPLE OF THE GREAT———RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION MOST DURABLE——REFLECTION——LETTER FROM HUNTLÆUS——

TO reſcue a fellow creature from the barbarity of ignorance is the beſt exertion of human ſkill; and to prevent the practice of wickedneſs is moſt eminently to comply with the will of God. Theſe great objects would oftener beſpeak the attention of men, if they did but conſider that we have a common intereſt in each others happineſs and proſperity, that the maſter's ſecurity lies not ſo much in his power, as in his ſervants fidelity, and that when we do good to others, we ultimately do good to our country and to ourſelves. They who deplore the depravity of the age, and weep over the many miſeries that await a people ſunk in ignorance and degraded by licentiouſneſs, muſt hear with pleaſure of the ſucceſs of a plan which has lately been ſet on foot in various parts of Great Britain, for the purpoſe of inſtructing the young, the helpleſs, and the friendleſs, in the firſt principles of Chriſtianity. That theſe infant ſeminaries have already been productive of great good, I have repeated aſſurances from all parts of the country. I am therefore no leſs pleaſed to hear that the plan of Sunday Schools has been extended to Aberdeen, and that it has hitherto been attended with much promiſe of ſucceſs.

Although I do not know that any man diſtinguiſhed by abilities or good ſenſe has written againſt this plan, yet it has been attacked with much ill-nature by many ſuperficial writers in periodical publications and newſpapers. Theſe muſt be the productions of very ſuperficial *thinkers* alſo; for who that had taken the trouble to think on the ſubject at all, would advance ſuch arguments as, "that "we will make the children too "learned, that they will have an a-"verſion to manual labour, and that "inſtead of rendering them uſeful

" members of ſociety, we ſhall make " them ſcholars and idle gentlemen, " &c."

If any perſon could prove that the children of poor parents in Great Britain ought to be kept as free from any knowledge of the Chriſtian religion as the natives of the Cape, or of Otaheite, the preceeding arguments would carry ſome weight with them. If it could, again, be proved that the intention of the Sunday Schools is to make them gentlemen and ſcholars, in the common acceptation of thoſe words, they would carry ſtill more weight. But as no man can be found weak enough to attempt to prove the firſt, ſo no man who knows any thing of the management of Sunday Schools can be at a loſs to deny the laſt.

I have often remarked, when comparing the manners of theſe kingdoms with the manners of any barbarous nation recorded in Voyages and Travels, that ignorance in a Chriſtian country is more pernicious than in a country that pretends to few traces of religion. This will, I believe, hold good, if we make the compariſon between the lower claſſes of people in this nation, and the manners of the people in any of the lately diſcovered countries. In this country, where ignorance is, *there* will vice be found; and perhaps vice in all its deformity, in all its deſtructive qualities, never does appear ſo ſtrikingly diſplayed as among the lower claſſes of people in Great Britain. Curſing, ſwearing, blaſphemy, crimes without bounds, or number, fill up the melancholy catalogue of our national depravities, and the increaſe of public puniſhments, and the aggravations accompanying the crimes which merit them, ſufficiently ſhow that we are ſinking deeper into a ſtate of barbarity, and that the active powers of man cannot be better employed than in contriving ſome means of checking public licentiouſneſs.

To apply our remedies to the old, ſeems from every appearance to be a hopeleſs attempt. They are too far advanced in wickedneſs and ſtupidity to be affected even by the approach of death, when accompanied by ignominy: how then ſhall they liſten to mild inſtruction? When the fear of puniſhment has ceaſed to operate, the pliability of the reaſoning faculty may be ſuppoſed to be loſt. And when a ſenſe of ſhame, of honour and of dignity, the impreſſion of honeſty, and the impulſe of conſcience have departed, what is there for man to operate upon? It very naturally occurred therefore to the Inſtitutors of Sunday Schools, that their buſineſs was with the young, who although tainted by the example of their parents, were not too hardened to be recalled, and from their being ſo young could not be ſuppoſed to have acquired any habits that were unalterable. To impreſs them with a ſenſe of their duty, at a period of life when impreſſion may be made deep, to teach them to know and to fear God, to inſtruct them in the principles of their duty to Him, and their obligations to honeſty, induſtry and ſobriety, is the great and only purpoſe of the new Inſtitution of the Sunday Schools. In the nature of things, this muſt produce beneficial effects, of which poſterity will be ſenſible, and for which many thouſands will be grateful, when they who have inſtituted the plan will have received their reward, and they who have oppoſed it will be obliged to acknowledge their error.

Nothing can be ſuppoſed to exceed the ignorance of many, I may ſay, of moſt of the poor wretches who ſuffer death for their crimes, particularly in London, where from the frequency of executions, we have ſo many opportunities of making obſervations. Many of them never knew the nature of a God, nor ever pronounced his

his name, but in curſing and ſwearing; Many had no conception of a ſocial obligation; and as to any thing like principles of honeſty, were more devoid of it than any human creatures we read of in any the rudeſt ſtate of ſociety. That this is a reproach to a nation profeſſing Chriſtianity, boaſting of our refinement, and glorying in our knowledge, none can deny. Is there not ſome credit then to be given to thoſe who wiſh to wipe away the reproach?

One great purpoſe to be anſwered by the inſtruction diſpenſed at the Sunday Schools will be to obviate the pernicious conſequences of that example which is now exhibited by the upper ranks of Society. It is neither untrue nor uncharitable to ſay, that in no former period of our hiſtory we can read of ſo much unmeaning folly, abſurd wickedneſs, and contemptible depravity, as may now be ſeen in the conduct of theſe who are called MEN OF RANK AND FASHION. Their vices are without taſte, their licentiouſneſs without pleaſure, and their employments, even the beſt of them, without any known utility. Folly appears in more ridiculous ſhapes than ever—and there is no ſhape but what their vice puts on—Gaming and matrimonial infidelity are the two great *Genera* into which their vices may be divided; but the *ſpecies* are without number. Example like this unqueſtionably ſpreads. Thoſe who know no better, imagine they never can err while they imitate their ſuperiors, and if any ſcruple remains, it is overpowered by the ſecurity of precedents. The vices of the nobility are worn at ſecond-hand, as well as their cloaths, by their ſervants. The cloaths indeed they may part with, as being profitable and too fine for their uſe, but the vices of the kitchen are rendered delicious and palatable by having firſt been ſerved up in the parlour. When however, ſervants are taught to believe that they have ONE to ſerve who is greater than their earthly lord, the force of example will break, and they will think for themſelves, becauſe they will think for their own happineſs.

Of two men let us chuſe which we would have as a ſervant, him who obeys us becauſe the laſh of the law is over his head, or him who is conſcious of his obligation to ſerve us, as "well pleaſing in the ſight of heaven."—There can be little doubt on which our choice would fall. This therefore will be one effect anſwered by the Inſtitution of Sunday Schools—and if it ſucceeds in one caſe out of ten, a very great object is gained.

Religious inſtruction is that of all others which adheres the longeſt, becauſe it is connected with the Conſcience. It may for a time be forgotten in the period of youthful pleaſure; it may be marred by the ſeductions of bad company, and the blandiſhments of licentious gratifications, but it never wholly deſerts the man. In the hour of reflection, it riſes with beneficial tendency; in time of danger, of diſtreſs and of misfortune, it ſoothes, alleviates, and cheers; and when we come to die, what is there elſe that can give a moment's eaſe, or is worth a moment's care?

But I may be ſaid to be too ſanguine in expecting a *complete* reformation of manners from theſe inſtitutions. A complete reformation of manners I do not expect. Vice will always in a certain degree prevail. But where *all* cannot be accompliſhed, it is good to attempt a *part*. There are at this moment THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND children who receive inſtruction at the Sunday Schools. If but ten thouſand of theſe are rendered honeſt, induſtrious and pious, what a glorious conqueſt is this over the profligacy of the age? What a ſubject for the moſt exalted ſtrains of panegyric! This is SOMETHING to

boaſt of—ſomething to diſtinguiſh the age, ſomething to render us at peace with ourſelves, and honourable in the eye of future generations.

I reſerve other reflections on this ſubject for a future occaſion; and ſhall conclude with the following letter from a Correſpondent, which I have juſt received.

## TO THE TRIFLER.

SIR,

I have read your lucubrations with great pleaſure, particularly your Maxims againſt *trifling* and inactivity among mankind; but allow me to obſerve, that I would have mentioned in the firſt place the nature of the human mind, which is the ſource of all our motions, and antecedent to the mechanical principles of the ſtructure of the human body; by which order of your theſis the reaſoning would have been *a priori*, and more phyſical; the poet ſays (with a ſmall variation)

——"Since God to man
"Hath active powers beſtowed; the rack of reſt
"To ſouls moſt adverſe,—action all their joy."

Upon theſe principles we have the divine order to *do*, *ariſe* and *work*, time's uſe being deſigned a pleaſure. Some moraliſts have painted virtue in general as an up-hill and difficult courſe, and vice as the reverſe, and unpleaſant in the poſſeſſion, though with all the allurements and beauty of a goddeſs; from complaiſance to the ladies I would rather have compared it to ſome poiſons, whoſe beautiful colours are attractive to the eye, though their ſubſtance be deſtructive of life; here I ſhall beg leave to addreſs the triflers and *ſcavoir vivres* of the age, by ſuperadding a ſhort ſtatement of the matter, calculated to lead them into the eligible path; —In aſcending which, all the variegated ſtores of nature are laid open to us, the arts and ſciences, to graſp in thought innumerable worlds, and in exquiſite contemplation warming the the mind to devotion, draw inferences delightful to the heart, engaging and rivetting its affections to the cauſe of virtue;—but by a ſupine neglect of ſuch contemplations we incur blame much ſimilar to that of the capricious prophet, who went to a different place from that which had been divinely preſcribed him. Here we give birth to internal ſources of ſatisfaction and ſelf-approbation, and feel no inclination to diverge or turn to the down-hill courſe, nor to embrace a life of torpidity and inactivity; but on the contrary our deſires to proceed are increaſed in a ſort of geometrical progreſſion, as we advance, a truth which the young hero of Ithaca experienced after quitting the devoted iſland of Calypſo;—time, ſo juſtly reckoned a bill of exchange, with ſo good a market before us, we can be at no loſs to diſpoſe of it according to its high worth.

But on the contrary, the mind that *ſits idle*, unuſed to habits of cogitation, degrading itſelf below the rank of inanimated matter in the ſcale of the creation, from the preſſure of wants and difficulties, its own internal charms and vacuities, conſcious only of it's own indignity and Hydra-like preying on its vitals, will feel the *ennui* and diſaſtrous circumſtances of its condition; and may acquire an unhappy inſenſibility, equally callous to every principle of ſorrow as of true pleaſure; Hence the down-hill courſe can neither be ſmooth or even momentarily agreeable.

"The time that bears no fruit, deſerves no name;
"A ſoul without reflection, like a pile
"Without inhabitant, to ruin runs."

Now, Sir, as there are many candidates for poſts under your eſtabliſhment, I likewiſe will add one to the number,

number, by propoſing to act in character of REMEMBRANCER to your worſhip; but I will be looking for a penſion, as having been formerly a ſtrenuous *trifler*, my *egaremens* have produced a ſhort *leeway* in my treaſury; though now like the good St Paul, I wiſh to be more ardent in inculcating oppoſite principles to what I firſt embraced; think well on't, Mr Trifler, and get me ranked as, Sir, your muſt humble ſervant,

HUNTLÆUS.

## *On the* SCOTCH FISHERIES.

### LETTER X.

IF the truth of this ſhall be doubted by any, the writer hereof pledges himſelf to produce ſeveral boats and veſſels crews, who can declare, that, in April laſt, they have fallen in with fourteen ſail of Dutch veſſels all fiſhing in view at once, ſome of them not ſix miles from the ſhore, (ſuch ſights are quite familiar and common to them); and, much about the ſame time, the ſloop Bon Accord, Captain Blyth, in her voyage from Gottenburgh to Eyemouth, ſailed through a fleet of near twenty ſail of them, about eighteen leagues to the north eaſt of St Abbe's Head (no great diſtance this from Dunbar), and can it be believed that it is not a profitable buſineſs to them, when they follow it ſo aſſiduouſly?

Is it not a pity that Mr Fall was not better informed before he gave ſuch a decided opinion, as ſo much deference is paid to it? However, I cannot better confute ſuch arguments, nor more forcibly convey an idea of the advantage that might be derived from following the example of the Dutch, than plainly narrating what lately offered itſelf to the full view of the inhabitants of a conſiderable manufacturing and mercantile town upon the coaſt; and making a comparative calculation of what we ourſelves might do upon this ſame deſpiſed eaſt coaſt ſea.

Upon the 21ſt of April laſt, the tide ſurveyor of that port, ſeeing a Dutch veſſel in the Bay, boarded her, and found her to be (I think) the Catharina of Rotterdam, Airy Doehire maſter, a well-dogger of ſixty tons burden, whoſe crew conſiſted of eight men and one boy, had been eight days from home, ſix of which were ſpent in the paſſage, and two days only in fiſhing; moſt of which two they were put off the beſt fiſhing ground, being ſet in ſhore by north-eaſterly winds; yet, in that ſhort time, had taken eight barrels of fine cod and ling (about a ton), beſides turbot in her well, of which it is certain ſhe would have ſome, although no enquiry was made. She had herrings caught in nets ſhot in the night time for bait; ſhe was a ſtout built veſſel, and probably fitted out at 600l or 700l. Sterling.

I will ſuppoſe this ſum laid out in ſuch ſmall veſſels as I have formerly deſcribed, which I apprehend may be uſed upon the eaſt coaſt, as well as in the Highlands, with this difference only, of being a ſmall matter ſtouter timbered, on account of frequently taking the ground in dry harbours. It will build, rig, and fully equip with hand lines, and a few nets to catch bait, *four* of theſe ſmall veſſels. They can conveniently accommodate nine hands; conſequently will give employ to 36 men and boys, whoſe wages are over rated at a ſhilling per day over head. However, not to ſcrimp the calculation, I will ſtate 11l. Sterling for ſix days, allowing ſixpence per day for proviſions, excluſive of fiſh, is 5l. 10s. and both 16l. 10s.

Now, if they fiſh equally well with with this Dutchman, who had eight barrels in two days (a gentleman from Shetland ſays, their ſucceſs in that

that neighbourhood, far exceeds this, frequently amounting to ſix, ſeven, or eight barrels a day), and who will doubt, but they may be ſoon brought to do ſo, the produce of ſix days will be twenty-four barrels to each, and ninety ſix barrels among the four. Valuing theſe at the moderate rate of 30s. per barrel, it makes 144l. Sterling, yielding a handſome profit indeed, were they in general falling far ſhort of this quantity, or the price greatly reduced, and ſufficient to allow full ſcope for premiums or a proportion of the value of the captures to the fiſhermen, to ſtimulate their induſtry.

This is independent of the flat fiſh, as turbot, hollobut, &c. of which the quantity would be conſiderable, and of which they could relieve themſelves frequently by running in ſhore, and throwing out ſignals, if it were meant to ſave loſs of time by coming into port. Boats might be ordered out to receive them for immediate uſe, as far as they will ſell, or to be cured in the manner hinted. The cod too could be frequently landed to be dried and rendered ſuitable to many markets, and the livers of all theſe fiſh would make a conſiderable additional object.

The above is a fair ſtate of fact, and a plain ſimple calculation. Does it not hold out a flattering proſpect to thoſe who will take up and follow this branch upon proper principles? Where have we the trade that will yield returns any thing nearly ſimilar to this, at ſuch ſmall advance of capital? And if reports are not greatly exaggerated, the proſpect upon many parts of the weſt coaſt are ſtill more flattering.

I will beg leave to aſk my countrymen, if they think there can poſſibly be exhibited a more culpable inſtance of fatal indifference, in a people neglecting to avail themſelves of advantages juſt at hand, and that might ſo eaſily be obtained? Much has been ſaid of late, in praiſe of the Iceland fiſhery, and recent inſtances of ſucceſs ſhew it is deſerving; but a diſtant fiſhery muſt always be carried on in larger veſſels, at more expence, and to greater diſadvantage in every reſpect, than is needed for a home one.

It is to be obſerved, that, along the north-eaſt coaſt of Scotland, beſide the main bank at about fifteen leagues diſtance, where the depth runs from 30 to 40 fathoms, there are others within it having more water upon them; and between theſe are deep hollows, interſected with ſharp pointed reefs of rock, that frequently cut the fiſhermens lines; part of theſe hollows are by our fiſhermen vulgarly called the *ſkate holes*. They form as great, or perhaps the greateſt repoſitory of flat fiſh hitherto known of in the world, and where boats of five and ſix tons burden will frequently be loaded in the courſe of a few hours.

Here, as well as all along the coaſt, the Dutch, and our own fiſhers alſo catch a great many turbot; perhaps, upon inquiry, it will be found, great part of thoſe with which they ſupply their own and the London market are taken upon our coaſt, by collecting of which from their fiſhing veſſels when they come into port, and putting them from time to time all on board of one, they feed the market gradually. This practice enables them to draw ſuch a price for them as greatly promotes their intereſt in the fiſhery, and contributes to ſupport the circuitous navagation neceſſary in ſending them to ſupply the capital of Britain with this delicious fiſh caught upon the Scottiſh ſhores, while our own metropolis, notwithſtanding her rapid advances in all the conveniences and elegancies of life, can rarely taſte of theſe, although undoubtedly her own, being quite dependent upon the pre-

precarious ſupply of fiſh of any kind that ſmall open boats can yield, not having one ſingle decked veſſel, either with or without a well, to fiſh for her.

It is preſumed, that the Dutch being enabled to furniſh ſuch quantities of turbot as they do, is partly owing to the number of fiſhing veſſels they employ, from which, as above ſaid, I ſuppoſe they are collected; and, by knowing ſo well as they do from long experience, the proper ground for flat as well as round fiſh, they are and will be more ſucceſsful, until we acquire equal knowledge, and employ an equal number of veſſels and men.

It is more than probable there may be ſomething peculiar in their manner of fiſhing for turbot; of this, I could learn nothing certain from the fiſhermen who informed me of their ſeeing them hawl theſe fiſh on board; for they had not ingenuity to make acute obſervation, even in the line of their own profeſſion; however, I will venture at a conjecture.

As turbot are a ground fiſh, and have but a ſmall mouth in proportion to that of cod, which are taken with a larger hook than the other can be ſuppoſed to receive, I therefore apprehend, the Dutch muſt mount their hand lines with both large and ſmall hooks, perhaps two of each; the ſmall placed lowermoſt, ſo as they may travel upon or hang very near the ground, while the larger cod hooks are at a proper diſtance above. This will give a double chance at very little additional trouble or expenee. I know not if this is their method; but I think there is ſome reaſon to hope that it might be practiſed with ſucceſs. The only inconvenience I can ſee to attend the execution of it, is a riſk of the hook catching upon the ground as the veſſel drives over it; but as the hook is ſmall, and the ſnood required for it weak, either of them muſt ſoon give way to relieve the line, the capture of one turbot will amply compenſate the loſs of many of theſe ſmall hooks or ſnoods.

In caſe it ſhould happen that our fiſheries come to be proſecuted with any degree of ſpirit, I will venture to ſuggeſt a method whereby I think turbot may be preſerved alive, and ſent to a diſtant market. I well know this will be beſt done in veſſels having wells; but, as theſe are not fit for the herring fiſhery, they are not to be recommended for general uſe by us; however, another ſubſtitute may at leaſt be attempted, as the experiment may be made at very little expence. When our fiſhers learn to furniſh themſelves with apparatus to procure proper bait, ſuch as herring, which may be had at all ſeaſons, mackrel, &c. they may in time come to be purchaſers of the Thames lampreys, ſaid to be the beſt bait the Dutch have yet diſcovered, and which they careſully huſband, by cutting them up in ſmall pieces, placing one of them upon the point of the hook, when the reſt of it is filled with other bait; this, it appears, makes an excellent lure, and, no doubt, is the means of increaſing the capture of cod and ling, as well as turbot in particular.

Having heard the complaint of fiſhermen who have frequented the Highland white fiſheries, where they have ſuffered much for want of bait, and, knowing the hardſhips that many upon the eaſt coaſt labour under for want of this neceſſary article, I have thought, that, were a frame of ſplit aſh, or any ſuch elaſtic wood made quite light and ſlender, in the ſhape of a ſmall boat, covered round either with a ſmall meſhed net, or coarſe open hemp cloth, it would retain fiſh of any kind; and, by admitting a free circulation of water, would preſerve them alive. Theſe might be towed alongſide by means of a projecting boom or a ſtern, as may be found moſt convenient for the working of the veſſel; they may be conſtruc-

ſtructed large or ſmall, ſo as they may be taken down or put together in the courſe of a few minutes, and will be ſo light, that a ſingle man may take them on board, when the ſeverity of the weather or other circumſtances may require it.

*Of the* Patagonians, *formed from the Relation of* Father Falkener, *a* Jeſuit, *who had reſided among them thirty-eight years, and from the different Voyagers who had met with this tall race.* Printed by the Friendſhip of *George Allan*, Eſq; at his private Preſs at *Darlington*, 1788, 4to.

THIS little piece is a letter addreſſed to the Hon. Daines Barrington, by Mr Pennant, and dated from Downing, Novem. 28, 1771. It ſeems to have been written in conſequence of a promiſe made ſome time before, occaſioned by a converſation on the ſubject of the Patagonians, where 'ſeveral opinions aroſe, ſome favouring of ſcepticiſm.' A preface, dated March 1, 1788, gives a ſhort account of Father Falkener, to whom the author paid a viſit, expreſsly for the purpoſe of obtaining information on this ſubject.

Father Falkener was, at the time of this viſit, 'about ſeventy years of age, active in mind and body, *bruſque* in his manners,' and very communicative. He was born at Mancheſter; about 1731 was a ſurgeon in the Aſſiento ſhip, in that year was made a convert to Popery at Buenos Ayres, was in due time admitted of the ſociety of Jeſuits, and was ſent on the miſſion of Paraguay. He paſſed thirty-eight years of his life in the ſouthern parts of South America, between the river La Plata and the ſtraits of Magellan. 'By his long intercourſe with the inhabitants of Platonia,' ſays our author, he ſeems to have loſt all European guile, and to have acquired all the ſimplicity and honeſt impetuoſity of the people he has been ſo long converſant with.'

Mr Pennant begins with obſerving, that he will only give as much of Mr Falkener's narrative as that gentleman could vouch for the authenticity of, as having been an eye-witneſs to. He then proceeds to notice all who have mentioned theſe extraordinary people. —Magellan firſt ſaw one of them in 1519: he was afterwards viſited by numbers of them. Their height was about ſeven feet (French), but the firſt he ſaw was taller. In 1525 Garcia de Louiſa ſaw ſome men of great ſtature, but does not mention their height. In 1586 Sir Thomas Cavendiſh meaſured one of their foot-ſteps, which was eighteen inches long. Anthony Knevet, who ſailed with Sir Thomas in his ſecond voyage, ſaw ſome of theſe men fifteen or ſixteen ſpans high, and meaſured the bodies of two recently buried, which were fourteen ſpans long; after this three Dutchmen, at different times, ſaw ſome men of a gigantic ſtature, one of whom thought they were ten or eleven feet high. Le Maire and Schouten found ſome ſkeletons ten or eleven feet long. In 1618 Garcias de Nodal, a Spaniard, trafficked with men taller by the head than Europeans, on the ſouth ſide of the Straits of Magellan; and in 1642 Henry Brewer, a Dutchman, obſerved in the Straits of La Maire footſteps of men which meaſured eighteen inches. Theſe are the only two inſtances of their being found on this ſide of the ſtraits. Sir Francis Drake, however, and two other voyagers, in the 16th, and four more in the 17th century, ſaw none of theſe people.

In the preſent century there are only two evidences of their exiſtence. In 1704 the crew of a ſhip, belonging mortal drunkenneſs, and the perpetual chace of the oſtrich.'

The

to St Maloes, ſaw ſome of them. In the Philoſ. Tranſact, for 1767, p. 75, is an account given by Mr Clarke, an officer in Mr Byron's ſhip, who had an opportunity of ſtanding for two hours within a few yards of this race, and ſeeing them examined, and one meaſured by Mr Byron, who, though ſix feet high, could ſcarce when on tip-toe reach the top of the Patagonian's head. He aſſures us, that none of the men were lower than eight feet, ſome even exceeded nine, and the women were from ſeven and a half to eight feet. Neither Mr Wallis nor Mr Bougainville met with any people approaching to ſuch a height.

Let us now hear Mr Falkener.—About the year 1742 he was ſent on a miſſion to the vaſt plains of Pampas; there he firſt met with ſome tribes of theſe people. The talleſt which he meaſured, in the ſame manner that Mr Byron did, was ſeven feet eight inches high; the common height was ſix feet, and there were numbers ſhorter. The talleſt woman did not exceed ſix feet. They are ſuppoſed to be a race derived from the Chilian Indians, the Puelches, who defeated and deſtroyed the Spaniard Baldavia. They dwell in large tents covered with the hides of mares, and divided within into apartments for the different ranks of the family, by a ſort of blanketing. They are a moſt migratory people: the women, like the females of all ſavage countries, undergo all the laborious work. Their food is (almoſt entirely) animal. Their drink is water, except when certain ſpecies of fruit are ripe, of which they make a fermenting liquor, called *chucha*, common to many parts of South America, with which they intoxicate themſelves. There are two fruits of this kind, one called *algarrova*, which they eat as bread, the other *molia*. Their cloathing is either a mantle of ſkins, or of woollen cloth, manufactured by themſelves. They have naturally beards, but they generally pluck up the hairs, though ſome leave muſtaches.

'The ſlings which they uſe in the chace of horſes, cattle, or oſtriches, have a ſtone fixed to each end, and ſometimes a ſling, with a third ſtone, is faſtened to the middle of the other: theſe, with amazing dexterity, they fling round the objects of the chace, be they beaſts or oſtriches, which entangle them ſo that they cannot ſtir. The Indians leave them, I may ſay, thus tied neck and heels, and go in purſuit of freſh game; and having finiſhed their ſport, return to pick up the animals they left ſecured in the ſlings.'

—'Their commerce with the Europeans has corrupted them greatly, taught them the vice of dram-drinking, and been a dreadful obſtacle to their moral improvement.'—'The venereal diſtemper is common among them. They do not ſpeak of it as an exotic diſorder, ſo probably it is aboriginal.'

'In reſpect to religion, they allow two principles, a good and a bad. The good they call the *Creator of all things*; but conſider him as one that after that never ſolicits himſelf about them. He is ſtyled by ſome *Soucha*, or chief in the land of *ſtrong drink*; by others *Gauyara-cunnee*, or *Lord of the dead*. The *evil principle* is called *Hueccovoe*, or the *wanderer without*. Sometimes theſe (for there are ſeveral) are ſuppoſed to preſide over particular perſons, protect their own people, or injure others. Theſe are likewiſe called *Valuchi*, or dwellers *in the air*.'

They have prieſts and prieſteſſes, juſt ſuch jugglers as thoſe of all other barbarous nations.

'The *Puelches* have a notion of a future ſtate, and imagine that after death they are to be tranſported to a country, where the fruits of inebriation are eternal; there to live in immortal drunkenneſs, and the perpetual chace of the oſtrich.'

The ſkeletons of their dead, after the fleſh and intrails have been burnt, if perſons of eminence, are tranſported to the tomb of their anceſtors, which are always within a ſmall ſpace of the ſea. They are decked in their beſt robes, adorned with plumes and beads, and placed ſitting in a deep ſquare pit, parallel with thoſe buried before, with different weapons placed by them, and the ſkins of their favourite horſes ſtuffed and ſupported by ſtakes. A woman is appointed to attend them, keep the ſkeletons clean, and new-clothe them annually. Widows black their faces for a year after their huſband's deceaſe.

They allow polygamy; but whoever takes more than three wives is reckoned a libertine. Their caziques, or chiefs, are hereditary: they have power of life and death, but every individual is at liberty to chooſe a new cazique whenever he pleaſes; but no one is allowed to live out of the protection of ſome chief. Eloquence is in high eſteem with them. If a cazique wants that talent, he keeps an orator.

'This cloſes the hiſtory Mr Falkener favoured me with; but I muſt not quit that gentleman without informing you, that he returned to Europe with a ſuit of Patagonian cloth, a cup of horn, and a little pot made of Chilian copper, the whole fruits the Spaniards left him after the labours of a thirty-eight years miſſion.'

Mr Pennant divides the men inhabiting the country of Patagonia into three different claſſes, and obſerves a fourth may be added, which is a mixture of the former. The firſt is a race of men of the common ſize. The ſecond exceeds them by a few inches, or perhaps the head. The third is compoſed of thoſe whoſe height is ſo exraordinary as to have occaſioned great controverſies; *yet they are indiſputably an exiſtent people.*' The fourth are a mongrel breed of every ſize, except that of the original ſtandard; debaſed by intermixing with the puny tribes of the country, and by their intercourſe with Europeans.

At the end is a ſhort paper ſent to Mr Pennant from Admiral Byron, after he had peruſed the manuſcript of the above. M. Bougainville having conſidered it as a proof that the people whom he ſaw were the ſame met with by Mr Byron, that he found *Engliſh knives* in their poſſeſſion, and which people meaſured only from five feet ten inches to ſix feet three; the latter aſſerts, in this paper, that he never gave a knife to any of the Patagonians, nor even carried one aſhore with him when he ſaw them. We muſt obſerve, he ſays nothing of having meaſured them, only that he at 'this inſtant believes there is not a man that landed with him, though they were at ſome diſtance from them, but would ſwear they took them to be nine feet high;' and adds, 'I do ſuppoſe many of them were between ſeven and eight, and ſtrong in proportion.'

Since we extracted this account, we have been informed that the ingenious M. Odham has publiſhed a paper in the Stockholm Gazette on the ſame ſubject, in which his ideas agree almoſt exactly with thoſe of Father Falkener and Mr Pennant. After collecting the various opinions on the Patagonians, he concludes in favour of the reality of the exiſtence of this gigantic people; and ſays, the reaſon why many travellers have miſſed ſeeing them is, that they only come to the ſea-coaſt at one period of the year, and live the reſt of their time in the inland country.

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## Biography.

### ACCOUNT OF JOSEPH NOLLIKINS.

THIS artiſt is the ſon of Joſeph Francis Nollikins, of whom Mr

Mr Walpole gives the following account: That he was of Antwerp, ſon of a painter who had long reſided in England, but who had died at Roan. The ſon came over young, and ſtudied under Tilemans, and afterwards copied Watteau and Paulo Panini. He painted landſcape, figures, and converſations, and particularly the amuſements of children. He was much employed by Lord Cobham, at Stowe, and by the late Earl of Tylney. He died in St. Anne's pariſh, Jan. 21, 1748, aged 42, and left a wife and a numerous young family.

This numerous young family, however, conſiſted but of two children, Joſeph the artiſt, now under our conſideration, and a daughter. Joſeph was born about the year 1738, and, when young, was more remakable for his fondneſs for ringing St. James's church bell, than for any more laudable exertion. He was an apprentice to Mr Scheemaker, a very worthy man, and one of the beſt ſculptors then in London. With him he continued ſeven years, and during that time abandoned his habits of diſſipation, and became very induſtrious and attentive to his profeſſion. In 1750, he gained a premium from the Society of Arts, for a drawing from plaiſter; and the next year, the firſt premium for a model in clay, his own compoſition, the ſubject Jeptha's raſh vow. In 1762, he gained the firſt premium, fifty guineas, for a marble baſſo relievo; and having by induſtry and frugality ſaved money ſufficient to enable him to travel, he reſolved to go to Italy. At Rome, he had adjudged to him the firſt premium for a baſſo relievo ever obtained by an Engliſhman; and being greatly encouraged by the nobility and gentry who reſided abroad, he acquired conſiderable ſums of money in buying and ſelling antiques and other valuable curioſities. He was particularly patronized by the late Mr. Anſon, of St. James's-ſquare. After reſiding at Rome ſeven years, and travelling through all Italy, he came to Paris, where he enquired after his father's brother, who having been reduced by misfortunes, he not only relieved his preſent wants, but ſettled on him a yearly ſtipend for the reſt of his life. He then returned to England, and, ſome time after, married a daughter of the late Juſtice Welch. Since his return he has been honoured with the notice of his Majeſty, who ſat to him for his buſto. His works, which are numerous, poſſeſs that degree of merit as to require only to be ſeen to ſpeak their praiſe. They are ſufficiently known, and will tranſmit his name to poſterity as an artiſt equal to any of the preſent times, and ſcarce inferior to thoſe of antiquity.

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*New and Intereſting* PARTICULARS *of the* LIFE *of*

## Captain JAMES COOK.

*(From his Memoirs juſt publiſhed by Dr Kippis.)*

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK had no claim to diſtinction on account of the luſtre of his birth, or the dignity of his anceſtors. His father, James Cook, who from his dialect is ſuppoſed to have been a Northumbrian, was in the humble ſtation of a ſervant in huſbandry, and married a woman of the ſame rank with himſelf, whoſe chriſtian name was Grace. Both of them were noted in their neighbourhood for their honeſty, ſobriety, and diligence. They firſt lived at a village called Morton, and then removed to Marton, another village in the North-riding of Yorkſhire, ſituated in the high road from

Giſbrough, in Cleveland, to Stockton upon Tees, in the county of Durham, at the diſtance of ſix miles from each of theſe towns. At Marton Captain Cook was born, on the 27th of October, 1728; and, agreeably to the cuſtom of the vicar of the pariſh, whoſe practice it was to baptize infants ſoon after their birth, he was baptiſed on the 3d of November following. He was one of nine children, all of whom are now dead, excepting a daughter, who married a fiſherman at Redcar. The firſt rudiments of young Cook's education were received by him at Marton, where he was taught to read by Dame Walker, the ſchoolmiſtreſs of the village. When he was eight years of age, his father, in conſequence of the character he had obtained for his induſtry, frugality, and ſkill in huſbandry, had a little promotion beſtowed upon him, which was that of being appointed head ſervant, or hind to a farm belonging to the late Thomas Skottow, Eſq; called Airy Holme, near Great Ayton. To this place, therefore, he removed with his family; and ſon James, at Mr Skottow's expence, was put to a day ſchool in Ayton, where he was inſtructed in writing, and in a few of the firſt rules of arithmetic.

Before he was thirteen years of age, he was bound an apprentice to Mr William Sanderſon, a haberdaſher, or ſhopkeeper, at Staiths, a conſiderable fiſhing town, about ten miles north of Whitby. This employment, however, was very unſuitable to young Cook's diſpoſition. The ſea was the object of his inclination; and his paſſion for it could not avoid being ſtrengthened by the ſituation of the town in which he was placed, and the manner of life of the perſons with whom he muſt frequently converſe. Some diſagreement having happened between him and his maſter, he obtained his diſcharge, and ſoon after bound himſelf for ſeven years to Meſſrs John and Henry Walker, of Whitby, Quakers by religious profeſſion, and principal owners of the ſhip Free-love, and of another veſſel, both of which were conſtantly employed in the coal trade. The greateſt part of his apprenticeſhip was ſpent on board the Free-love. After he was out of his time he continued to ſerve in the coal and other branches of trade (though chiefly in the former) in the capacity of a common ſailor; till, at length, he was raiſed to be mate of one of Mr John Walker's ſhips. During this period it is not recollected that he exhibited any thing very peculiar, either in his abilities or his conduct; though there can be no doubt but that he had gained a conſiderable degree of knowledge in the practical part of navigation, and that his attentive and ſagacious mind was laying up a ſtore of obſervations which would be uſeful to him in future life.

In the ſpring of the year 1755 when hoſtilities broke out between England and France, and there was a hot preſs for ſeamen, Mr Cook happened to be in the river Thames with the ſhip to which he belonged. At firſt he concealed himſelf, to avoid being preſſed; but reflecting that it might be difficult, notwithſtanding all his vigilance, to elude diſcovery or eſcape purſuit, he determined, upon farther conſideration, to enter voluntarily into his majeſty's ſervice, and to take his future fortune in the royal navy. Perhaps he had ſome preſage in his own mind, that by his activity and exertions he might riſe conſiderably above his preſent ſituation. Accordingly, he went to a rendezvous at Wapping, and entered with an officer of the Eagle man of war, a ſhip of ſixty guns, at that time commanded by Captain Hamer.

Hamer. To this ſhip, Captain (now Sir Hugh) Palliſer was appointed, in the month of October, 1755; and when he took the command, found in her James Cook, whom he ſoon diſtinguiſhed to be an able, active, and diligent ſeaman. All the officers ſpoke highly in his favour, and the captain was ſo well pleaſed with his behaviour, that he gave him every encouragement which lay in his power.

In the courſe of ſome time, Captain Palliſer received a letter from Mr Oſbaldeſton, then member of parliament for Scarborough, acquainting him that ſeveral neighbours of his had ſolicited him to write in favour of one Cook, on board the captain's ſhip. They had heard that Captain Palliſer had taken notice of him, and they requeſted, if he thought Cook deſerving of it, that he would point out in what manner Mr Oſbaldeſton might beſt contribute his aſſiſtance towards forwarding the young man's promotion. The captain, in his reply, did juſtice to Cook's merit; but, as he had been only a ſhort time in the navy, informed Mr Oſbaldeſton that he could not be promoted as a commiſſion officer. A maſter's warrant, Captain Palliſer added, might perhaps be procured for Mr Cook, by which he would be raiſed to a ſtation that he was well qualified to diſcharge with ability and credit.

Such a warrant he obtained on the 10th of May, 1759, for the Grampus ſloop; but the proper maſter having unexpectedly returned to her, the appointment did not take place. Four days after he was made maſter of the Garland; when, upon enquiry it was found that he could not join her, as the ſhip had already ſailed. On the next day, the 15th of May, he was appointed to the Mercury. Theſe quick and ſucceſſive appointments ſhew that his intereſt was ſtrong, and that the intention to ſerve him was real and effectual.

The deſtination of the Mercury was to North America, where ſhe joined the fleet under the command of Sir Charles Saunders, which, in conjuction with the land forces under General Wolfe, was engaged in the famous ſiege of Quebec. During that ſiege, a difficult and dangerous ſervice was neceſſary to be performed. This was to take the ſoundings in the channel of the river St Lawrence, between the iſland of Orleans and the north ſhore, directly in the front of the French fortified camp at Montmorency and Beauport, in order to enable the admiral to place ſhips againſt the enemy's batteries, and to cover our army on a general attack, which the heroic Wolfe intended to make on the camp. Captain Palliſer, in conſequence of his acquaintance with Mr Cook's ſagacity and reſolution, recommended him to the ſervice; and he performed it in the moſt complete manner. In this buſineſs he was employed during the night-time, for ſeveral nights together. At length he was diſcovered by the enemy, who collected a great number of Indians and canoes, in a wood, near the water ſide, which were launched in the night, for the purpoſe of ſurrounding him, and cutting him off. On this occaſion he had a very narrow eſcape. He was obliged to run for it, and puſhed on ſhore on the iſland of Orleans, near the guard of the Engliſh hoſpital. Some of the Indians entered at the ſtern of the boat, as Mr Cook leaped out the bow; and the boat, which was a barge belonging to one of the ſhips of war, was carried away in triumph. However, he furniſhed the admiral with as correct and complete a draught of the channel and ſoundings as could have been made after our countrymen were in poſſeſſion of Quebec. Sir Hugh

Hugh Palliſer has good reaſon to believe, that before this time Mr. Cook had ſcarcely ever uſed a pencil, and that he knew nothing of drawing. But ſuch was his capacity, that he ſpeedily made himſelf maſter of every object to which he applied his attention.

Another important ſervice was performed by Mr Cook while the fleet continued in the river of St Lawrence. The navigation of that river is exceedingly difficult and hazardous. It was particularly ſo to the Engliſh, who were then in a great meaſure ſtrangers to this part of North America, and who had no chart, on the correctneſs of which they could depend. It was therefore ordered by the admiral, that Mr Cook ſhould be employed to ſurvey thoſe parts of the river, below Quebec, which navigators had experienced to be attended with peculiar difficulty and danger; and he executed the buſineſs with the ſame diligence and ſkill of which he had already afforded ſo happy a ſpecimen. When he had finiſhed the undertaking, his chart of the river St Lawrence was publiſhed, with ſoundings, and directions for ſailing in the river. Of the accuracy and utility of this chart it is ſufficient to ſay, that it hath never ſince been found neceſſary to publiſh any other. One which has appeared in France is only a copy of our author's on a reduced ſcale.

After the expedition at Quebec, Mr Cook, by warrant from lord Colvill, was appointed, on the 22d of September, maſter of the Northumberland man of war, the ſhip in which his lordſhip ſtaid, in the following winter, as commodore, with the command of a ſquadron at Halifax. In this ſtation Mr Cook's behaviour did not fail to gain him the eſteem and friendſhip of his commander. During the leiſure which the ſeaſon of winter afforded him, he employed his time in the acquiſition of ſuch knowledge as eminently qualified him for future ſervice. It was at Halifax that he firſt read Euclid, and applied himſelf to the ſtudy of aſtronomy and other branches of ſcience. The books, of which he had the aſſiſtance, were few in number; but his induſtry enabled him to ſupply many defects, and to make a progreſs far ſuperior to what could be expected from the advantages he enjoyed.

[To be continued.]

## CRAZY ROBIN, A TALE.

*(From Original Stories by Mr Maſon.)*

IN yonder cave lived a poor man, who generally went by the name of Crazy Robin. In his youth he was very induſtrious, and married my father's dairy-maid; a girl deſerving of ſuch a good huſband. For ſome time they continued to live very comfortably; their daily labour procured their daily bread; but Robin, finding it was likely he ſhould have a large family, borrowed a trifle, to add to the ſmall pittance they had ſaved in ſervice, and took a little farm in a neighbouring county. I was then a child.

Ten or twelve years after, I heard that a crazy man, who appeared very harmleſs, had by the ſide of the brook piled a great number of ſtones; he would wade into the river for them, followed by a cur dog, whom he would frequently call his Jacky, and even his Nancy; and then mumble to himſelf,—thou wilt not leave me—we will dwell with the owl in the ivy.—A number of owls had taken ſhelter in it. The ſtones he waded for he carried to the mouth of the hole, and only left juſt room enough to go in. Some of the neighbours at laſt recollected him; and I

ſent

ſent to enquire what misfortune had reduced him to ſuch a deplorable ſtate.

The information I received from different perſons, I will communicate to you in as few words as I can.

Several of his children died in their infancy; and, two years before he came to his native place, he had been overwhelmed by a torrent of miſery. Through unavoidable misfortunes he was long in arrears to his landlord; who, ſeeing that he was an honeſt man, and endeavoured to bring up his family, did not diſtreſs him; but when his wife was lying-in of her laſt child, the landlord died, and his heir ſent and ſeized the ſtock for the rent; and the perſon he had borrowed ſome money of, exaſperated to ſee all gone, arreſted him, and he was hurried to goal. The poor woman endeavouring to aſſiſt her family before ſhe had gained ſufficient ſtrength, found herſelf very ill; and her illneſs, through neglect and the want of proper nouriſhment, turned to a putrid fever; which two of the children caught from her, and died with her. The two who were left, Jacky and Nancy, went to their father, and took with them a cur dog, that had long ſhared their frugal meals.

The children begged in the day, and at night ſlept with their wretched father. Poverty and dirt ſoon robbed their cheeks of the roſes which the country air made bloom with a peculiar freſhneſs. Their blood had been tainted by the putrid complaint that deſtroyed their mother; in ſhort, they caught the ſmall pox, and died. The poor father, who was now bereft of all his children, hung over their bed in ſpeechleſs anguiſh; not a groan or a tear eſcaped from him; while he ſtood, two or three hours, in the ſame attitude, looking at the dead bodies of his little darlings. The dog licked his hands, and ſtrove to attract his attention; but for a while he ſeemed not to obſerve his careſſes;—when he did, he ſaid, mournfully, thou wilt not leave me—and then he began to laugh. The bodies were removed; and he remained in an unſettled ſtate, often frantic; at length the phrenzy ſubſided, and he grew melancholy and harmleſs. He was not then ſo cloſely watched; and one day he contrived to make his eſcape, the dog followed him, and came directly to his native village.

After I received this account, I determined he ſhould live in the place he had choſen, undiſturbed. I ſent ſome conveniences, all of which he rejected, except a mat; on which he ſometimes ſlept—the dog always did. I tried to induce him to eat, but he conſtantly gave the dog whatever I ſent him, and lived on haws and blackberries, and every kind of traſh. I uſed to call frequently on him; and he ſometimes followed me to the houſe I now live in, and in winter he would come of his own accord, and take a cruſt of bread. He gathered water-creſſes out of the pool, and would bring them to me, with noſegays of wild thyme, which he plucked from the ſides of the mountain. I mentioned before, that the dog was a cur; it had the tricks of curs, and would run after horſes heels, and bark. One day, when his maſter was gathering water-creſſes, the dog ran after a yonng gentleman's horſe, and made it ſtart, and almoſt throw the rider. Though he knew it was the poor madman's dog, he levelled his gun at it—ſhot it,—and inſtantly rode off. Robin came to him, he looked at his wounds, and not ſenſible that he was dead, called him to follow him; but when he found that he could not, he took him to the pool, and waſhed off the blood before it began to clot, and then brought him home, and laid him on the mat.

I obſerved that I had not ſeen him pacing up the hills, and ſent to enquire about him. He was found ſitting by the dog, and no entreaties could prevail on him to quit it, or receive any refreſhment. I went to him myſelf, hoping, as I had always been a favourite, that I ſhould be able to perſuade him. When I came to him, I found the hand of death was upon him. He was ſtill melancholy; but there was not ſuch a mixture of wildneſs in it. I preſſed him to take ſome food; but, inſtead of anſwering me, or turning away, he burſt into tears,—a thing I had never ſeen him do before, and, in inarticulate accents, he ſaid, Will any one be kind to me!—you will kill me!—I ſaw not my wife die—no!—they dragged me from her—but I ſaw Jacky and Nancy die—and who pitied me, but my dog? He turned his eyes to the body—I wept with him. He would then have taken ſome nouriſhment, but nature was exhauſted—and he expired.

## The *GALLANT.*

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I KNOW not whether any man has written an eſſay to prove the reſemblance betwixt *men* and *books*, but I never hear the expreſſion TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF, without being diſpoſed to *fancy*, that there is ſuch a reſemblance as a *fanciful* man may indulge his *fancy* in drawing—And this fancy I mean to purſue in this day's paper, if my readers will excuſe me. The amuſement will at leaſt be harmleſs.

With regard to men in general, the caſe is the ſame as with regard to books in general. Some men are *good*, and ſome are *bad*—Some are *indifferent*—and ſo are books—Some are *grave*, *moral* and *inſtructive*, ſo are ſome books—Others are *entertaining*, *humourous*, and *pleaſant*—So it is with certain books.—If I were, indeed, allowed to revive the long exploded doctrine of the METEMPSYCHOSIS, or TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS, I ſhould be inclined to ſay, that the ſouls of men paſſed into *books*, and *there* were to be found long after the authors had paid the common debt of nature. We cannot praiſe a book without praiſing its author, unleſs we know that his profeſſions and practices totally differ, for it is a melancholy truth, that a man may be a *good writer*, a *bright genius*, and a GREAT SCOUNDREL at one and the ſame time.

Some *books* we look into only occaſionally—and ſome *men* we do not wiſh to be with very often; but we find it neceſſary now and then to admit them into our company. Some books are ſo abſtruſe, metaphyſical and dubious, that we can make little or nothing from them—and ſome men are ſo cunning, artful and ambiguous, that the little we learn from them rather confuſes than inſtructs, rather darkens than enlightens. Some books, on the other hand, you read over and over, and every time with new additions to your ſtock of harmleſs entertainment, or uſeful knowledge—and ſome men there are whoſe habits of thinking, with ſuitable habits of expreſſion, render their company always valuable; you are never tired of it—and if your intercourſe with them ſuffers an interruption, it only ſerves to double the pleaſure of your next meeting.

Some books you prefer to read at thoſe moments when you wiſh for conſolation, for inſtruction in matters of eternal importance—and ſome men you will ſelect for your companions on ſuch occaſions, to the excluſion of the frivolous, the lightſome and the witty.

Some

Some books there are which you can read, and read with attention in a very ſhort time; but you never wiſh to return to them; they have not arreſted your thinking faculty, nor given you what is worthy of remembrance—and ſome men there are whom you diſcover at one ſitting, to be the ſame on every occaſion; you are therefore ſatisfied, and you think not of ranking them among your uſeful companions—Other books, although ſmall, excite your attention, and call forth your reflection in ſuch a manner, that you are inclined to return to them again and again—And ſome men there are, who, although they may ſpeak but little, ſpeak that little in a way which ſtrikes you, and you perceive there is much more in what they ſay than an ignorant mind could utter, or a ſuperficial hearer notice.

Some *books* there are, old, deſpiſed by the world, and little read, but containing much valuable matter, although perhaps the *manner* may not be attractive, or refined—And are there not many *men* of this deſcription? The really good and pious frequently *are* men who think as if they thought in better times, and who would be ornaments to the preſent, if not obſcured by the falſe luſtre and deluding glare of modern refinement.

The ſucceſs of ſome men in life is wonderful. It often depends neither on induſtry, nor honeſty, nor abilities. It will not be denied that many books owe their popularity and ſale to cauſes which have as little connexion with thoſe principles; and that as bad *men* encourage bad *men*, ſo bad *men* encourage bad *books*. The ſucceſs of both is attributed to *chance*, but with more propriety in the caſe of *men* than *books*, and perhaps with ſtrict propriety in neither. Nothing happens without a *cauſe*; yet when men are ignorant of that cauſe, they throw off the imputation of ignorance by attributing it to chance.

Were I to purſue this compariſon between men and books as far as it is capable, I ſhould ſwell out my paper too far for its allowed limits. In a word, whatever vices, or virtues, may be found in *men*, may be found in *books*—that is, they are *recommended* in books which is the firſt ſtep to *practice*. Hence the common language; a *good book*, a *bad book*, a *ſpirited book*, a *dull book*, a *ſtupid book*, a *witty book*, a *profligate book*, &c. &c. &c.

Were I to ſay that there is even ſome reſemblance between men and books in *outward appearance*, I am afraid my readers would think me too fanciful.—But is not a BEAU, a pretty, ſmart volume, elegantly bound and gilt (not *lettered* I believe) on a fine ſilky paper, in which you find but few *thoughts*, but a great many *words?*—Is not your very polite man, your man of genteel manners, in a word, your true COURTIER; what is he but a fine volume in *extra-binding* (as the trade call it) in which the flattering dedication is the principal part? How many whoſe only knowledge is in trifling particulars, unaccompanied by reflection or the power of reflection, a ſort of walking *indexes*; uſeful, I grant, but to render them ſo, you muſt have the ſubſtantial volume by you at the time; for an *index* has no more inſtruction in itſelf than a ſale catalogue of houſhold furniture. I know a gentleman who is a very large *folio* of anecdotes—in all the term of my acquaintance with him, I have never been able to get to the end, and indeed if I did, I ſuſpect he would branch out into a ſecond volume.

Between the rich and the poor, I have often remarked that all the difference (as in certain books) conſiſts in the binding—and the diſſatisfied ambition of the rich to be ſtill richer, is but like the fancy of a librarian, who would be always giving his books

better and better bindings. Nay, what is the preſent ambition of *two great crowned heads* on the Continent, but to be bound in *Turkey* leather?—I might here add a great number of puns relative to men being bound in *calf*-ſkin, or in *ſheep* ſkin, &c. but theſe I leave to the *inamorati* of punning.

To conclude; as we find that whatever the fate of a book may be during the life of its author, its intrinſic merit only can procure that happy immortality appointed by men in all ages for works of real worth and genius; ſo men, who place their all of bliſs in the periſhable circumſtances of the preſent life, would do well to conſider that virtue and piety can alone procure that immortality, which depends on no caprice, and that happineſs which ſhall ſee no end.

*A Sermon on* Alms, *by* Samuel Charters, *Miniſter of* Wilton. *Publiſhed for the Benefit of the Society in* Scotland *for promoting Religious Knowledge among the Poor.*

The following extracts will give an idea of this publication.

*Sunday Schools.*

WITH a ſmall annual ſum, a ſchool may be opened, on the Lord's day, for the young who have learned to read, and are entering on labour. By this mean, their acquaintance with Scripture is retained and increaſed. A habit of reverencing the Sabbath is acquired, at the time of life when habits are formed, and when Sabbath-breaking is often the firſt ſtep in that broad way which leadeth to deſtruction. A good foundation is laid for the time to come: memory is ſtored with the truths, and laws, and conſolations of God: the tender heart receives its firſt indelible impreſſions from the ſacred oracle: the opening mind is occupied and intereſted with things concerning ſalvation, and the way of life is choſen.

*Education for the Miniſtry.*

To educate for the miniſtry, a young man of good parts and of a ſerious mind, would be a valuable gift, and, in the preſent ſtate of things, very ſeaſonable. They who can educate their ſons liberally, are apt to think a Scottiſh ſtipend a ſlender maintenance. The prieſthood, as in the days of Jeroboam, is deſcending to the meaneſt of the people. Extenſive knowledge and liberal manners, ſeldom fall to their lot. This, in an enlightened and lukewarm age, makes the ſacrifice of the Lord to be deſpiſed. It indeed becomes the miniſter of Chriſt to be content with little, and to atone for poverty by virtue: but it is for the honour and intereſt of religion, that he abounds in knowledge as well as goodneſs. While no public proviſion is made adequate to the expence of a liberal education, it is a good work for rich individuals to furniſh ſome with the means of knowledge, who in the next age may ſtand in the gap, to ſtem the tide of growing profaneneſs and infidelity.

*Teaching the Deaf and Dumb.*

The art of inſtructing the deaf and dumb is a high and happy effort of genius. It reflects honour on the underſtanding and heart of thoſe who practiſe it. It makes light to ariſe on ſuch as ſit in darkneſs, and calls forth their latent powers. It renders the poor, who are in ſuch circumſtances, objects of efficient charity. Contributions were formerly made for the redemption of ſlaves; a contribution, for inſtructing the deaf and dumb, may be conſidered as a ranſom for the ſoul.

[*Note,*

[*Note*, This art is happily revived in Scotland, by Mr John Johnſon writing-maſter in Edinburgh.]

*Mr* Howard.

Truth is preferable to fiction; it conveys knowledge with more effect, and a pure mind reliſhes it more. Such a book as *Howard on the State of Priſons in England*, intereſts and edifies. Miſery is beheld in forms little thought of, not fantaſtical, but real forms. A pattern of mercy is ſet before us, not in word, but in deed. We ſee the knowledge of laws and of arts, of religion and of the world, rendered ſubſervient, and learn what this meaneth, "Let love abound with all knowledge." We trace the footſteps of love ſtrong as death in its exertions and influences. Sympathetic emotions incite the powerful to amend laws leſs humane to priſoners in Britain than on the continent, and to check illegal impoſitions on the unhappy; they incite the private citizens to alleviate miſeries leſs under the public eye, and leſs connected with guilt than thoſe of priſoners. To the devout reader, proſpects of God's adminiſtration open. "From heaven God beholds the earth, to hear the groaning of the priſoner." He ſends his ſervant, the organ of his compaſſion, having trained him by the ſorrows of captivity from cruel men. "Surely the wrath of man ſhall praiſe thee, and the reſidue of wrath wilt thou reſtrain."

*Mr* Firmin.

Thomas Firmin, a citizen of London, a name conſecrated to humanity, among other memorable labours of love, erected a warehouſe for employing the idle. To many hundreds he furniſhed materials for work, and purchaſed the product, accounting the loſs ſuſtained in the diſpoſal of it to be gain. He laid up coals and corn to inſure them in dearth againſt cold and hunger. He diſtributed a Scripture catechiſm to inſtruct them in pure religion. Thus, wiſely conſidering the caſe of the poor, of their bodies, and of their ſouls, he honoured the Lord with his ſubſtance, and left an example of judicious alms, which, by many, might be imitated on a ſmaller ſcale.

*Characters of a Bad and of a Good Landlord.*

One, living on a rich inheritance without child or brother, who ſhews no kindneſs to his relations, whoſe tenants often feel the rigour of juſtice unqualified by equitable and humane conſiderations, whoſe mercy never extends to the poor on his eſtate, who abandons his domeſtic ſervants in age and ſickneſs, who contributes nothing to public plans of beneficence, and whoſe ſcanty offering in the houſe of God is a reproach; this man has the appearance of evil; an hoſpital riſing on his aſhes is not an atonement.

One, in ſimilar circumſtances, who puts on bowels of mercies, is lovely and of good report. He is a city ſet on a hill which cannot be hid. His wealth is known, and the ſymptoms of it are obſerved; but with the knowledge and obſervation of his wealth, are combined the knowledge and obſervation of his public ſpirit and humanity. His devotion and alms in the houſe of God are exemplary. The plenty and peace in his own houſe, with goodneſs and mercy following his domeſtics all their lives, render it deſirable to be a hired ſervant there. On his eſtate, the remains of bondage are aboliſhed, and his tenants ſecured in long and peaceable poſſeſſion. To ſuch as are oppreſſed he is a refuge. Poor families, whom the cruel are ſo eager to thruſt out, he plants in houſes, and inſtitutes employment for their children. In all his improvements, and in all his ornaments, it is a leading object to feed the poor with

the bread of induſtry. Like his Father in heaven, he pours mercy over all his works; none of his induſtrious poor are forgotten in the day of their calamity. "He is a hiding place from the ſtorm, and a covert from the tempeſt, as rivers of water in a dry place, and the ſhadow of a great rock in a weary land."

*Of Poor Rates.*

Conſider the equality of man, his original right to a ſubſiſtence on the earth, and how many ways that right may be violated. Attend to the ſpirit of human laws, favouring, protecting, and avenging the rich, appropriating the earth, the air, and the water, debarring the poor by penalties from all that in them is. Is it much if, in one inſtance, they breathe another ſpirit, by inſuring to the miſerable a ſubſiſtence and a grave?

*Anecdote of* LENS *the famous Miniature Painter.*

YOU muſt know, Mr Printer, that a brother of mine, who was a jolly Parſon, and loved a beef ſteak as well as any Layman in Britain, walked up to Ivylane in order to regale himſelf with a prime cut at Mr Burrows', and as he entered the houſe, a gentleman in a lay habit went out, but whoſe general dreſs pointed him to be a clergyman: my brother, whoſe dreſs was much the ſame, took his place at the table where one perſon only ſat, and that perſon was this Miniature-painter. My brother had no ſooner ordered his ſteak, than Lens ſaid, "G—d, I believe that fellow who is juſt gone out is a Parſon: I wiſh I had thought on it while he was in your ſeat, for of all fun whatever, no thing is ſo great to me as roaſting a Parſon." Such a declaration made to a ſtranger, who appeared to be likewiſe one of that order, aſtoniſhed the ſurrounding company, who, like the Parſon and the Painter, were waiting for their dinners; and rather rouzed in my brother a diſpoſition to roaſt him. Perceiving the eyes of every one fixed towards them, in a profound ſilence, he thus began: You obſerved, Sir, (ſaid he) that had you known the gentleman juſt gone out to have been a Parſon, you would have roaſted him; now as you have nothing elſe to do till your dinner is ſet before you, I am a Parſon at your ſervice, and while my ſteak broils, I beg you will roaſt me for the gratification of your humour, and the entertainment of all the gentlemen who ſit around us;" adding, that he would take the roaſting with that decency and temper which it became one of his cloth to receive the taunts and ſneers of ſuch men who thought Parſons fair game. This was the firſt time, perhaps, that Lens was put to the bluſh. In ſhort, Sir, he could not even *ſpit his meat*, much leſs roaſt it; however, a proſpect of ſomething to hide his embarraſſment appeared, and that was fine mackerel, with gooſeberry-ſauce, which were ſet before him; but before he could put his knife to it, my brother obſerved that he never ſaw a finer mackerel, adding, that as his ſteak was not ready, he would take the liberty of eating a bit of his mackerel. Accordingly he ſtripped it up to the back-bone, and helped himſelf. This manœuvre had a wonderful effect, and produced ſuch an unanimous roar of laughter throughout the whole room, that Mr Lens got up, went to the bar, paid for his fiſh, and left the other moiety to my victorious and reverend brother.

Anecdote

## ANECDOTE.

THE gardens at *Pains-Hill*, near Cobham, in Surrey, in the preſent poſſeſſion of Mr Hopkins, of which ſo much praiſe has been juſtly given, brings to our recollection an anecdote of the late owner Mr Hamilton. He advertiſed for a perſon who was willing to become the hermit of that retreat, under the following, among many other curious conditions: that he was to dwell in the hermitage for ſeven years; where he ſhould be provided with a Bible, optical glaſſes, a mat for his bed, and a haſſock for his pillow, an hour glaſs for his time-piece, water for his beverage from the ſtream that runs at the back of his cot, and food from the houſe, which was to be brought him daily by a ſervant, but with whom he was never to exchange one ſyllable; he was to wear a camblet robe, never to cut his beard or his nails, to tread on ſandals, never to ſtray into the open parts of the ground, nor beyond their limits: that if he lived there under all theſe reſtrictions till the end of the term, he was to receive ſeven hundred guineas; but on breach of any one of them, or if he quitted his place *any time* previous to that, the whole was to be forfeited, and all his loſs of time remedileſs. One perſon attempted it, but three weeks were the utmoſt extent of his abode.

## Abou Taib, an Eaſtern *Tale.*

ABOU TAIB, Emperor of India, aſcended the throne of his fathers amidſt the acclamations of his people, and bleſſed with all that nature or fortune could beſtow to confer happineſs. His treaſures ſurpaſſed computation, and forty nations ſubmitted implicitly to his ſceptre. His ſeraglio was filled with the greateſt beauties of the Eaſt, his table conſtantly furniſhed with a round of the moſt luxurious dainties, and nothing which ſenſe can deſire, or capricious fancy invent, was denied to Abou Taib.

One day as he walked in his palace, reflecting on his power, his wealth, and the various means of pleaſure he poſſeſſed; a meſſenger arrived to inform him, that one of the principal nobles of his court was ſuddenly dead. This melancholy and unexpected event entirely occupied his thoughts. Alas! ſaid he, what is every thing that ambition can attain, or wealth procure! One end happeneth to all, and death, which concludes the woes of the beggar, ſhall one day terminate the power and ſplendor of the Emperor of Indoſtan. Were life eternally to endure, what I enjoy were indeed much to be prized: but of what value are riches, pleaſure, or power, while the loſs of them is thus certain!

At the ſame moment, a burſt of thunder ſhook the palace to the foundation, and the genius Abaſſon ſtood before the monarch.

Repining mortal, ſaid the etherial viſion, I have heard thy murmurs, and that thou mayeſt no longer have reaſon for ſuch complaints, take this taliſman, and at the end of any day hereafter, which thou haſt ſpent in pleaſures and delight, apply it to thy forehead, forming a wiſh that the next may be perfectly like it; and thou ſhalt find each following one exactly the ſame in every event and enjoyment, nor ſhall they cloy by repetition; thou ſhalt be new to the pleaſures of each ſucceſſive day, as if the preceding had never been. The day thou wilt fix on is left to thy choice; only be careful how thou uſeſt my gift, and chuſe that, the delights of which thou wouldſt perpetuate with prudence; for having once employed the charm,

thou

thou wilt have no power to reverſe it, but wilt be neceſſitated continually to repeat the felicity firſt choſen: ſo ſaying, the genius diſappeared.

Abou Taib received the taliſman with inexpreſſible joy, believing now that an immortality of pleaſure was in his power, and not doubting but he ſhould ſoon be able to fix on the day of which the conſtant return ſhould produce a never-ceaſing round of perfect happineſs.

But this was not ſo eaſy as he had at firſt ſuppoſed. Every evening when he came to reflect on the circle of hours that had juſt fled, he conſtantly found ſomething too unſatisfactory in the pleaſures they had preſented, for him to expect much delight from their repetition. Hope continually allured him on to look forwards to ſome happier moments, which might better deſerve perpetuity. This felicity, however, was continually expected, but never arrived. Every ſucceſſive day pleaſed him ſtill leſs than the paſt.

In the mean time, age crept upon Abou Taib. Thoſe enjoyments which he had found ſo imperfect in the fervour of youth, appeared ſtill leſs ſatisfactory in his declining years. Yet, ſtrange infatuation of the forcereſs Hope! his chimerical expectations of greater happineſs to come, daily increaſed.

At laſt, while fancy was amuſing him with ſcenes of future, and for ever recurring bliſs, an acute diſorder ſeized upon Abou Taib. His gaiety, his vigour, and every capacity of enjoying pleaſure, fled before it; nor was it long 'ere the moſt experienced of his phyſicians pronounced he had not ſix hours to live. Shocked at the haſty approach of the angel of death, and reſolved to avail himſelf of his taliſman, he applied the gift of the genius, from which he had promiſed himſelf never ending pleaſure, to perpetuate extreme and eternal anguiſh!

His miſery ſoon made him deſirous to invite that death he had been ſo ſolicitous to ſhun, but the fatal charm was not to be reverſed. Day after day he ſtarted from the ſame dreadful dreams, to ſuffer the ſame round of ſickneſs, pain, and torture.

The genius, at length, pitying his condition, and moved by his prayer, appeared again before him. Man of many follies, cried he, murmur no more at the decrees of heaven; repine not at the flight of pleaſures you have not thought worth repeating! Why ſhould you blame the ſhortneſs of a life in which you have been ſo unwilling to protract, even your higheſt enjoyments? Whatever applies to every part, muſt apply to the whole; and what is true of every day of our lives, muſt be true of life in general. What, then, in praying for its continuance, do you wiſh to be continued? The flattering dreams of imagination, and the fallacious promiſes of hope never completely fulfilled; but repeatedly, nay almoſt always, utterly falſified. Let thoſe who hear your ſtory, learn by your example, to remain contented with the condition Providence has allotted them; and remember, that even the end of their imperfect happineſs, is to be conſidered as an addition to the little felicity they enjoy.

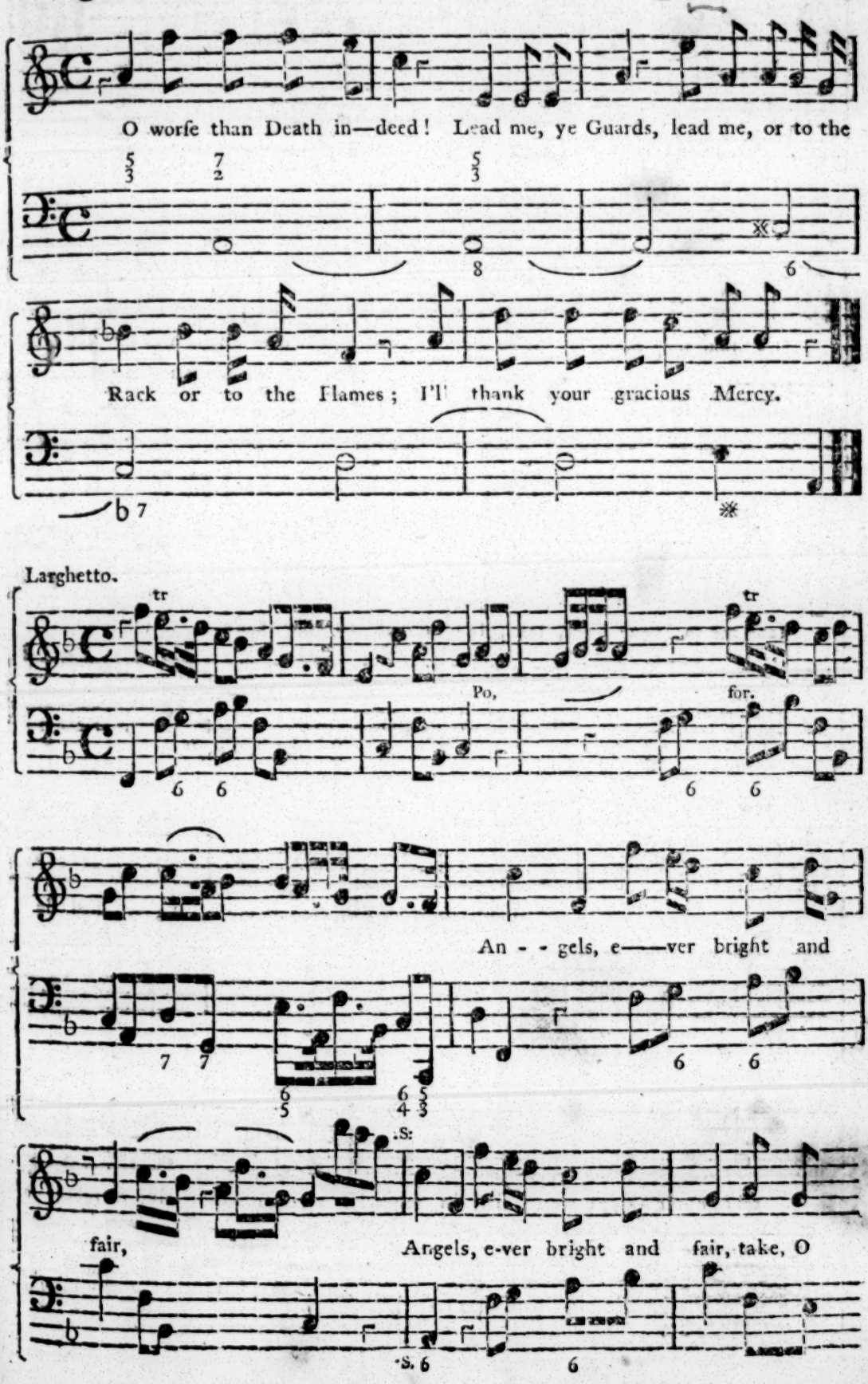
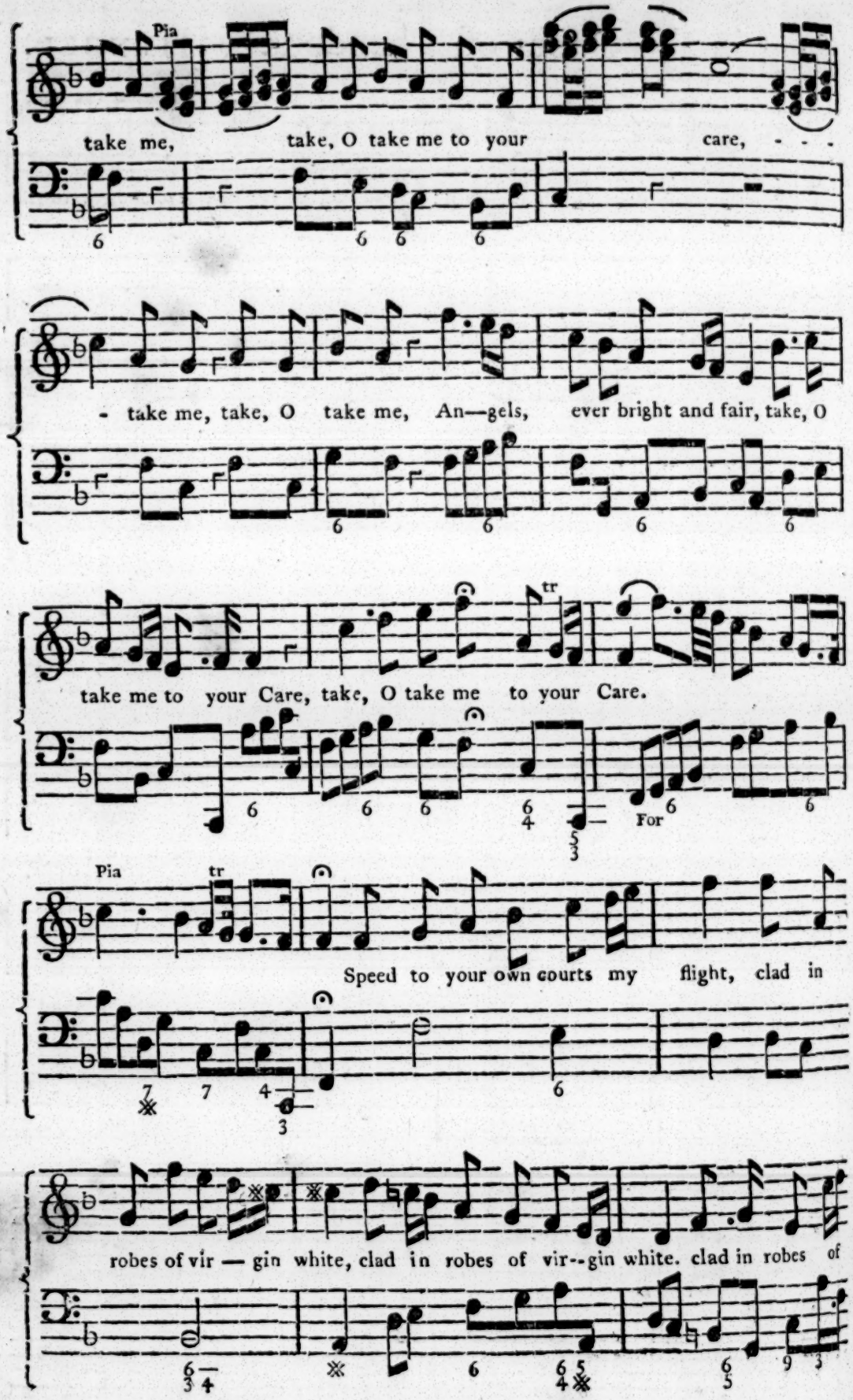
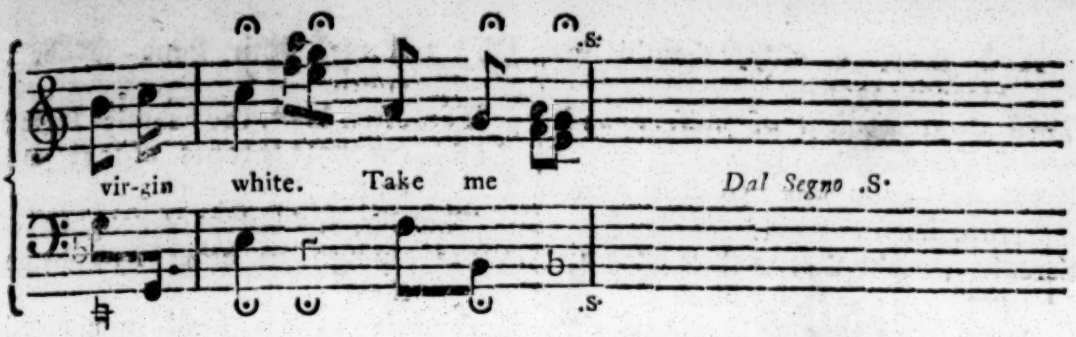
The genius ended, and the angel of death, to him the angel of bliſs, cloſed the eyes of Abou Taib.

## ORIENTAL SAYINGS.

The non-commencement of any thing, from the fear of offence, is the mark of a weak man. Who, brother, leaveth off eating entirely, from the dread of indigeſtion?

No one is, by nature, noble, reſpected of any one, or a wretch. His own actions conduct him either to wretchedneſs, or to the reverſe.

SONG

# Song in the Opera of Theodora. [HANDEL.]

Pia
take me, take, O take me to your care, - - -
- take me, take, O take me, An—gels, ever bright and fair, take, O
take me to your Care, take, O take me to your Care.
For
Pia
tr
Speed to your own courts my flight, clad in
robes of vir — gin white, clad in robes of vir--gin white. clad in robes of

## LINES,

*By Mrs* CRESPIGNY,

*Placed at the Entrance of her* GROTTO, *which is dedicated to* CONTEMPLATION; *and within view of the* METROPOLIS.

YOU who are led to this ſerene retreat,
Where CONTEMPLATION holds unrivall'd ſway,
Stop—if REFLECTION you will dread to meet,
And from her rigid mandates ſhrink away!
But if a vot'ry at ſoft PLEASURE's fane,
(Allur'd by yon proud City's tempting powers,)
From day to day you join the thoughtleſs train,
And in illuſion waſte life's choiceſt hours:
'Tis YOU who chiefly want REFLECTION's aid;
Bow then to CONTEMPLATION's power ſublime,
Here be your vows with pious fervour paid,
And REFORMATION ſhall redeem your time.
But if curſt Apathy pervades your breaſt,
And veils it 'gainſt Conviction's heavenly light,
The Goddeſs here, your off'rings will deteſt,
Nor with one favouring ſmile your vows requite.
And yet FAIR VIRTUE may have ſcatter'd ſeeds,
Which, in your barren mind, uncheriſh'd lie;
Or, choak'd by Diſſipation's baleful weeds,
Juſt ſpring to life, and bloſſom but to die!
Then enter Here—to CONTEMPLATION bend,
Her power can raiſe the ſeed which VIRTUE ſows,
From FOLLY's blights the tender plant defend,
Till vig'rous as the tow'ring OAK it grows!

## *ELEGY*

*On the* DEATH *of an* INFANT.

By Mr. UPTON.

THAT ſigh, ſweet babe, proclaim'd thy ſufferings o'er,
That look ſo tender, on a mother bent;
Complacent bade her not thy loſs deplore
Since you reſigned a life, but only lent.
The ſmile that play'd upon thy dimpled cheek,
As death the twinkling orbs of childhood clos'd,
Preſaging joy of future bliſs did ſpeak,

And thou, already, ſeem'd in
Heav'n repos'd.
Torn from a world of miſery and
ſtrife,
Ere guile had pow'r to do thy na-
ture harm,
Serenity preſs'd thee as thou gave up
life,
And Angels watch'd to ſee thy
exit calm.
Not e'en a tear bedew'd thy beaute-
ous face,
Not e'en a ſtruggle ſpoke thy in-
ward pain,
And, when a mother ſnatch'd a laſt
embrace,
Thy little preſſure bade her not
complain.
Tranquil and ſmooth have been thy
days on earth,
Sweet and untainted was thy in-
fant breath,
And Heaven now call'd thee to a
ſecond birth,
To riſe a cherub from an earthly
death.
Go then, bleſt Innocence! unto thy [God,
Dwell in his boſom, fount of ev'ry
bliſs,
Nor fear the pow'r of his avenging
rod,
Who ne'er offended, or did ought
amiſs.

## *To an* UNFORTUNATE BEAUTY.

SAY, lovely maid with down-caſt
eye,
And cheek with ſilent ſorrow pale,
What gives thy heart the lengthen'd
ſigh,
That heaving tells a mournful tale.
Thy tears which thus each other
chace,
Beſpeak a breaſt o'erwhelm'd with
woe;
Thy ſighs a ſtorm that wrecks my
peace,
Which ſouls like thine ſhould never
know.
Oh! tell me, doth ſome favour'd
youth
Too often bleſt, thy beauties ſlight?
And leave thoſe thrones of love and
truth,
That lip, and boſom of delight?
What though to other nymphs he
flies,
And feigns the fond, impaſſion'd
tear;
Breathes all the eloquence of ſighs,
That treach'rous won thy artleſs
ear!
Let not thoſe nymphs thy anguiſh
move,
For whom his heart may ſeem to
pine—
That heart ſhall ne'er be bleſt by love,
Whoſe guilt can force a pang from
*thine*. P. Pindar

## *Anecdotes of* FREDERICK *the* GREAT, *late King of* PRUSSIA.

THE unremitting and ſtrict at-
tention of the King of Pruſſia,
is perhaps unparalleled among men,
and is one of the moſt remarkable
traits in his extraordinary character.
That degree of induſtry, which a man
endowed with the greateſt intellectual
power may beſtow on certain occaſi-
ons, employed the king in the courſe
of forty-ſix years; without ſuffering
himſelf to be interrupted in his plan
for one ſingle day, either by pleaſure,
indulgence, chagrin, or diſappoint-
ment.

As his age and infirmities increaſ-
ed, it happened that he ſlept once
longer than he deſigned to do; this
vexed him ſo much, that he order-
ed his *valets de chambre* to wake him
every morning preciſely at four o'-
clock, and not ſuffer him to fall aſleep
again, whatever he might ſay to
them. Not long after, a newly-
appointed valet entered the king's
bed-chamber to execute his com-
mands:

mands: "Let me ly a little longer," said the king, "for I am exceedingly sleepy!" Your Majesty ordered me to call you at this hour. "Only a quarter of an hour longer I say"—Not one minute your Majesty: it is past four o'clock, and I will not be sent away in this manner. —"You are a brave fellow," exclaimed the king, rising, "for you would have fared ill if you had suffered me to sleep any longer."

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It is one of the most agreeable amusements to an observer, to follow the unsubdued hero in his domestic and private life, and there to trace his pliant heart, and all those little, social inclinations which mark a tender soul. Among the latter, his fondness of dogs deserves to be mentioned, for he was exceedingly partial to these good-natured and faithful animals. He generally kept a number of small leather balls in his cabinet, which he suffered these faithful companions to play with. If they were ill, he ordered them to be carefully attended to. One of these four legged favourites accompanied him every where, in his first campaigns. At one time, when quite alone, he had ventured himself too far, he unexpectedly discovered a troop of Pandours coming up the road, whom he could not avoid by any other means, than by concealing himself under the arch of a bridge thrown over a pretty large ditch. In this disagreeable situation he was hid from every one, and had seemingly nothing to apprehend, except the barking of his little grey-hound should betray him to the Pandour-horsemen passing the said bridge; but the animal, as if sensible of its master's danger, pressed herself close to his person, without making the least noise. Soon after the king met General Rothenburgh, to whom he smilingly presented little *Biche* as one of his most faithful friends. Not long after this, in the battle near Soor, the poor dog fell into the hands of the Austrians along with the king's baggage. The lady of General Nadasti took it, and was, after many solicitations, with great difficulty prevailed upon to return the same to its royal owner. The king sat writing just when Biche was brought back to the palace. Rothenburgh softly opened the apartment, and Biche entering unperceived jumped upon the table, stood before the king, and laid her fore legs round his neck, which so much rejoiced her master, that the tears glistened in his eyes. A little monument has been erected in the palace of Sans Souci to the memory of this faithful creature; and her progeny remained about the king's person till he died.

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The king's magnanimity made an impression on distant nations; and even uncivilized men felt themselves unnerved by his incredible, dauntless intrepidity. In the seven years war, he, attended by a small suite on horseback, went out to reconnoitre. Some Pandours lay in ambush in a wood, and took their aim, though ineffectual, at the king's party, by discharging their muskets singly.

A chasseur perceiving the hero regardless of their attempts, cried out, "Please your Majesty to save yourself; for behind yonder tree very near the road, somebody has presented his musket at your person." Frederick remained quite composed, and looking perceived a Pandour taking aim at him: when lifting up his cane, and calling to him with a menacing voice, said, "Ah, sirrah!" the affrighted Pandour dropt his piece, uncovered his head, and remained in this respectful posture till the king had passed him.

[To be continued.]

# Monthly Chronicle, and Review of Politics.

## *JULY*, 1788.

### *Reform of the Royal Boroughs in* SCOTLAND.

THE petitions from the different Boroughs of Scotland being read. *pro forma.*

Mr *Sheridan* roſe to move for leave to bring in a bill to regulate the internal government of the Royal Boroughs of Scotland. He expreſſed his regret, that the unforeſeen protraction of other important buſineſs had obliged him to defer ſo long a buſineſs of ſuch importance. He ſtated in the warmeſt terms his ſenſe of the magnitude of the object to be ſubmitted to the conſideration of the Houſe; declaring, at the ſame time, that he did not deem it neceſſary to enter into any explanation of what might at firſt appear extraordinary, namely, ſuch a motion being brought forward by a perſon not intereſted by local connection or perſonal habits with the parties whoſe petitions for a redreſs of grievances were now before the Houſe. The fact was, that every member of that Houſe, who had a ſingle right idea of the firſt principles of the conſtitution, and of courſe of the firſt cauſe of the proſperity of the country founded on that conſtitution, or who felt, as he truſted every member of that Houſe did, an equal and common intereſt in the happineſs and well being of the two countries compriſing the united kingdoms; that every member ſo judging, and prompted by ſuch a principle, was perfectly competent and qualified to ſubmit the propoſition he ſhould now offer to the conſideration of the Houſe. Mr Sheridan then obſerved on the advanced ſtate of the ſeſſion, the uncommonly thin attendance which could be procured, even upon the ſubjects in which the Miniſter himſelf was particularly intereſted, and declared his reaſons for not entering into the general merits of the queſtion at this time; obſerving, however, that it fortunately happened that the preſent queſtion was of ſuch a nature as to admit of a perfect explanation in a ſingle ſentence. The evil complained of by as reſpectable a body of petitioners as ever had approached the bar of that Houſe, was, that certain enormous and inveterate abuſes had prevailed, and did prevail in the adminiſtration and government of the Royal Boroughs in Scotland, and that there exiſted no competent qualification to check and controul theſe abuſes, or to give redreſs to thoſe who were injured by them.—That certain ſelf created Magiſtrates and Counſellors aſſumed a power of levying money upon their fellow ſubjects, without authority from law, and of puniſhing thoſe who withſtood them, by a partial and corrupt exerciſe of an illegal diſcretion; that thoſe Magiſtrates and counſellors claimed a right to diſſipate the public property of their fellow citizens, and to neglect the duties of their own ſtation, without admitting themſelves to be accountable or reſponſible, in any way, to thoſe whoſe intereſts, ſecurity, and contentment formed the only pretence for the exiſting of any power, or ſuperiority in thoſe perſons—a power and ſuperiority neceſſarily forfeited the moment thoſe objects were not attended to. The exiſtence of thoſe evils was proved by the petitions; the want of a remedy by the deciſions of the courts of Judicature in Scotland, it having been determined, both in the Court of Seſſion and in the Court of Exchequer, that, as the law of Scotland ſtood, there was no remedy for evils and abuſes which both Courts admitted to exiſt, and to be productive of the worſt conſequences to the general intereſts of the community.

Surely

Surely then, Mr Sheridan obſerved, if ever there was a juſtifiable ground of application to the Legiſlature of any country, it is when thoſe who are intruſted with the adminiſtration of the laws acknowledge the prevalence of ſome great abuſe, and at the ſame time acknowledge that there exiſts no legal mode of obtaining a remedy for it. Mr Sheridan then explained the nature of the remedy propoſed, in the bill he wiſhed to ſubmit to their conſideration. His object, for the preſent ſeſſion, was only to give the members an opportunity of informing themſelves; for which purpoſe, he ſhould be content to have his bill, which he then held in his hand, read a firſt time and printed. Mr Sheridan made a handſome compliment to the character, firmneſs, and moderation of the petitioners, and to the abilities and exertions of the gentlemen they had employed to manage their buſineſs; concluding with a hope, that, forgetting all national diſtinctions, and narrow prejudices, he ſhould find, on the next diſcuſſion of the ſubject, a very general diſpoſition to diffuſe principles of civil liberty to that part of the united kingdom which had hitherto partaken in our glory and in our dangers, without ſharing the equal bleſſings of civil liberty, to which England was ſo much in debted.

He then moved,

"That leave be given to bring in a bill for correcting the abuſes and ſupplying the defects in the internal government of the Royal Boroughs, and in the manner of accounting for the property, annual revenues, and the expenditure of the ſame."

Sir James Johnſton would not give his conſent to the bringing of the bill, being convinced that the evil complained of in the firſt part of the Hon. Gentleman's ſpeech did not exiſt, and that the latter part was unneceſſary, it being now in the power of the Lord Advocate of Scotland to compel an accurate ſtatement of the revenues of each borough.

Mr Anſtruther ſaid, it was to him a matter of indifference, whether the motion for admitting the bill the preſent ſeſſion was or not agreed to, being convinced, that, in the preſent ſeſſion, it could not paſs; and that in the next he ſhould have an opportunity of oppoſing it, if propoſed. He obſerved, that his Hon. Friend (Mr Sheridan) always brought the buſineſs forward at the cloſe of the ſeſſion, when it was impoſſible to be paſſed. His Hon. Friend had ſtated no ſpecific grievances; he had confined himſelf to a general ſtatement of grievances, to which he (Mr Anſtruther) entirely objected, being fully convinced that no ſuch grievances exiſted. With whatever ſpecious appearance his Hon. Friend brought in the preſent bill, it went effectually to a change in the election of repreſentatives to ſerve in Parliament. His Hon. Friend not having gone into detail to ſupport his bill, he ſhould not enter into detail in oppoſition to it; and rather, as he did not believe his Hon. Friend really meant to carry into effect the bill he had moved for leave to bring in. With reſpect to the accounts of the revenue moved for, he fully agreed with the Hon. Baronet (Sir James Johnſtone) oppoſite to him, that thoſe accounts might be now demanded by the Lord Advocate of Scotland, who could inſiſt upon the delivery of them, in the ſame manner as the Attorney General in England might demand an account to be made out of the revenues of the corporations in England; believing his Hon. Friend did not really mean to carry the bill as he propoſed, he would at preſent offer no further objections to it.

Mr Sheridan in reply ſaid, that at the cloſe of the laſt ſeſſion, no ſuch motion as the preſent had been offered,

ed, the petitions had been only preſented. He had that day ſtated it to be his intention only to move for the bill, that it might be in poſſeſſion of members during the receſs; and having ſo ſtated his intention, he had conceived it wholly unneceſſary to enter into the particular detail of the bill. His Hon. Friend (Mr Anſtruther) had declared his doubts of the exiſtence of the grievances complained of; the only anſwer he would give to ſuch doubt was, that upwards of 9000 reſpectable perſons had declared to the Houſe that ſuch evils did exiſt. He concluded by quoting the opinion of a Judge in ſupport of the declaration of the petitions, which was in ſubſtance, that for want of a proper regulation in the Boroughs, trade was diſcouraged, religion neglected, and every other thing to which the attention of the Magiſtrates ought to be turned, wholly diſregarded.

Sir Thomas Dundas made ſeveral obſervations upon what had fallen from Mr Dundas and Mr Anſtruther. Mr Dundas, he ſaid, was particularly deſirous to ſee the bill; that deſire might be eaſily ſatisfied, for the bill meant to be brought in, was preciſely the ſame in principle with that propoſed by the Corporation of Stirling, when the Honourable Gentleman was Lord Advocate.—With reſpect to that part of the bill which went to demand a ſtatement annually of the revenues of the Boroughs, he was convinced of its neceſſity. He had received accounts of various defaults in thoſe revenues, particularly in the Borough, amongſt the electors for which ſtood the name of his Hon. Friend below him (Mr John Anſtruther.) He concluded for the motion.

Mr Dundas replied.

Sir Joſeph Mawbey gave his hearty concurrence to the bill, conceiving it would be the means of extending the rights of electors in boroughs. He wiſhed the Honourable Baronet (Sir T. Dundas), or ſome other gentleman, would boldly ſtand forward, and propoſe an extenſion of the rights of election for Scots Knights of the Shire; ſuch a meaſure, if carried, would be of the moſt impartant ſervice, and of the greateſt honour to the mover.

Sir James Erſkine was adverſe to the motion.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer ſaid, that wiſhing to know the contents of the bill, he was as deſirous as any gentleman could be, to have the motion agreed to; if it went to a reform, it would be one reaſon to induce him to be partial to it; to the latter part he objected, conceiving the Houſe would be guilty of a violent action in charging the Boroughs with abuſes, and giving a countenance to an infringement of their charters, before ſuch abuſes were made to appear. By what he had ſtated, he meant to urge no obſtruction to the bill, but merely to ſuggeſt to the Honourable Gentleman the propriety of adopting ſome other mode, by Committee, or otherwiſe, that might be more conſiſtent with the forms of the Houſe.

Mr Sheridan ſaid, what had fallen from the Honourable Gentleman (Mr Pitt) was perfectly fair and candid; he believed, that the Honourable Gentleman's objection went only to a few words in the latter part of the motion, in which he ſaw no novelty or deviation from rule; but to gain the Right Honourable Gentleman's acquieſcence, he was willing to alter the motion, as the Right Honourable Gentleman had recommended.

The amended motion was then put, "That leave be given to bring in a bill for regulating the Internal Government of the Royal Boroughs in Scotland."

Sir James Johnſtone objecting to the motion, the Houſe divided, Ayes 54, Noes, 2.

Mr

Mr Sheridan brought up his bill, which was read a firſt time, and ordered to be printed.

On motion it was ordered,

"That there be laid before this "Houſe, copies of the Charters and "Setts of the Royal Burghs of Scot- "land notorially copied."

*Weſtminſter, July* 11.

THIS day his Majeſty came to the Houſe of Peers, and being in his Royal robes, ſeated on the throne with the uſual ſolemnity, and the Commons being come thither, his Majeſty was pleaſed to give the Royal aſſent to an act to regulate, for a limited time, the ſhipping and carrying ſlaves, in Britiſh veſſels, from the coaſt of Africa.

After which his Majeſty was pleaſed to make the following moſt gracious ſpeech:

*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

In the preſent advanced ſeaſon of the year, and after the laborious attendance which the public buſineſs has required of you, I think it neceſſary to put an end to the preſent ſeſſion of Parliament.—I cannot do this without expreſſing the ſatisfaction with which I have obſerved the uniform and diligent attention to the welfare of my people, which has appeared in all your proceedings.

*Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons,*

The chearfulneſs and unanimity with which you have granted the neceſſary ſupplies, demand my particular acknowledgements. It muſt afford you the greateſt ſatisfaction that you have been enabled, without any addition to the burdens of my people, to provide for the extraordinary exigencies of the laſt year, in addition to the current demands of the public ſervice, and to the ſum annually appropriated to the reduction of the national debt.

*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

I ſee with concern, the continuance of the war between Ruſſia and the Porte, in which the Emperor has taken a part. But the general ſtate of Europe, and the aſſurances which I receive from foreign powers, afford me every reaſon to expect that my ſubjects will continue to enjoy the bleſſings of peace.

The engagements which I have recently entered into with my good brother the King of Pruſſia, and thoſe with the States General of the United Provinces, which have already been communicated to you, are directed to this object, which I have uniformly in view, and they will, I truſt, be productive of the ſecurity and welfare of my own dominions, and in contributing to the general welfare of Europe.

The Lord Chancellor, by his Majeſty's command, ſaid,

It is his Majeſty's Royal will and pleaſure, that this Parliament be prorogued to Thurſday the twenty-fifth day of September next.

*Whitehall, July* 12.

The King has been pleaſed to conſtitute and appoint the Right Hon. John Earl of Chatham, Richard Hopkins, Eſq; the Hon. John Jeffries Pratt (commonly called Lord Viſcount Bayham;) John Leveſon Gower, Eſq; Rear Admiral of the Blue; the Hon. Henry Bathurſt (commonly called Lord Apſley;) the Right Hon. Charles George Lord Arden, of the kingdem of Ireland; and the Right Hon. Samuel Lord Hood, of the ſame kingdom, Vice Admiral of the Blue, to be his Majeſty's Commiſſioners for executing the office of High Admiral of the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland.

July 1. died, at his houſe in Harley Street, Cavendiſh Square, the Right Honourable Thomas Twiſleton, Lord Say and Sele.

A certain nobleman, who departed this life July 1. was of the moſt amiable

amiable diſpoſition. Greatly to the grief of his friends, he had, for a conſiderable time previous to his death, appeared in a melancholy ſtate of mind. When interrogated concerning the cauſe, he anſwered in abrupt ſentences: That ſomething tended very much to deſtroy his happineſs: That tho' he was Colonel of a regiment, yet he could not, from various circumſtances, of profound ſecrecy to himſelf, perform his duty: That what perturbed him could not be communicated to any perſon. That, ſurrounded with thoſe inſurmountable difficulties, he wiſhed himſelf rid of a life in which he ſaw nothing but inquietude. His Lordſhip continued in this unhappy delirium for ſome time, when at length he took the ſad reſolution of putting a period to his exiſtence. He ſtabbed himſelf in the belly with a bayonet, and expired very ſoon after. The fatal inſtrument which his Lordſhip uſed, was the very ſame which the renowned Hawke took from Conflans. It is ornamented in a moſt ſuperb manner, and in value about one thouſand pounds Sterling.

## *ABERDEEN.*

The Univerſity and King's College of Aberdeen have conferred the degree of Doctor in Divinity on the Reverend Mr GILBERT GERARD, Miniſter of the Engliſh eſtabliſhed Church in Amſterdam.

At Stonehaven, Thurſday June 19. Robert Barclay Allardyce, Eſq; of Ury was unanimouſly elected Repreſentative in Parliament for the County of Kincardine, in the room of the right hon. Lord Adam Gordon, who vacated his ſeat by accepting the office of Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds.

The Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, at London, have adjudged a gold medal to be given to the right hon. Earl of Fife, for his plantations in the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray, amounting to 5,224,951 trees;—and the Society adjudged a ſilver medal to Profeſſor Roſs of King's College, for Obſervations on the Turnip-rooted Cabbage.

On the 2d of July, Mr John Gordon, ſon to Lieutenant Francis Gordon, Mill of Lumphart, was admitted one of the Depute Sheriff Clerks for the county of Aberdeen.

A Chicken was lately hatched at Stonhaven, with two heads and four legs, all diſtinctly formed. It would probably have lived, if a ſuperſtitious abhorrence which ſome people have at any preternatural or monſtrous appearance, had not induced the owner to kill it.

On Sunday 15th June, died David Menzies, Eſq; of Concraig.

Died on Monday the 16th June, much and juſtly regretted, John Falconer, Eſq; of Durn. His death was occaſioned by a fall from his horſe.

June 23d died, at Mains of Murthle, Mr Robert Brand of Murthle, formerly merchant in Aberdeen.

On Sunday the 29th of June, died at Cowie, Alexander Innes, Eſq; of Breda, Commiſſary of Aberdeen.

Saturday July 19. died, Mr John Donald, merchant, one of the baillies of this city.

On the 6th of July, Miſs Katie Dalyell, ſiſter of James Dalyell, Eſq; of Barncroth, was unfortunately drowned as ſhe was bathing in the river Ythan near Ellon.

On Friday 27th of June, James Grant was hanged here in purſuance of his ſentence at laſt circuit, for ſhop breaking.

THE

# ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

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## THE TRIFLER, No. XVI.

*Auguſt* 14, 1788.

A MISCELLANEOUS PAPER—ON EMPLOYMENTS—VARIETY—INSTANCED IN VARIOUS CASES—INTELLECTUAL EMPLOYMENT——DEDUCTIONS AND REFLECTIONS FROM THE WHOLE.

THAT the mind of man is diſpoſed to activity; that life itſelf, to be diſtinguiſhed from mere exiſtence, muſt be a life of activity, has been univerſally acknowledged. Even *triflers* will perſuade us that they are earneſt, anxious, and buſy. Every face we meet is a face of buſineſs; for when we find that as there are ſome men whoſe buſineſs is pleaſure, ſo there are others whoſe pleaſure is buſineſs, we muſt conclude that there is no ſuch being in the world as a perfectly idle man. But this I am afraid is a concluſion too favourable to be admitted, becauſe it may ſeem to excuſe thoſe who would be glad to be excuſed any-how for their idleneſs. Thus it is, however, that many men deceive themſelves and others into an opinion that they are fulfilling the end of their being, while they are but amuſing an idle inclination, or gratifying a profligate affection. They think idleneſs is merely a relative term, a word to be underſtood juſt as people chuſe to interpret each for himſelf. The day labourer thinks the tradeſman in his ſhop is a very idle fellow; the tradeſman thinks the ſcholar is ſtill more idle; and the ſcholar thinks that the labour of the hand, or the buſineſs of a ſhop, are but indolence and mere animal motion, when compared to theſe fatigues of the mind which he experiences every day. Many men conſider the *beau* at the tavern as a very idle fellow; but the beau is very far from thinking ſo, for by the time he has emptied two or three bottles of wine, he boaſts of having performed a labour greater than any of the twelve aſcribed to Hercules. The fox hunter will by very many be deemed an idle fellow; but how can we perſuade a man to think himſelf idle, who had rode fifty miles acroſs two counties after a poor animal called a hare, or a fox, or a buck? There

There is no perſuading a man that he has been idle whoſe bones ache with the fatigues of the day. Even the gambler who has been up all night at the pharo or whiſt table, will be very far from thinking he has been idle, and his demand for ſleep and refreſhment is as urgent as that of the plowman, or the bricklayer. Thus every man fancies he has been doing ſomething, and if you take their word for it, there is ſcarcely ſuch a character to be found as an idle man.

But men would not vindicate their own employments, if they duly reflected that we are made for others as well as for ourſelves, and for another life as well as for the preſent—that the time employed on our own gratifications is loſt to others, and that a greater ſource of intellectual enjoyment is to be found in ſocial than in ſelfiſh delights; that it is the duty of every man to be uſeful, and that what is our duty will ſoon be rendered our pleaſure. No man will compare the pleaſures of the miſer with thoſe of the benevolent man, for they can bear no compariſon. The one with ſlender means takes every opportunity to do good; the other with abundant ſupplies lives for himſelf alone. And the employments of men in general ought to be brought to the ſtandard of utility. If they can after examination be proved to be uſeful to others as well as to themſelves, they will not be conſidered as idle; but if otherwiſe, they will not only be deemed idle, but pernicious. *Omiſſion* is a crime as well as *commiſſion*, for how many idle men do we find who are not at the ſame time miſchievous? Senſible parents ſend their children very early to ſchool, it may be too early to learn much; but they are thereby employed, and as the good mothers ſay, "kept out of harm's way."

The endleſs demand for employment, the neceſſity we all experience of doing ſomething, naturally leads me to conſider VARIETY as a principle pervading all the works of nature and of men. We travel becauſe other countries are unlike our own; we build houſes becauſe we diſlike thoſe already built, which we have been long accuſtomed to ſee: we change our company, becauſe in the ſame caſes they will always be the ſame. In every thing we do, we conſult variety; we are diſguſted with ſameneſs. The eye, the ear, all our ſenſes are formed for variety. The eye cannot look on one object long without pain; the ear is ſooner diſguſted, becauſe not having the command of objects from without—and as to the taſte, ſhall I appeal to epicures, to the Heliogaboluſes of modern times, to prove with me how various our taſtes are in meats? without the aſſiſtance of thoſe gentlemen, do we not find, even the moſt temperate of us, that the ſame food will not long pleaſe? Variety too is the ſource of our mental attachments. Where ſhall we find two men, or women alike in every reſpect? How infinite the varieties of the human face, temper, genius! How wiſely has providence adapted our minds to receive pleaſure from the VARIETY of the works of nature! The viciſſitudes of the ſeaſons too may be mentioned as another ſource of pleaſure. In winter we long for the mild ſerenity, the warmth, and the ſocial enjoyments of ſummer, our accuſtomed walks and jaunts and little excurſions—ſatisfied with theſe, we again long for the comforts of a winter-fireſide, the merry jeſt, the harmleſs play, and the other attendants on that inhoſpitable ſeaſon. They in their turn depart gradually and without regret. They who diſpute which ſeaſon of the four is preferable, forget that every ſeaſon has its charms, and that the abſence of any of the four would take from the enjoyment of the reſt.

The

The ſtated returns of ſleep may be alſo enumerated among the comforts of life which ariſe from variety. But let it be remembered that vice and immorality, an accuſing conſcience, and a diſappointed malevolence "have murdered ſleep;" and that a pure and ſerene mind, peace of conſcience, and the recollection of a well ſpent day—theſe only give to ſleep its balmy influence and its invigorating qualities, and make its return welcome.

But it is not in objects of ſenſe only that we perceive the pervading principle of VARIETY. The intellectual labours of men diſplay a ſource of employment, of amuſement, of pleaſure, and of knowledge, which the age of man nor of the world cannot exhauſt. This fund we may draw upon many a diſtant year, when the joys of youth and the exerciſes of manhood have ceaſed to pleaſe, when health decays, when friends are taken from us, and when the world and all its pleaſures begin to depart. Let the infidel aſſert, becauſe he may *wiſh* it, that all exiſtence ends here, but where is the happineſs of man, or the dignity of his nature, if all is to end *here?* That deſire of knowledge, and capacity to receive it, which remains with us to the laſt hour of a long life, afford a proof, and a pleaſing one, that we are made for a future ſtate of exiſtence, where that which has limits here, ſhall be unbounded, and where that which "paſſeth underſtanding" here, ſhall be revealed with perfect knowledge and with perfect conviction.

In thoſe immenſe intellectual ſtores which have been handed down from age to age, and to which the preſent century has made large and valuable additions, every poſſible variety of genius will find ample employment, and employment which muſt be changing from day to day, and which will not be completed when we come to die. Many accidents may throw us into ſolitude; many adverſities may bring on ſorrow, but he who has cultivated his mind will find reſources there which ſolitude will call forth, and ſorrow cannot leſſen. That man is to be pitied whoſe life is a life of mere amuſement, although ever ſo harmleſs. His mind is a ground either perfectly barren or full of weeds. He has not ſtrength to cultivate it, nor does he know how. View that man in ſickneſs, and you will find him without patience; viſit him when in ſorrow, and you will find him without reſolution, incapable of action or of ſuffering. Whoever has in youth acquired a habit of reading, let him never depart from it; amidſt the hurry of buſineſs, and ſurrounded by the cares of life, he may always find time ſufficient to keep the habit from dying away. Many worthy men, advanced in years, have told me that they much regret the relinquiſhing their habits of reading. And it is heavily to be regreted. Men who do ſo, find all their enjoyment in company; but company is not always to be enjoyed; a thouſand caprices interrupt our ſocial hours, and he who depends on them, depends on that which cannot laſt. The hour of ſolitude and of meditation *muſt* come; the ſick bed is not the reſort of the gay, nor are amuſements the ſolace of a miſerable man.

After theſe few remarks on the VARIETY of comforts which human life affords, it remains to be mentioned, that there is no gift of nature, no indulgence permitted by heaven, but what by abuſe becomes deteſtable and vicious. The complaints of infelicity would be leſs frequent, if we conſidered that our happineſs muſt ariſe from within, and not from external objects. We were made for ſociety, and for promoting the happineſs of one another; but no man can add to the happineſs of another, who has deſtroyed his own; wiſdom and happineſs are ſo nearly connect-

ed, that where we find themſeparated we may ſuſpect that the one is not ſound, and the other not permanent. Let that extreme anxiety for happineſs be exchanged for an equal anxiety to perform the duties of life, for it is from the latter only that we can derive conſciouſneſs of innocence, without which wiſdom is but ſplendid madneſs, and pleaſure is deluſion. Talents are no longer valuable, becauſe they are no longer uſeful, than while they contribute to elevate our natures; while the man of plain underſtanding, of moderate genius and of unabated aſſiduity, be his ſtation in life what it may, will deſerve to be ranked among the beſt benefactors to mankind.

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*New and Intereſting* PARTICULARS *of the* LIFE *of*

## Captain JAMES COOK.

(Continued from page 459.)

WHILE Mr Cook was maſter of the Northumberland under lord Colvill, that ſhip came to Newfoundland, in September, 1762, to aſſiſt in the re-capture of the iſland from the French, by the forces under the command of lieutenant-colonel Amherſt. When the iſland was recovered, the Engliſh fleet ſtaid ſome days at Placentia, in order to put it in a more complete ſtate of defence. During this time Mr Cook manifeſted a diligence in ſurveying the harbour and heights of the place, which arreſted the notice of captain (now Admiral) Graves, commander of the Antelope, and governor of Newfoundland. The governor was hence induced to aſk Cook a variety of queſtions, from the anſwers to which he was led to entertain a very favourable opinion of his abilities. This opinion was increaſed, the more he ſaw of Mr Cook's conduct; who, wherever they went, continued to diſplay the moſt unremitting attention to every object that related to the knowledge of the coaſt, and which was calculated to facilitate the practice of navigation. The eſteem which captain Graves had conceived for him, was confirmed by the teſtimonies to his character that were given by all the officers under whom he ſerved.

In the latter end of 1762, Mr Cook returned to England: and, on the 21ſt of December, in the ſame year, married, at Barking in Eſſex, Miſs Elizabeth Batts, an amiable and deſerving woman, who was juſtly entitled to, and enjoyed his tendereſt regard and affection. But his ſtation in life, and the high duties to which he was called, did not permit him to partake of matrimonial felicity without many and very long interruptions.

Early in the year of 1763, after the peace with France and Spain was concluded, it was determined that captain Graves ſhould go out again, as governor of Newfoundland. As the country was very valuable in a commercial view, and had been an object of great contention between the Engliſh and the French, the captain obtained an eſtabliſhment for the ſurvey of its coaſts; which, however, he procured with ſome difficulty, becauſe the matter was not ſufficiently underſtood by government at home. In conſidering the execution of the plan, Mr Cook appeared to Captain Graves to be a proper perſon for the purpoſe; and propoſals were made to him, to which, notwithſtanding his recent marriage, he readily and prudently acceded. Accordingly he went out with the Captain as ſurveyor; and was firſt employed to ſurvey Miquelon and St Pierre, which had been ceded by the treaty to the French, who, by order of adminiſtration,

tion, were to take poſſeſſion of them at a certain period, even though the Engliſh commander ſhould not happen to be arrived in the country. When captain Graves had reached that part of the world, he found there already the governor who had been ſent from France (Monſ. d'Anjac), with all the ſettlers and his own family, on board a frigate and ſome tranſports. It was contrived, however, to keep them in that diſagreeable ſituation for a whole month, which was the time taken by Mr Cook to complete his ſurvey. When the buſineſs was finiſhed, the French were put into poſſeſſion of the two iſlands, and left in the quiet enjoyment of them, with every profeſſion of civility.

At the end of the ſeaſon, Mr Cook returned to England, but did not long continue at home. In the beginning of the year 1764, his old and conſtant friend and patron, Sir Hugh Palliſer, was appointed governor and commodore of Newfoundland and Labradore: upon which occaſion he was glad to take Mr Cook with him in the ſame capacity that he had ſuſtained under captain Graves. Indeed, no man could have been found who was better qualified for finiſhing the deſign which had been begun in the preceding year. The charts of the coaſts in that part of North America, were very erroneous; and it was highly neceſſary to the trade and navigation of his majeſty's ſubjects, that new ones ſhould be formed, which would be more correct and uſeful. Accordingly, under the orders of commodore Palliſer, Mr Cook was appointed, on the 18th of April, 1764, marine ſurveyor of Newfoundland and Labradore: and he had a veſſel, the Grenville ſchooner, to attend him for that purpoſe How well he executed his commiſſion is known to every man acquainted with navigation. The charts which he afterwards publiſhed of the different ſurveys he had made, reflected great credit on his abilities and character, and the utility of them is univerſally acknowledged. It is underſtood that, ſo far as Newfoundland is concerned, they were of conſiderable ſervice to the king's miniſters, in ſettling the terms of the laſt peace. Mr Cook explored the inland parts of this iſland in a much completer manner than had ever been done before. By penetrating farther into the middle of the country than any man had hitherto attempted, he diſcovered ſeveral large lakes, which are indicated upon the general chart. In theſe ſervices Mr Cook appears to have been employed, with the intervals of occaſionally returning to England for the winter ſeaſon, till the year 1767, which was the laſt time that he went out upon his ſtation of marine ſurveyor of Newfoundland. It muſt not be omitted, that, while he occupied this poſt, he had an opportunity of exhibiting to the Royal Society a proof of his progreſs in the ſtudy of aſtronomy. A ſhort paper was written by him, and inſerted in the fifty-ſeventh volume of the Philoſophical Tranſactions, entitled, 'An Obſervation of an Eclipſe of the Sun at the iſland of Newfoundland, Auguſt 5, 1766, with the longitude of the place of Obſervation deduced from it.' The obſervation was made at one of the Burgeo iſlands, near Cape Ray, in latitude 47 36 19, on the ſouth-weſt extremity of Newfoundland. Mr Cook's paper having been communicated by Dr Bevis to Mr Witchell, the latter gentleman compared it with an obſervation taken at Oxford, by the Rev. Mr Hornſby, on the ſame eclipſe, and thence computed the difference of longitude reſpecting the places of obſervation, making due allowance for the effect of parallax, and the prolate ſpheroidal figure of the earth, ſo that our navigator had already obtained the character of being an able mathematician.

(To be continued.)

*Anec*

## *Anecdotes of* FREDERICK *the* GREAT, *late King of* PRUSSIA.

(Continued from page 475.)

THE king being fond of jeſting, uſed frequently to beſtow his favours in a jocoſe manner, on thoſe who enjoyed the honour of his particular attachment. One day when the ſtate miniſter, and the firſt maſter of the horſe, Count Schwerin, dined with him, the king ſaid; "I know you are fond of going to church; but tell me pray what do you think of God?" The count replied, "Pleaſe your Majeſty, I have always thought God to be gracious, but now I have altered my opinion." "For what reaſon, pray?" "That otherwiſe he would not have ſuffered my eſtates to he burnt down." Here the king broke off the converſation. The following day, he aſked the count: "Do you know how to explain dreams?" "Not very well, ſire." "I had a dream laſt night." "Indeed!" ſays the count. "I have converſed with God; what does that mean?" "I do not know how to explain it, ſire, unleſs I could divine the ſubject of your Majeſty's converſation with God." "Well then, I converſed with God, and he bade me re-build the burnt eſtates of count Schwerin. Since he has ordered it ſo, I have already aſſigned the needful ſum, and given proper directions for that purpoſe." "I return my humble thanks to your Majeſty," replied the count. "But pray," ſays the king, "what is now your opinion of God?" "The ſame again, as it was at firſt, viz. That he is gracious, and that your Majeſty is the inſtrument of his grace towards me; wherefore my warmeſt thanks are but too feeble."

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The Princeſs Elizabeth of Pruſſia, had ordered ſome rich ſilk for a gown, from Lyons, in France; but foreign ſilks being totally prohibited in the Pruſſian dominions, the exciſe officer had the temerity to ſeize and confiſcate the ſame. The princeſs, very much irritated by this behaviour, ſent the officer word, ſhe was willing to pay the penalty, and requeſted that he himſelf would bring the ſilk.—He obeyed—ſhe took the gown from him—and giving him a ſmart box on the ear, ordered him to be turned out of the apartment. The officer, thinking his honour wounded, had a long complaint drawn up by a lawyer, reſpecting this caſe, which he delivered to the king. To which he gave the following anſwer: "I agree to loſe the duty—Let the princeſs keep the ſilk—and the officer the box on the ear; as to his being diſhonoured, I declare the touch of a fair hand cannot diſhonour the face of an exciſe officer."

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On the introduction of a new hymn book, four pariſhes petitioned the king for permiſſion to uſe the old one, with which they were much better acquainted; and received the following anſwer:——

"His Majeſty, our moſt gracious ſovereign, is too ſenſible of the invaluable privilege of a reaſonable and prudent toleration in religious matters, to take amiſs the petition of the four pariſhes, delivered by them on the 14th inſtant, and much leſs to oppoſe the ſame. His Majeſty on the contrary, is of opinion, that the duty of every good ſovereign, and father of his country, makes it a poſitive and unalterable law, to give full liberty to his ſubjects to believe and to arrange their worſhip as they pleaſe; but ſo far only, as their doctrines and religious ceremonies are not contrary to the peace of our ſtate, or to the good morals of our country. Therefore, his Majeſty will not ſuffer any conſtraint

ſtraint to prevail in the churches, reſpecting the catechiſm or hymn-books, but is pleaſed to allow, that every creed ſhall be and remain entirely at his ſubjects diſcretion. And yet the new catechiſm, and the new hymn-book, are, perhaps, more intelligible, more rational, and more conſiſtent with true religion; as ſo many other pariſhes, at the head of which are ſo many perſons of an eſtabliſhed reputation, have given the preference to the latter. The ſaid four pariſhes, therefore, may make themſelves very eaſy; ſince, as already mentioned, they, as well as their fellow-ſubjects, are perfectly at liberty to believe, and to ſing whatever pſalms they pleaſe.

FREDERICK."

*Berlin, 18th Jan.* 1781.

The King's own poſtſcript.

" Every one may believe what he pleaſes if he is but honeſt. Reſpecting the hymn-book, every body is at liberty to ſing——

† At preſent all the woodlands ſleep;
Men, beaſts, and towns, and fields, &c.

or ſuch ſimilar nonſenſical and fooliſh ſtuff. And the prieſts are not to forget toleration; for their hobby-horſe *perſecution* will never be ſuffered in my dominions. FREDERICK."

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The marſhal of the court, the count v—d S***, ſolicited the king, that his Majeſty would be pleaſed to prefer his ſon in the military line.

The king returned to the count the following Cabinet Order:

" Wellborn, beloved, faithful!

" I have obſerved the ſolicitation reſpecting your ſon, by your letter of the 22d May; and muſt tell you, that long ago I have given orders to admit no counts whatever into my army; becauſe, after having ſerved one or two years, they generally return home. If your ſon really wiſhes to ſerve, his title muſt have nothing to do with his military duty; nor can he ever advance if he does not ſtudy his profeſſion.

I m your affectionate King,

FREDERICK."

The King's own poſtſcript.

" Young noblemen who learn nothing, are ignoramuſes, in all countries. In England, the king's own ſon is now but a midſhipman on board a man of war, to learn the duties of the ſervice. If, therefore, any thing is to be done for the count, in order to his becoming uſeful to the world in general, and his country in particular, he muſt never be vain of his birth and an empty title, for this is mere nonſenſe; all muſt depend on his perſonal merit. FREDERICK."

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The magiſtrate of a little village, in the marquiſate of Brandenburg, committed a burgher to priſon, who was charged with having blaſphemed God, the king, and the magiſtrate. The burgomaſter reported the ſame to the king, in order to know what puniſhment ſuch a criminal deſerved. The following ſentence was written by his Majeſty in the margin:

" That the priſoner has blaſphemed God, is a ſure proof he does not know him; that he has blaſphemed me, I willingly forgive; but for his blaſpheming the magiſtrate, he ſhall be puniſhed in an exemplary manner, and committed to Spandau ‡ *for half an hour.* FREDERICK."

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In a church of one of the Roman catholic cities in Sileſia, it was frequently obſerved, that, of the offerings brought to the Virgin Mary, ſeveral were miſſing. After many endeavours to find out the thief, the clerk noticed a ſoldier, who was generally

† An old evening hymn, well known in moſt parts of Germany.

‡ This is a famous fortification, where ſtate-priſoners and criminals are uſually impriſoned.

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the firſt and the laſt perſon in the church. He was therefore ſtopt, and ſome things offered found upon him. Notwithſtanding this, he denied the theft, and boldly aſſerted, that the Virgin Mary, to whom he always applied when in want, had, in the night-time, brought theſe pieces of ſilver to his lodgings. This ſubterfuge was not liſtened to; but a court-martial adjudged him to a ſevere puniſhment. When the ſentence was laid before the king for confirmation, he ordered enquiry to be made, of ſome of the catholic eccleſiaſtics, whether, according to the doctrines of their church, ſuch a caſe was to be allowed poſſible? The anſwer was unanimous—"Miracles, though they happened but ſeldom, are not impoſſible." Whereupon the king wrote under the ſentence: "The pretended criminal is abſolved from puniſhment while he perſiſts in denying the theft; as, according to the declaration of theologiſts of their own perſuaſion, ſuch a miracle is not deemed impoſſible. But, for the future I forbid him, on pain of ſevere puniſhment, ever to accept any thing, either from the Virgin Mary, or from any other ſaint whatever. FREDERICK."

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His Majeſty being *incognito* at Amſterdam, wiſhed to ſpeak to a banker, who was to pay him a conſiderable ſum of money. He therefore went to his houſe; but not finding him at home, the banker's wife ſaid he would ſoon be back, and if he choſe, he might wait in the parlour; the door of which ſhe opened. The king, who did not diſcover himſelf to the lady, accepted her propoſal; but was not in the leaſt aware of the compliment he was going to receive; for ſhe begged him to leave his ſhoes at the door*. The king ſcraped and wiped them as clean as poſſible: but in vain, he was at laſt obliged to ſubmit to the ceremony. The lady was not polite enough to ſtay with him till her huſband returned, which was ſhortly after, and who was much aſtoniſhed to ſee the monarch under his roof; but was near ſinking with ſhame, when he ſaw him without his ſhoes. Throwing himſelf on his knees, to beg pardon for his wife: "Heavens, why did not your Majeſty diſcover yourſelf?" "Quite contrary," ſaid the king, "I took pains not to do it; for the King of Pruſſia himſelf could not have releaſed me from this little ceremony." In this he was not deceived. The banker's wife was called. "What have you done, exclaimed the huſband?" informing her of the quality of his viſitor. "Down on your knees, and beg pardon for your rudeneſs." Well, ſays ſhe, I cannot help it: kings and queens muſt—don't I pull off my ſhoes, although the miſtreſs of the apartment?" "You are perfectly right, madam," anſwered the beſt of kings. "Now my dear ſir, are you convinced? I was certain that my ſubmiſſion, and keeping *incognito* would ſave the King of Pruſſia from diſgrace."

(To be continued.)

* A cuſtom in all the elegant houſes in Holland.

## *On the* SCOTCH FISHERIES.

### LETTER XI.

WERE fiſhing veſſels to furniſh themſelves with theſe, beſide the advantage of keeping bait alive, by being put into them immediately off hooks, or out of nets, perhaps turbot (as well as ſalmon, eels, and other fiſh) may alſo be preſerved alive in them, at leaſt for ſome days, until having a few of them, it were found neceſſary to run for ſome part of the coaſt, where proper conveniences were erected, for keep-

keeping them until put on board a veſſel having a well, unleſs opportunities of doing ſo at ſea ſhall happen, which may be frequent upon the eaſt coaſt, during the ſpring and ſummer, when well-ſmacks are actually paſſing and repaſſing to and from London, with freſh and kitted ſalmon, almoſt weekly; the owners of which, being London fiſhmongers, would certainly be ready to contract for them in any quantity that could be furniſhed, and give reaſonable prices for them, proportioned to their ſizes, and would perhaps order their ſmacks to cruize a few days occaſionally, to receive them into their wells as ſoon after being taken as poſſible.

In the event of having any conſiderable number of turbot in theſe machines or diving boats, when it were coming to blow, rather than loſe them by being taken on board, when they would die, perhaps, upon trial, it may be found that, by adding a certain proportion of weight to them, they may be ſunk 10, 15, or 20 fathoms under the ſurface, and prevent the fiſh from being injured by the agitation of the waves, which will be much leſs felt below than above; to prevent their going farther down than intended, they may be ſuſpended by a pretty large buoy, ſlung by the ſtem and ſtern of them.

Were this method found to ſucceed, and that it may do ſo in part I can hardly doubt, the advantage that will reſult to the fiſhery by preſerving, and to the public by being furniſhed at home with this moſt valuable of all ſmall fiſh, beſides other ſpecies, will be great. It is equally applicable to the Highland fiſhery as to that of the eaſt coaſt; although ſituated farther from London, yet thoſe got on the north and north-weſt end of the iſland may be ſent there, or, with thoſe got farther ſouth, ſent to Glaſgow, Liverpool, Briſtol, and ſo to Bath, &c.

When we ſhall attend to our true intereſt, and proſecute our fiſheries in ſuch veſſels as I have deſcribed, or any other that experience ſhall find fitteſt for the purpoſe, our captures will increaſe to an aſtoniſhing amount, and the quality will be found exceedingly improved; for it is the weakeſt of all kinds of fiſh got either in a ſhallow water or near the land, the ſtrongeſt and the beſt at a little diſtance; it will alſo enable us to avail ourſelves of ſundry other branches of it, to aſſiſt and ſupport the buſineſs.

For inſtance, the ſun-fiſh, or baſking ſhark, is very valuable on account of the great quantity of oil their livers yield. Few of them are taken at preſent, in proportion to what might be, by veſſels conſtantly driving about at ſea, were they furniſhed with proper harpoons and lines, with a few light lances or ſpears. As they frequently lie upon the ſurface of the water, they are to be ſeen at a diſtance, when the veſſel may either ſail or row up to them; and as they are ſo ſtupid or fearleſs, although quite inoffenſive, they are not eaſily alarmed, but allow themſelves to be ſtruck in any part the harpooner chuſes. By the preſent practice, it would appear, it frequently takes many hours to kill them; but were a few of the crew furniſhed with ſpears, and all inflicting wounds at the time the harpoon was ſtruck, it would make a ſhort proceſs, and ſoon diſpatch them.

It is well known, that whales of various ſpecies, and ſome of them large ones, frequent both the eaſt, weſt, and north coaſts of Scotland, during the ſummer and autumn months; true it is, they are much more active and reſtleſs, conſequently give leſs chance and fewer opportunities of ſtriking them, than it appears they do in the earlier part of the ſeaſon, and farther to the northward; but I would fondly hope,

and means may be fallen upon to get ſome of them. If the poor Indians at and to the north of Kamſchatka, in their ſmall canoes, and with their ſimple apparatus, can overcome whales, it would be ſurely an inſult upon us to think that, with our far ſuperior conveniences, we could not accompliſh the ſame.

I think I have a good many years ago ſeen it recommended in a Magazine, to throw a harpoon, with the line fixed to it, from a ſwivel gun, and I ſhould think it might be practicable to do it either by that, or a blunderbuſs.

I am well aware, that, by carrying the line along with it, its force muſt not only be checked, but its true direction greatly diverted; however, by practice, perhaps experience might be attained to throw or ſhoot them pretty truly. When they miſs, the line will bring the harpoon on board again, ſo that it cannot be loſt; when it takes place, and holds, it will no doubt be neceſſary to tie an empty caſk, well bunged up, to the end of the line, and throw it overboard, as the fiſh will run with ſuch velocity (her courſe perhaps againſt the wind too), that it would be impoſſible to keep pace with her in the veſſel.

The empty caſk will ſerve as a buoy to ſhow what courſe ſhe takes, and where ſhe is. If the veſſel can poſſibly get up by the times ſhe needs to blow, and if they have a few blunderbuſſes on board, and a parcel of lances, whoſe ſhatts are made of light wood, or hollow reeds, by firing a volley of them into her, it would wound her ſo mortally, that ſhe would ſoon die with loſs of blood; any of the lances that were miſſing will come to the ſurface again, the weight of the iron preponderating, and making the lighter and ſtand perpendicular in the water, and lead to its recovery.

Porpoiſes are a fiſh that may be turned to account from the quantity of ſpeck or blubber they yield. It is probable they alſo may be killed in the foregoing manner; but they are quick in their motions, and I am afraid it will require a very ready and ſteady hand to ſhoot them. However, there is another method has occurred to me—I have been informed they will follow a new boat, or even a boat whoſe bottom has been lately paid, for a conſiderable time, as they generally go in ſhoals, or at leaſt a few of them together; were a net made of ſmall line, of an eighteen or twenty-four inch meſh, of from five to ten fathoms depth, as experience ſhall find neceſſary, and any given or proper length, the upper edge of it floated on the ſurface with cork, when ſet—if it is found that they will really follow a new tarred boat, I ſuppoſe, they may be eaſily led to where the net is ſet, where they will entangle themſelves into it, until they are killed by repeated ſtrokes of a ſpear, and towed on ſhore.

Campbell, in his Political Survey of Britain (wherein he has given as good an account of the Hebrides and weſt coaſt of Scotland, with the advantages that may be derived from the fiſheries there, as any I have yet ſeen), ſays, the Canadians have a peculiar method of dreſſing the ſkins of porpoiſes, that renders them, although quite thin and elaſtic, capable to reſiſt a piſtol bullet. As theſe people are now the ſubjects of Britain, would it not be worth while to enquire if they are poſſeſſed of ſuch an art? and, if they really are, would it not be practicable to procure the neceſſary inſtructions for doing it here, when they, that of the baſking ſhark, &c. may be rendered uſeful for ſome purpoſe or other?

I feel conſcious of having allowed myſelf to extend theſe letters to too great a length, and thereby tranſgreſſed, by encroaching too much upon

upon the room of your uſeful Magazine, and the patience of your numerous readers: however, I will endeavour to check myſelf, and haſten to a cloſe, by recurring and gathering to the main part of my argument, if you are pleaſed to favour me with a little farther indulgence.

*Extract of a Letter from* Moka; *written to M.* l'Abbe Teſſier, *by M. de* Moncrif, *Agent des Affaires for the King of* France, *in that City.*

THIS country is a good deal different from India, into which an European, deſirous of information concerning the ſtate of the country, can eaſily obtain acceſs. Arabia the Happy is divided into two parts; the Lower, called Tehama, extending from the mountains to the ſea; and the Upper, Djabel, comprehending the range of mountains. The firſt containing Moka, Houdeida, Lohia ſituated on the ſhore, Zabid, and Beit-el-Fach-hi, is extremely dry, parched, and burnt up by the heat of the ſun, and bears nothing but date-trees, which thrive beſt on a light, dry ſoil, and a few ſhrubs; only Zabid is ſituated at the opening of a vale bearing the ſame name, which is ſometimes watered by rains collected on the neighbouring mountains; and being carefully cultivated, produces ſeveral ſorts of grain for the uſe of man and the domeſtic animals. But through the whole of Tehama, except in the neighbourhood of Zabid, there is not the leaſt verdure to be ſeen, ſave that of date-trees, which is far from being chearful, of a few cotton trees, and ſome ſword-graſs and fruit ſhrubs ſcattered here and there. This is what I obſerved in a journey of thirty leagues between Moka and Beit-el-Fach-hi, one of the moſt fatiguing that can poſſibly be travelled. The ſame may be ſaid of all Tehama, which is the only part in which Europeans have any buſineſs, and reſide; for beyond its limits they are not allowed to paſs without communicating to government the motives of their removal, and the objects of their travels. From this, Sir, you perceive that, excepting the productions which I have mentioned, I can draw nothing elſe from Tehama to gratify your curioſity; and, that if I draw any thing from the mountains, not having it in my power to leave Tehama myſelf, it muſt be by means of the Arabians, a ſet of haughty, ſtupid, and ignorant people, who cannot be brought to comprehend any ideas relative to the arts and ſciences without the greateſt difficulty.

Djabel, or the mountains, is very fertile, and with its productions the inhabitants of Tehama are ſupported. It produces all ſorts of grain, wheat, rye, millet, barley, beans, peas, kidney-beans, &c. a variety of fruit-trees, ſuch as fig, peach, almond, plumb, apricot, and quince trees, vines, &c. pot-herbs, medicinal and aromatic plants, &c. It rains a good deal there in the courſe of the year, and the temperature of the air becomes cooler in proportion to the height of the mountains; ſo that at Sana, the capital, tho' only in the latitude of 15 degrees, a pretty ſevere cold is felt, according to the accounts of the Arabians. Water freezes there during the winter nights. Theſe are all the natural advantages that have gained to this part of Arabia the name of the Happy, which has been beſtowed on it, not on account of its poſſeſſing greater fertility or beauty than the reſt of the world, but from its bordering on Arabia Petræa and Deſerta. For Indoſtan, particularly towards the North, has greatly the advantage over it in point of fertility and beauty; and tho' in India they have neither peaches, apricots, plumbs, nor pears, &c. yet their loſs

is not great, and is ſufficiently made up in other reſpects; for all the fruits which I have mentioned, have in Arabia, a certain diſagreeable wildneſs of taſte and flavour, and never ripen fully: they are ſour and dwarfiſh, in compariſon with ours; particularly the peaches, which I have never eaten, even with wine, without finding them diſagreeable.

It would be very uſeful, Sir, to a perſon in my ſituation, to be guided by the obſervations of ſome of thoſe who have formerly viſited Arabia, or the natural productions of the country. Theſe might enable me to make new obſervations, and to diſtinguiſh thoſe plants which the Arabians gather on the mountains, and uſe for medical purpoſes. But I know not of any better deſcription than that by M. Niebuhr, and the natural hiſtory of the country is what has been leaſt the object of his attention. 'Tis true, that his province was the civil hiſtory, the geography, and ſuch other things as are connected with mathematical knowledge. But as he ſurvived all his fellow-travellers, it would have been very uſeful, if he had publiſhed, along with his own work, with the leave of his Daniſh Majeſty, the Obſervations of MM. Forſkal and Cramer; who had been employed on the natural hiſtory of the country, and had doubtleſs made many important obſervations in their travels into the interior parts. However that may be, if thoſe gentlemen penetrated into the mountainous parts of Arabia, even as far as Sana, it is what they could not accompliſh without encountering a vaſt number of difficulties. I am, therefore, obliged to have recourſe to the Arabians for whatever I wiſh to procure from the mountains, ſuch as grains, plants, &c. without knowing whether they will be careful to execute my commiſſions. This I have done ſome days ago, and though every thing which I have commiſſioned be punctually ſent me, I ſhall ſtill have as much difficulty to know their names, their uſes, and the manner in which they are cultivated, &c. What can you expect from people who are perſuaded that the Emperor of Abyſſinia is the richeſt potentate in the world, that he is feared by all the monarchs in Europe, and that he has done the King of France the honour of giving him his daughter in marriage? Yet, they are not all equally ignorant and narrow-minded. Some true Arabians are not quite deſtitute of education; that is, they are able to read, write, and caſt accompts, know how to conduct themſelves with propriety in their different ſituations, and are honeſt, tho' no friends to ceremony. But none of them, whom I have as yet ſeen, has any knowledge of foreign countries, or any curioſity which might prompt him to inquiries concerning them; becauſe, as they really believe their own country to be the country of the gods; they have no idea that the native country of any of the Europeans who viſit them can be ſuperior to theirs, nor the leaſt notion of the utility of our ſciences. They are content with ſmoaking, drinking coffee, and repoſing on carpets. And is this they differ much from the Indians, who have more activity, and leſs haughtineſs; are indeed leſs firm and manly; but more ſocial, more regular in their government and manners, and well acquainted with many conveniences of life, which are wholly unknown to the Arabians.

*An ACCOUNT of the CUSTOMS, MANNERS, and DRESS of the Inhabitants of the* Rosses *on the Coaſt of the County of DONEGALL——From WALKER's HISTORICAL ESSAY on the DRESSES of the* Ancient *and* Modern *IRISH—lately publiſhed.*

Dear Sir,

UNDERSTANDING that you would be glad of any authentic

tic information reſpecting the native Iriſh; and, having been highly entertained with ſome curious anecdotes concerning the inhabitants of the iſlands called the Roſſes, on the coaſt of Donegall; as a proof of my regard for you, I here preſent you with ſome particulars which I have collected, partly from the perſonal converſation, and partly from the literary correſpondence of my worthy friend, Mr. N———of the county of Donegall.

In the years 1753 and 1754 his brother, than an eminent attorney, prevailed on my friend to accompany a perſon employed to tranſact ſome law buſineſs at the Roſſes; the people there being then deemed ſavage and unamenable to law: and accordingly, when they underſtood the purpoſe of the viſit, they aſſembled with determination to oppoſe its accompliſhment; and the expedition might have proved both fruitleſs and fatal, if Mr. N—— had not been maſter at once, both of their language and of his own temper; but by his prudence and good humour, he tempered their paſſion; while by reaſoning with them in Iriſh, he convinced their underſtanding. From their ſubſequent demeanour it appeared, however, the fire which had heated their firſt indignation, had been kindled by generous principles, natural to the human heart; the love of liberty, averſion to change, and attachment to a former landlord.

During his reſidence among them, Mr. N——had ample opportunities of obſervation, which he was prompted to attend to, no leſs by neceſſity, than by curioſity: on their firſt appearance, their dreſs attracted his notice; the demands of nature forced him to obſerve their food, and his being accuſtomed to elegant accommodation at home, could not fail of exciting aſtoniſhment at their want of even decency in their manner of ſleeping.

Notwithſtanding their high latitude and bleak ſituation, none of them had more than two garments, and thoſe of flannel of their own manufacture; the men, a waiſtcoat and breeches, the women, a gown and petticoat: but there was no linen in common uſe among them; neither did Mr. N——ſee above three or four women, who wore ſhifts, ſhoes, or ſtockings; nor a ſingle man with any more than a waiſtcoat and breeches on him.

Notwithſtanding their ſeeming neglect of their perſons, thoſe iſlanders were not without a ſpice of vanity: for they had invented dye ſtuffs to diverſify the colours of their clothes; and their dying materials were (all of them) the produce of their own ſoil; the principal theſe three; a kind of mud, called Mireblack, made a very deep and durable black; a kind of ſtuff called Carker, ſcraped off the rocks, made a very fine red; and a kind of plant almoſt the ſame, and of the ſame effect as Madder. The mens clothes were of divers colours; but the womens dreſs was regularly uniform, black gowns with red petticots: but there was a diſtinction obſerved in the head dreſs of the women. The maidens wore the front part of their hair neatly platted about the face; the reſt hanging down long behind, in ſeparate locks, platted with hair lace, and adorned at the ends with worſted taſſels of divers colours: but the matrons did not plat their hair, only tying it with a ſmall ſtring, below which they let it play looſe upon their backs.

Their uſual ſummer diet conſiſted of milk, curds, and butter, with moſt excellent fiſh of ſeveral kinds; in winter they lived on potatoes, fiſh, rabbits, and butter; and ſome of them, but very few, had a little bread, made of barley or oaten meal; but, though ſome uſed ſalt to ſave their proviſion of fiſh, they had none with their ordinary victuals: the want of which, with

ſcar-

ſcarcity of bread, at firſt made their food ſo uncomfortable to Mr. N—— that he rode ſeveral miles into the neighbouring country, and could hardly find a ſmall ſupply for money. In one of the largeſt iſlands, called Oiey, they uſed to kill great numbers of Seals, the fleſh of which they ſalted for winter; and were ſo fond of it, as to prefer it to any other kind of meat. When reconciled to Mr. N— and pleaſed with his affability, they became very friendly and kind; and there was every week a ſheep bought for him, which coſt but ſix or ſeven ſhillings, weighing from nine to eleven pounds the quarter, as good mutton as ever he ate; which, with rabbits, lobſters, crabs, ſcollops, and oyſters in abundance, made every meal a feaſt.

Their houſes were but mere huts, conſiſting chiefly of one room, with the fire in the middle of it: but what ſurprized Mr. N——moſt, was their extraordinary mode of accommodation for the night's repoſe. All the family lay together in one bed; and, if any viſitors came in the evening, they too ſlept with them; for they ſet no bounds to their hoſpitality. To provide lodging for the whole company, the youngeſt men were ſent out for heath or bent-buſhes; which they ſpread acroſs the floor, to a length ſufficient for the number preſent, and in breadth about ſix feet: over this litter, the miſtreſs of the houſe laid part of a long plaid or blanket, on which the others, having firſt ſtripped off their clothes, lay down as faſt as they could; men and women together, all naked: then the miſtreſs having drawn the reſt of the blanket over them, lay down laſt herſelf, naked alſo. This they called a Thorough-bed. Mr. N——was perhaps the only perſon, who had ever before worn a ſhirt in it. Yet this hoſpitable people ſo friendly and generous to thoſe they knew, appeared at firſt to ſtrangers to be wild and fierce; but, after a little acquaintance, proved gentle and humane, eſpecially to thoſe they were in awe of; for, in all their ſimplicity, there was a ſtrong mixture of cunning.

They had very little induſtry among them; for, ſo well contented were they with the gifts of Providence wherewith thoſe iſlands are plentifully ſurrounded, that they had no notion of any other neceſſaries of life, than what they already were uſed to; and had ſcarce a wiſh beyond the ſupply of the preſent moment: that being anſwered, their only care was to provide for their landlord: and to purchaſe ſpirits and tobacco, their only luxury, of which they were all, both men and women, exceſſively fond. In ſummer therefore, the men gathered the wrack of ſea-weeds, and burned it to make kelp; of which the landlord or his agent got as much, as was rated equivalent to the rent; and, if any remained, it was bartered, for what they moſt wanted or moſt deſired: the reſt of the year the general and principal employment of the men was fiſhing, except what was neceſſary for their potatoes, and clothing, or the repairs of their huts and boats.—Their boats, called Curraghs, were oval baſkets, covered with Seals-ſkins; and, in ſuch weak and tottering veſſels, they ventured ſo far out, as was neceſſary to get fiſh for their families: but their ſhell-fiſh they got in the following manner; the men went to the rocks with a hook tied to the end of a ſtrong rod; and with that they pulled from under the rocks, as many crabs and lobſters as they wanted; the lobſters commonly weighed from five to twelve pounds each: for ſcollops and oyſters, when the tide was out, the young women waded into the ſea where they knew the beds of ſuch fiſh lay; ſome of them naked; others having ſtripped off their petticoats, went in with their gowns tucked up

about

about their waiſt; and, by armfulls, brought on ſhore, whatever number of ſcollops and oyſters they thought requiſite; the ſcollops weighing from two to four pounds each.

When the weather was favourable the women frequently aſſembled in ſome neighbouring field, convenient to their huts; where they amuſed themſelves with knitting and ſinging in the Sun. The oldeſt, forming a circular groupe, ſat working in the middle; round them, the reſt in circles, according to their years; the younger ſurrounding thoſe of greater age, and ſinging alternate, and ſometimes in chorus, while the elder continued knitting. Their Speic-Seoachs were recitals of exploits atchieved by the giants, and warriors, and hunters of old. (*) Here it obviouſly occurs a matter of reaſonable enquiry, what became of all the ſtockings made by ſo many ſo often engaged in knitting, though none of them would (themſelves) deign to wear any ſuch thing: but, having no better authority to ground opinion upon, we may ſuppoſe, the females diſpoſed of their handy-work, as the men did of their overplus of kelp, as neceſſity or gratification directed.

Their funeral proceſſions were no leſs worthy of notice, that their other cuſtoms. Wrapped in a coarſe woollen cloth, by them called Ebed, the corpſe was put into a Curragh, with the feet and legs hanging over the ſtern; and (with it) a man with a paddle, to conduct the whole train to the Iſle of Aran, where their burial-ground was: this Curragh was followed by that which carried the prieſt; next him went the relations of the deceaſed, in the order of their proximity in kindred; and then as many as had Curraghs; and of theſe, Mr. N—— ſaw ſixty or eighty in a train.

When Mr N—— returned to Dublin, it was neceſſary to being ſome of the men with him from the Roſſes; and he found it very difficult to get them dreſſed fit to appear in the Courts.—Yet theſe ſame Iſlanders, ſo irreconcilable then to the modes of their civilized countrymen, in leſs than forty years became quite another kind of people, totally altered in their carriage and conduct, their habiliments and habitations, their occupations, and manner of living; for, when Mr. N—— paid them a viſit in 1787, he found them ſo much improved by their intercourſe with others, that he ſcarce knew ſome of his old acquaintance; and was no leſs pleaſed than ſurprized at ſeeing ſpruce young lads faſhionably dreſſed on Suudays, in ſattin waiſtcoats and breeches, with white ſilk ſtockings, ſilver buckles, and ruffled ſhirts.

In converſation with an elderly gentleman, who had above forty years ago made the tour of North Britain, when I communicated what I had learned concerning the Roſſes; he aſſured me that my deſcription of theſe Iſlanders is an exact picture of what he had ſeen in the Scotch Highlands and the Orkney Iſlands.

If what I have here ſet down can be of any uſe to you, it is at your ſervice, from

Your ſincere friend and
Very humble ſervant.

*Dublin, April* 10, 1788. A—B—

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(*) This relation of my friend reminds me of the following paſſage in SHAKESPEAR's *Twelfth Night*.

—The ſong we had laſt night—
Mark it, Ceſario, it is true and plain:
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do uſe to chant it.

ALLE-

## Allegorical Letter from *SATURDAY, &c.*

*(From* Variety, *a Collection of Eſſays.)*

Dear Sir,

SINCE you are obliged to me for the publication of your papers, I think I have a claim on you to hear my complaints with patience, though you may not be able to redreſs my grievances. I am one of the ſeven children of the week, by our old father Time; but being the youngeſt, have inſenſibly become the worſt uſed in the family; and this cruel treatment is the leſs tolerable to me, from the 'remembrance of better days,' and the conſciouſneſs of undeſerved neglect; for till within about ſeventeen or eighteen centuries, I was exalted above all my other ſiſters. 'Twas then that I enjoyed thoſe honours which now are beſtowed on another: 'twas then, mankind looked up to me with that veneration and reſpect which they have now tranſferred entirely to my eldeſt ſiſter; my hours like hers were dedicated to reſt, and ſerious meditation; but now I am treated as the drudge and out-caſt of my family, as one condemned to finiſh all the taſks of labour in which the other daughters of the week have been employed. But let me give a brief deſcription how I am received and treated by the ſeveral ranks of people in this kingdom.

The *Manufacturers* or daily *Labourers* employ my mornings with double induſtry, that they may compleat the work begun, and receive the reward of their ſix days labour, which is oftener paid them in my preſence than in that of any of my ſiſters; and which they are very apt to laviſh in idleneſs, and drunken ſolace, with our eldeſt ſiſter, of whoſe uſurpation I complain: with theſe people I am generally ſo dirty and neglected, that I am often loathſome to myſelf and others, ſince no mechanic ever deigns to treat me with clean linen, and ſome not even with clean face or hands: while all their finery, as well as neatneſs, is reſerved to welcome my ſiſter, whoſe viſits conſtantly ſucceed at my departure. Yet it is not by dreſs alone that ſhe is complimented at my expence, but ſhe is always better entertained; ſhe is regaled with meat and ale for dinner, while I am hardly allowed mere bread and cheeſe. Nay, even in very reputable families, I am obliged to ſubmit to cold meat, or diſhes haſhed and warmed again; becauſe, forſooth! they muſt make ends meet whenever I look in upon them. This leads me to relate my treatment in the claſs next above the mere mechanic; the *petty ſhopkeeper* is oftentimes obliged to me, for more buſineſs than to all my other money-getting ſiſters put together; for as to ſiſter Sunday (as I before obſerved) ſhe is above attending to any means of getting money, unleſs upon a viſit to the very rich and faſhionable, where ſhe condeſcends to play a game at cards, to the great ſcandal of the inferior neighbours. The petty ſhopkeeper, notwithſtanding all his obligation, longs for my departure, yet often dedicates an hour or two extraordinary to me by candle-light, that he may be better able to enjoy my ſiſter's company, by the profits of my protracted occupation; and while I am doomed to cheat and buſtle in the city, he waſtes the produce of my thrift in indolence and quiet with my ſiſter in the country.

From the mere drudges of a retail trade, let us go one ſtep higher, to thoſe who have been long enough in buſineſs, to leave it ſometimes to a truſty ſervant; it is here I am made the harbinger of pleaſures for my ſiſter. For this purpoſe I am often hurried

hurried from a ſhabby dinner, and wedged into a one-horſe chaiſe with the trader's greaſy wife, and as many dirty brats as the chaiſe will hold, or crammed into the filthy corner of a ſtage, and whirled into the country, that the family may be enabled to give a hearty welcome to my ſiſter; but while they dreſs themſelves in their beſt apparel to appear with her, they ſay, 'that any thing is good enough for me.'

The rich and great are thoſe that uſe me beſt, for they make no diſtinction between me and any of my ſiſters; and though they do not ſhew me any marks of attention and reſpect, yet they never ſhock my feelings by diſtinguiſhed partialities to my ſiſter SUNDAY; ſo far from it, that her viſits often appear dull, and the faſhionable world look on her as a fit companion only to the lower orders of mankind; for what advantage can thoſe who never *labour*, derive from her, whoſe only virtue is to beſtow *reſt from labour?* Indeed, with thoſe exalted members of ſociety it often happens, that all the SEVEN DAUGHTERS of the WEEK have paſſed in turns before them, without the ſmalleſt notice by which they could diſtinguiſh one of us from another; and while the induſtrious world receives the call of each of us by the ſun-riſe, the rich and great deny us all admittance till it is almoſt noon.

There is one ſect of men who ſtill retain for *me* that veneration which all Europe have agreed to ſhew my ſiſter; but their filthy finery, and taudry naſtineſs, diſguſt me ſo much, that I feel little honoured by the notice of this cheating, circumciſed people.

To ſchoolboys I am always welcome; for I generally bring them half a holiday: but ſtill I muſt complain of dirty uſage; for the little urchins claim a privilege of being never clean at my arrival, becauſe they know before I leave them, they muſt undergo a thorough cleaning to receive my ſiſter.

Conſider, ſir, how mortifying to me muſt be this conſideration; yet I have ſome ſlender hope, that things may come about again; for my ſiſter is of late become ſo ſanctified and methodiſtical, and ſome pious and reforming juſtices have taken her ſo cordially under their fanatical protection, that ſhe is become abominably ſtupid to the induſtrious multitude who make our ſiſters work; and for this reaſon it is not unuſual for me to become partaker of thoſe joys which were intended for my eldeſt ſiſter; and I am called forth to witneſs games of ſkittles, cricket, bowls, and trap-ball, which my ſiſter is not allowed to ſee. Yet theſe amuſements give me pain, ſince I am aware that five days labour can but ill ſupply the neceſſary wants of *Saturday* and *Sunday;* and as the latter can never now be brought to work like one of us, the families of thoſe who wiſh to ſport with me, becauſe my ſiſter's ſullen temper forbids the like with her, muſt ſoon be ruined.

I know not what I ought to aſk or wiſh of you, but ſince you have ſhewn ſome partiality to me, I hope you will conſider my complaint, and not ſuffer me to become the filthieſt, and moſt contemptible among my family. Though I can never hope to be exalted to thoſe honours which my eldeſt ſiſter has ſo long uſurped, I truſt you will recommend an univerſal cleanlineſs; and tell the world that they ought never to retire to reſt, when I have viſited them, without ablution from the dirt of the week; requeſt of thoſe with whom I paſs my day in drudgery and filth, that they would make me comfortable before we part; and charge them never to defer this weekly taſk, till it be too late to celebrate with my ſiſter, the public acts of gratitude and praiſe, to which it is her duty to excite man-

kind. And ſo, my deareſt ſir, till we meet again, believe me Yours,

For as long as you pleaſe,

SATURDAY.

SIR,

WE the underwritten, having by accident ſeen our ſiſter's letter, deſire, that (ſhould you think proper to publiſh her complaints) you will alſo inſert our opinion of her. She is an idle dirty huſſey; and though ſhe is occaſionally employed to finiſh the work which ſome of us begin, ſhe is hardly ever known to ſet about a ſerious job herſelf; but always makes excuſe, by ſaying, 'that it is too late to make a bad week's work a good one.' For this reaſon, and being the youngeſt daughter, ſhe is generally made to do the work of the family, and is very properly employed to get the houſe in order to receive our eldeſt ſiſter, who ought never to appear like one of us. As to her complaint of this ſiſter's uſurpation, we confeſs that the youngeſt once enjoyed the honours, now beſtowed by chriſtians, on the eldeſt; but with this ſhe ought to acquieſce, and not aſſociate with this ſtubborn race, who refuſed to credit the authority which declared, that the firſt ſhould be laſt, and the laſt firſt. We remain yours,

As you uſe us,

MONDAY,
TUESDAY,
WEDNESDAY,
THURSDAY, and
FRIDAY.

*Letter by* M. SAVARY *to* MADAME ———; *containing an Account of the Iſland of* CASOS, *in the* ARCHIPELAGO, *and of the Employments and Manners of its Inhabitants.*

MADAM,

THOSE accidents or circumſtances which detain the voyager muſt not be always regarded as unfortunate. We ſometimes derive greater advantage from the ſeverities than from the favours of fortune. After beholding, for two days, the ſmiling ſhores of Crete, without having it in my power to ſet a foot on them; after viewing, with an eye of deſire, its verdant landſcapes; I murmured againſt the adverſe wind which forced us from it, and our being driven back into the road of Caſos appeared to me exceedingly unfortunate. But ſince I have become acquainted with the inhabitants of Caſos, I have changed my tone; and the wind may now confine us long enough here, before I expreſs a wiſh for its changing.

The iſle of Caſos has undergone the ſame fate with the reſt of the Archipelago. It is ſubjected to the power of the Ottoman empire. But the Turks dare not dwell in it; becauſe it has no fortifications; and that fear of the Turks makes the inhabitants of the iſland happy. To it they owe their tranquillity, eaſe, and liberty.

Next day, after we caſt anchor, I was impatient to viſit the iſland. The boat was let down, and we rowed towards the rocks which run along the ſhore. But we knew not where to land. All over the coaſt, we could diſcover nothing but threatening and pointed rocks—againſt which the waves broke with a bellowing noiſe, whitening them with their foam. One of the inhabitants, obſerving us at a loſs, came down to the ſhore, and, by waving a handkerchief, directed us where to land.

The Caſian, who had ſhewed us the harbour, politely invited us to accompany him to the village. We went along with pleaſure. I was dreſſed in the French manner, with a ſword, a hat, and all the other parts of dreſs uſually worn by that nation. The news ſoon flew over the iſland, that

that ſome ſtrangers were arrived. Women and children left their houſes, and came to the top of an hill on our way, where they waited for us. They ſhewed great curioſity, and examined our appearance very attentively. When we came cloſe up to them, they modeſtly caſt their eyes on the ground. Several among the crowd were very pretty. Some of them ſaluted us; wiſhing us a good day, and bidding us welcome. We anſwered, in the earneſt form, "May the day be happy for both you and your gueſts!"

Our guide, who had conducted us hither, was one of the principal inhabitants of the iſland. He inſiſted on my accompanying him to his houſe, and led me into an hall; which, tho' not magnificently furniſhed, yet diſcovered neatneſs and elegance. A large ſopha extended round the whole room. He cauſed me to ſit down under an high-roofed alcove, and ſeated himſelf on a lower ſeat, while breakfaſt was making ready for us. In a ſhort time, his wife and daughter appeared, bringing in ſome freſh eggs, figs, and grapes. The young Caſian maid bluſhed at the ſight of a ſtranger, who, no doubt, appeared to her to be dreſſed in a very ſingular garb. While we were making a plentiful breakfaſt, and my good landlord was pouring out ſome excellent wine into a large glaſs, moſt of the women in the village came to pay him a viſit, ſaluted us, and ſeated themſelves without ceremony, around the apartment. They ſoon began to whiſper among themſelves, and diſcuſs all the particulars of the French dreſs. Europeans very ſeldom land on that ſolitary iſland. 'Twas very natural for eyes accuſtomed to ſee ſhaven heads bound with a ſhawl, long gowns tucked by a girdle, and faces half covered with buſhy beards,—— 'twas very natural for ſuch eyes to behold, with aſtoniſhment, long tied hair, a face without whiſkers, a cocked hat, and ſhort clothes, falling no longer than the knee. The contraſt ſeemed to ſtrike them prodigiouſly. Burſts of laughter which now and then eſcaped from them, gave me reaſon to think that they were making ſome pleaſant remarks. For my part, I obſerved them with no leſs pleaſure. I took particular notice of two charming girls, who would have been thought pretty even at Paris.

The leaſt of theſe two ladies had eyes ſparkling with animation, and ſurmounted with a pair of fine black eye-brows, beautifully and equally arched. Her complection was rather brown, but very lively. Her cheeks were round and plump, and overſpread with bluſhing roſes. Her delicious little mouth appeared to be formed only to talk of love and tenderneſs. When ſhe laughed, the ſnowy whiteneſs of her teeth formed a fine contraſt with the vermillion of her lips. All her features were animated with good ſenſe and ſenſibility. Her fine black hair, collected in a knot on the crown of her head, hung back in graceful diſorder, ſhading a neck which excelled the ſmoothneſs and whiteneſs of poliſhed ivory. A waiſtcoat without ſleeves, opening above, diſcovered to the prying eye the ſnowy whiteneſs of her ſwelling boſom. A robe of very fine cotton, and of a dazzling whiteneſs, hung down to her heels. It was trimmed with an edging of purple, about four inches broad, and curiouſly embroidered. This robe was looſely bound with a flowing ſaſh. Such was the young Grecian maid who firſt attracted my attention.

The other was not inferior. Her ſhape was more elegant, and her carriage more dignified. Her eyes were tender, ſoft, and languiſhing. Her long eye-laſhes modeſtly veiled their luſtre, as if ſhe had been afraid of betraying the ſecrets of her ſoul.

Her complexion was more delicately white; and her cheeks being leſs ruddy than thoſe of her companion, diſplayed a fine mixture of the lily with the roſe. Her features, though more ſlender, were more regular. They were an aſſemblage of amazingly juſt and delicate proportions. At the firſt glance, ſhe appeared leſs beautiful. But after the eye had dwelt ſome time on her features, the beholder was charmed and aſtoniſhed with ſuch ſymmetry and grace. The ſight of the former inſpired emotions of gaiety. 'Twas impoſſible to view her without pleaſure. The other was leſs ſtriking, at firſt; but after viewing her for ſome time, you were charmed with ſomething irreſiſtibly attractive in her appearance, and ſhe affected the heart with the deepeſt impreſſions.

All the ladies, who honoured us with their company, were dreſſed in a ſimilar manner. They all wore a waiſtcoat, a girdle, and a long cotton robe. The only difference which appeared was in the embroidery, which varied according to their different taſtes; and in the manner in which they had dreſſed their hair. Some let their hair flow on their ſhoulders in one or two treſſes; others wore it collected in a knot at the crown of the head, from which it hung down upon the neck. The two, whom I have attempted to deſcribe, were not the only beauties among them; but thoſe two ſtruck me more than the reſt. You may poſſibly think, Madam, that, after being ſo long confined to frightful or diſagreeable objects, my heart was raviſhed, and my imagination inflamed, at the ſight of thoſe charming maids; and that I have, conſequently, indulged the wild extravagance of fancy, in painting them in more exquiſite forms and brighter colours, than thoſe of truth and nature. 'Tis very poſſible. But, at leaſt, that illuſion of fancy, has not been quite fugitive or tranſient. I have now ſpent eight days in the iſland, and yet I would not alter one tint or feature of the portraits which I have laid before you. I have only deſcribed what I ſaw,—what I felt; I muſt confeſs, that I was no leſs ſurpriſed than delighted. On that rock, I expected to find a few miſerable ſlaves, groaning under the inhumanity of Turkiſh deſpotiſm; and I have been ſo much diſappointed as to find a little colony, gay, happy and free, in the midſt of that empire.

But let us return to our fair ladies. When breakfaſt was finiſhed, they took their leave. My landlord conducted me into another apartment, and, to induce me to place confidence in the Caſians, and particularly in himſelf, produced, from a coffer, a certificate, ſigned by two Provencal captains, and begged me to read it.

One of thoſe gentlemen ſaid: "If "any Frenchman ſhall chance to be "driven by a ſtorm upon this iſland, "let him not heſitate to apply and "truſt to its inhabitants. I was ſhip-"wrecked on theſe rocks,—and they "kindly ſupplied me with all that "comfort and aid which men owe "to their brethren in ſuch diſtreſs."

The other ſaid, "I warn ſuch of "my countrymen as chance ſhall "caſt upon the iſle of Gaza, to be "on their guard, and to beware of "truſting to the inhabitants. They "are cheats and thieves; and ſtrang-"ers have every thing to fear from "their villainy."

I returned this inconſiſtent certificate to my hoſt, with an air of high ſatisfaction; telling him, that there was no need of ſuch teſtimonies to make me rely on his integrity and honour. He locked it carefully up, regarding it as an invaluable treaſure; and that unſuſpicious confidence of his diſpoſed me to judge favourably

ably of him. 'Tis true, he did not know the contents of the paper, and the ſecond captain had deceived him. But I could not think of freeing him from a miſtake which gave him ſo much pleaſure. Beſides, the certificate might be of uſe to thoſe who might afterwards read it, by teaching them to be upon their guard. For my part, I gave credit to the teſtimony of the firſt captain, and continued to live on a familiar footing with the Caſians. The only precaution which I took, was, never to appear among them without being well armed, and attended by my ſervant. But even that precaution was quite needleſs. I experienced nothing from them but the kindeſt treatment.

(To be continued.)

## REFLECTIONS *on the various* VIEWS *in which* HISTORY *exhibits the Conduct of* Divine Providence.

[From Dr. Prieſtley's Lectures on Hiſtory.]

HISTORY tends to ſtrengthen the ſentiments of virtue, by the variety of views in which it exhibits the conduct of divine Providence, and points out the hand of God, in the affairs of men. For certainly whatever ſuggeſts to us the idea of a divine Being, either in the end, or means, of great events, muſt be favourable to piety and virtue.

That the world has a *governor*, or *ſuperintendent*, is juſt as evident as that it had a *maker*. For no perſon does any thing without ſome deſign, or without intending to make ſome uſe of it. A teleſcope is made to be uſed for the better diſtinguiſhing diſtant objects, the eye itſelf for ſeeing things at a moderate diſtance from us, and no doubt *men*, and the *world*, for ſome end or other.

And as the ſame Being that made the greateſt things, made the ſmalleſt things alſo, all being parts of the ſame ſyſtem, ſome uſe, no doubt, is made of every thing, even what appears to us the moſt inconſiderable; ſo that, as our Saviour obſerved, 'a ſparrow falls not to the ground without God, and the very hairs of our heads are numbered.' Alſo, as nothing was *made*, ſo nothing can *come to paſs* without the knowledge, the appointment, or permiſſion of God. Something, therefore, is intended by every thing that *happens*, as well as by every thing that is *made*. But in little things a deſign is not ſo apparent as in greater and more ſtriking things. Though, therefore, the hand of God be really in every thing that happens, and that is recorded in hiſtory, our attention is more forcibly drawn to it in great events, and eſpecially in things which happen in a manner unexpected by us.

How can we help acknowledging the hand of God, when we ſee great and important events brought about by ſeemingly trifling and inconſiderable means? or by means which ſeem to have little or no relation to the end? as when our king James and both houſes of parliament were reſcued from deſtruction, by a letter which a conſpirator ſent with a view to ſave one of the members of the houſe of lords for whom he had a friendſhip?

Who would have imagined that the deſire which Henry VIII. had to be divorced from his wife, would have brought about the reformation in England? The indiſcretion of a Portugueſe prieſt, who would not give place to one of the king's officers in Japan, and the obſtinacy of the Jeſuits, in refuſing to give up the houſe which a nobleman had given them, when his ſon claimed it back again, occaſioned the extirpation of the Roman catholic religion in that country.

But what moſt of all ſhews the hand of

of Providence, and the weakneſs and ſhort ſightedneſs of men, are great events being brought about contrary to the intention of the perſons who were the chief inſtruments of them, and by the very means which were intended to produce a contrary event. Thus perſecution has always been the means of promoting the perſecuted religion; inſomuch, that it is become a common proverb, that 'the blood of the martyrs is the ſeed of the church.' Thus, likewiſe, Athens, Lacedæmon, Carthage, Rome, and many other ſtates have been ruined by their own ſucceſſes. Philip II. of Spain, by his intolerable oppreſſion, was the cauſe of the freedom of the ſtates of Holland. Such has often been the conſequence of wicked men over-acting their parts. Thus alſo the ſenate of Rome was once ſaved by Catiline's making the ſignal for the maſſacre too ſoon.

With what ſatisfaction may a perſon who has an eye to divine Providence read ſuch a paſſage as the following in Machiavel, that Borgia had ſo well conducted his meaſures, that he muſt have been maſter of Rome, and of the whole eccleſiaſtical ſtate, after the death of his father, but that it was impoſſible for him to foreſee that he himſelf would be at the point of death at the very time that Alexander his father finiſhed his life. They were both poiſoned at an entertainment, by a miſtake of the waiter, who ſerved them with the wine which was to have taken off their enemies.

It is no uncommon thing, in the hiſtory of divine Providence, that perſons being known to have abilities ſhall have been the means of keeping them in obſcurity, while others have been advanced in conſequence of their ſeeming inſignificance. If Auguſtus had ſhown any capacity, as a ſtateſman or general, any greatneſs of ſoul, or any thing in the leaſt enterprizing, at firſt, he would probably never have been maſter of the Roman empire. But while Cicero, and Antony, in their turns, thought to make a tool of him, they, unknown to themſelves, increaſed his power and influence, at the expence of their own.

In this view it is very amuſing, and uſeful, to conſider to what a different purpoſe, the labour, powers, and work of men, and nations, have been employed, from what was originally thought of and intended; as that the Romans, after all their conqueſts of other nations, ſhould be often governed by ſavage and tyrannical barbarians, ſuch as Maximin and others; and that that city, the miſtreſs of the world, which was built by Romulus, and whoſe power was enlarged by ſuch men as Camillus, Scipio Africanus, Marius, Sylla, Cæſar, Pompey, and Trajan, ſhould now be in ſubjection to the Pope, and the ſeat of a power totally different from what had before reſided in it, and of which the founders could have no conception. How far was Conſtantine from foreſeeing, that Conſtantinople would be the capital of the Turkiſh empire, and the principal ſupport of a religion oppoſite to that which he eſtabliſhed? How far, alſo, were the heads of the Grecian commonwealths from foreſeeing, that their country, the ſeat of arts and liberty, would ever become the moſt ignorant, and enſlaved of all the ſtates of Europe?

A regard to divine Providence, is, likewiſe, extremely uſeful to heighten our ſatisfaction in reading hiſtory, and throws an agreeable light upon the moſt gloomy and diſguſting parts of it. With a view to this, the moſt diſagreeable objects in hiſtory will bear to be looked upon with ſatisfaction. And could we ſee every event, in all its connexions, and moſt diſtant influences, we ſhould, no doubt, perfectly acquieſce in every thing that comes to paſs under the government of God; in ſeeing that all evils lead to, and ter-

terminate in a greater good. But in many cases, we see events which give us pain at first sight, and which occasion much regret and disappointment, to those who give more scope to their passions than to their reflection while they are reading; which, if we look no farther than the next and immediate consequences, we shall be thoroughly satisfied and pleased with.

No person conversant with the ancient classical historians, and who has thereby acquired a classical taste, and classical notions of *liberty*, but regrets that Rome, in the height of its glory, should fall under the power of masters. But it is because he does not consider that all the provinces of the vast Roman empire were most miserably oppressed and plundered by the republican governors, who had little to fear from courts of justice; but were relieved and happy under the government of persons who lived in constant fear of being accused of maladministration, to an inexorable master. Nay, the provinces were not much less happy under Tiberius and Nero, than under Trajan and the Antonines.

A reader of Thucydides is apt to be extremely mortified at the ill treatment of Alcibiades, and the defeat of the Athenians before Syracuse. But it is because he does not think what would probably have been the consequence of the success of that expedition: namely, the slavery of Greece, and, from the nature of its government, the confusion and slavery of Athens too. As success naturally points out our favourite hero to us, we cannot help conceiving a violent indignation against Hanno, for taking no more care to send recruits to Hannibal, after the battle of Cannæ. But justly did he, and all Carthage, dread the power of Hannibal, when master of Rome, who was able to change the whole form of their government, even when he was conquered.

History too, in the misfortunes and hardships to which the most distinguished personages have been reduced, gives us a deep conviction of the instability of all human things, and prepares our minds to submit to adversity with more patience and resignation, as to a condition from which we see none are exempt. Even the misfortunes and disappointments of brave and good men, who have brought themselves into difficulties, in consequence of their generous attempts in favour of the liberties and best interests of mankind, do not, as exhibited in history, in the least tend to slacken our zeal in the same glorious cause; at the same time that they make us more prudent in the choice and prosecution of our measures, to attain the same end, and dispose us to yield to disappointment with a better grace. That an acquaintance with history has this effect, I appeal to what any person feels after reading of the untimely end of Agis, Cato, Brutus, Hampden, and the great Algernon Sydney. The honourable mention that will, to the end of the world, be made of such glorious, though unfortunate men as these, and their noble ends, will raise more friends to the same great interests; while their misfortunes will only serve to make those friends more prudent, and therefore probably more successful in their endeavours.

But, independent of these martyrs of liberty raising up more, and more successful patrons of it, the remarkable reverses of fortune in the history of considerable personages, has a fine effect upon the human mind. It wonderfully softens and calms it, and gives it an excellent temper for encountering with the vicissitudes of life. What other sensation do we feel, while we read that Henrietta, daughter of Henry IV. of France, and wife to Charles I. of England, was reduced to the utmost extremity of poverty;

and

and that her daughter, who was afterward married to a brother of Lewis XIV. is ſaid to have lain in bed for want of coals to keep her warm, while the people of Paris, blind with rage, paid no attention to their ſufferings? The ſame kind of ſenſations we feel, when we read of the great and ſucceſsful general Beliſarius (if the ſtory be true) begging his bread; of Cortez, the renowned conqueror of Mexico, living unknown and in diſgrace in Spain, and ſcarce able to get to ſpeak to his maſter Charles V. though when the king aſked, who the fellow was that was ſo clamorous to ſpeak to him, he cried out, 'I am one who have got your majeſty more provinces, than your father left you towns.' He afterwards ſerved in a rank little higher than that of a common ſoldier on the coaſt of Barbary.

Theſe great reverſes of fortune, and calamities of men in high ſtations, at the ſame time that they are hardly ever known to diſcourage men of ability and ſpirit from undertaking the public ſervice, when regularly called to it, may juſtly make perſons who are born to private ſtations, and who have no opportunity of riſing above them, content with their ſituation. The many who have abdicated royalty, as Chriſtina queen of Sweden, Charles V. emperor of Germany, Victor Amadeus, king of Sardinia, John Caſimer, king of Poland, and others, convince us that crowns do not always ſit eaſy; and that perſons in high ſtations have need of a ſtrong ſenſe of honour and integrity to make their fatigues and misfortunes tolerable.

It is no unuſeful ſentiment that we collect from reading that Richlieu ſhortened his days by the uneaſineſs with which he was devoured in the fulneſs of his power. What Voltaire ſays of Lewis XIV. is an excellent memento to the ambitious; that he ſaw all his family periſh by premature deaths; that though toward the cloſe of his life, he appeared in public as uſual, in private the pain of his many misfortunes pierced him to the heart, and threw him in convulſions; that he met with domeſtic loſſes at the concluſion of an unſucceſsful war, and before he was ſure of obtaining a peace, and at a time when a famine had waſted his kingdom; and that he loſt in the minds of his ſubjects, during the laſt three years of his life, all the reſpect and eſteem he had gained by his great actions,

The advantage of preferring a private ſituation, eſpecially to entering into the views of faction, we ſee in the ſecurity and long life of Atticus, in the moſt diſtracted times of the Roman hiſtory; and in Richard Cromwell, who lived to a great age contented and happy, whereas his father never knew what happineſs was. The hiſtory of very few great ſtateſmen can match that of Cardinal Fleury, of whom we read, that his ſchemes were crowned with ſucceſs from the year 1726 to 1742; that he lived ninety years, and preſerved his faculties unimpaired to the laſt; which makes his hiſtorian ſay, that, if ever there was a happy man upon earth, it was doubtleſs Cardinal Fleury.

Laſtly, Thoſe obſervations on the tempers and manners of men, which we may collect every day from common life, affect us much more ſtrongly when we ſee them exemplified in the hiſtory of great perſonages. We ſee, for inſtance, every day, that almoſt all perſons who are intruſted with power abuſe it. But this is better exemplified in kings, and miniſters of ſtate. We ſee again that men in low circumſtances are apt to be deſpiſed, and that court is always paid to the great and the powerful. But this maxim receives a ſtronger confirmation, and makes a deeper impreſſion, than any occurrences in private life could

could occaſion, when we think what court was paid to Oliver Cromwell, by all the princes of Europe, while Charles II. then in exile, could not obtain an interview with the miniſters of either France or Spain, at the treaty of the Pyrenees, though he made a journey on purpoſe to obtain it.

It is a common and juſt obſervation, that, through the inconſtancy of our nature, men are liable to conceive haſty and unreaſonable diſguſt at their ſituation, and yet, when they have changed it, wiſh to reſume it; and this we ſee exemplified in private life almoſt every day. But ever ſo many examples of this kind do not make ſo great an impreſſion upon us, as the hiſtory of Victor Amadeus king of Sardinia, who abdicated the crown through mere caprice, but found, as ſome hiſtorian ſays, that the company of his miſtreſs, who was become his wife, devotion, and the tranquillity of retirement, could not ſatisfy a ſoul occupied during fifty years with the affairs of Europe. He was deſirous of regaining the throne even by force, and afterwards died in confinement.

How incapable riches and power are to ſatisfy the mind of man, is an obſervation which few perſons, in the courſe of their own experience, have not ſeen occaſion to make. But the ſentiment makes a deeper impreſſion upon us when we ſee it exemplified in the hiſtory of ſtateſmen and conquerors; and as it is beautifully exhibited in a converſation which paſſed between Pyrrhus and his miniſter Cyneas, before their expedition into Italy. The miniſter aſked the king what he propoſed to do when he had ſubdued the Romans? He anſwered, paſs into Sicily. What then? ſaid the miniſter. Conquer the Carthaginians, replies the king. And what follows that? ſays the miniſter. Be ſovereign of Greece, and then enjoy ourſelves, ſaid the king. And why, replied the ſenſible miniſter, can we not do this laſt now?

To add one inſtance more: we ſee the vanity of the living in their boundleſs proviſion for futurity, in the diſſipation of the large fortunes of covetous perſons, by the extravagance of their heirs. But it does not affect us near ſo much as when we are reading in hiſtory, that the riches which Sixtus V. amaſſed in his pontificate, and thoſe which Henry IV. of France, had with great difficulty ſaved, were ſquandered away within leſs than a year after their deaths; alſo that the treaſure which Henry VII. of England, had raiſed, by every art of extortion, went almoſt as faſt.

## *On the* Invention *of* Letters.

[From Dr. Rutherford's View of Ancient Hiſtory.]

THE invention of alphabetical letters, and the art of writing, is generally attributed by the ancients to the Egyptians. This wonderful art, by which words and thoughts have been painted, by which the inventions and exploits of antiquity have been perpetuated and preſerved, and by which the archives of hiſtory, and the diſcoveries of philoſophy, may be communicated to all ages, refers its origin to the Egyptian prieſts. This nobleſt and moſt beneficial invention, of which human ingenuity can boaſt, and which has contributed ſo much to the improvement of the ſpecies, was imperfect in its origin, and advanced to perfection ſlowly, and by a gradual progreſſion. Picture-writing, or a rude repreſentation of external objects, was the firſt ſtep in this progreſs. This mode of recording events prevailed among the ancient nations in the infancy of ſociety; and was known to the natives of America

when it was diſcovered. Such awkward delineations repreſent things, not words: they exhibit images to the eye, not ideas to the underſtanding; they may therefore be conſidered as the earlieſt and moſt imperfect eſſay of men in their progreſs toward diſcovering the art of writing. The defects in this mode of recording tranſactions muſt have been ſoon felt. To paint every occurrence, was from its nature a very tedious operation, and as affairs became more complicated, and events multiplied in ſociety, its annals muſt have ſwelled to an enormous bulk. Beſide this, no objects could be delineated but thoſe of ſenſe; the conceptions of the mind had no corporeal form, and as picture-writing could not convey an idea of theſe, it was a very imperfect art. The neceſſity of improving it rouſed and ſharpened invention, and by ſucceſſive ſteps the human genius advanced, firſt, from the actual picture to the plain hieroglyphic, next to the allegorical ſymbol, then to the arbitrary character; until at length an alphabet of letters was diſcovered, capable of expreſſing all the variety of combinations of ſound employed in ſpeech. Nothing is more ſimple in appearance, or more profound in reality, than this laſt invention. A ſmall number of characters, repreſenting every articulate ſound of the human voice, ſerves to expreſs all the thoughts, emotions, and paſſions of men, and contains diſtinctly, in a ſmall ſpace, what could not be done by an infinite number of hieroglyphics, but with obſcurity and confuſion. The date of this diſcovery is unknown, but aſcends to a high antiquity. One parent alphabet ſuggeſted the idea of all the reſt. The Roman letters, uſed by the modern European nations, were taken from the Greek; the Greek from the Phenicians, whoſe characters are the ſame with thoſe of the Aſſyrians: all originated from the Egyptians, the form of whoſe letters is evidently taken from their hieroglyphics. After the invention of an alphabet, hieroglyphics became a ſacred language among the Egyptians, and were employed by the prieſts, to conceal the principles of their philoſophy, and their diſcoveries, from the view of the vulgar.

## *On the* Origin *of* Commerce.

[From the ſame.]

THE origin of commerce is almoſt coeval with that of ſociety. When tribes had abandoned their wandering life, and ſettled in fixed abodes, their new ſituation gave riſe to new ideas and purſuits. They ſoon found, that the ſources from which they had formerly derived their ſubſiſtence, the ſpontaneous fruits of the earth, and the fleſh of wild animals killed in the chaſe, were inſufficient to maintain them, when their numbers were increaſed, and their ſituation more confined. Hence they were obliged to have recourſe to the breeding of tame cattle, and to the culture of the earth. Property being eſtabliſhed and aſcertained, men began to exchange one rude commodity for another. While their wants and their deſires were confined within narrow bounds, they had no other idea of traffic but that of ſimple barter. The huſbandman exchanged a part of his harveſt for the cattle of the ſhepherd; the hunter gave the prey which he had caught at the chaſe, for the honey and the fruits which his neighbour had gathered in the woods. Thus commercial intercourſe begins among the members of the ſame community. From the inequality and diverſity with which the productions of nature are diſtributed in different countries, a more general correſpondence was by de-

degrees eſtabliſhed between diſtant tribes and nations. No longer ſatisfied with the neceſſaries, they aſpired to the conveniences, the accommodations, and the luxuries of life. As the objects of commerce became varied and multiplied, they invented a common meaſure or ſtandard ot the value of commodities: after different experiments of this kind among different nations, the precious metals, from their rarity, their beauty, their permanency, and facility of tranſportation, were univerſally adopted as the ſymbols of property, and the repreſentatives of all the productions that are formed by nature, or fabricated by human induſtry. Commerce, thus introduced by the exchange of commodities between individuals, gradually diffuſed itſelf from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom, till at laſt it comprehended and united the remoteſt regions of the earth, and the moſt diſtant nations of the world.

## *On appearing what we neither are, nor wiſh to be.*

*(From* Variety, *a Collection of Eſſays.)*

THE univerſal deſire of appearing what we are not, has been a common theme with all writers: but while its prevalence convinces us that it is in ſome meaſure natural to man, the variety of examples which may hourly be adduced, will juſtify the repeated mention of ſo hackneyed a ſubject. We not only ſee people of all deſcriptions ſtriving to impoſe on others, a belief of their own riches, virtue, importance, or underſtanding; but actually ſtruggling to appear happy in the midſt of miſery, and chearfully contented with a lot, which they are for ever wiſhing and endeavouring to render leſs irkſome.

What heightens the abſurdity of this conduct is, an attempt in ſome men to impoſe an appearance of happineſs from the poſſeſſion of qualities, which they really do not even *wiſh to poſſeſs*. Such is the character of *Charles Eaſy*, who pretends never to be moved by the objects around him, who publickly deſpiſes the influence of the paſſions, and ridicules the idea of feeling for another's concerns; he inſinuates, that, to be anxious for what does not immediately relate to a man's own ſelf, is ridiculous and beneath the dignity of a rational being; but maintains, that a man of moderate fortune may paſs through life without trouble, and without anxiety, if he can acquire perfect indifference; and he is for ever labouring to convince his friends, that he poſſeſſes this quality in the higheſt degree. I have many years been intimate with Charles, and a ſhort acquaintance diſcovered the contradictions of his life and profeſſions; he has a heart to feel what his pride endeavours to diſguiſe, and his honeſt commiſeration breaks forth in the midſt of his counterfeit indifference: I have ſeen him ſuddenly ariſe with an air of aſſumed inſenſibility [illegible] the recital of a tender tale, to hide the tear that gliſtened in his eye. If the diſtreſs of any human being is related in his preſence, he will coldly reply, that "people are to make the "moſt of ſuch things:" but having artfully become informed of the ſcene of wretchedneſs, I have occaſionally detected him in the act of viſiting and relieving the unfortunate ſufferers, while he excuſed his tenderneſs by a careleſs avowal of mere curioſity; nor are his attentions confined to thoſe of his own ſpecies only, for I once ſaw him eagerly ſpring forth to deliver a fly from the cruel gripe of a ſpider; yet when I commended his generoſity, he aſſured me, that the only motive for his conduct, was the diſſonant buzzing of the captive ani-

mal. Thus does my friend paſs his life in contriving excuſes for being actuated by the brighteſt ornament of nature, and prides himſelf in a diſſembled unconcernedneſs, which he knows he ſhould be miſerable in really poſſeſſing.

On the contrary, old *Allſhew* is continually preaching up the charms of benevolence, and aſſerts, that all *happineſs* conſiſts in *good nature*, which, he ſays, includes every thing meant by the charity of Chriſtians, and the philanthropy of heathen philoſophers; yet is this man a ſlave to envy, to reſentment, and to ſpleen; imperious to his family, cruel to his dependents, and quarrelſome to his acquaintance; continually lamenting the inſults of the world, and malignity of others, and profeſſing that he alone is happy, by the habit of putting favourable conſtructions on premeditated affronts, and parrying inſults by the guard of good nature; yet do his capriciouſneſs, his inſolence, and his pride, expoſe him to attacks, which his implacable reſentment converts to never-ceaſing hatred.

Squire *Big* is conſcious that he left the country in which his family had long reſided, becauſe the neighbourhood refuſed him that reſpect, to which neither his rank, fortune, nor underſtanding, had ever entitled him; yet is he continually boaſting of influence which he dare not return to exert, and of importance which he never means to reſume; ſolicitous to impreſs on others a ſenſe of his own conſequence, and to convince the world that he is ſomebody when at home; while he is conſuming with melancholy at his own inſignificance, and only exiſts to diſguiſe the fatal truth, that he is actually no body any where.

Poor *Ned Cramp* is a good-natured thoughtleſs fellow, who has ſquandered a ſmall fortune to make the world think he had a large one; he talks of money in the funds which he has long ſold out; and laments the tardineſs of tenants whoſe rents he long ſince aſſigned to ſatisfy his creditors; he is conſtantly adviſing with his friends how to put out ſums on the beſt ſecurity, while he is actually borrowing money at exorbitant intereſt: he talks of prudence and œconomy as "things well e-"nough for people in narrow cir-"cumſtances," but thanks heaven, "he has no need of ſuch virtues to "ſecure the permanency of his hap-"pineſs:" nor is he induced to impoſe on others to ſupport a falſe credit, or to indulge extravagance, but to gratify the vain deſire of being thought a *monied man*. Thus does he waſte his days in miſery, that he may be deemed happy, and will end them in poverty, that he may be eſteemed affluent.

Doctor D——— has but one topic in all companies: a few minutes converſation will bring round his favourite ſubject, and you will ſoon diſcover, that implicit obedience in a wife, and the ſtricteſt ſubordination to her huſband, conſtitute all his ideas of domeſtic happineſs; his greateſt glory ſeems to ariſe from the conſciouſneſs that he is abſolute maſter in his own family: of this boaſted ſuperiority his friends can ſeldom bear witneſs, for he rarely invites them to his houſe. Having dined there lately, I perceived his reaſon; for during the repaſt, while he was conſtantly engaged in aſſerting his authority, his wife was as anxious to diſpute it; and the comforts of conviviality were baniſhed by his domeſtic contention, which gradually increaſed till the lady left the table. However, the Doctor triumphed in this victory. I could diſcover, that he dreaded ſhe would return to the combat, and that the ſuſpenſion of hoſtilities would end with my viſit.

There can be no ſituation, how-

ever

ever elevated, that will enſure continual happineſs; nor any ſo abject as to be without enjoyment: indeed happineſs and miſery ſeem ſo neceſſarily united, that they are equally diſperſed through all ranks of ſociety; and though we cannot perſuade ourſelves we are content or happy, we wiſh to conceal from others every appearance to the contrary; we derive happineſs from being thought to poſſeſs it, and comfort ourſelves in wretchedneſs, if we can diſguiſe it from others.

I ſhall conclude my examples of ſeeming contentment with a letter from one, who can have little reaſon to diſguiſe the ſenſe of his melancholy ſituation: it is from a criminal under ſentence of twelve months confinement in a ſolitary cell of a county priſon: he is without friends, without property, without character, and without any neceſſary of life, except the ſcanty allowance which hard labour procures amidſt the horrors of a dungeon; yet he wrote the following letter, and delivered it to the keeper, to be forwarded to a brother at a diſtance.

"DEAR JACK,

"This comes with my kind love, hoping it will find you in good ealth and ſpirits, as it leaves me at this preſent writing, thanks to nobody for it. I live in a pleaſant part of the kingdom here, and, only for the diſtance between us, not ſo much amiſs. The people are not over and above ſociable, and ſo I never mixes with none of 'em. Work is in great plenty here, and proviſions coſt us nothing. The houſe I live in is newly built, and they ſay 'tis one of the beſt of the ſort in all England; for they can make up better than forty ſeparate bed-rooms every night. I was ſorry to hear poor Bob was catched-out laſt aſſizes; but no matter for that, they ſay Botany Bay is a rare country, and worth while to go on purpoſe to ſee, for 'tis quite another world. And ſo hoping we may all go there one time or other, this concludes me, dear Jack,

Your's till death,
TOM FILCH."

P. S. Direct to me, at A** Bridewell, where I have fallen into a job of work, that will hold me beſt part of next winter.

# Poetry.

## *WINELOVE's COMPLAINT.*

A PARODY OF COLLINS FROM ROWE.

W. who likes a chearful glaſs, hired a Butler from a family, where the bottle never remained long upon the table after dinner. W. ſtepping out of the room on ſome buſineſs, the new Butler entered, cleared the table, locked up the wine, attended the carriage with his miſtreſs to a tea viſit, and left the diſconſolate W. with no companions but his ſpaniel, and no amuſement, but a gaze into his park.

DESPAIRING a table beſide,
Squire Winelove forſaken was ſeen;
In verſe thus he 'gan for to chide,
And thus he gave vent to his ſpleen.
While * Popſy and Fancy * and Daſh *,
To his ſighs with their ſnores did reply;
And the deer, while he look'd through the ſaſh,
Mov'd mournfully murmuring by.
Thy fate, ſilly wretch, how ſupport!
Thus ſadly complaining, he cried,
To quit a good bottle of port,
'Twere better by far I had died.

* Spaniels.

Its blood as a ruby was bright,
When it flow'd, 'twas a pleaſure too great.
I toaſted and cried all the night,
Not nectar itſelf was ſo ſweet.
How fooliſh was I then to think,
When I went, unmoleſted 'twould be,
Or that a good ſoul would not drink
Of its juices with pleaſure and glee?
What made me ſuppoſe that my wine
Untouch'd in my parlour would reſt;
That no taſte would approve it but mine,
And drink it with reliſh and zeſt!
What tho' I my tube can apply,
And light it whene'er I deſire;
And ſee its ſmoke pleaſant mount high,
Virginia ſtill finding the fire.
Ah, Winelove, theſe words are in vain,
Thy pipe and tobacco give o'er;
No drops on the table remain,
Now PINCHEY* has lock'd up the door.
And you my companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Depriv'd of my bottle and chear,
So ſpiritleſs, ſad, and diſmay'd.
Tho' through the wide world I ſhould range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly,
'Twas Pinchey effected this change,
'Tis mine to be thirſty and dry.
If while my hard fate I deplore,
From his breaſt all pity's not fled,
Once again let him ope the vault door,
And gave me one bumper of red.
The laſt humble boon that I crave,
Is thus kindly to moiſten my clay;
And when he looks down on my grave,
A few tears of old port let him pay.

Then to a new place let him go,
The tea-cups arrange in array,
And pleaſe all the women with ſhow,
A footman full gallant and gay;
While Winelove, forgotten and gone,
No longer ſhall tope off his glaſs,
Unleſs when beneath the pale moon,
His ghoſt through the cellar ſhall paſs.

EMOLA.

* A name in honour of this event, and his triſte figure, the enraged Winelove gave his poor butler.

## ABSENCE.—A SONNET.

O GENTLE gale! could I thy flight arreſt,
Thou ſoft companion of the midnight hour,
I'd bid thee cheer with thy refreſhing power,
My abſent fair, and die upon her breaſt.
Sweet, plaintive bird, that now forſak'ſt thy neſt,
Mild Queen of night, that now aloft doſt tour,
Her's be the ſong, and her's the moonlight bow'r—
No more, alas! can I with theſe be bleſt.
Ah, once-lov'd objects, which to joy invite!
For me you ſhed your ſoothing charms in vain;
While that fair form no more enchants my ſight,
My lyre I tune, but mournful is the ſtrain:
All that to other breaſts imparts delight
Can only bring to me increaſe of pain! [Ed. Mag.

## A SONNET.—*From the* PERSIAN. *By* PETER PINDAR.

BIRD of the twilight hour, ah! far remove!

Far

Far hence of tuneful ſorrow pour thy throat,
And let the Ghoſt ſo wan that died for love,
Dwell 'midſt the dews of night upon thy note.
Lone ſprite of eve, no more thy lay prolong,
That ſwells the murmurs of the paſſing ſtream;—
Methinks I hear deſpondence in thy ſong!
O ceaſe, and let me ſtill of ZAIDA dream.
Tho' ZAIDA's frown hath robb'd my ſoul of reſt,
Her ſmiles may beam again, like Summer fair:
Hope will not yet forſake the Poet's breaſt,
And meanly yield her dwelling to deſpair.
But ſhould ſome happier ſhepherd woo the maid,
And Zaida's eye, with love, on others ſhine;
Lone bird of ſorrow, let me ſeek thy ſhade,
And mix, leſs ſweet, my ſound of woe with thine.

## *An* EFFUSION.

WHERE are my wonted pleaſures flown!
Oh, Mem'ry, how my boſom bleeds!
The ſun of Fancy now is down,
And Truth's calm light its place ſucceeds.
The dreams that charm'd my earlier days
Are now, alas! for ever fled;
O happy times, on you I'll gaze,
And weep till Mem'ry's ſelf be dead.
O memory, how my boſom bleeds!
My faithful friend, to thee I fly;
Thou talk'ſt of youthful ſcenes, and deeds
Replete with innocence and joy.
Then Hope with every morn aroſe,
And breath'd in every verſe I ſung;
Nor left me at the evening's cloſe,
For Love and Fancy both were young.
O Ignorance! our joy and ſhame!
Within thy arms, tho' wild and rude,
Pleas'd with each object and each aim,
We feel no pangs of thought intrude.
In life unſkill'd, we count its charms
Which Fancy paints with magic hand:
Suſpicion wakes no harſh alarms,
To ſpoil the promis'd fairy land.
Delighted with the ſcene, we ſtray
Where Pleaſure rears her bright abode:
The Paſſions lead the fated way,
And deck with flowers the winding road;
And Hope allures us to the place,
Tho' diſtant ſtill the proſpects ſeem;
Till, wearied in the fruitleſs chace,
The ſpirits ſink—and ſinks the dream!
Then Age comes on, in fears array'd,
And faithleſs Hope and Fancy fly—
We mourn thro' life our youth betray'd,
And play the trifler till we die.
Haſte! bring the goblet, god of wine!
Haſte!—I will chace this gloom away!
To Folly every thought reſign,
To Stupor give the lingering day!
——Ceaſe, ſimple youth! forbear to mourn,
Forbear in wine to drown thy woe;
Tho' Fancy's dreams no more return,
Life ſtill has bleſſings to beſtow.
Tho' cares intrude—tho' hopes beguile,

Tho'

Tho' youth is tranſient—joy remains;
Love gives to Life her happieſt ſmile,
And ſoftens all her wringing pains.
Youth ſtill is thine, and Daphne's eyes
In thine all other eyes excel—
Go, and poſſeſs the heav'n-ſent prize,
Whoſe worth thou long haſt known ſo well.
Go, and poſſeſs, in her and Love,
The joys whoſe loſs thy heart bewails.
Go, fix thy ſhed in ——'s grove,
Where Nature's niceſt taſte prevails,
Then ſhalt thou realiſe the ſcene
Which Fancy's plaſtic hand pourtray'd;
Go, dwell amidſt the ſhades ſerene,
And love thro' life thy ſylvan maid.

RUSTICUS.

## FRIENDSHIP, an ODE.

LOUISA to STELLA.

CEleſtial Friendſhip, thy aſſiſtance lend;
No fabled Goddeſs will my Muſe implore,
To hail my Stella with the name of Friend;
Friendſhip will lend me all its boundleſs ſtore.
Tho' man imperious diſallow our claim,
To ſteady Friendſhip's unremitted love;
Yet we, my Stella, own its conſtant flame;
We feel its influence, and its bleſſing prove.
Ne'er may reſerve, with her penurious hand,
Detain the feelings of the gen'rous heart,
Or glowing Friendſhip ſtamp her harſh command,
And barter freedom at the ſhrine of art.
For ſurely, Stella, full enough has life
Of real ills and ſorrows to ſurmount;
The checquer'd path requires our conſtant ſtrife,
To reach the ſummit of Truth's awful mount.
We need no bars to our domeſtic joy,
No cold reſerves our progreſs to retard,
No frowns from Friendſhip's mild and gentle ſky,
Where fond affection ſhould our pains reward.
For Friendſhip was ordain'd our woes to ſoothe,
To heal the ſorrows of the wounded breaſt,
The anxious brow of rugged care to ſmooth,
And ev'ry ſcene of life to make more bleſt.
May we, my Stella, ever own its power,
In full obedience to its dictates bend,
Then in the future, as the preſent hour,
My heart exulting, ſtill ſhall call thee Friend.
And ſure this ſacred tie of kindred minds,
Nor Time, nor even Death, ſhall e'er diſſolve;
The grave in vain its lifeleſs victim binds,
For ſouls ſurvive when times no more revolve.

Cheltenham, June 1788.

THE

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## Biography.

### MEMOIRS OF Mr. GAINSBOROUGH,

*The celebrated* PAINTER, *who died on Saturday Auguſt 2.*

MR GAINSBOROUGH was born at Sudbury in Suffolk, in the year 1727:—his father, on his outſet in life, was poſſeſſed of a decent competency; but a large family, and a liberal heart, ſoon leſſened his wealth to a humble income.

The ſon, of whom we ſpeak, very early diſcovered a propenſity to painting:—nature was his teacher, and the woods of Suffolk his academy; here he would paſs in ſolitude his mornings, in making a ſketch of an antiquated tree, a marſhy brook, a few cattle, a ſhepherd and his flock, or any other accidental objects that were preſented.

From delineation, he got to colouring; and after painting ſeveral landſcapes from the age of ten to twelve, he quitted Sudbury in his 13th year, and came to London, where he commenced portrait painter; and from that time never coſt his family the leaſt expence. The perſon at whoſe houſe he principally reſided, was a ſilverſmith of ſome taſte; and from him he was ever ready to confeſs he derived great aſſiſtance. Mr. Gravelot the engraver was alſo his patron, and got him introduced at the Old Academy of the Arts, in St Martin's-lane. He continued to exerciſe his pencil in London for ſome years, but marrying Mrs. Gainſborough when he was only 19 years of age, he ſoon after took up his reſidence at Ipſwich; and after practiſing there for a conſiderable period, went to Bath, where his friends intimated his merits would meet their proper reward.

His portrait of Quin the actor, which he painted at Bath about 30 years ſince, will be ever conſidered as a wonderful effort in the portrait line; and it is with a degree of veneration that Mr Gainſborough always ſpoke of Mr Ralph Allen, Earl Camden, and a few other gentlemen, for the patronage and favour extended to him here.

The high reputation which followed,

prompted him to return to London, where he arrived in the year 1774: after paſſing a ſhort time in town not very profitably, his merit engaged the attention of the King. Among other portraits of the Royal Family, the full length of his Majeſty at the Queen's Houſe will ever be viewed as an aſtoniſhing performance. From this period, Mr Gainſborough entered into a line which afforded a becoming reward to his ſuperlative powers.

All our living Princes and Princeſſes have been painted by him, the Duke of York excepted, of whom he had three pictures beſpoken: and, among his later performances, the head of Mr Pitt, and ſeveral portraits of that gentleman's family, afforded him gratification.

His portraits will paſs to futurity with a reputation equal to that which follows the pictures of Vandyke; and his landſcapes will eſtabliſh his name on the record of the fine arts, with honours ſuch as never before attended a native of this iſle.

He was frequently fond of giving a little ruſtic boy or girl a place in his landſcapes: ſome of theſe poſſeſs wonderful beauty: his *Shepherd's Boy*, *The Girl and Pigs*, *The Fighting Boys and Dogs*, the one with *Figures* in Sir Peter Burrell's poſſeſſion, and ſeveral others of a like deſcription, give him a very peculiar character as an artiſt over every other diſciple of the pencil.

The landſcape of the *Woodman in the Storm*, finiſhed about 18 months ſince, and now at his rooms in Pall Mall, for expreſſion, character, and beautiful colouring, is of ineſtimable worth. His Majeſty's praiſes of this picture made Mr. Gainſborough feel truly elate; and the attention of the Queen, who ſent to him ſoon after, and commiſſioned him to paint the Duke of York, were circumſtances that he always dwelt upon with conſcious pleaſure and ſatisfaction.

His mind was moſt in its element while engaged in landſcape. Theſe ſubjects he painted with a faithful adherence to nature; and it is to be noticed they are more in approach to the landſcapes of Rubens, than thoſe of any other maſter. At the ſame time we muſt remark, his trees, foreground, and figures, have more force and ſpirit; and we add, the brilliancy of Claude and the ſimplicity of Ruyſdael appear combined in Mr. Gainſborough's romantic ſcenes. The few pictures he attempted that are ſtiled ſea-pieces, may be recurred to in proof of his power in painting water; nothing certainly can exceed them in tranſparency and air.

But he is gone!—and while we lament him as an artiſt, let us not paſs over thoſe virtues which were an honour to human nature! Let a tear be ſhed in affection for that generous heart, whoſe ſtrongeſt propenſities were to relieve the claims of poverty, wherever they appeared genuine! If he ſelected, for the exerciſe of his pencil, an infant of a cottage, all the tenants of the humble roof generally participated in the profits of the picture; and ſome of them frequently found in his habitation a permanent abode. His liberality was not confined to this alone,—needy relatives and unfortunate friends were further incumbrances on a ſpirit that could not deny; and owing to this generoſity of temper, we fear, that affluence is not left to his amiable family, which ſo much merit might promiſe, and ſuch real worth deſerve.

## ANECDOTES OF PETER THE GREAT.

PETER the Great, deſirous of forming uſeful eſtabliſhments in his dominions, and of encouraging

ging thoſe already exiſting, viſited the different workſhops and manufactories with much aſſiduity. Among others that he viſited frequently, were the forges of Muller at Iſtia, on the road to Kalonga, at ninety werſts diſtance from Moſcow. He once paſſed a whole month there, during which time, he drank chalybeate waters; and after having given due attention to the affairs of the ſtate, which he never neglected, he amuſed himſelf not only with ſeeing and examining every thing in the moſt minute manner, but alſo with putting his hand to the work, and learning the buſineſs of a blackſmith. He ſucceeded ſo well, that one of the laſt days of this excurſion he forged alone eighteen poods of iron (the pood is equal to forty pounds) and put his own particular mark on each bar. The boyars and other noblemen of his ſuite were obliged to blow the bellows, to ſtir the fire, to carry coals, and perform all the other offices of journeymen blackſmiths.

Some days after, on his return to Moſcow, he went to ſee Verner Muller, beſtowed great praiſe on his eſtabliſhment, and aſked him how much he gave per pood for iron in bar, furniſhed by a maſter blackſmith. 'Three copecks, or an altin,' anſwered Muller. 'Well then,' ſaid the Czar, 'I have earned eighteen altins, and am come to be paid.' Muller immediately opened his bureau, took out eighteen ducats, and counting them before the prince, 'It is the leaſt,' ſaid he, 'that can be given to ſuch a workman as Your Majeſty.' But the emperor refuſed them: 'Take again your ducats,' ſaid he, 'and pay me the uſual price; I have worked no better than another blackſmith; and this will ſerve to buy me a pair of ſhoes, of which I am in great want.' At the ſame time his Majeſty ſhowed him thoſe he wore, which had already been ſoled, and ſtood in need of another repair. He took the eighteen altins, went directly to a ſhop, bought a pair of ſhoes, and took great pleaſure in ſhowing them on his feet, ſaying to thoſe who were preſent; 'I have earned them well, by 'the ſweat of my brow, with hammer 'and anvil.'

One of theſe bars of iron, forged by Peter the Great, and authenticated by his mark, is ſtill to be ſeen at Iſtia, in the ſame forge of Muller. Another, forged alſo with his own hand, is ſhown in the cabinet of the Academy of Sciences at Petersburgh: but this latter was forged at a later period at Olonetz, on the lake of Ladoga.

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IT is well known that Peter the Great was ſenſible how much he was in want of good ſurgeons for his new-formed fleets and armies; that he held them in great eſtimation, and that he carried his love of their art ſo far as to qualify himſelf for the performance of ſeveral operations. He generally carried about with him a couple of caſes, one of which was furniſhed with mathematical inſtruments to examine and verify the draughts and plans preſented to him, relative to edifices and conſtructions of all kinds; the other with chirurgical inſtruments. He drew the teeth of ſeveral patients, and performed the operation of tapping on a merchant's wife afflicted with a dropſy. In his twentieth year, he lived on a footing of familiarity, not only with the celebrated Le Fort, then his principal favourite, but with an old ſurgeon of much ſkill and gaiety, whoſe name was Tirmond. He wiſhed to be conſtantly with him, kept him often up till the night was far ad-

vanced, and made him work as he did himſelf in the Hungarian vineyards. Tirmond, in ſhort, was in full poſſeſſion of the good graces of the Czar. One day, when drunk, Tirmond fell into a rage with an old and faithful ſervant, and ran him through the body; the following day, feeling the ſtings of remorſe, he went and threw himſelf at the feet of his maſter, when the Czar refuſed to hear him till he roſe. Tirmond perſiſting obſtinately in his proſtrate poſition, he raiſed him up, embraced him, and then conſented to hear the accuſation he came to prefer againſt himſelf. Peter, after he had concluded, bid him be compoſed and not afflict himſelf; telling him, 'that it was from 'God alone he was to aſk for par-'don; and that as to the reſt, if 'the deceaſed had left a wife or 'children, he would do well to take 'care of them.'

Tirmond did this with great readineſs, and ſecured to the widow a large annuity on his fortune.

This celebrated ſurgeon was upwards of ſeventy when he died, and left a widow neither old nor ugly, with an inheritance of ſeveral thouſand rubles. During her huſband's life, this woman had ſhown a diſpoſition to gallantry, and after his death fixed her affections on a young man, a journeyman barber ſurgeon of Dantzick. He had an agreeable perſon, but was infinitely leſs ſkilful in his profeſſion, than in the art of ſeduction. Wedlock ſoon after joined their hands, and they abandoned themſelves to the moſt exceſſive diſſipation. They kept a coach and four, dreſſed magnificently, and by this change in their manner of living, drew on themſelves the eyes of all Moſcow.

As ſoon as opportunity offered, their conduct was communicated to the Czar, and additions were made little advantageous to the young Dantzick barber. One day, when his Majeſty was at table with a boyar whom he honoured with his friendſhip, he ordered the youthful ſucceſſor of his dear Tirmond to be brought before him.

The young man fancying it could be for no other purpoſe than to give him the appointment of his predeceſſor, dreſſed himſelf in haſte in his richeſt clothes, ſtepped into his moſt elegant carriage, and drove in all his ſplendour to the houſe where the Czar was in the midſt of a numerous company. Every body ran to the window to witneſs this ridiculous exhibition.

When the journeyman barber-ſurgeon appeared in the Monarch's preſence, the prince interrogated him relative to different particulars of his art, and made him undergo the ſevereſt examination before the whole aſſembly. When he was well aſſured that he was no other than an ignorant and unworthy uſurper of the place of his dear Tirmond, he ordered a great number of the boyar's footmen and peaſants to be aſſembled in an adjoining room. The barber-ſurgeon, in all his finery, was ordered to mow their ſtubborn beards, and then was permitted to return home with the ſame pomp as he came.

It may be eaſily believed that this adventure neither amuſed the inſolent barber, nor his beloved ſpouſe; they ſoon after retired to Dantzick with the remains of their fortune, and paſſed ſome years there in profuſion and jollity, till they had diſſipated all they poſſeſſed. An old friend of Tirmond's met with them afterwards at the time of the Swediſh war; they were in a moſt miſerable ſituation; the magnificent barber-ſurgeon had taken up the trade of a petty broker, while the lady, for the ſake of a little money, con-

condeſcended to waſh linen.

Mr Schultz, ſurgeon of the Iſmail-of regiment of guards.

(To be continued.)

*New and Intereſting* PARTICULARS *of the* LIFE *of*

## Captain JAMES COOK.

(Continued from page 485.)

IN that part of Dr Kippis's narration, which he has extracted from the accounts of the three voyages publiſhed by authority, it will not be neceſſary, we apprehend, to follow him. Such circumſtances, however, in Captain Cook's Life, which occur in the intervening periods, it will be proper to notice, together with any new and ſtriking obſervations, or any important variations with reſpect to facts.

When it was determined to ſend a veſſel into the South Sea, to obſerve the tranſit of Venus over the Sun's diſk, in 1769, Dr Kippis informs us, that the gentleman who had originally been fixed upon to take the direction of the expedition, was Alexander Dalrymple, eſq; an eminent member of the Royal Society, and who, beſides poſſeſſing an accurate knowledge of aſtronomy, had diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his enquiries into the geography of the Southern ocean, and by the collection he had publiſhed of ſeveral voyages to thoſe parts of the world. Mr. Dalrymple being ſenſible of the difficulty, or rather of the impoſſibility, of carrying a ſhip through unknown ſeas, the crew of which were not ſubject to the diſcipline of the navy, made it the condition of his going, that he ſhould have a brevet commiſſion as captain of the veſſel, in the ſame manner as ſuch a commiſſion had been granted to Dr. Halley in his voyage of diſcovery. To this demand ſir Edward Hawke, who was then at the head of the admiralty, and who poſſeſſed more of the ſpirit of his profeſſion than either of education or ſcience, abſolutely refuſed to accede. He ſaid at the board, that his conſcience would not allow him to truſt any ſhip of his majeſty's to a perſon who had not regularly been bred a ſeaman. On being farther preſſed upon the ſubject, ſir Edward declared, that he would ſuffer his right hand to be cut off, before he would ſign any ſuch commiſſion. In this he was, in ſome degree, juſtified by the mutinous behaviour of Halley's crew, who refuſed to acknowledge the legal authority of their commander, and involved him in a diſpute which was attended with pernicious conſequences. Mr. Dalrymple, on the other hand, was equally ſteady in requiring a compliance with the terms he had propoſed. Such was the ſtate of things, when Mr. Stephens, ſecretary to the admiralty, whoſe diſcrimination of the numerous characters, with which by his ſtation he is converſant, reflects as much credit on his underſtanding, as his upright and able conduct does on the office he has filled, for ſo many years, and under ſo many adminiſtrations, with honour to himſelf and advantage to the public, obſerved to the board, that, ſince ſir Edward Hawke and Mr. Dalrymple were equally inflexible, no method remained but that of finding out another perſon capable of the ſervice. He knew, he ſaid, a Mr. Cook, who had been employed as marine ſurveyor of Newfoundland, who had been regularly educated in the navy, in which he was a maſter, and who he judged to be fully qualified for the direction of the preſent underraking. Mr Stephens, at the ſame time, recommended it the board, to take the opinion of ſir Hugh Palliſer, who had lately been governor of Newfoundland, and was intimately acquainted with Cook's character.

character. Sir Hugh rejoiced in the opportunity of ſerving his friend. He ſtrengthened Mr. Stephens's recommendation to the utmoſt of his power; and added many things in Mr. Cook's favour, ariſing from the particular knowledge which he had of his abilities and merit. Accordingly, Mr. Cook was appointed to the command of the expedition by the lords of the admiralty; and, on this occaſion, he was promoted to the rank of a lieutenant in the royal navy, his commiſſion bearing date on the twenty-fifth of May, 1768.

On the 26th of Aug. 1768, lieutenant Cook ſailed from Plymouth in the Endeavour, and, after touching at Madeira, arrived at Rio de Janeiro on the 13th of November. One circumſtance is recorded of this place, which is of great moment now, that the ſlave trade is become the object of parliamentary diſcuſſion. It is the horrid expence of life at which the gold mines are wrought. Not leſs than 40,000 negroes are annually imported for this purpoſe, on the king of Portugal's account; and the Engliſh were credibly informed, that, in 1766, this number fell ſo ſhort, that 20,000 more were drafted from the town of Rio.

Lieutenant Cook entered the ſtraits of Le Maire on the 14th of January, 1769. Here he ſaw human nature in its loweſt form. The natives appeared to be the moſt deſtitute and forlorn, as well as the moſt ſtupid, of the children of men. Their lives are ſpent in wandering about the dreary waſtes that ſurrounded them; and their dwellings are no other than wretched hovels of ſticks and graſs, which not only admit the wind, but the ſnow and rain. They are almoſt naked; and ſo devoid are they of every convenience which is furniſhed by the rudeſt art, that they have not ſo much as an implement to dreſs their food. Nevertheleſs, they ſeemed to have no wiſh for acquiring more than they poſſeſſed; nor did any thing that was offered them by the Engliſh appear acceptable but beads, as an ornamental ſuperfluity of life. A concluſion is hence drawn by Dr. Hawkeſworth, that theſe people may be upon a level with ourſelves, in reſpect to the happineſs they enjoy. This, however, Dr Kippis admirably obſerves, is a poſition which ought not haſtily to be admitted. It is, indeed, a beautiful circumſtance, in the order of Divine Providence, that the rudeſt inhabitants of the earth, and thoſe who are ſituated in the moſt unfavourable climates, ſhould not be ſenſible of their diſadvantages. But ſtill it muſt be allowed, that their happineſs is greatly inferior, both in kind and degree, to that intellectual, ſocial, and moral felicity, which is capable of being attained in a highly-cultivated ſtate of ſociety.

Having doubled Cape Horn, which lieutenant Cook has demonſtrated to be preferable as a paſſage into the Pacific Ocean, to that by the ſtrait of Magalhaens, he arrived at Otaheite on the 13th of April. After performing, with the higheſt credit, the ſervice for which he had been ſent out, he ſailed thence on the 13th of July. In the courſe of his voyage afterward, he aſcertained New Zealand and New Holland not to be parts of a ſouthern continent. Referring for theſe particulars, to the accounts from which Dr Kippis has himſelf extracted his narrative, we ſhall only obſerve, that the lieutenant anchored in the Downs on the 12th of June 1771.

On the 20th of Auguſt following, he was promoted to the rank of commander in the navy. And it having been determined to ſend out two veſſels, to aſcertain the great queſtion concerning the exiſtence of a ſouthern continent, he was appointed to the com-

command of a new ſhip, the Reſolution, in which he ſailed from Plymouth, on the 13th of July 1772, in company with the Adventure, captain Furneaux. The object of this voyage, in which he was abſent three years and eighteen days, he fully accompliſhed, by putting an end to the ſearching for a ſouthern continent, which, for nearly two centuries paſt, had been ſuch an object of attention with the maritime powers.

In conſequence of captain Cook's ſucceſsful termination of his voyage, he was promoted to the rank of poſt-captain, on the 9th of Auguſt 1775, and, three days after, appointed a captain in Greenwich Hoſpital. In 1775, he was alſo admitted F. R. S.

Another grand queſtion remained to be determined, namely, the practicability of a northern paſſage into the Pacific Ocean. For the conduct of an enterprize, ſays Dr Kippis, the operations of which were intended to be ſo new, ſo extenſive, and ſo various, it was evident that great ability, ſkill, and experience were indiſpenſibly neceſſary. That captain Cook was of all men the beſt qualified for carrying it into execution, was a matter that could not be called in queſtion. But, however ardently it might be wiſhed that he would take upon him the command of the ſervice, no one (not even his friend and patron, lord Sandwich himſelf) preſumed to ſolicit him upon the ſubject. The benefits he had already conferred on ſcience and navigation, and the labours and dangers he had gone through, were ſo many and great, that it was not deemed reaſonable to aſk him to engage in freſh perils. At the ſame time nothing could be more natural than to conſult him upon every thing relative to the buſineſs; and his advice was particularly requeſted with regard to the propereſt perſon for conducting the voyage. To determine this point, the captain, ſir Hugh Palliſer, and Mr. Stephens, were invited to lord Sandwich's to dinner. Here, beſides taking into conſideration what officer ſhould be recommended to his majeſty for accompliſhing the purpoſes in view, many things were ſaid concerning the nature of the deſign. Its grandeur and dignity, the conſequences of it to navigation and ſcience, and the completion it would give to the whole ſyſtem of diſcoveries, were enlarged upon in the courſe of the converſation. Captain Cook was ſo fired with the contemplation and repreſentation of the object, that he ſtarted up, and declared, that he himſelf would undertake the direction of the enterprize. It is eaſy to ſuppoſe, with what pleaſure the noble lord, and the other gentlemen, received a propoſal which was ſo agreeable to their ſecret wiſhes, and which they thought of the higheſt importance towards attaining the ends of the voyage. No time was loſt by the earl of Sandwich, in laying the matter before the king; and captain Cook was appointed to the command of the expedition, on the tenth of February, 1776. At the ſame time, it was agreed, that, on his return to England, he ſhould be reſtored to his ſituation at Greenwich; and, if no vacancy occurred during the interval, the officer who ſucceeded him was to reſign in his favour.

[To be concluded in our next.]

## Miſcellanies.

### THE WIFE.

A Gentleman of very ancient afmily, and conſiderable eſtate, was married to a lady of beauty, wit, virtue, and good humour; but tho' he knew and acknowledged the merits of his wife, yet he was a man of ſo depraved a taſte, that the moſt dirty

dirty creature he could pick up frequently ſupplied her place.

It happened when they were at their country-ſeat, that riding one morning to take the air, as was his uſual cuſtom, he met a ragged country-wench, with a pair of wallets, or coarſe linen-bags, thrown over her ſhoulder. He ſtopped his horſe, and aſked what ſhe had got there? To which ſhe replied, with a low courteſy after her faſhion, that it was broken victuals; that her mother and ſhe had no ſuſtenance, but what they got from the charity of the cooks at great gentlemen's houſes; and that ſhe was now going home with what they had given her. "You need not be in haſte, I ſuppoſe," ſaid he; "if you will ſtep with me into yonder field, I will give you ſomething to buy you a new gown."

The poor girl needed not much perſuaſion to bring her to conſent, on which he alighted from his horſe, and threw the bridle over a hedge-ſtake. The girl at the ſame time hung her bags on the pummel of the ſaddle to prevent their coming to any harm. She then followed the gentleman a little way out of the road.

The horſe not liking his ſituation, found means to get looſe, and ran directly home;——the lady by chance was at the window when he came galloping into the court-yard; ——ſhe was at firſt a little frightened to ſee him without his rider; but perceiving the Bags, ſhe called to have them brought to her, and on their being ſo, was not long at a loſs to gueſs the meaning of this adventure.

She then ordered the cook to empty the wallets, and put whatever ſhe found in them into a clean diſh, and ſend it up in the firſt courſe that day at dinner:—which accordingly was done.

The huſband, on miſſing his horſe, walked home, and brought with him two neighbouring gentlemen whom he accidentally met in his way. But theſe gueſts did not prevent the lady from proſecuting her intention—— The beggar's proviſion was ſet upon the table——remnants of ſtale fowls ——bones half picked———pieces of beef—— mutton—— lamb—— veal——with ſeveral lumps of bread, promiſcuouſly huddled together, made a very comical appearance.—— Every one preſently had his eyes upon this diſh, and the huſband, not knowing what to make of it, cried out pretty haſtily, "What is this? What have we got here?" To which the lady with the greateſt gaiety replied, "It is a new faſhioned olio, my dear:—it wants no variety; I think there is a little of every thing, and I hope you will eat heartily of it, as it is a diſh of your own providing."

The ſignificant ſmile which accompanied theſe laſt words, as well as the tone of voice in which they were ſpoke, making him remember where the girl had hung her wallets, threw him into a good deal of confuſion; which ſhe perceiving, ordered the diſh to be taken away, and ſaid, "I ſee you do not like it, my dear, therefore, when next you go to market, pray be a better caterer." "Forgive this," cried he, "and I promiſe never to go to any ſuch markets more."

The Gentlemen found there was ſome myſtery in all this, but would not be ſo free as to deſire an explanation.——When dinner was over, however, and the lady, after behaving the whole time with all the cheerfulneſs imaginable, had retired to leave them to their bottle, the huſband made no ſcruple of relating to them by what means his table had been furniſhed with a diſh of ſo particular a kind; at which they laugh-

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ed very heartily, and would have done ſo much more, if their admiration of the lady's wit and good humour had not almoſt entirely engroſſed their attention.

## ORIGINAL *of the* CORONER's JURY.

A Gentlewoman in London, after having buried ſix huſbands, found a gentleman hardy enough to make her a wife once more. For ſeveral months their happineſs was mutual, a circumſtance which ſeemed to pay no great compliment to the former partners of her bed, who, as ſhe ſaid, had diſguſted her by their ſottiſhneſs and infidelity. In the view of knowing the real character of his amorous mate, the gentleman began frequently to abſent himſelf, to return at late hours, and when he did return, to appear as if intoxicated. At firſt reproaches, but afterwards menaces, were the conſequence of this conduct. The gentleman perſiſted, and ſeemed every day to become more addicted to his bottle. One evening, when ſhe imagined him dead drunk, ſhe unſewed a leaden weight from one of the ſleeves of her gown, and having melted it, ſhe approached to her huſband, who pretended ſtill to be ſound aſleep, in order to put it into his ears through a pipe. Convinced of her wickedneſs, the gentleman ſtarted up and ſeized her; when having procured aſſiſtance, he ſecured her till the morning, and conducted her before a magiſtrate, who committed her to priſon. The bodies of her ſix huſbands were dug up; and as marks of violence were ſtill diſcoverable upon each of them, the proof of her guilt appeared ſo ſtrong upon her trial, that ſhe was condemned and executed. To this circumſtance is England indebted for that uſeful regulation, by which no corpſe can be interred in the kingdom, without a legal inſpection.

## *Account of the Iſland of* CASOS.

(Concluded.)

WISHING to obtain ſome knowledge of the iſland, I ſet out from the village, and directed my walk towards the higheſt hill in ſight. Beneath this height, from which I took my obſervations, there ſtands a ſmall chapel, encircled with a few fig-trees. A range of hills, beginning on one ſide of that chapel, and winding in a ſemi-circular form, incloſe a plain of about a league in compaſs. The whole extent of this plain is divided into a number of ſmall parts, belonging to different families and individuals. In the beginning of the rainy ſeaſon, which continues from October till February, they ſow it with corn and barley. The rains are not conſtant during theſe months: but it is only during theſe that the inhabitants of Caſos are favoured with any rain. Through the reſt of the year, the air is pure, and the ſky ſerene. Every day is fair; every night ſparkling with ſtars. The winds blowing from the ſea, moderate the heats; and, in ſo delightful a climate, they enjoy a delicious temperature, between ſevere cold and exceſſive heat, and are almoſt ſtrangers to diſeaſe. The ſloping ſides of the hills are overſpread with vines, from whoſe grapes the Caſians preſs a ſpecies of excellent wine.

When I had fully gratified my curioſity, I returned to my lodgings. They were waiting dinner for me. A pullet with rice, freſh eggs, ſome excellent pigeons, cheeſe, and good wine, made ſufficient amends for the indifferent

ent meals which I had on board. The men dined by themſelves, ſitting in a circle on the carpet. The women were in a ſeparate apartment. Such was the cuſtom; and though this was not quite in the French taſte, yet I was obliged to ſubmit. Towards the end of the meal, the cup went chearfully round; they wiſhed me a happy voyage, and I drank to the proſperity of the Caſians. We were beginning to be enlivened with gaiety, when the ſound of a muſical inſtrument called us to leave the table.

A ſcore of young girls, all dreſſed in white, with flowing robes, and their hair hanging in graceful treſſes on their ſhoulders, entered the room. They brought along with them a young man who played on the lyre, and accompanied the inſtrument with his voice. A number of them were poſſeſſed of charms, they had all the freſh complexion of youth, and ſeveral appeared not unworthy of diſputing the prize of beauty with the pair whom I have deſcribed. I confeſs to you, Madam, the groupe appeared to me quite charming. The uniform dreſs of thoſe nymphs, the modeſty which improved their charms, the baſhfulneſs which glowed on their foreheads, and their ſprightly gaiety, which however was far from exceeding the bounds of decency; all together made me almoſt think myſelf tranſported into the iſland of Calypſo. They began to range themſelves into a ring, and aſked me to dance. I complied, without much intreaty. The circle which we compoſed, was ſomewhat ſingular, as to the manner in which we were intermixed in it. The gentleman does not give his hands to the two ladies neareſt him, but to the two next them; ſo that his arms croſs before and behind the two that ſtand next him on each ſide, who are thus entwined within the links of a double chain. This manner of giving your hands to your partners, is far from diſagreeable; and 'tis eaſy to ſee why. The muſician was placed in the midſt of the circle. Every one, whether advancing, retiring, or turning round, beat time exactly. For my part, I ſuffered myſelf to be led, and my thoughts were leſs occupied with the dance, than with the dancers.

Next day, I walked through the village. It conſiſts of about an hundred houſes, each inhabited by one family. The houſes are all of ſtone, and ſtrong built. They contain moſtly two or three rooms on the ground-floor, and a couple of chambers above. Each houſe has an oven, and a ciſtern cut with a chiſſel in the rock, belonging to it. Thoſe ciſterns are repleniſhed in the rainy ſeaſon, and they preſerve the water pure and limpid. Beſides that reſource, about an hundred paces back behind the houſes, there is a fine ſpring, which continues to flow through the whole year.

I entered ſeveral of the houſes, in which I found a number of women engaged in ſpinning, embroidering, and in weaving that fine cloth which they uſe for their robes. Their looms are few; but thoſe of an excellent contrivance and conſtruction. They work with much dexterity. I, every where, ſaw activity, induſtry, and a charming neatneſs. Being obligingly received by ſeveral of the ladies, with whom I had danced the day before, I entered into converſation with them, and aſked how it happened that there were ſo many fine women, and ſo few men in the iſland. (For I had ſeen no more than five or ſix.) They told me, that during Spring, Summer, and part of Autumn, the men of Caſos were on the ſea. "They trade," continued they, "in the "Archipelago, and come home, "from time to time, with proviſions "for their families; but never ſpend "more than the winter at home. In "the month of November they ſow "the fields; in March they cut down

"and

" and carry in the crop, and ſoon " after return to ſea. As the pro- " ductions of the iſland are not ſuffi- " cient to ſupport its inhabitants, they " are obliged to have recourſe elſe- " where. And with the ſupplies, " which are by that means procured, " if we are not rich, yet we enjoy an " agreeable mediocrity of fortune. " The boys accompany their fathers " to the ſea, and become mariners. " In their abſence we employ ourſelves " in ſpinning cotton, as you ſee, and " in weaving a part of their clothes, " and of our own."

In the courſe of my viſits, I admired the order and wiſdom which appeared in this little republic, the peace and harmony which prevailed among its members, and particularly that chearfulneſs and content which glowed on their countenances. Happy people! ſaid I to myſelf, your tranquillity is not diſturbed by faction or ambition! The thirſt for gold has not corrupted your manners! The quarrels, diſſentions, and crimes, which have filled the reſt of the world, are unknown to you! In your iſland no haughty citizen, ſwelled with the pride of wealth or titles, is ſeen to ſpurn or trample upon his humbler countrymen. Here, no cringing ſervant adores or flatters the vices of his maſter. Here, man is equal to man; nor does one Caſian bluſh, or faulter, or kneel before another. Their harmony is preſerved and confirmed by mutual reſpect and eſteem. The pure and ſimple pleaſures, which the impartial bounty of Nature offers equally to all her children, conſtitute their enjoyments: mediocrity and equality form the laſting baſis of their happineſs. . . . .

During my ſtay at Caſos, a bark arrived, laden with rice, melons, pomegranates, and ſeveral other kinds of fruit. Almoſt all the women in the iſland haſted to the ſhore, with great eagerneſs, to meet, ſome their huſbands, other their fathers, one a brother, another a lover. I never ſaw more ardent expreſſions of joy and tenderneſs. They embraced their returning friends with tranſport, locked them in their arms, and bleſſed Heaven for reſtoring them ſafe to their wiſhes and prayers. Every mark of joy, every expreſſion of tender affection, was extravagantly laviſhed, on both ſides. The ſight was truly affecting. Such, ſaid I to myſelf, were the ancient Greeks. Such was the ardent vivacity of their imaginations, ever eaſily inflamed to rapture. Such was that exquiſite ſenſibility which diſtinguiſhed them from all the other nations of the earth. This rock has ſaved them from the oppreſſive yoke of the Turks, and preſerved their ancient character unchanged and undebaſed.

The weſt-winds have detained us eight days in the harbour of Caſos, and I have given thanks to Heaven for their conſtancy. I have travelled through countries on which the liberal hand of Nature has laviſhed all her treaſures; I have ſeen others, where the oppreſſion of tyrants compels her to withhold her benefits, and I have always found mankind poor and wretched, not from their follies, or from the ſterility of the ſoil, but from the miſconduct of their rulers, or the unhappy influence of that form of government under which they live. Amidſt ſlaves, crouching under the Ottoman yoke, I have found a rock, three leagues in circumference, where no Turk dares to land, and which is inhabited by an happy little colony. There, every father of a family is ſovereign in his own houſe: he determines the differences which ariſe in it, and his deciſions have the authority of laws,—they cannot be unjuſt: they are the dictates of paternal tenderneſs. When diſputes ariſe among different families, or among individuals belonging to different families, the prieſts and old men aſſemble to

determine them. But among a ſet of men who are all equals, and all alike ſtrangers to poverty and riches, ſuch differences are very rare. All the members of this little ſociety are induſtriouſly employed. I have ſeen the fineſt women in the iſland go down to the valley and waſh their linen, as in the days of Homer, in the fountain which flows there. They are not aſhamed of that employment, but divert themſelves, at their work, with chearful ſongs. 'Tis only where the rich can purchaſe the ſervices of the poor, they are aſhamed to work with their own hands.

Travellers who have obſerved the Greeks living in ſubjection to Ottoman deſpotiſm, accuſe them, not without reaſon, of deceit, perfidy, and meanneſs. Thoſe vices are not natural to them, but ariſe from the ſtate of ſervitude under which they live. The inhabitants of Caſos are Greeks; they are enlightened by a ray of liberty. They are induſtrious and honeſt, poſſeſſed of exquiſite ſenſibility and virtuous manners. Send them a Cadi, a Monteveli, and a Pacha, they will become as great ſcoundrels, and as diſſipated in their manners, as the reſt of the race. From this obſervation there reſults a certain and invariable truth, which ſhould ſerve as the baſis of every ſyſtem of legiſlature, and every plan of adminiſtration. In general, man is virtuous and honeſt in proportion as he is ſecured in the enjoyment of his natural rights, liberty, and property: in proportion as he is robbed of theſe, his principles are relaxed, and the dignity of his character debaſed. I have the honour to be, &c.

## ABOUSABER, *or the* EULOGY *of* PATIENCE; *an Oriental Tale.*

[*Tranſlated from* Nouveaux Contes Arabes, *juſt publiſhed at Paries.*]

ABOUSABER, a wealthy farmer, was endued with an uncommon degree of patience; and, as if ſome ſuperior being had decreed, that it was requiſite, by frequent ſuffering, that it ſhould approach even to perfection, his patience was put to ſuch a variety of ſevere trials, as, one would imagine, it was impoſſible for any mortal to ſupport. One day, in particular, he was unjuſtly accuſed of murder: his goods were confiſcated, and he was driven into exile. A troop of robbers too had carried off his children. When the party who conducted him to the place of exile, had left him, Abouſaber found it neceſſary to leave his wife, for ſome time, in order to explore the country for a proper habitation. He prevailed, therefore, upon his wife, who was much fatigued, to take ſome repoſe, in the mean time, upon the ſhore. He had not departed long, when an Arabian horſeman chanced to ride near, and beholding the ſolitary beauty, carried her off as his lawful prize. The wife of Abouſaber, incapable of reſiſtance, could obtain, with difficulty, the liberty of writing on the ſand, this melancholy adieu: 'Alas! Abouſaber, you have no longer a wife: remember that you are the moſt patient of men.'—Abouſaber, at his return, read the fatal characters. He felt, as was natural, the loſs of the beloved companion of his life; but ſtill his patience was unſubdued; and having now no other reſource than the labour of his hands, he engaged himſelf among a party of workmen, who were building a palace for the king of the country. One of his companions happened to fall from a ſcaffold, and break his leg: 'Be patient under this misfortune,' ſaid Abouſaber: 'Were a man at the bottom of the deepeſt well, patience can extricate him from it, and even exalt him to a throne.'—The king who came every day to encourage the workmen by his preſence, happened to be there, when Abouſaber was making this eulogy

logy on patience. The ſuppoſition of the good man appeared to him a very extraordinary one; and he was determined to try whether he was the perſon who could realize it. Accordingly, he ordered him to be let down into the bottom of a very deep dry well, which ſerved as a kind of priſon. 'Let us ſee,' he added, 'what miracles patience can perform; and that we may exerciſe his a little, let him be allowed only two cakes a day.' Abouſaber followed the officers to the well with ſubmiſſive ſilence. This king was a cruel tyrant: he had confined his own brother in the ſame priſon; but no one knew that there, likewiſe, he had cauſed him to be aſſaſſinated, and the body to be privately removed. The natural conſequence of inſupportable tyranny enſued—an univerſal revolt. The guards were maſſacred; the tyrant was depoſed; and it was determined to raiſe his brother to the throne. They haſtened to the priſon. What a ſight! A ſolitary human being, whom no one could recollect, from the paleneſs and rags that diſguiſed him! In vain did this figure of woe proteſt that he was not at all related to the king. Not one would believe him. Abouſaber was conveyed in triumph to the palace, and crowned with the greateſt ſolemnity and ſplendour. He cauſed enquiries to be immediately made after his wife and children, and he had the happineſs to find them. Abouſaber, on a throne, poſſeſſed all the wiſdom that had diſtinguiſhed his former humble lot; and the patient piety of unmerited ſuffering was now changed into the active exertions of inexhauſtible benevolence, and the unſpeakable ſatisfaction of that virtue, which was conſcious of being inceſſantly intent on the happineſs of thouſands. Often would he recollect the ſcenes of woe that were paſt, and, contraſting them with his preſent ſituation, would adore the diſpenſations of Heaven. 'Who,' ſaid he, can doubt the exiſtence of a Divine Providence? From the depth of a well to be exalted to a throne! May my example inſtruct the ſuffering man, that the evils with which it may pleaſe the Deity to afflict us, are but ſo many trials, by which it is his pleaſure that we merit tranquillity and joy.'

## Thoughts of Monteſquieu.

*Extracted and tranſlated from his manuſcripts.*

MERE chit chat, and carrying a frivolous thing from one houſe to another, is called knowledge of the world; and we ſhould be fearful of loſing this ſcience, if we applied ourſelves to others.

I have a great taſte for the Ancients:——this antiquity enchants me; and I am always ready to exclaim with Pliny—It is at Athens where you learn to reſpect the Gods.

Telemachus, that divine work of our age, in which Homer appears to breathe again, is an undeniable proof of the excellence of that ancient poet.

An acquaintance of mine ſaid, "I have had a fooliſh thing enough done—it is my own portrait."

Study is with me the ſovereign remedy for all the diſguſts of life; and I have never felt chagreen, which an hour of reading did not diſſipate.

I have found no people ſo deſpiſed in the whole courſe of my life, as thoſe who kept bad company.

I am equally content with the company of fools and men of ſenſe, and there are few men ſo tedious as not very often to entertain me. There is nothing more amuſing than a ridiculous man.

I have naturally a love for the welfare

fare and honour of my country, and but little for that which is called its glory. I always feel a ſecret joy when any meaſure is made that tends to the common good.

When I travel in foreign lands I become attached to them as to my own; I take a part in their misfortunes, and wiſh that they were placed in a flouriſhing ſtate.

Nothing is more amuſing than to ſee a ſilly ſtoryteller give a circumſtantial hiſtory without quarter. I am not attentive to the hiſtory, but to his manner of telling it.

I had rather applaud moſt people than hear them.

When I depend on any one, I do it without reſerve; but there are very few people on whom I can depend.

I never ſaw the flowing of tears without being melted.

I eaſily pardon, becauſe I cannot hate. Hatred appears to me painful. When any one wiſhes to be reconciled with me, I feel my vanity flattered, and ceaſe to regard as an enemy the man who does me the kindneſs to have a good opinion of me.

### *The* Monarch *and the* Player; *an Anecdote.*

AT a grand feſtival, Philip of Macedon, according to his cuſtom, was diſtributing his preſents: amid the general feſtivity, Satyrus, the player, alone wore a ſad countenance. The king addreſſed him kindly, and, in the language of the times, deſired him to aſk a boon. Satyrus ſaid, that ſuch preſents as others received (cups of gold, &c.) ſeemed to him of little value; that he had indeed ſomething to aſk, but feared a denial. Philip having encouraged him, he proceeded, 'Apollophanes of Pydna was my friend: at his death, his two daughters, both arrrived at a marriageable age, were ſent to Olynthus, taken captives, and ſubjected to all the calamities of ſervitude. Theſe are the preſents I requeſt, that I may give them ſuch portions as may enable them to marry happily.' Apollophanes had been the perſonal enemy of Philip: yet this prince nobly granted the requeſt of Satyrus, and enabled him to provide liberally for the daughters of his friend.

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## THE TRIFLER, No. XVII.

*Thurſday Auguſt* 28, 1788.

On the duty of Pleasing——on artifice in behaviour——miſchief of it——Asinus' imitations—dumb men deemed wise and goodnatured——on those who deal in the Marvellous——on murther and maiming——on fraud—improper compliances—the story of Cantius——

THERE is nothing about which men are ſo anxious as to PLEASE. It ſeems to be the very eſſence of ſocial delight to give pleaſure to the company we aſſociate with. Every man thinks he poſſeſſes ſome quality or other by which he can impart ſatisfaction, and I believe there are few who debar themſelves of the pleaſures of ſociety from a conſciouſneſs that they cannot add to thoſe pleaſures in ſome degree.

There muſt be allowed to be ſomething artificial in the behaviour of men in company. They then diſplay qualities very different from what really predominate in their private character; It is not uncommon to ſee a man in company liberal, free and open, who in private is niggardly, cloſe and repulſive. Some in company are facetious, merry and jovial, whoſe

whoſe real character is to be ſober, ſerious and thoughtful. Others in company affect a certain licentiouſneſs of ſpeech and manner, who are really honeſt, moral and upright—Some are trivial, jocular and trifling, whoſe judgment is ſound, and whoſe underſtanding is worthy to be conſulted—Others are atheiſtical, profane and impious, who in private tremble at a clap of thunder, and revere that God in their thoughts whom they affect to deſpiſe in words.

In this artificial method of conducting ourſelves in public the men of this age ſeem to improve. I ſhall not ſay from whence we have learnt it, nor arraign the example of the French, but the truth is, that habits of deception acquired ſo early, and continued ſo unremittingly, are ſubverſive of honeſt principles. There are no ſituations in which a man has any real or neceſſary ground for diſguiſing his character; and the practice of mutual deception muſt in the end, on every detection, create hoſtility between man and man, and deſtroy that mutual confidence which is the bond of ſociety, and affords its greateſt pleaſure.

But, (not to purſue this ſubject to the extent of which it is capable) we find that the inclination to pleaſe in company obliges men to ſtudy various arts which can ſcarcely be treated with gravity, nor cenſured with ſeverity. *Aſinus* has but one *good quality* which makes him to be much invited into company; this is the happy faculty of imitating the barking of a dog, the neighing of a horſe, the mewing of a cat, and the braying of an aſs. He is ſure to be called upon to give his imitations, which never fail to produce "burſts of laughter," and the company are divided to know which animal he imitates moſt *naturally*. Another Imitator is particularly happy in imitating the ſound of ſeveral wind inſtruments, &c.—Some recommend themſelves by their faculty in telling a ſtory; and others by their powers in ſinging a ludicrous ſong; But the moſt extraordinary faculty of all is that of thoſe who in company preſerve a ſtrict ſilence. Of theſe ſilent gentlemen almoſt every company has one or two. In a chattering age like the preſent there may be ſome merit in refraining from ſpeaking; but what is more extraordinary, many of thoſe dumb men acquire a character for *wiſdom*, and others for *good nature*; characters, of which it muſt be ſaid that they are cheaply acquired, ſince he to whom nothing is ſaid is deemed goodnatured, and he who ſays nothing is accounted wiſe.

*Mutus* is one of theſe ſilent men. He is acceptable in moſt companies. He ſays nothing, and of courſe hears every thing; he laughs as the company laughs, and is grave when they are grave; he joins the laugh at the end of the ſtory, as a chorus ſinger on the ſtage ready to join with the band, but that over, he reſumes his ſilence, and allows the *ſolo* and *duet* performers to ſhare all the applauſe.

Silent men however are tolerable. If they add nothing to the pleaſure or improvement of a company, they certainly take nothing from it. How different from thoſe are another ſpecies of entertainers, who deal always in the MARVELLOUS, and are for ever giving you an account of ſome very remarkable occurrence which happened to them, or in which they were materially intereſted, or conſulted. Mention what you will of a tranſaction at home or abroad, you will find they have either been preſent, or have directly correſponded or converſed with ſome of the parties. Their knowledge of men and things is infinite, and although they ſometime make trifling miſtakes, and expoſe themſelves to a contradiction which is not to be contradicted, yet they

they are ſo pleaſant and good-humoured with their "It may be ſo's," and their "ay you are right's,' and "O yes true, true's," that you are diſpoſed to forgive them for the fertility of their invention.

Others whoſe inclination to pleaſe exceeds their power, are for ever committing murder to pleaſe their company. I do not mean by *murder* that crime which is cognizable and puniſhed by our laws; but the inferior crime of murdering a good ſtory, or anecdote. They are generally provided with a ſtring of jeſts which they aſſaſſinate one after another without remorſe, but with great pain to a hearer, who may have known the ſaid ſtories in better hands, and may wiſh to reſcue them from a barbarous death. I am however always inclined to pity thoſe perſons who thus place themſelves in a ſituation that commands no reſpect, and does not call forth a ſmile even from the moſt goodnatured. Good ſtories are entitled to the protection of every man of wit, and he will never patiently allow them to be injured, although he may have too much regard to the party offending to puniſh him. There are others who, without abſolutely murdering a good ſtory, do ſo maul, maim and deface it, that it is ſcarcely to be known by its moſt intimate friends. But a more inſufferable ſet of ſtory-tellers are thoſe who ſteal good jeſts, and deface them on purpoſe to make them paſs for their own, as they tell us gypſies do with ſtolen children, rub them over with walnut-ſhells to make them appear of their own line, and not to be known by their parents. Theſe good gentlemen will pick out a ſtory from Joe Miller, or Ben Johnſon, that perhaps originally belonged to the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Rocheſter, or ſome other wit of the time, and retail it as a thing which happened yeſterday to "a particular friend of theirs." This, it muſt be confeſſed, is a dangerous ſpecies of fraud, for, as the books mentioned are generally more read than they deſerve, it muſt be in moſt caſes liable to detection.

From many obſervations we may perceive that the deſire to pleaſe, when pleaſing others is conſidered as an indiſpenſible duty, and excluſive of all others, becomes dangerous to the moral character. To pleaſe others in a certain degree is unqueſtionably a duty incumbent on every ſocial being; but it is more a duty to learn how far that pleaſure ought to be carried. When to pleaſe others men injure their health, abuſe their time, neglect or violate truth in converſation, they may be aſſured they have far exceeded all that is required of any rational creature. Yet how many promiſing youths are ruined by this unbounded compliance to the taſte of others, and which conſtitutes the miſchief ariſing from improper company! To be able to ſay NO to an improper requeſt, ſo to time a refuſal as that it may carry a convincing weight with it, is a degree of fortitude rarely to be found, but eagerly to be deſired in youth. However anxious we may be to pleaſe others, it ought always to be remembered that we ought to be firſt pleaſed ourſelves, that is, ſatisfied that our compliances are ſuch as will bring no ſhame, nor ſorrow, nor repentance. The applauſe of our company, the character of a pleaſant fellow, and a perpetual ſucceſſion of compliments and invitations will be a poor recompence for the regret we muſt inwardly feel on reflecting that by giving our countenance to vice and to folly, we have added to the ſeduction of others, and graced the triumph of the enemy of makind.

I ſhall conclude this paper with an inſtance of the miſery which attends the deſire to pleaſe, when foſtered by adulation, and conſequently by vanity. *Cantius* was a young man of pro-

promiſing mechanical talents; but unfortunately had a tolerable voice, and ſung ſome popular ſongs in a pleaſing ſtile. This occaſioned him to be always invited to parties of his fellow apprentices and other tradeſmen. No public dinner was compleat without *Cantius*; he had the honour on ſuch occaſions to be called upon for a ſong by noblemen and gentlemen of rank, and as in ſuch companies every man is prepared to be pleaſed, *Cantius* was much applauded. Fluſhed with hopes of ſucceſs in a higher ſphere, no ſooner was his apprenticeſhip finiſhed than he applied to the managers of one of the theatres, and was permitted to appear in a principal character in one of our moſt favourite Operas. But the experiment was fatal. The voice that ſuited a ſmall room or hall had neither volume nor compaſs for a wide theatre; the audience that had been accuſtomed to hear ſingers of the firſt eminence, could not brook the feeble attempt of *Cantius*——and he was ſo coolly received that the manager would not engage him as a performer. Diſappointed thus in his hopes of ſucceeding on the ſtage, he reſumed his ſituation at the feſtive board. Here his ſubſiſtence was precarious—ſometimes he received a trifle for his performances, at other times was rewarded with his dinner only. Vexation drove him to the laſt refuge of the miſerable, the bottle, and this, while it afforded but a momentary eaſe, gradually impaired his health, and deprived him of the very faculties by which he ſtrove to pleaſe. He ſtruggled for ſome years, however, through a multitude of difficulties and diſtreſſes, without ever forming any reſolution to abandon this way of life, till at length deſerted by thoſe whoſe empty applauſe had fed his folly, diſappointed in every ſcheme he had formed—unhappy in his own mind, and unable to bear the load of life any longer, he put a period to his exiſtence. His body was found floating in the New River—in his pockets a few halfpence and a quantity of pawnbrokers tickets—To ſuch miſery may man be reduced when his compliances are irreconcileable to reaſon, and when endeavouring to pleaſe men, he forgets that his firſt great duty is to pleaſe God.

## *On the* SCOTCH FISHERIES.

### LETTER XII.

I HAVE, in a very hurried and imperfect manner, gone over the ſubject of the fiſheries and thoſe more immediately connected with them, ſhewing their very unproſperous ſtate at preſent, with the ſuppoſed cauſe; and giving ſundry hints at a few of the many improvements that have occurred to me that might be introduced; with a calculation of the neceſſary expence that will attend the outfit of the propoſed fiſhery.

To place the propriety and even neceſſity of ſetting a good example in a conſpicuous point of view, I muſt beg leave once more to take a ſhort retroſpective ſurvey. In doing which, it is found, that, ſince the acceſſion of King James VI. of Scotland, and I. of England, to the Britiſh throne (a period of nearly two centuries) the nation has almoſt continually amuſed itſelf and the world with the importance of our fiſheries, in the diſplay of which many valuable performances have been wrote, from thoſe of Sir William Monſon (who made a voyage of obſervation to the Hebrides), and Sir Walter Raleigh, to thoſe of Mr Knox and Dr Anderſon.

Before and ſince the Union, many ſalutary laws have been enacted for encouraging the fiſheries; and, within the laſt thirty five years, it appears the Britiſh Parliament has generouſly beſtowed not much leſs than 400,000l. in bounties. Yet, for all this, the real

importance and true value of them remains in the ſame problematical ſtate, and our fiſhers in equal want of public aid to enable them to carry on their operations as ever; and I will dare to maintain, that, in all human probability, they will always continue to be ſo until they alter their plan; and this they ſeem not diſpoſed to attempt, nor will they do it until the practicability and advantage of it is ſhewn them by actual experiment.

Very fine ſyſtems for erecting towns and villages in the Highlands, with the diſtributions of boats and annual premiums, have been laid before the public, as if this alone would inſtantaneouſly retrieve the fortunes of the inhabitants, and eſtabliſh the fiſheries upon a proſperous footing.—Erecting the intended villages is undoubtedly a meaſure originating in the fineſt feelings of humanity, and highly expedient; it is no new one; the original deſign was undoubtedly laid by King James V. and meant to have been begun by his grandſon King James VI; but other important matters diverted his attention from it. Had not misfortunes overtaken King Charles I. it is highly probable, theſe diſtricts and our fiſheries had been upon a much more reſpectable footing than they are at preſent; however, what is paſt cannot be recalled; but let us not, my countrymen, allow ourſelves to be amuſed and deceived any longer with vain hopes; let us take example from former diſappointments, to be thoroughly convinced, that no reliance ought to be placed upon a boat fiſhery, for accompliſhing the ſo much wiſhed for object.

Permit me to aſk this ſimple queſtion: Were the eighty intended villages built, and were ten thouſand boats employed in them, will this bring herrings or other fiſh into the lochs or cloſe to the land, where theſe boats can catch them? I preſume, it will not be ſaid there is the moſt diſtant chance it will; conſequently the fiſhery will remain in ſtill the ſame precarious ſtate as ever, and ſucceſsful only by fits and ſtarts. The herring fiſhing may fail altogether for ſeveral ſucceſſive ſeaſons, as it has but too often been known to do before; and, although cod fiſhing in boats is not quite ſo precarious as the other, yet it is far from being ſuch as promiſes permanent proſpects of proſperity, to have a ſole or even a principal dependence upon.

From good information I have learned, that laſt ſeaſon's cod fiſhing at Stornoway in Lewis, where perhaps it is better underſtood than any where elſe in the Highlands, it yielded 6l. the man's ſhare, and is reckoned one of the beſt fiſhings ever remembered; and that of Shetland is ſaid not to yield above the one half of this; however, either of them makes but a poor equivalent for many months hard and hazardous labour, or the maintenance of a family.

What then muſt be the fate of theſe poor collected ſettlers, who cannot with propriety, I ſuppoſe, be ranked in the claſs of good fiſhers, or mechanics, if left without other reſources? or, is it probable that monied men will be tempted by ſuch proſpects to take up their reſidence among them, and lay out their capitals in providing ſtocks of grain and other neceſſaries to give out in credit, in hopes of payment from the produce of the fiſheries, while in their preſent precarious ſtate? I much fear they will not.

Were the plan of the fiſhing company recommended in the firſt of theſe letters taken up either by the *Joint Stock Company*, or any other ſet of public ſpirited gentlemen, for which no more money is required in the outſet than half the ſum devoted for a ſimilar purpoſe by one individual Iriſh patriot, I will endeavour to ſhow the advantages that will reſult from it to the nation at large, as well as to the Highlands and iſlands in particular.

As

As brevity is neceſſary, and as it would be tedious to enter into the minutiæ of ſtating the profits to be expected from each branch of the fiſhery ſeparately, I will juſt obſerve, that, if the propoſed ten veſſels are put under the charge of intelligent induſtrious people, one or two good fiſhers put on board each, and the crews made up of hardy Highlandmen, although they may perhaps known but very little of the buſineſs, if they are willing to learn, keeping in view the ſucceſs of the Dutch, and what we may do, as we acquire knowledge at ſo much leſs expence of almoſt every thing, tear and wear of veſſels in particular, I will venture to ſtate the average chance of ſucceſs and profits at from 40 to 50 per cent. per annum, on the capital employed; and it may even exceed this—what from cod-fiſhing, herring fiſhing, with the various other ſpecies of fiſh that may be turned to account, white fiſh may continue to yield near the ſame prices they do at preſent, after allowing very good wages to all hands employed.

The ſtation where this fiſhery ſhall be carried on at, will very quickly become reſpectable. The ſervants of the company being in permanent employ, whoſe earnings will be regular, their expenditures will be expected, and may be depended upon, to be equally ſo. This will draw and attach a number of other ſettlers, as well boat fiſhers, poſſeſſed of a little property, as mechanics and others. The crews of the ten veſſels, reckoning ten men and boys in each, make a hundred; and it is probable, that, when ſucceſs began to appear, the other ſervants and dependants of the company, conſiſting of ſuperintendents, coopers, ſhip carpenters, rope, line, twine, and ſail makers, with various other labourers, &c. will be little ſhort of an equal number. Now ſuppoſing the half of theſe married perſons, and each family to conſiſt of five perſons old and young, this, with the unmarried perſons, makes the whole number depending upon the company amount to ſix hundred ſouls, beſides the other ſettlers.

## Literary Chronicle and Review.

*Extract from a Sermon preached by the Biſhop of Landaff, intitled*

"THE PRINCIPLES OF THE REVOLUTION VINDICATED."

'IF the nobility, (ſays the Bp.) forgetting the duty they owe the people in return for the rank and diſtinction they enjoy above the other members of the community, ſhould ever abet the arbitrary deſigns of the crown;—if the commons ſhould become ſo wholly ſelfiſh and corrupt, as to be ready to ſupport any men and any meaſures;——if laſtly, the king ſhould be ſo ignorant of his true intereſt, or ſo ill adviſed, as to uſe ſuch degenerate parliaments as the tools of a tyrannic government;——then we have no doubt in aſſerting, that the people will have a full right to reſume the reins of government into their own hands, to lop off the rotten gangrened members, and to purge the corruptions of the body politic in any manner they ſhall think moſt meet.—God forbid, (he adds however) that our governors ſhould at any time ſo far neglect their duties, as to make it neceſſary for the people to ſit in judgment upon their conduct; for their verdict is uſually written with the ſword, and regiſtered in blood.'

*A Diſcourſe read in the Chapel of Belvoir Caſtle, after the Funeral of his Grace the Duke of Rutland.* By the Rev. George Crabbe. 4to.

THIS diſcourſe is ſuperior to the generality of funeral ſermons.

To follow the author through the whole of his deceaſed patron's character, would occupy too large a ſpace of our journal; one trait we cannot reſiſt the temptation of ſelecting, as we think it affords a ſeaſonable admonition, if not a reproof to our young nobility.

'Firſt, I will call to your remembrance a preſiding feature in the character of the noble deceaſed; which, though I hope by no means uncommon, is yet, in the days of youth and pleaſure, of ſplendour and vivacity, ſeldom an eminent one: this was a conſtant reverence and reſpect for the things of God and of religion. He ſtedfaſtly believed in that revelation of the divine will which we profeſs to believe, and he loved that others ſhould regard it with the reverence which he did: and you will recollect alſo, that this was the thoughtfulneſs and devotion of his early days, while he was courted by fortune, bleſſed with health, and ſurrounded by pleaſures! when he was religious, not through a deficiency of this world's good, but becauſe he believed in and looked for another.'

'And when I ſay that he had this regard for the things of religion, I mean principally things immutable and eſſential—juſtice, mercy, and a judgment to come. With human ordinances and inſtitutions he complied for peace and conſcience ſake; and with thoſe eſtabliſhed in his own country, probably, becauſe he thought them the moſt rational helps to devotion. But his religion did not conſiſt entirely nor chiefly of theſe: on the contrary, he thought every man impious (however ſtedfaſt his faith and rigid his orthodoxy) whoſe life was uſeleſs, and whoſe heart was hard; and every one pious and devout, who was juſt and merciful, and walked humbly with his God.'

*Diſcourſes on various Subjects.* To which are added, Conſiderations on Pluralities. By Samuel Diſney, L L. B. late Vicar of Halſtead, Eſſex. With a Preface, by John Diſney, D. D. F. S. A. 8vo. 454 p. Price 6s. in Boards.

IN producing Extracts we ſhall begin with the author's ſentiments on charity ſchools, which we think will afford a fair ſpecimen of his manner and ſtyle.

'I would obſerve, in the firſt place, that though other charities may be very well calculated for the relief of miſery and diſtreſs, this alone claims the ſtill more exalted merit of acting by way of prevention, and of deſtroying unhappineſs in the bud: this gives health to the conſtitution that prevents diſeaſe, whilſt the others are, at beſt, only remedies when the infection has taken place. The virtuous education of poor children, and the ſtoring of their minds with principles for the proper conduct of their future life, prevents that poverty and intemperance which flow from idleneſs and vice; and, thereby, ſaves theſe our fellow-creatures from experiencing their threatned wretchedneſs, and the public from feeling the bad effects of it. If they, therefore, are to be bleſſed, who feed the hungry, cloath the naked, and viſit thoſe that are ſick and in priſon; much more ſurely thoſe are entitled to this bleſſedneſs, who apply their preventive prudent aſſiſtance, and ſo form the tender minds of theſe children of the unfortunate, that by the grace of God, and their own induſtry, they may never know the diſtreſſes of their fathers.

'In the next place, I would have it remarked, that the form of wholſome diſcipline to which theſe children are thus early inured, muſt be of great and inexpreſſible ſervice to them, and conſequently to the public, in the courſe of their future life.

Brought

Brought up in a fatal indulgence, and uncontroled by the hand of reſtraint, every paſſion would be fed to its full maturity, and expect to enjoy an unrivaled ſway in the ſcenes of future action. And what muſt be the conſequence of unreſtrained ſelf-gratification, but to ſee an untutored youth break every mound of civil duty, and turn out, as might have been reaſonably expected, a ſtubborn ſon, a ſullen huſband, a careleſs father, and a factious citizen. But theſe bad effects are all prevented by early and prudent diſcipline. Obedience is the ſchool of virtue, and the paſſions, in their firſt ſhoots, are eaſily reduced to culture and civilization.'

What follows is ſenſible and pious.

'I ſhall, laſtly, obſerve to you, in behalf of this charity, that you are ſure it is applied to real, undiſſembled miſery, and for which our laws have made either none, or very unequal proviſion. The law, indeed, has provided for the ſubſiſtence of their bodies; but what has it done for the cultivation of their minds? We want to have them taught the duties of a citizen: here the laws afford but ſcanty encouragement. We want to have them taught the duties of man: in theſe they are ſtill more defective. We want to have them taught the duties of a chriſtian: concerning theſe they are totally ſilent. The whole man, then, body and ſoul, ſtands now before us, and, with all the charms of artleſs innocence, ſolicits our pity to the greateſt diſtreſſes that can attend our nature. Poor children, expoſed to wants and temptations of the world, and the ſnares of the devil, intreat us, as men and chriſtians, "to put on bowels of mercy;" to furniſh them with honeſt means of ſupport againſt the one, and ſuch principles as may defend them from the other. To theſe moving characters of the object, our attention is enforced by the regards we owe to the welfare of our country, the honour of our religion, the commands and promiſes of God.'

We cannot forbear giving an extract from the ſeventh diſcourſe, which we think one of the beſt in the volume.

'I do not aſk you whether you comply with chriſtianity, ſo far only as it is engrafted into the manners and cuſtoms of your neighbourhood, but whether you comply with it as it is expreſſed in the terms of the New Teſtament; whether you embrace it for its own ſake, as "the pearl of great price," your richeſt treaſure and your deareſt delight; and would perſiſt in doing ſo, though every man, with whom you are acquainted, were of a contrary opinion: for there is a formal kind of chriſtianity, very common in theſe days, which is worn juſt as far as it is the faſhion, and varied like any other faſhion, and as eaſily laid aſide, when it is found convenient ſo to do. This, which is only the phantom of religion, is ſo far worſe than none, as it makes people fancy themſelves chriſtians when they have no title to that character; and then ſatisfy, and, as it were, benumb, their conſciences by a fantaſtic compliance with the goſpel, which would otherwiſe hardly let them be eaſy under an abſolute rejection of it. Such people go to church, one part of the Lord's day, if neither buſineſs nor pleaſure intervene; but you may eaſily ſee, by their formality and inattention, or unſeaſonable good breeding, that the devotion of the heart is the leaſt part of their buſineſs there.'

## Poetry.

*For the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

### *OSSIAN's GHOST.*

IN muſing melancholy loſt,
As late I roam'd the lone reſounding ſhore,

Struck

Struck my rapt eye pale Oſſian's ghoſt;
Drench'd were his hands and ſilver'd locks in gore:
Yet ſtill auguſt his port, his eye
Still beam'd the radiance of its heav'nly fire:
O'erawed, I felt as he drew nigh,
That power which mark'd the count'nance of the ſire.
Ah! ſtrive not, thoughtleſs youth, he cried,
To climb the craggy precipice of fame:
Dangers ſurround on ev'ry ſide;
Who ne'er could equal are the firſt to blame.
To thee if fancy's charms are given,
Ne'er waſte them on the mean ungrateful train:
What! ſpend the higheſt gift of heav'n,
To be repaid with ſlander and diſdain!
In long oblivion ſunk, aroſe
My ſong to claim its ſhare of gen'rous praiſe:
Opprobrious malice arm'd its foes,
Like light'ning ſtruck and wither'd all its bays.
Yet vain th' infuriate graſp of ire,
To compaſs what its boundleſs hopes purſue:
The ſtrain which nature's charms inſpire
Still meets a patron in the gen'rous few:
The few whom pomp's bewitching blaze,
And pride's o'erlabour'd ſtrain can ne'er beguile,
The Bard who tuned the Minſtrel's lays,
Or he who roam'd ſublime o'er Rona's iſle.
There wrapt in all the pride of war,
High on the tow'ring rock which bounds the main,
For ſo the muſe can ſcan afar,
Some diſtant day ſhall join the glorious train.
Fingal, great chief, to ſound his fame
Shall urge my feeble hand to touch the lyre:
Philemon's hapleſs woes ſhall claim
The bard, who ſung them with celeſtial fire;
While Edwin, ſtrange romantic boy;
Still hears the tale with wonder and amaze,
Then rapt in bliſs, t' expreſs his joy,
Invok'd the muſe that ſcann'd his infant days.
Thus, far removed from ſcornful pride,
Mid realms which none but peaceful bands explore,
Thy Genii, Scotia, ſhall abide.——
So ſpoke the ſire, and ſought the diſtant ſhore.

## SONNET:

On ſeeing an early Roſe Bud.
To a Young Lady.

SWEET emblem thou, that all the ſaints ſhall riſe,
To bloom in endleſs life beyond the ſkies!
When Sharon's ſweeter roſe in pomp ſhall come
To take his favourites to their bliſsful home,
There may I face to face, our bright Redeemer ſee,
And ſpend a bleſt Eternity, dear heav'nly maid, with thee.

## VERSES,

*Made at Sea in a heavy Gale.*

HAPPY the man, who ſafe ſhore,
Now trims, at home, his evening fire;
Unmov'd, he hears the tempeſts roar
That on the tuſted groves expire:
Alas!

Alas! on us they doubly fall,
Our feeble bark muſt bear them all.
Now to their haunts the birds retreat,
The ſquirrel ſeeks his hollow tree,
Wolves in their ſhaded caverns meet,
All, all are bleſt but wretched we—
For, doom'd a ſtranger to repoſe,
No reſt th' unſettled ocean knows.
While o'er the dark abyſs we roam,
Perhaps, whate'er the pilots ſay,
We ſaw the ſun's deſcending gloom,
No more to ſee his riſing ray,
But, bury'd low, by far too deep,
On coral beds unpity'd ſleep!
But what a ſtrange uncoaſted ſtrand
Is that where death permits no day!
No charts we have to mark that land,
No compaſs to direct that way.
What pilot ſhall explore that realm?
What new Columbus take the helm?
While death and darkneſs both ſurround,
And tempeſts rage with lawleſs power,
Of friendſhip's voice I hear no ſound,
No comfort in this dreadful hour—
What friendſhip can in tempeſts be?
What comforts on this angry ſea?
The barque, accuſtom'd to obey,
No more the trembling pilot's guide,
Alone ſhe gropes her trackleſs way,
While mountains burſt on every ſide.
Thus ſkill and ſcience both muſt fall,
And ruin is the lot of all.

## FOR CYNTHIA.

*By Peter Pindar.*

AH tell me no more, my dear girl, with a ſigh,
That a coldneſs will creep o'er my heart;
That a ſullen indiff'rence will dwell on my eye
When thy beauty gins to depart.
Shall thy graces, O Cynthia, that gladden my day,
And brighten the gloom of the night,
Till life be extinguiſh'd, from memory ſtray,
Which it ought to review with delight?
Upbraiding, ſhall GRATITUDE ſay with a tear,
"That no longer I think of thoſe charms
"Which gave to my boſom ſuch rapture ſincere,
"And faded at length in my arms?"
Why yes! it may happen, thou Damſel divine:——
To be honeſt—I freely declare,
That e'en *now* to thy *converſe* ſo much I incline,
I've *already forgot* thou art *fair*.

## TO LAURA.

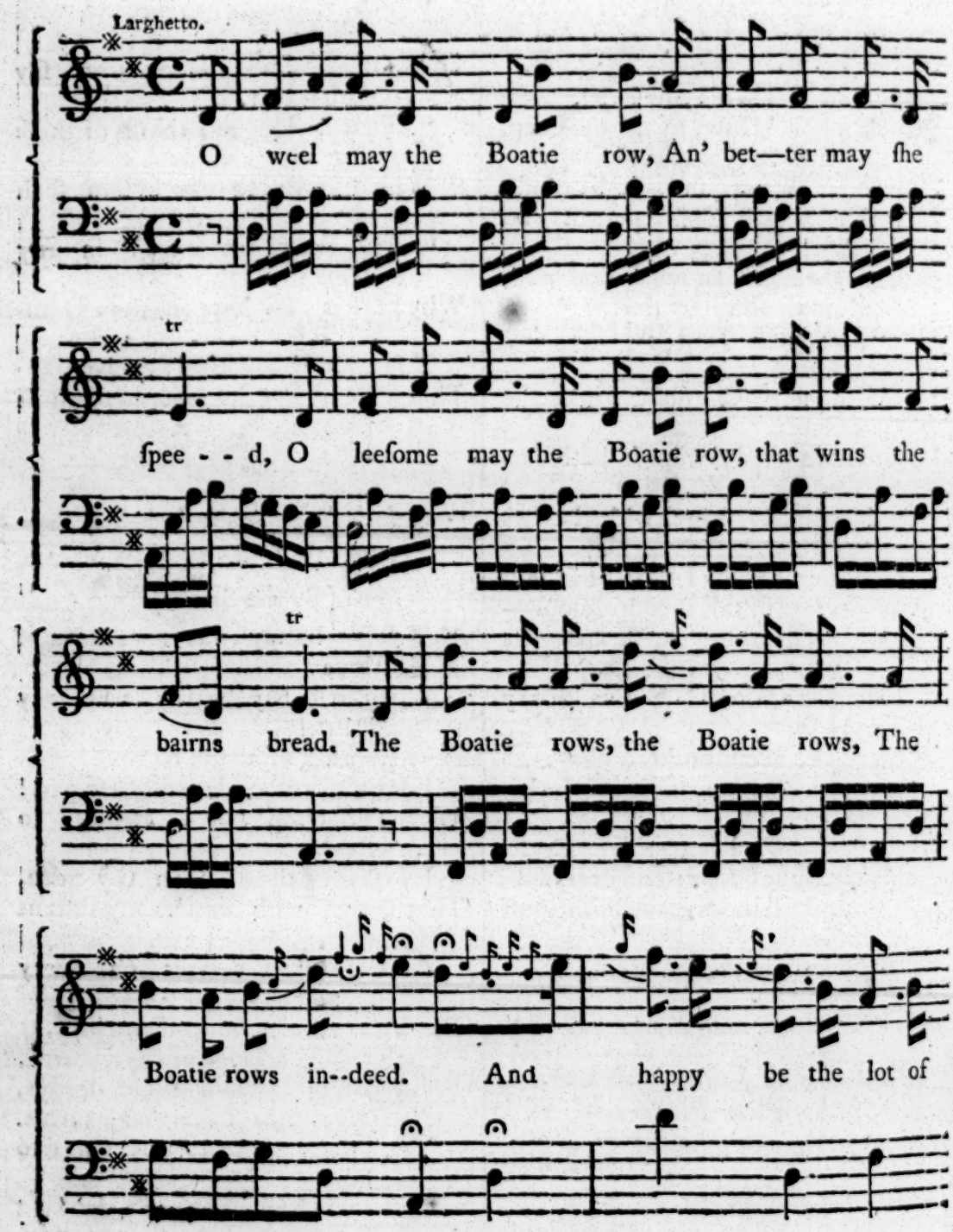
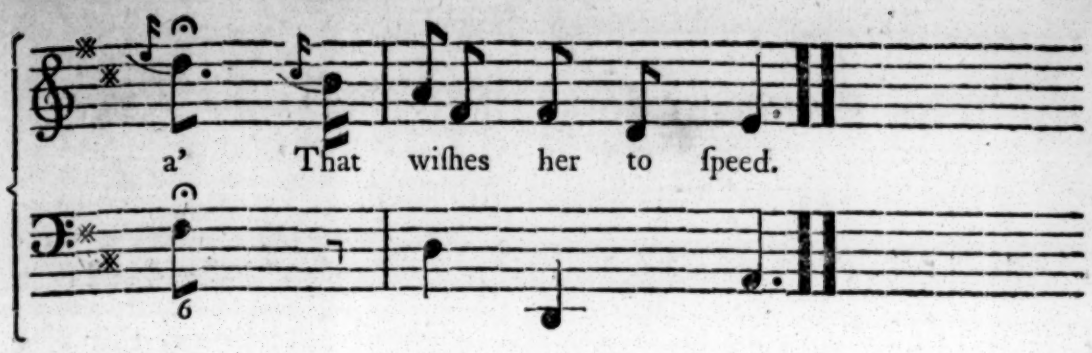
(By the Same.)

HOW happy was my morn of love
When firſt thy beauty won my heart!
How guiltleſs of a wiſh to rove!
I deem'd it more than death to part!
Whene'er from *thee* I chanced to ſtray,
How fancy dwelt upon thy mien,
That ſpread with flow'rs my diſtant way,
And ſhow'rd delight on every ſcene!
But FORTUNE, envious of my joys,
Hath robb'd a lover of thy charms,
From me thy ſweeteſt ſmile decoys,
And gives thee to *another*'s arms.
Yet, though *my* tears are doom'd to flow,
May tears be never LAURA's lot!
Let LOVE protect *thy* heart from woe;
His wound to *mine* ſhall be forgot.

The

# The favourite Song of *The Boatie Rows.*

Even

The Words by a Gentleman of Aberdeen. Adapted to Muſic by Mr WILSON.




II.

O leeſome may the Boatie row,
That fills a heavy creel,
And claithes us a' frae head to fit,
And buys the pottage meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows weel,
And lightſome be her load wha bears
The murlin and the creel.

III.

Whan Jemmy vow'd he wad be mine,
And wan frae me my heart,
Ah! muckle lighter grew my creel,
He ſwore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows weel,
And muckle lighter is the load,
Whan love bears up the creel.

IV.

My curtch I pat upon my head,
And deck'd myſel' fu' bra',
I trow my heart was douff and wae,
Whan Jemmy gaed awa'.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
Wha wiſhes her to ſpeed.

V.

Whan Sanny, Jock, and Jannettie,
Are up, and gotten lair,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows weel,
And leeſome may the boatie row,
That wins the bairns meal.

VI.

And whan wi' age we're borne down,
And hirplin' roun' the door,

They'll row and keep us warm and dry,
As we've done them before.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed,
And happy be the lot of a'
Wha wiſhes her to ſpeed.

HUMANITY; a POEM; by Mr Pratt.

WHAT will not Freedom's heav'n deſcended fire,
In cultur'd, or in ſavage ſouls inſpire?
The rights of Nature and of God to ſave,
Men ſcoop the rock and build upon the wave,
Explore the barren ſand, the marſhes drear,
And a free cottage in the deſert rear,
Delight in hollow of ſome cave to dwell,
Or dig thro' earth the independent cell.
See where Marino lifts her craggy brow,
Half hid in clouds, and cover'd half with ſnow,
Beyond the Appenines, there Freedom reigns,
And ſcorns the thraldom of Italian plains;
There ſee, untax'd, the ſmall republic grow,
And ſpurn the bondage of the vales below,
Cloſe on the liberal Heav'n behold it ſtands,
And proud looks down on tributary lands.
What, tho' thoſe tributary lands diſplay
The blooming fragrance of perpetual May,
Like the coy ſenſitive, each lovely flower
Still ſeems to tremble at the touch of power.
Bleſt be the good Dalmatian's generous earth,
Which boaſts, oh! Rome, than thine a nobler birth,
Thou but the refuge of a robber band,
But there devotion rais'd the folded hand,
And many a century this little ſtate
Has ſtood the ſtorms of fortune and of fate,
Whilſt thy ſunk cities, once the boaſt of fame,
Have nought to mark them but an empty name.
What tho' no ſtreams here lave the ſcant domain,
But melting ſnows and reſervoirs of rain;
Tho' hillocks ſcatter'd round the parent hill,
At once thy pride and penury reveal,
A narrow circuit, and a labour'd ſoil,
Which yields ſubſiſtence but to endleſs toil,
Dear is the grain that decks thy mountain's ſide,
Beyond the harveſt of Italia's pride.
In this ſmall ſpot is ſeen one path alone,
Where jealous freedom guides us to the town,
There, entering, arts and arms and trade we view,
For ev'ry citizen's a ſoldier too!
There laws are form'd on patriot wiſdom's plan,
For ev'ry citizen's an honeſt man;
There mines no tyrant, there no courtiers flock,
All good is common, all is public ſtock;
For general happineſs there all combine,

The

The one great aim, and all to aid it join.
Oh! ſainted founder of this virtuous land,
Sublimely rais'd, I ſee thy ſtatue ſtand.
Ev'n where the Virgin conſecrates the place,
It fills with holy zeal thy generous race,
With free-born men thy Mount is cover'd o'er,
While loſt Campania glooms a deſert ſhore.

# Monthly Chronicle, and Review of Politics.

## *AUGUST*, 1788.

### *GERMANY.*

THE Emperor's troops have not yet effected any thing deciſive or ſtriking. All the maſs of preparation and buſtle has landed in —— entrenching themſelves ſtrongly, and forming a cordon of light troops to guard the frontiers.

### *RUSSIA.*

The empreſs ſeems to carry on the war with the Turks with better fortune than was expected. In three engagements by ſea ſhe has proved victorious, although none deciſive, and the fortreſs of Oczakow muſt fall into her hands. To counterbalance, and more than counterbalance this, is the rupture between her and Sweden. The intention of this laſt power is no longer a myſtery; the Swedes take advantage of the embarraſſed ſituation of Ruſſia, and wiſh to regain the provinces which were wreſted from them in the unfortunate war between Charles XII. and the Czar Peter. A formidable army is ſent to Finland, and a fleet of 15 of the fleet beſides frigates put to ſea under the command of the Duke of Sudermania, the king's brother. On the 17th of July the Swediſh and Ruſſian fleets met off Hoogland; the numbers were nearly equal, and an engagement enſued, which terminated in favour of the Swediſh flag. One Ruſſian veſſel of the line and four frigates were taken, another ſunk; of the Swedes, one of 64 guns is amiſſing. Report ſays that Denmark is to ſuccour Ruſſia; if ſo, the North will be all on a flame.

### *FRANCE.*

*Remarkable Hurricane in France.*

Such a hurricane as happened at Paris on Sunday the 13th inſtant, has not been experienced in the memory of man. Rambouillet, his Majeſty's hunting ſeat, is totally laid waſte. Cambourci, a large tract of land, between St Germain and Marli, loſt, in eight minutes time, all the hopes of this year's harveſt. All the fruit-trees are deſtroyed, and thoſe were the chief ſupport of the poor villagers. What fell for the ſpace of ten minutes, could hardly be called hail. They were enormous large pieces of ice as hard as diamonds, the heavieſt of which were ſo elaſtic, that they rebounded from the ground, and bruiſed whatever object they touched. Their inciſive forms have cut, or driven in, the ſtrongeſt ſtems; and a foreſt of cheſnut trees adjacent to the village preſents the horrible ſpectacle of the enemy's having paſſed through it. The lucern, the fruit, the pulſe, and all kinds of vegetables, are buried in the ground, or irreparably loſt. Houſes and cottages have been unroofed, glaſſes broken in a thouſand pieces, cows, ſheep, and lambs killed, and ſeveral of the inhabitants, who, as it was Sunday, were going to church, dangerouſly wounded. This ſtorm has ravaged ſtill worſe the Election

of Chartres, and its neighbourhood. For upwards of ſixty ſquare leagues, no harveſt can be expected this year; not an ear of corn is left; and all the trees and vines are ſo terribly hacked to pieces, that they cannot poſſibly bear again for theſe four years — The ſteeple of Gallardon church, 200 feet high, fell with ſuch violence over the roof of the choir, that it gave way, and put the pariſhioners, who were hearing maſs, in the utmoſt conſternation.—The church of Tours has been thrown down—Three windmills were wreſted from their hold with the greateſt force imaginable, and three perſons who had taken ſhelter in one of them, were killed on the ſpot. Many others, of both ſexes, have been killed and woonded. At Pontoiſe, the ravages have been truly alarming. Of the ſixty ſix pariſhes, that Election is compoſed of, forty-three have been the greateſt ſufferers.—Forty of them are without any appearance of harveſt at all, and twenty-three will loſe half.

## *L O N D O N.*

Aug. 4. being the laſt day appointed by the late act for regulating elections, the poll for Weſtminſter finally cloſed, when the numbers were,

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| For Lord John Townſhend | | 6392 |
| Lord Hood | — | 5569 |
| Making a majority on the whole poll for Lord John Townſhend of | | 823 |

And therefore he was returned duly elected as Member to ſerve for the remainder of the preſent Parliament, in the room of Lord Hood.

## BOXING-MATCHES.

The *faſhionable* and *humane amuſement* of boxing, ſtill continues to attract the attention of the *nobility* and *gentry* of England! The papers mention three pitched battles fought at Brighthelmſtone, on Wedneſday. We have in general thought ſuch engagements too barbarous and trifling, to afford any entertainment to our readers, but the following fought at Brighthelmſtone, on Wedneſday, betwixt Tyne, and Earl, being attended with particular circumſtances, we give it a place.

Earl was the talleſt man, and a ſhoemaker by trade; Tyne is a taylor, and has fought ſeveral battles. They both, from the firſt ſet-to, ſhewed great courage, and waſted but little time in manœuvring. Tyne appeared to have moſt ſkill, but Earl fought very faſt, and generally threw him. In the ſecond round, Tyne's right eye was cloſed up, and in a few rounds he cut Earl terribly over the face in ſeveral places, and aimed moſt of his blows at the head and breaſt. However, after a dreadful conflict of forty eight minutes, Tyne ſtruck Earl under the left ſide, and immediately cloſed in, and threw him a moſt dreadful fall, which KILLED him inſtantly.

The umpires were, Captain Hervey Aſton, and Colonel Tarleton. The ſeconds, Johnſon and Bath.

It is hoped, Tyne will be tried and convicted of murder, which will put an end to ſuch practices, which are more becoming a race of ſavages, that an enlightened and poliſhed people. It may, however, be remarked that the poor creatures themſelves are leſs culpable than the noblemen and gentlemen who excite and encourage them to commit ſuch deſperate barbarities.

A great deal of money was won and loſt upon this occaſion, ſuch diverſions being now very proper ſubjects for gamblers and ſharpers.

His Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales has declared that he would have ſome ſettlement made on the neareſt relation of the deceaſed, but that, on account of the dreadful example he had then witneſſed, he would never more either ſee or patro-

nize

nize another ſtage fight.

The patrons of the noble art of boxing are to have a painting done of the battle at Brighthelmſtone, in which the ſhoemaker was killed—as a companion to the death of General Wolfe!

THE death of the unhappy wretch at Brighthelmſtone has called forth one general wiſh reſpecting boxing, and that is, that it may no longer receive patronage from men of rank, and may be effectually prevented by the Magiſtrate.

Depraved as the ſentiments of men of rank and fortune are too generally, reſpecting any thoughts of a *hereafter*, that man muſt be dead to every feeling, who urged the combatants to the fight, and yet is unconcerned at being the means, in a certain degree, of a poor wretch ending his days upon a public ſtage, for the amuſement of the populace, and the intereſt of a gambling junto.

Of ſome ſmall ſhare of bluſhing, on this occaſion, we are told—and ſome of the papers have been employed to gloſs over the matter as favourably as poſſible How abſurdly they have done it may appear from this one circumſtance, that they attribute his death to an apoplexy: He that cleaves the ſkull of another with an axe may as well be acquitted of murder; and the verdict of the jury upon Earl may with as much propriety (and we ſhould not wonder if they did) bring in a verdict—*died by the viſitation of God*

But no gloſs, no palliation, no apology, will cover a plain matter of fact; and that fact, as to the encouragers of boxing, will appear altogether without excuſe, when we conſider that, if two men are to be found of ſuch grovelling and baſe minds as to maim, deface, and butcher one another for money, a very conſiderable proportion of this ignominy belongs to thoſe who are their abettors, and furniſh that money. Let them explain away the crime in what manner they pleaſe, every rational creature, every man endued with humanity, will acknowledge that the patrons of boxers contribute not a little to the diſgrace of the times.

*Particulars relative to the unfortunate* PANDOLPHI, *for whoſe Murder* WALTER REID *was hanged and quartered on Saturday ſe'nnight at Three Caſtles, in the County of Wicklow in Ireland.*

In the year 1783, Mr Pandolphi, in conſequence of ſome domeſtic misfortunes, was under the neceſſity of leaving Italy, which was his native country. In the courſe of his travels he came to Ireland, of which he was making the tour, when caught with the ſcenery of a little ſpot of ground in the county of Wicklow which overlooked the river Liffey, as well as with the hoſpitality of the neighbours, to one of whom (Mr Archibald) he brought a letter of recommendation, he reſolved on ſettling there. His houſehold conſiſted but of a ſtripling lad, who reſided with him, and an old chair-woman. Having received a very liberal education, and having been addicted to the ſtudy of phyſic, his medicinal ſkill was eminent, though he had not ſtudied with a view of practiſing. He therefore attended all deſcriptions of people around him gratis, and was highly eſteemed for his charity and benevolence. He frequently amuſed himſelf in a little ſchool inſtructing children, and diſtributing premiums to ſuch as excelled the reſt. There was not a poor perſon in the pariſh but was a penſioner of his, and he took great delight in the payment of their weekly allowance. His ſervant, whoſe name was Hugh Read, a brother or couſin to the wretch who was hanged laſt Saturday, enjoyed all his confidence. Having received a remittance from his agent in Italy, he communicated it to his ſervant, obſerving that they could now afford to live well. On hearing this, the infamous villain combined with his relation to murder him. Accordingly one night, while Pandolphi was locking his turf houſe, he knocked him down with a bar of iron, and his accompliice flying to aſſiſt him, they ſoon diſpatched the unfor-

unfortunate gentleman; and having ſtripped him naked, raiſed the board of the neceſſary, and threw his body into it: then ſettled the board again, waſhed away the blood, took meaſures for concealing the horrid deed, and went to bed.

Next morning Hugh Read reported that his maſter had ſet off for Dublin, and for near a fortnight he found means to elude ſuſpicion. But the poor people, who were continually inquiring for their much loved patron, obſerving ſome articles moving from the houſe, at length began to ſuſpect all was not fair. They communicated their thoughts to a gentleman, who went to Mr Pandolphi's, and on his enquiring for the doctor, as he was called, the ſervant made him the uſual anſwer, that he was in Dublin. The ſervant, ſtruck with conſcious guilt, found means to withdraw from the eyes of the gentleman, and effected an eſcape while the latter was viewing the houſe. At length he went to the neceſſary, where he perceived the leg of a human being, which on cloſer inſpection was found to belong to the corpſe of the unfortunate Pandolphi. The villians having eſcaped, were not heard of till Walter was taken, and he, tormented with a ſenſe of his guilt, confeſſed the fact, and was convicted on his own teſtimony. The other villain has not been yet heard of; but it is devoutly to be hoped he may meet with that puniſhment the magnitude of his crime ſo juſtly merits.

## EDINBURGH,

### High Court of Justiciary.

YESTERDAY came on before the High Court of Juſticiary the trial of James Falconer and Peter or Patrick Bruce, late merchants in Dundee, indicted at the inſtance of his Majeſty's Advocate, of having, upon the night betwixt the 16th and 17th days of February laſt, feloniouſly and violently broke into the Bank-office of the Dundee Banking Company at Dundee, by making a hole in the cieling of the banking-office, or by other unlawful means, and of ſtealing from thence 422l. 2s. 6d. Sterling, or thereby, in ſpecie and bank notes of different banks, all belonging to the Dundee Banking Company.

Mr John Pattiſon, junior counſel for the priſoners, ſaid, the libel charged houſebreaking and theft, which were different crimes, or modifications of the ſame crime, which might infer different puniſhments. He, however, did not mean to dwell upon the libel, but would ſtate, from his inſtructions, the priſoners defence. A plan had been laid, he ſaid, to take away the lives of the priſoners by perjury, in hopes of obtaining the reward, which had been increaſed, by repeated advertiſements, from fifty to one hundred pounds. However unnatural and extraordinary ſuch a crime might ſeem to be, yet, in the ſpace of fifty years, no leſs than three inſtances of crimes of a ſimilar nature appeared from the records of the Court.—The firſt was the well known caſe of Mrs M'Leod; the ſecond of Barriſdale, which he did not mean to inſiſt upon; and the third of a Mr Hog, miniſter of Capoch, who, in concert with one of his elders, accuſed an heritor of the pariſh of a deſign to burn the manſe; but the plot being diſcovered, both the miniſter and elder were baniſhed. He ſaid he would likewiſe prove an *alibi*.

The Lord Advocate ſaid, the papers which had been put into his hands led him to form a very different opinion; bnt if the counſel for the pannels could ſubſtantiate the charge, he would moſt cordially join iſſue with them, and give every aid in his power to bring to juſtice perſons who dared to commit a crime of a much more heinous nature than that which the priſoners were accuſed of. It was neceſſary, however, that the matter ſhould go to proof, and therefore hoped that their Lordſhips would find the libel relevant as laid.

The Court pronounced the uſual interlocutor; and allowed the pannels a proof of all facts and circumſtances that might tend to exculpate or alleviate. After which the Jury was ſworn in.

The firſt part of the evidence went to ſhow

ſhow, that the banking-office was kept immediately under the guild-hall and priſon-houſe of Dundee; that the doors were properly locked upon the evening of the 16th of February laſt, the night before the robbery was committed; and the amount of the caſh amiſſing (422l. 2s. 6d.) conſiſting of notes, new half guineas, and ſilver; when the diſcovery was made next day of the banking-houſe having been broke into.

Alexander M'Donald, tailor in Dundee, being called, the counſel for the priſoners objected to his being admitted, becauſe he was a perſon of bad character, had ſtole a bill, had perſonated an exciſeman, and made a ſeizure of tea under that character, and been guilty of ſeveral other illegal acts, which they offered to prove. Their Lordſhips, however, as there was no ſentence of a Court againſt him, and that the leading a proof of theſe facts would involve them in a new queſtion, repelled the objection; but allowed the counſel for the priſoners to put what croſs-interrogations to him they thought proper. As the material part of the proof for the Crown hinges upon the evidence of this witneſs, we will endeavour to give a ſummary of it.

He deponed, that, in the month of June or July 1787, he fell in with one Dick, late ſhipmaſter in Dundee, now in the goal of that place, as an accomplice with the priſoners, who invited him to the houſe of one Willocks, who kept a publichouſe in Dundee, and who is likewiſe in cuſtody on a ſimilar charge, where he was introduced to the priſoners, Willocks, and Howie, likewiſe an accomplice; that the affair of breaking into the bank was mentioned at that time to the witneſs, but he declined having any concern in it. However, at an after meeting, it was again propoſed; and though the witneſs ſtill declined having any concern, he took an oath to keep the ſecret. Some other meetings happened previous to the 16th of February, at all which the priſoner adhered to his firſt reſolution. On the evening of the 16th of February he went out about buſineſs, and did not come home till after twelve o'clock at night (he heard the hour ſtrike on the town clock). Immediately after he came, he took ſupper, and had put off his cloaths, with a deſign to go to bed, when he heard a rap at the door, and upon calling who was there, heard Dick ſay, It is a friend; that he opened the door, when he ſaw Dick and the two priſoners; that Dick ſaid, We are going yonder, and you muſt come along; but that he refuſed; upon which Dick ſeized him by the ſhirt, and tore it from the neck a great way down, and threatened to kill him if he perſiſted in refuſing to accompany them; that he then ſwore he would follow them; upon which they went away: That the witneſs put on his cloaths, and went out, with a deſign, he ſaid, to go to one Gordon's, who keeps a public houſe near to the Guildhall, that he might have it in his power to prove an *alibi*, if a diſcovery ſhould he take place; but that, in going along the ſtreet, he accidentally met with Anne Valence and Alexander Menzies, who lodged in her houſe, who had come out to ſee if they could find Valence's ſon; that in going along, they obſerved a light in one of the Guildhall windows; the ſhutters were not quite cloſe; and a propoſal being made that they ſhould go up, and ſee if the young man was there (his mother imagining he might have been led there to look at ſome company), they all aſcended; that, when he got to the top of the ſtair, he obſerved the Guildhall door half open, and, upon looking in, ſaw a candle burning in a ſmall lantern, a hole in the floor, and the priſoners ſtanding beſide it; that Falconer had off his coat, and that Dick, and Bruce the other priſoner, were putting a rope round his waiſt; upon this they came down ſtairs, and, after waiting ſome minutes on the ſtreet, ſaw all the five come down the ſtair; Dick and Bruce with bludgeons, Falconer with his coat ſtill off, and the rope round his waiſt. Dick had alſo a bundle in his hand. They all went to Willocks's houſe.

Anne Valence and Alexander Menzies concurred in every circumſtance, with reſpect to the light in the window, the hole, the priſoners being preſent, and Falconer's having the rope about his middle, almoſt in the ſame words.

One witneſs ſwore to ſeeing Bruce in

a

a cloſehead in Dundee, the day on which the robbery was committed, counting half guineas into the hand of a man whom he did not know; and that they ſeemed to be thick and new.

Three witneſſes were brought on the part of Falconer, for proving an *alibi*. One of them deponed he ſaw him in bed, in his mother's, the night before the robbery; that he complained of a colic; and ſaw him next morning betwixt ten and eleven, and likewiſe in the afternoon, when he told him he had not been abroad all day; which was contradicted by the pannel's declaration.—Another witneſs deponed, that he was in his mother's houſe at a quarter paſt ten; and a third, that he was there at about eleven.

Three people were likewiſe brought on the part of Bruce; two of whom ſaid they heard him coughing in his father's houſe, which was immediately above them, and was not plaſtered, about twelve o'clock of the night of the robbery; and the third heard him reading about the ſame time.

The proof being concluded about nine o'clock, the Lord Advocate ſummed up the evidence on the part of the Crown in a clear and perſpicuous manner. He concluded with obſerving, that if the jury laid any ſtreſs on the evidence of MacDonald, whom he thought an unexceptionable witneſs, and the two people who concurred with him, they muſt find a verdict for the proſecutor.—If not, they would find for the priſoners. He would therefore leave it with themſelves.

Mr George Fergusſon, in ſumming up the evidence for the pannels, endeavoured to invalidate the account given by M'Donald and the other two witneſſes; he ſaid it was impoſſible to ſee the hole in the floor in the ſituation in which they were placed. He dwelt ſome time on the proof of an *alibi*, and ſaid the witneſſes brought to prove that fact were equally unexceptionable with any the proſecutor had adduced.

Lord Hailes, who preſided on the occaſion, afterwards addreſſed the jury:—He laid the evidence of M'Donald aſide, and reſted the proof of the fact upon the depoſitions of Valence and Menzies alone, againſt whom no objection had been brought, and ſaid they were clear and ſatisfactory. His Lordſhip then commented on the evidence of M'Donald, and admitted that, in one circumſtance, he was contradicted by Mr Jobſon, caſhier of the Dundee bank, who deponed that he had demanded the reward that was advertiſed for diſcovering the robbers, which M'Donald poſitively denied. He concluded with ſaying, that though he was convinced of the priſoner's guilt, he did not deſire the jury to be of his opinion; they would form their judgment upon the facts, and find accordingly.——The Court did not riſe till twelve o'clock.

This day the Court again met, when the jury returned a verdict, finding, by a plurality of voices, the libel proven. The Judges, in delivering their opinions, expreſſed their feelings for the unhappy priſoners; but all that remained for them was to pronounce ſentence; the only favour they could give them was to lengthen out their time to the ſame period as if they had been condemned on the other ſide of the Forth, which is forty days. Lord Hailes recommended to them to apply early to ſome of the miniſters of this city, who would teach them the way to repentance, and adviſed them to employ every moment of their ſhort time in endeavouring to obtain mercy of Heaven. He then pronounced ſentence, ordaining them to be executed at the common place of execution at Edinburgh, on Wedneſday the firſt day of October next. His Lordſhip was very much affected.

## *ABERDEEN.*

Died at Blairſhinnoch in Banffſhire, on Tueſday the 14th of Auguſt, Mr James Keith, late of South Carolina.

The influenza at preſent rages in this place, ſcarce a family eſcaping. In ſome of the manufactories, fifty or ſixty of the hands are ill. The ſymptoms are the ſame as in other places, viz. pains in the head, cough, ſoreneſs in the cheſt, and pains in the bones; but by proper treatment patients get well in a few days.

THE

# ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

## LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. XVIII.] Thurſday September 11, 1788. [Price 3d.

## *New and Intereſting* PARTICULARS *of the* LIFE *of* Captain JAMES COOK.

(Concluded from page 517.)

WE now come to the fatal event which deprived the world of this eminent man. The cutter belonging to the Diſcovery being loſt, the king of the iſland, who was called Kariſpoo, offered to go on board the Reſolution, as an hoſtage for its recovery, but was prevented by the chiefs.

While the king,' ſays Mr. Samwell, 'was in this ſituation, a chief, well known to us, of the name of Coho, was obſerved lurking near, with an iron dagger, partly concealed under his cloak, ſeemingly with the intention of ſtabbing captain Cook, or the lieutenant of marines. The latter propoſed to fire at him, but captain Cook would not permit it. Coho cloſing upon them, obliged the officer to ſtrike him with his piece, which made him retire. Another Indian laid hold of the ſerjeant's muſquet, and endeavoured to wrench it from him, but was prevented by the lieutenant's making a blow at him. Captain Cook, ſeeing the tumult increaſe, and the Indians growing more daring and reſolute, obſerved, that if he were to take the king off by force, he could not do it without ſacrificing the lives of many of his people. He then pauſed a little, and was on the point of giving his orders to reimbark, when a man threw a ſtone at him; which he returned with a diſcharge of ſmall ſhot (with which one barrel of his double piece was loaded). The man, having a thick mat before him, received little or no hurt: he brandiſhed his ſpear, and threatened to dart it at captain Cook, who being ſtill unwilling to take away his life, inſtead of firing with ball, knocked him down with his muſquet. He expoſtulated ſtrongly with the moſt forward of the crowd, upon their turbulent behaviour. He had given up all thoughts of getting the king on board, as it appeared impracticable; and his care was then only to act on the defenſive, and to ſecure a ſafe embarkation for his ſmall party, which was cloſely preſſed by a body of ſeveral thouſand people. Keowa, the

king's ſon, who was in the pinnace, being alarmed on hearing the firſt firing, was, at his own entreaty, put on ſhore again; for even at that time Mr. Roberts, who commanded her, did not apprehend that captain Cook's perſon was in any danger: otherwiſe he would have detained the prince, which, no doubt, would have been a great check on the Indians. One man was obſerved, behind a double canoe, in the action of darting his ſpear at captain Cook, who was forced to fire at him in his own defence, but happened to kill another cloſe to him, equally forward in the tumult: the ſerjeant obſerving that he had miſſed the man he aimed at, received orders to fire at him, which he did, and killed him. By this time, the impetuoſity of the Indians was ſomewhat repreſſed; they fell back in a body, and ſeemed ſtaggered: but being puſhed on by thoſe behind, they returned to the charge, and poured a volley of ſtones among the marines, who, without waiting for orders, returned it with a general diſcharge of muſquetry, which was inſtantly followed by a fire from the boats. At this captain Cook was heard to expreſs his aſtoniſhment: he waved his hand to the boats, called to them to ceaſe firing, and to come nearer in, to receive the marines. Mr. Roberts immediately brought the pinnace as cloſe to the ſhore as he could, without grounding, notwithſtanding the ſhowers of ſtones that fell among the people: but ——, the lieutenant, who commanded in the launch, inſtead of pulling in to the aſſiſtance of captain Cook, withdrew his boat farther off at the moment that every thing ſeems to have depended upon the timely exertions of thoſe in the boats. By his own account, he miſtook the ſignal: but be that as it may, this circumſtance appears to me, to have decided the fatal turn of the affair, and to have removed every chance which remained with captain Cook, of eſcaping with his life. The buſineſs of ſaving the marines out of the water, in conſequence of that, fell altogether upon the pinnace; which thereby became ſo much crowded, that the crew were, in a great meaſure, prevented from uſing their fire-arms, or giving what aſſiſtance they otherwiſe might have done, to captain Cook; ſo that he ſeems, at the moſt critical point of time, to have wanted the aſſiſtance of both boats, owing to the removal of the launch. For, notwithſtanding that they kept up a fire on the crowd, from the ſituation to which they removed in that boat, the fatal confuſion which enſued on her being withdrawn, to ſay the leaſt of it, muſt have prevented the full effect, that the prompt co-operation of the two boats, according to captain Cook's orders, muſt have had, towards the preſervation of himſelf and his people. At that time, it was to the boats alone, that captain Cook had to look for his ſafety; for when the marines had fired, the Indians ruſhed among them, and forced them into the water, where four of them were killed: their lieutenant was wounded, but fortunately eſcaped, and was taken up by the pinnace. Captain Cook was then the only one remaining on the rock: he was obſerved making for the pinnace, holding his left hand againſt the back of his head, to guard it from the ſtones, and carrying his muſquet under the other arm. An Indian was ſeen following him, but with caution and timidity; for he ſtopped once or twice, as if undetermined to proceed. At laſt he advanced upon him unawares, and with a large club, or common ſtake, gave him a blow on the back of the head, and then precipitately retreated. The ſtroke ſeemed to have ſtunned captain Cook: he ſtaggered a few paces, then fell on his hand and one knee, and

and dropped his muſquet. As he was riſing, and before he could recover his feet, another Indian ſtabbed him in the back of the neck with an iron dagger. He then fell into a bit of water about knee deep, where others crowded upon him, and endeavoured to keep him under: but ſtruggling very ſtrongly with them, he got his head up, and caſting his look towards the pinnace, ſeemed to ſolicit aſſiſtance. Though the boat was not above five or ſix yards diſtant from him, yet from the crowded and confuſed ſtate of the crew, it was not in their power to ſave him. The Indians got him under again, but in deeper water: he was, however, able to get his head up once more, and being almoſt ſpent in the ſtruggle, he naturally turned to the rock, and was endeavouring to ſupport himſelf by it, when a ſavage gave him a blow with a club, and he was ſeen alive no more. They hauled him up lifeleſs on the rocks, where they ſeemed to take a ſavage pleaſure in uſing every barbarity to his dead body, ſnatching the daggers out of each other's hands, to have the horrid ſatisfaction of piercing the fallen victim of their barbarous rage.

'I need make no reflection on the great loſs we ſuffered on this occaſion, or attempt to deſcribe what we felt. It is enough to ſay, that no man was ever more beloved or admired: and it is truly painful to reflect, that he ſeems to have fallen a ſacrifice merely for want of being properly ſupported; a fate, ſingularly to be lamented, as having fallen to his lot, who had ever been conſpicuous for his care of thoſe under his command, and who ſeemed, to the laſt, to pay as much attention to their preſervation, as to that of his own life.

'If any thing could have added to the ſhame and indignation univerſally felt on this occaſion, it was to find, that his remains had been deſerted, and left expoſed on the beach, although they might have been brought off. It appears, from the information of four or five midſhipmen, who arrived on the ſpot at the concluſion of the fatal buſineſs, that the beach was then almoſt entirely deſerted by the Indians, who at length had given way to the fire of the boats, and diſperſed through the town: ſo that there ſeemed no great obſtacle to prevent the recovery of captain Cook's body; but the lieutenant returned on board without making the attempt. It is unneceſſary to dwell longer on this painful ſubject, and to relate the complaints and cenſures that fell on the conduct of the lieutenant. It will be ſufficient to obſerve, that they were ſo loud as to oblige captain Clerke publicly to notice them, and to take the depoſitions of his accuſers down in writing. The captain's bad ſtate of health and approaching diſſolution, it is ſuppoſed, induced him to deſtroy theſe papers a ſhort time before his death.

'It is a painful taſk to be obliged to notice circumſtances, which ſeem to reflect upon the character of any man. A ſtrict regard to truth, however, compelled me to the inſertion of theſe facts, which I have offered merely as facts, without preſuming to connect with them any comment of my own: eſteeming it the part of a faithful hiſtorian, "to extenuate nothing, nor ſet down aught in malice."

## *On the* PRESERVATION *of the* HEALTH *of* PERSONS *employed in* AGRICULTURE.

*The following Article is the firſt Part of an excellent Eſſay, by Dr* Falconer, *in the fourth Volume of the* Letters and Papers *of the* Bath Agriculture Society. *Every Read-*

*er, we truſt, will conſider it as a Subject of the higheſt Importance, in every View of Benevolence and ſound Policy. Indeed, we cannot be too ſtudious of the Preſervation of a Claſs of People, who are, unqueſtionably, the Bands and Sinews of National Strength and Proſperity.*

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*Advantages which Perſons employed in Agriculture poſſeſs in point of Health.*

THE way of life of perſons engaged in agricultural buſineſs, exempts them from many of the diſorders to which other occupations are liable. Many of the employments by which great numbers of people are ſupported, are injurious to health, by being either too ſedentary, or too laborious; by which the powers of nature are either ſuffered to languiſh for want of exertion, or worn out prematurely by over-fatigue. But the buſineſs of huſbandry is not neceſſarily connected with either of theſe extremes. The labour is indeed conſtant, but not in general ſo violent as either to exhauſt the ſtrength by overſtraining, or to excite any weakening degree of diſcharge by perſpiration. The variety likewiſe of the neceſſary buſineſs is a favourable circumſtance for thoſe who are employed in it, as thereby the different muſcles of the body are exerciſed, and various poſtures uſed, which contribute to ſtrengthen the body more generally, and alſo relieve the mind by a diverſity of attentions.

A farther advantage attending the nature of labour in huſbandry is, that it is performed in the open air, which in general muſt be pure and wholeſome, as being free from ſmoke and other vapours ariſing from inflamed bodies, and alſo from putrid exhalations both of the animal and vegetable kind, which are well known to taint the air in large cities, and in manufactories of every kind, where great numbers of people are aſſembled in a ſmall compaſs.

The ſurface or ſtaple of the ſoil, which is the ſubject of theſe operations, does not give out any noxious odours, like many of the mineral or metalline ſubſtances employed in ſeveral manufactories, but is at leaſt perfectly innocent, and has even been thought to produce effluvia rather favourable than injurious to health. The number of vegetables, likewiſe, with which perſons concerned in ſuch employments are generally ſurrounded, contribute to render the air which is reſpired pure and ſalubrious, by abſorbing the putrid and phlogiſtic ſubſtances that float in the atmoſphere.

The diet of perſons who live in the country is, I think, in general, more wholeſome than that of theſe who inhabit towns. A large portion of it conſiſts of freſh vegetables and milk, which, though not excluded from the food of thoſe who live in towns, are enjoyed in much greater plenty and higher perfection in rural ſituations. Theſe correct the putrefactive diſpoſition of animal food, and tend to keep up the proper ſecretions and evacuations, and to maintain that balance in the animal ſyſtem, upon which health ſo much depends.

The regular hours neceſſary to be obſerved by thoſe who follow country buſineſs, are perhaps of more conſequence than any of the other articles, however important thoſe may be.

It is an old and a common opinion, that the external air is much leſs ſalubrious during the night than the day; and this opinion, which probably was at firſt drawn from obſervation, ſeems to be confirmed from chemical experiments, which tend to ſhew that the air exhaled by vegetables, while the ſun is above the horizon, is much more pure and fit for reſpiration than that which iſſues

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from them in the abſence of the ſun. The ill effects of the latter are probably beſt avoided, by the human body being in a ſtate of repoſe and inſenſibility, which render it leſs liable to be affected by ſuch impreſſions. The morning air, on the contrary, ſo celebrated both by poets and philoſophers for its benign and chearing effects upon the mind and body, is enjoyed in high perfection by perſons in this way of life; and the advantages they derive from thence in point of health are probably very great.

I have been informed from the beſt authority, that a perſon in high ſtation ſome years ago, who was very deſirous to protract his exiſtence in this world as long as he was able, made every poſſible enquiry concerning the regimen and manner of life of thoſe perſons who had arrived at a great age, but found no circumſtance common to them all, ſave that they all had obſerved great regularity in point of hours; both riſing early, and going early to reſt.

Freedom from care and anxiety of mind is a bleſſing, which I apprehend ſuch people enjoy in higher perfection than moſt others, and is of the utmoſt conſequence. Mental agitations and eating care are more injurious to health, and deſtructive of life, than is commonly imagined; and could their effects be collected, would make no inconſiderable figure in the bills of mortality.

The ſimplicity and uniformity of rural occupations, and their inceſſant practice, preclude many anxieties and agitations of hope and fear, to which employments of a more precarious and caſual nature are ſubject. Nor is it the leaſt advantage to health, accruing from ſuch a way of life, that it expoſes thoſe who follow it to fewer temptations to vice, than perſons who live in crowded ſociety. The accumulation of numbers always augments in ſome meaſure moral corruption, and the conſequences to health of the various vices incident thereto are well known.

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*Diſorders to which Agricultural Perſons are ſubject from the Nature of their Employment.*

THE life of huſbandmen and farmers, though in general healthy, has, like other ſituations, ſome circumſtances attending it which produce diſorders. Theſe may be conſidered in ſeveral points of view, according to their cauſes.

Firſt, then, the nature of their employment often expoſes ſuch perſons to the viciſſitudes of weather. Theſe, perhaps, may be of many very different kinds, when conſidered with regard to the changes in the nature of the atmoſphere; but this is an enquiry too deep and obſcure for a popular treatiſe, like the preſent, and I ſhall only take notice of ſuch as are obvious and certain. Theſe are three in number, *cold*, *heat*, and *moiſture*; to which may be added, a combination of the laſt of theſe with either of the former.

Expoſure to a great degree of cold may produce inflammatory diſorders of different ſorts, but principally, though not altogether, of the topical kind. Thus the inflammatory ſore throat, rheumatic pains in the teeth and face, inflammations of the eyes, and coughs, with pain of the breaſt, attended with fever, are all complaints liable to be produced by cold air, either externally applied, or drawn in by the breath. To theſe may be added, the rheumatiſm, both of the acute and chronic kind, which, though ſometimes a local diſorder, is often general, and may be frequently traced to this cauſe.

Cold, likewiſe, when great, and long continued, is apt to produce

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diſorders of an oppoſite nature to thoſe juſt mentioned. Paralytic affections are frequently cauſed by it, eſpecially in the lower extremities, which are generally the moſt expoſed to its influence.

Heat is another ſource of diſeaſe to the huſbandman, who often experiences its bad effects in time of harveſt. Inflammatory fevers are often the conſequence of heat and labour, and ſometimes ſuch as are attended with local inflammation, as pleuriſies, peripneumonies, inflammations of the bowels, &c. Sometimes the brain is primarily affected, probably from the immediate effects of the ſun's rays upon the head. The eyes are alſo liable to be inflamed from expoſure to ſtrong light. Moiſture, eſpecially when combined with either of the above extremes of temperature, is productive of ſeveral diſorders.

People who work in the open air, and oftentimes at a diſtance from ſhelter, muſt neceſſarily be expoſed to caſual ſhowers at every ſeaſon of the year. If theſe happen in cold weather, they aggravate the bad effects of cold, by conveying it to a cloſer contact with the ſkin, and alſo by the generation of cold by evaporation. If rain-fall ſuddenly at a warm ſeaſon of the year, its effects are, I apprehend, leſs dangerous than in cold weather to thoſe who are wet with it; nevertheleſs it is not void of hazard, eſpecially if the perſons expoſed to it have been previouſly much heated, either by the weather or exerciſe.

The evaporation of the moiſture generates a degree of cold, which is greater as the evaporation is quicker. This then is one reaſon, why the danger of wet clothes is greater, as the body is more heated.

Whether moiſture, ſimply conſidered, has any other effect than as increaſing the influence of cold, is not clearly determined. But whatever doubts we may entertain, concerning the moiſture of the atmoſphere, there is no queſtion that ſome kinds of moiſture, to which perſons who labour in this way are ſometimes expoſed, has ſpecifically noxious qualities.

The draining of marſhy grounds, however it may in its conſequences benefit the health of thoſe who live in the neighbourhood, has been long obſerved to be but an unwholeſome employment for thoſe who work at it. Yet this is frequently a neceſſary piece of buſineſs for the farmer, as well as the cleaning of ditches, which is in ſome meaſure of the ſame kind, though in general leſs apt to do miſchief. The moiſture to which people thus employed are expoſed, muſt not be conſidered as mere humidity; but as humidity, combined with putrefying ſubſtances, and capable of diffuſing the effects of ſuch over thoſe who are within a certain diſtance of it.

Marſhes are well known to produce diſorders, even over a conſiderable extent of country, and muſt of courſe be particularly liable to affect thoſe who break up any part of them. Putrid complaints of various kinds may be produced by theſe exhalations; but I apprehend, the intermittent fever is the uſual conſequence; the frequent appearance of which in moiſt and fenny countries, has been univerſally obſerved.

Such are the diſeaſes to which people employed in huſbandry are occaſionally liable from the nature of their occupation. But they are ſubject to a much greater number from their own imprudence, of which I ſhall next ſpeak. (To be continued.)

## Literary Chronicle and Review.

*Variety: a Collection of Eſſays. Written in the Year* 1787. 12mo. 3s.

A Paper in the Adventurer, containing the diſtreſs of a poet read-

reading his tragedy, has been much and deſervedly admired. There is one in the preſent collection nothing inferior to it, relating the diſtreſſes of a baſhful man; an abridgment of which will enable our readers to form an opinion of the epiſtolary entertainment in *Variety*. "You muſt "know," ſays the writer of this truly riſible letter, "that, in my "perſon, I am tall and thin, with a "fair complexion, and light flaxen "hair; but of ſuch extreme ſenſi- "bility of ſhame, that on the ſmalleſt "ſubject of confuſion, my blood all "ruſhes into my cheeks, and I ap- "pear a perfect full-blown roſe." Having been ſent to the univerſity by his father, a farmer of no great property, the conſciouſneſs of his unhappy failing made him avoid ſociety, and he became enamoured of a college life. But from that peaceful retreat he was called by the deaths of his father and of a rich uncle, who left him a fortune of thirty thouſand pounds. He now purchaſed an eſtate in the country; and his company was much courted by the ſurrounding families, eſpecially by ſuch as had marriageable daughters. Though he wiſhed to accept their offered friendſhip, he was forced repeatedly to excuſe himſelf, under the pretence of not being quite ſettled; for often, when he had rode or walked with full intention of returning their viſits, his heart had failed him as he approached their gates, and he had returned homeward, reſolving to try again, next day. Determined, however, at length to conquer his timidity, he accepted of an invitation to dine with one, whoſe open, eaſy manner left him no room to doubt a cordial welcome. But the relation of this eventful viſit muſt be given in his own words:

'Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles diſtant, is a baronet, with about two thouſand pounds a year eſtate, joining to that I purchaſed; he has two ſons and five daughters, all grown up and living with their mother and a maiden ſiſter of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly Hall, dependant on their father. Conſcious of my unpoliſhed gait, I have for ſome time paſt taken private leſſons of a profeſſor, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and though I at firſt found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious uſe in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjuſtment of the centre of gravity to the five poſitions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to ſee the ladies with tolerable intrepidity: but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unſupported by habitual practice! As I approached the houſe, a dinner bell alarmed my fears, leſt I had ſpoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impreſſed with this idea, I bluſhed the deepeſt crimſon, as my name was repeatedly announced by the ſeveral livery ſervants, who uſhered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I ſaw. At my firſt entrance I ſummoned all my fortitude, and made my new learned bow to Lady Friendly; but unfortunately in bringing back my left foot to the third poſition, I trode upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed cloſe at my heels to be the nomenclator of the family. The confuſion this occaſioned in me is hardly to be conceived, ſince none but baſhful men can judge of my diſtreſs; and of that deſcription the number I believe is very ſmall. The baronet's politeneſs by degrees diſ-

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ſipated my concern, and I was aſtoniſhed to ſee how far good breeding could enable him to ſuppreſs his feelings, and to appear with perfect eaſe after ſo painful an accident.

" The cheerfulneſs of her ladyſhip and the familiar chat of the young ladies, inſenſibly led me to throw off my reſerve and ſheepiſhneſs, till at length I ventured to join in converſation, and even to ſtart freſh ſubjects. The library being richly furniſhed with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the ſeveral editions of the Greek claſſics, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this ſubject I was led by obſerving an edition of Xenophon in ſixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of ſuch a thing) greatly excited my curioſity, and I roſe up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas ſaw what I was about, and, as I ſuppoſe, willing to ſave me trouble, roſe to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and, haſtily laying my hand on the firſt volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! inſtead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like ſixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgwood inkſtand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas aſſure me there was no harm; I ſaw the ink ſtreaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet; and, ſcarce knowing what I did, attempted to ſtop its progreſs with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confuſion we were informed that dinner was ſerved up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at firſt had ſo alarmed my fears, was only the half hour dinner bell.

' In walking through the hall and ſuite of apartments to the dining-room I had time to collect my ſcattered ſenſes, and was deſired to take my ſeat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldeſt daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was juſt beginning to recover myſelf, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked for accident rekindled all my heat and bluſhes. Having ſet my plate of ſoup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miſs Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waiſtcoat, I tumbled the whole ſcalding contents into my lap. In ſpite of an immediate ſupply of napkins to wipe the ſurface of my clothes, my black ſilk breeches were not ſtout enough to ſave me from the painful effect of this ſudden fomentation, and for ſome minutes my legs and thighs ſeemed ſtewing in a boiling caldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had diſguiſed his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in ſilence, and ſat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidſt the ſtifled giggling of the ladies and the ſervants.

' I will not relate the ſeveral blunders which I made during the firſt courſe, or the diſtreſs occaſioned by my being deſired to carve a fowl, or help to various diſhes that ſtood near me, ſpilling a ſauce boat, and knocking down a ſalt ſeller; rather let me haſten to the ſecond courſe, " where freſh diſaſters overwhelmed me quite."

' I had a piece of rich ſweet pudding on my fork, when Miſs Louiſa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that ſtood near me; in my haſte, ſcarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impoſſible to conceal my agony; my eyes were ſtarting from their ſockets. At laſt, in ſpite of ſhame

and

and reſolution, I was obliged to drop the cauſe of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compaſſionated my miſfortune, and each adviſed a different application: one recommended oil, another water; but all agreed that wine was beſt for drawing out the fire; and a glaſs of ſherry was brought me from the ſideboard, which I ſnatched up with eagerneſs: but, Oh! how ſhall I tell the ſequel? whether the butler by accident miſtook, or purpoſely deſigned to drive me mad, he gave me the ſtrongeſt brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already ſlead and bliſtered. Totally unuſed to every kind of ardent ſpirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not ſwallow; and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the curſed liquor ſquirted through my noſe and fingers like a fountain, over all the diſhes; and I was cruſhed by burſts of laughter from all quarters. I vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the ſervants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters: for the meaſure of my ſhame and their diverſion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable ſtate of perſpiration which this accident had cauſed, without conſidering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief which was ſtill wet from the conſequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with ſtreaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himſelf could not ſupport the ſhock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I ſprung from the table in deſpair, ruſhed out of the houſe, and ran home in an agony of confuſion and diſgrace, which the moſt poignant ſenſe of guilt could not have excited.'

If the reader can peruſe the above account of Sir Thomas Friendly's family dinner without riſible emotions, he muſt poſſeſs a greater command over his muſcles than we can pretend to do. The idea, however, is not new, as ſeveral papers have been written upon the ſubject of baſhfulneſs by Dr Johnſon and other authors.

## ANECDOTES OF PETER THE GREAT.

IN a diſſertation on the ſurname of Great printed in 1740 or 1741, in my remarks on Peterſburgh, I have ſhewn in detail, and proved by examples, that of all the heroes and princes to whom this glorious appellation has been given, no one has preſerved it after his death, and with the univerſal conſent of all nations, unleſs he had the following claims to the title; namely, a ſuperior genius; an ardent deſire to execute great things, in ſpite of difficulties and dangers; indefatigable activity; a perſeverance and heroic valour in the execution of his deſigns; and, above all, a great advantage reſulting to the public from the exertion of theſe qualities.

In the ſame diſſertation it is proved, that not only all theſe qualities were united in Peter the Great, but that he poſſeſſed them in a higher degree than many of the princes who before him had obtained the ſurname of Great. If in the life and hiſtory of this Monarch mention were made of all particulars, it would be made evident that his intrepidity alone extricated him from every embarraſſment, enabled him to overcome all obſtacles, delivered him from ſeveral moſt imminent dangers, and was of ſignal utility in the execution of his great deſigns. I ſhall take this opportunity to introduce two anecdotes, which, although variouſly related, appear here

exactly as they have been tranſmitted by ocular and credible witneſſes.

At the time of the rebellion of the Strelitzes, a band of theſe dangerous ſoldiers, headed by two officers, named Sikel and Soukanin, entered into a conſpiracy to aſſaſſinate Peter the Firſt. To make their ſucceſs the more certain, they projected to ſet fire, during the night, to two houſes in Moſcow, contiguous to each other: and as in all caſes of fire the Emperor never failed to repair among the foremoſt to the place, the conſpirators agreed to haſten thither likewiſe, to ſeem engaged in the common exertions, and, taking advantage of the tumult, confuſion, and diſtreſs, to ſurround him in the crowd, and to give him the fatal blow without being obſerved.

A day was fixed for the execution of this horrid project. The conſpirators aſſembled and dined at the houſe of Soukanin, where they remained drinking till night. But while they were endeavouring, by means of beer, mead, and brandy, to acquire the courage they naturally wanted to put a finiſhing hand to their enterprize, one of them, urged by his conſcience and exceſs of liquor, went down about eight o'clock at night into the court yard, whither he was followed by another, agitated with the ſame inquietude. Seeing themſelves alone, one of them ſaid, 'Brother, I do not know how 'all this will end; but, as far as I 'can ſee, the event will not be to our 'advantage. What ſhall we do to 'extricate ourſelves from this un-'pleaſant buſineſs?'—'Brother,' anſwered the other, 'you are in the 'right: I think like you; and ſee no 'other means left for us but to go 'to Preobraſchenzky, and make a 'full diſcovery to the Czar.'—'It 'is well adviſed,' replied the firſt; 'but how ſhall we contrive to leave 'the company?'—'We need only 'tell the reſt that it is time to leave 'off drinking, and retire to our 'homes, in order to hold ourſelves 'in readineſs for midnight.'—They pledged their faith to each other, returned to their companions, and made their propoſal to the band; when it was agreed that thoſe who choſe to go home for two hours, might go, on a ſolemn promiſe to return before midnight, and that the others ſhould remain at Soukanin's houſe till they heard the bell announce the fire.

The two Strelitzes repaired directly to the caſtle of Preobraſchenzky, near Moſcow, where the Czar then reſided. They addreſſed themſelves to a denchtchick, (the Emperor's valet de chambre) and requeſted a perſonal audience of His Majeſty. Peter, who had already ſome ſuſpicion of the body of troops to which they belonged, ſent to know what they deſired. They anſwered, that they could inform nobody but His Majeſty; that the affair in queſtion was of the firſt importance, and that the leaſt delay would be attended with danger. The Czar then went into the outer apartment, and ordered the two Strelitzes to be introduced. As ſoon as they entered, they threw themſelves at his feet, ſaying, that they brought him their heads, which they had deſerved to loſe for engaging in a conſpiracy againſt His Majeſty's life with ſeveral others of their companions, who, at that very time, were aſſembled at the houſe of Sonkanin, where they were to wait till about midnight for a concerted ſignal of fire to aſſaſſinate the Czar. The intrepid prince liſtened coolly to this relation, and aſked if it was really true. —'Yes,' replied the two Strelitzes, 'nothing can be more certain. We 'are in your power, and you may 'diſpoſe of our lives: but ſend to 'the

'the houſe of Soukanin, and there 'all the aſſaſſins will be found until 'midnight.'

The Czar ordered the two Strelitzes to be ſecured in the palace, and as it was about eight o'clock in the evening, wrote immediately to Lapouchin, (ſome ſay Lipounoff) captain of his guards at Preobraſchenzky, to aſſemble his men with the greateſt ſilence, and to march about eleven to the houſe of Soukanin, ſo that it might be inveſted at that hour preciſely, and every one found within it taken into cuſtody. The captain obeyed his orders with punctuality. But the Czar, thinking he had appointed *ten* o'clock as the hour, ſuppoſed that if he went about half after ten to the houſe of Soukanin, he ſhould find his commands executed.

With this idea, as ſoon as the clock had ſtruck ten, he ſtepped into a carriage with only one of his denchtchicks, and drove directly to the houſe: he reached it at half paſt ten, and was aſtoniſhed at not finding a ſingle guard either at the door or round the houſe. He thought, no doubt, that they were diſtributed in the court yard, and houſe itſelf; and walking without heſitation into the court yard, went ſtraight to the door, and entered the houſe with no other attendant than his denchtbchick. All was in motion as ſoon as the conſpirators learned that the Czar was there. Peter walked in without any ſentiment of fear, and found Soukanin, Sikel, and all the conſpirators, aſſembled in the room. They all aroſe haſtily from their ſeats, and ſhowed their maſter the uſual marks of reſpect. He accoſted them with familiarity, and told them, that, paſſing by the houſe, and ſeeing it full of lights, he had preſumed that the maſter of it was not alone, and that, as it was too early to go to bed, he had been tempted to ſtep in to take a glaſs with the company.

The Czar, though exaſperated at the captain of the guards, whom he inwardly accuſed of not having executed his orders, took care to ſhew it by no outward ſigns. He continued a long time ſeated in the midſt of the conſpirators, who, ſtanding around him, drank his health in their turns, and were pledged by the Czar. In the mean time, one of them made a ſign to Soukanin, and ſaid to him in a whiſper, '*Pora bral!* that is, 'Brother, it is time!'—Soukanin, not willing as yet to take off the maſk, anſwered, '*Yeſchtze niet;*' that is to ſay, 'not yet.' The Czar, who heard him, ſprang inſtantly from his ſeat, and giving him a blow in the face; 'If 'it be not time for you,' ſaid he, 'ſon of a dog, it is for me. Here! 'let theſe dogs be bound!'——At that very inſtant the clock ſtruck eleven, and Lapouchin entered the apartment, followed by his company under arms. On ſeeing this, the traitors fell on their knees, confeſſed their crime, and bound one another by the Czar's command. Peter then turned to the Captain of his guards, and, obeying the firſt impulſe of his anger, gave him a blow accompanied with reproaches for having been an hour behind his time. The captain took out the note, and ſhowed it to the prince, who acknowledging his miſtake, kiſſed the captain's forehead, proclaimed him a faithful officer, and committed the traitors to his care.

The puniſhment of their crime is well known.

THOUGHTS *on the* MANNERS *of the* GREAT. 12mo. 2s.

THIS ſenſible little treatiſe, which has been aſcribed to various

authors, is the undoubted production of Miſs Hannah Moore, a lady who has already diſtinguiſhed herſelf in the republic of letters. The writer conſidering thoſe who fill the higher ranks of life as patterns by which the manners of the reſt of the world are faſhioned, ſets before them in a lively animated ſtyle, the miſchiefs that ariſe to ſociety from the bad example which they too often give to the public. People in general are readily diſpoſed to imitate their ſuperiors; and it muſt, indeed, be owned, that the manners of the great at preſent exhibit too melancholy a proof of the depravity of human nature, not to make us wiſh that ſome reformation may be brought about amongſt them. It is in vain to make laws for reſtraining the populace, while thoſe who make them are the firſt to tranſgreſs them. It is a juſt obſervation of the poet, *Quid vanæ leges proficiunt ſine moribus?* What avail laws, without good example? While even our legiſlators, in private life, openly indulge in thoſe exceſſes which, in their legiſlative character, they cenſure and condemn, can we hope that virtue will flouriſh, or be reſpected? ——How often do we hear men deſcanting in the ſenate, upon virtue, juſtice, and humanity; who by their actions, evidently ſhew that they conſider religion as a *farce*, and virtue as an *idle dream!* To ſuch characters the fair writer ſeems to allude in the following paſſage:

'May I venture to be a little paradoxical; and, while ſo many grave perſons are deſcanting on the miſchiefs of vice, may I be permitted to ſay a word on the miſchiefs of virtue; or rather of that ſhining counterfeit, which, while it wants the ſpecific gravity, has much of the brightneſs of ſterling worth. Never, perhaps, did any age produce more beautiful declamations in praiſe of virtue than the preſent; never were more poliſhed periods rounded in honour of humanity. An ancient Pagan would imagine, that Aſtrea had returned to take up her abode in our metropolis; a primitive Chriſtian would conclude that "righteouſneſs "and peace had there met together." But how would they be ſurpriſed to find, that the obligation to theſe duties was not always thought binding on their eloquent encomiaſts! that univerſal benevolence may ſubſiſt with partial injuſtice, and boundleſs liberality with ſordid ſelfiſhneſs! that one may ſeem eager in redreſſing the injuries of half the globe, without deſcending to the petty detail of private virtues; and burn with zeal for the good of millions one never ſaw, and yet ſpread vice and ruin through the little circle of one's own perſonal influence!

'When the general texture of an irregular life is ſpangled over with ſome conſtitutional pleaſing qualities; when gaiety, good humour, and a thoughtleſs profuſion of expence, throw a luſtre round the faulteſt characters, it is no wonder that common obſervers are blinded into admiration: a profuſe generoſity dazzles them more than all the duties of the decalogue. But, though it may be a very uſeful quality towards ſecuring the election of a borough, it will contribute but little towards making ſure the calling and election to the kingdom of heaven. It is ſomewhat ſtrange, that extravagance ſhould be the great criterion of goodneſs with thoſe very people, who are themſelves the victims of this idol; for the prodigal pays no debts, if he can help it:— and it is notorious, that in one of the wittieſt and moſt popular comedies which this country has ever produced, thoſe very paſſages which exalt liberality at the expence of juſtice, were nightly applauded with enthuſiaſtic rapture by thoſe deluded tradeſmen, whom, perhaps, that

that very ſentiment helped to keep out of their money.

But there is another ſort of faſhionable character, whoſe falſe brightneſs is ſtill more pernicious, by caſting a ſplendor over the moſt deſtructive vices. Corrupt manners, ruinous extravagance, and the moſt fatal paſſion for play, are ſometimes gilded over with many engaging acts of charity, and a general attention and reſpect to the ceremonials of Chriſtianity. But this is degrading the venerable image and ſuperſcription of religion, by ſtamping them on baſer metal than they were ever intended to impreſs. The young and gay ſhelter themſelves under ſuch examples, and ſcruple the leſs to adopt the bad parts of ſuch mixed characters, when they ſee that an immoral conduct is compatible with a religious profeſſion.'

One of thoſe objects to which the attention of the writer is principally directed, is the due obſervance of that day which has been ſet apart for religious worſhip. Miſs Moore juſtly obſerves, that there is no branch of the divine law againſt which the better kind of people treſpaſs with leſs ſcruple, than the fourth commandment; and that many, who would ſhudder at the violation of the other nine, ſeem without ceremony to expunge this from the divine code. After condemning the faſhionable amuſement of Sunday concerts, and the practice of employing Sunday hairdreſſers, and after a number of judicious obſervations upon the neceſſity of paying a proper reſpect to the ſolemnity of the Sabbath, ſhe adds:

'I am not an advocate for the ſeverity of the Jewiſh or the moroſeneſs of a puritanical ſabbath. I am likewiſe far from inferring that all thoſe who neglect a ſtrict obſervation of Sunday, are remiſs in the performance of their other duties; but I will venture to affirm, that all whom I have remarked conſcientiouſly to obſerve this day from right motives, have been uniformly attentive to their general conduct. It has been the opinion of many wiſe and good men, that Chriſtianity will ſtand or fall as this day is neglected or obſerved. Sunday ſeems to be a kind of palladium; and the city of God will never be totally taken by the enemy till the obſervance of that be quite loſt.'

The following obſervation we particularly recommend to the ſerious attention of the young and giddy, who are too apt to ſacrifice virtue to faſhion; and who, from miſtaken notions early imbibed, conſider a certain ſpecies of profligacy as an undoubted mark of ſpirit.

'It is, perhaps, one of the moſt alarming ſymptoms of the degeneracy of morals in the preſent day, that the diſtinctions of right and wrong are almoſt ſwept away in polite converſation. The moſt ſerious offences are often named with cool indifference; the moſt ſhameful profligacy with affected tenderneſs and indulgent toleration. The ſubſtitution of the word *gallantry* for that crime which ſtabs domeſtic happineſs and conjugal virtue, is one of the moſt dangerous of all the modern abuſes of language. Atrocious deeds ſhould never be called by gentle names. This muſt certainly contribute more than any thing to diminiſh the horror of vice in the riſing generation. That our paſſions ſhould be too often engaged on the ſide of error, we may look for the cauſe, though not for the vindication, in the unreſiſted propenſities of our conſtitution; but that our *reaſon* ſhould ever be employed in its favour, that our *converſation* ſhould ever be taught to palliate it, that our *judgment* ſhould even look on it with indifference, has no ſhadow of excuſe: becauſe this can pretend to no foundation in nature, no apology in temptation, no palliative in paſſion.'

This valuable little work concludes with

with the following excellent reflections.

'But vain will be all our endeavours after *partial* and ſubordinate amendment. Reformation muſt begin with the *great*, or it will never be effectual. *Their* example is the fountain from whence the vulgar draw their habits, actions, and characters. To expect to reform the poor while the opulent are corrupt, is to throw odours into the ſtream, while the ſprings are poiſoned. Even the excellent inſtitution of Sunday Schools, for training religious ſervants, will avail but little, if as ſoon as the perſons there educated come into the families of the great, they behold practices diametrically oppoſite to the inſtructions they have been imbibing. If they fall into the houſes of the profligate, they will hear the doctrines which they have been taught to reverence, decried; if into mere worldly families, they will ſee them neglected; and to the eſſential principle of vital Chriſtianity, oblivion is ſcarcely leſs fatal than contempt. If therefore the rich and the great will not from a liberal ſpirit of doing right, abſtain from thoſe offences for which the poor are to ſuffer fines and impriſonment, effectual good cannot be done. It will ſignify little to lay penalties on the horſes of the drover, or on the waggon of the huſbandman, while the chariot wheels of the great roll with inceſſant motion; and the ſacred day on which the ſons of induſtry are commanded by royal proclamation to deſiſt from travelling, is for that very reaſon ſelected for the journeys of the great, and preferred, becauſe the road is incumbered with fewer interruptions.

Will not the common people think it a little inequitable that they are abridged of the diverſions of the public houſe and the gaming yard on Sunday evening, when they ſhall hear that many houſes of the firſt nobility are, on that evening, crowded with company, and ſuch amuſements carried on, as are prohibited by human laws even on common days? As imitation and a deſire of being in the faſhion govern the lower orders of mankind, it is to be feared that they will not think reformation reputable, while they ſee it *recommended* only, and not *practiſed*, by their betters.'

## Lavater's *Aphoriſms on Man.*

CALMNESS of will is a ſign of grandeur. The vulgar, far from hiding their *will*, blab their wiſhes—a ſingle ſpark of occaſion diſcharges the child of paſſion into a thouſand crackers of deſire.

The loſs of taſte for what is right, is loſs of all right taſte.

Sagacity in ſelecting the good, and courage to honour it, according to its degree, determines your own degree of goodneſs.

Who can look quietly at nothing, will never do any thing worthy of imitation.

There are rapid moments of joy and of grief; moments which every one has, at leaſt once in his life, that illuminate his character at once.

Who crawlingly receives, will give ſuperciliouſly.

All finery is a ſign of littleneſs.

Who in certain moments can entirely loſe himſelf in another, and, in the midſt of the greateſt action, thinks of no obſerver, is a jewel in the crown of human nature.

The wrangler, the puzzler, the word-hunter, are incapable of great thoughts or actions.

Who, in receiving a benefit, eſtimates its value more cloſely than in conferring one, ſhall be a citizen of a better world.

Imitate him whoſe obſervation paſſes not even the moſt minute, whilſt

whilſt it follows only the higheſt, objects: the ſeeds of grandeur lie already in himſelf, he gives his own turn to every thing, and borrows leſs than ſeizes with one immediate glance: ſuch an one never ſtops, his flight is that of the eagle, who, like an arrow wings the mid air, whilſt his pinions appear motionleſs.

Know that the great art to love your enemy conſiſts in never loſing ſight of *man* in him: humanity has power over all that is human; the moſt inhuman man ſtill remains man, and never *can* throw off all taſte for what becomes a man—but you muſt learn to wait.

The merely juſt can generally bear great virtues as little as great vices.

He who is always in want of ſomething cannot be very rich. 'Tis a poor wight who lives by borrowing the words, deciſions, mien, inventions and actions of others.

The more there is of mind in your ſolitary employments, the more dignity there is in your character.

He who can at all times ſacrifice pleaſure to duty, approaches ſublimity.

Call him Saint who can forget his own ſufferings in the minute griefs of others.

Sneers are the blaſts that precede quarrels.

Truſt him little who praiſes all, him leſs who cenſures all, and him leaſt who is indifferent about all.

No wheedler loves.

He, who is maſter of the fitteſt moment to cruſh his enemy, and magnanimouſly neglects it, is born to be a conqueror.

Truth, Wiſdom, Love, ſeek reaſons; Malice only cauſes.

Save me from him who is inexhauſtible in evaſions when he is called upon to do a good thing, and teems with excuſes when he has done a bad one.

Receive no ſatisfaction for premeditated impertinence—forget it, forgive it—but keep him inexorably at a diſtance who offered it.

## THE TRIFLER, No. XVIII.

*Thurſday September* 11, 1788.

I Think it but juſt to dedicate this day's paper to ſuch favours of my correſpondents as demand immediate inſertion.

*To the Author of The Trifler.*

SIR,

IN your ſixteenth paper you have treated of the pleaſures of Variety. I have read that paper with attention, and am mightily pleaſed with ſome things in it which ſuit my own diſpoſition and experience. I agree with you and with all good men, that *they* only can enjoy the comforts of this life, who enjoy minds pure and unſpotted—but I do not, however, arrogate to myſelf a character ſo amiable, nor would I have you think ſo, from what I am about to advance.

You call yourſelf *a Trifler*—perhaps I am one myſelf; for of the many things which afford me temporary pleaſure, I am aware that the greater part would be deemed *trifles* by the majority of mankind. But the truth is, the majority of mankind expect pleaſure from the great *ſuppoſed* ſources of it, from public amuſements, from licentious gallantry, from exceſs of routs, balls, company, &c.; whereas I can be content with the inferior gratifications of life, and while I know them to be harmleſs, I feel that luxury in the enjoyment of them, which is not always the companion of licentious joys.

Having outlived the period of life when gay amuſements pleaſe, my mind is content with little—a few well-choſen books, and the company of a few well-choſen friends, compoſe the only com-

comforts of which I am now ſuſceptible at the age of thirty, which I mention becauſe I would not have you think that age has ſoured my temper againſt the world, or debility has limited my pleaſures.

Sitting in my room as I now do, I look round me and ſurvey the ſources of many innocent pleaſures.—My books, with their gilded and inviting titles ſolicit me to laugh with the wit, to be inſtructed by the philoſopher, and informed by the hiſtorian. In them, the vociferation of party-zeal, the animoſities of contending ambition, and the envy of cotemporary merit are no longer heard or ſeen. They are ſilent and inſtructive as the grave of oblivion, in which all paſt rancours have been buried! How fortunate to poſſeſs, at ſo eaſy an expence, the experience of ſo many ages; to make that experience our own, by it to guide our ſteps, and direct our actions!

But theſe are not all my comforts—VARIETY, of which you ſpoke ſo much in your paper of the 14th ultimo, as a ſource of pleaſure, appears in every little trinket about me; my very ſnuff-box affords a comfort; the regular returns of ſober meals, with appetite undiminiſhed by diſeaſe, and unpalled by exceſs—the cheerful ſun that wakes me in the morning, and the ſilence and calmneſs of evening, ſo favourable to contemplation, are all to be numbered among thoſe delights that will be reliſhed by a mind not debauched by falſe taſte, nor corrupted by looſe deſires.—To theſe, need I add a thouſand little refreſhments of body and mind which make up the *great whole*, EARTHLY COMFORT?

I cannot cloſe this letter, which perhaps you may not think of much importance, without reminding your readers, that CONTENTMENT affords the only true enjoyment of life; that nature is content with little, and that we never ſeek after foreign pleaſures, tumultous joys, and public amuſements, until we are become aſhamed of our own reflections. Religion will furniſh reflection from which no man need fly, and taſte and reading will furniſh employment of which no man can be tired.

I am, Sir, with reſpect,

Your moſt obedient ſervant and reader,

LUCILIUS.

I ſhall be happy to hear from LUCILIUS when, and as often as he pleaſes; I cannot but agree with him, that when all is at reſt within, the leaſt ſatisfactions, thoſe unobſerved by the generality of mankind, give pleaſure.

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*To the* AUTHOR *of The* TRIFLER.

Worthy Sir,

I Meant to have written to you ſome weeks ſince, but buſineſs of another kind has prevented me. My ſubject was to have been a letter of yours publiſhed in the month of June, *On Pride*; in which, beſides other kinds of pride, you very properly handled the Pride of WEALTH.———Now, Sir, there is a ſpecies of pride, which you have overlooked altogether, if I remember right, but which is very deſerving of your attention; I call it the PRIDE *of* POVERTY———a paradoxical kind of pride, you will ſay, but nevertheleſs very common. Some people, to avoid the oddity of this name, call it *Pride* AND *Poverty:* but there is nothing in a name, and I ſuppoſe you ſufficiently underſtand me. I ſhall expect therefore that you will ſome day or other give us your thoughts on this ſubject.

I could alſo wiſh you would let me know if there be ſuch a thing in the world as a *proper pride*, for I have often heard the expreſſion.—— Without apology for my intruſion, as I know your readineſs to oblige your readers,

I remain, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

GEORGE WOULDWELL.

The *Pride* of *Poverty* ſhall be conſidered hereafter. As to what is called *Pro-*

*Proper Pride*, it is underſtood to be that ſort of pride which (whatever be his wealth or rank) ſets a man in a ſituation far above doing any mean action, cringing to the great, flattering the opulent, or waſting time and health in the expectancy of profiting by the ſervices of ſome patron. It gives a man that reſpect for the dignity of his character, which preſerves its independence amidſt poverty and contempt, embarraſſment and misfortune—— QUÆRE. Is this any thing different from that virtue which is reſigned to and dependent on heaven? This I leave my readers to anſwer for themſelves, and content myſelf with obſerving, that if it has not this excellent foundation, it is very apt to become a ſupercilious contempt of real friendſhip, and a high conceit of our own merit. Every man knows what he *would* have——few know what they deſerve.

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## To the TRIFLER.

SIR,

A Thouſand thanks to you for the paper you gave us on the employment of Time, in which you pourtrayed the character of TOM PUNCTUAL. I was ſo perfectly convinced of the excellence of his plan, from the account you gave of it, that I determined directly to adopt it. Like him, I found that minuting down the actions of the day was at firſt a very unpleaſant buſineſs; I ſometimes forgot it, and ſometimes was aſhamed to recollect certain matters ——but being much more aſhamed to abandon a ſcheme that promiſed ſo many good conſequences, I perſiſted in it, and now at the end of three months and upwards, I have brought myſelf to a tolerable degree of regularity, from being one of the wildeſt and moſt deſtructive waſters of time in this city.

My accounts ſtand as follows:

"Began May *twenty third* to be very regular.

Dropt in the firſt month, } *Dinners* NINE.

. . . . . *Suppers* SEVENTEEN.

Gained in time, *Hours* NINETY-NINE.

Decreaſe in dinners from laſt month, . . . . . TEN.

Suppers, . . SEVEN.

From June 23. to July 23. gained as much by lopping off idle dinners, ſuppers, unneceſſary rides and jaunts, as amounted to } TWO WEEKS.

From July 23. to Aug. 31. ſaved near } THREE WEEKS

by the ſame means, allotting not above two or three half-days *per* week for company and amuſement.

Decreaſe in headachs during theſe three months, } TWENTY SEVEN.

So that you ſee, Sir, my profit and loſs account ſtands fair for your examination, although I have preferred whole numbers, as a detail of particulars would take up too much of your paper.

I have already found it impoſſible to look the faults of the preceding day in the face; and therefore, I conſidered, that while I avoided any improper action, or reſiſted any temptation, I was preparing for "one ſelf-approving hour" (as the Poet calls it) next day.

If my recommendation of the plan can be of any ſervice, you are heartily welcome to print this letter. Trifling as the plan may appear, it forms no mean aſſiſtant to good principles, in a world where the young are ſurrounded with innumerable temptations—which in many caſes were too powerful for your

Very humble ſervant and admirer,

MATTHEW MINUTE.

P. S. A fine lady of my acquaintance informs me, that ſhe has begun a ſimilar diary for herſelf, with ſome hope of ſucceſs; for a great part of the time, ſhe ſays, which was formerly *killed* by routs and balls, now dies a natural death. *Adieu.*

*Another Poſtſcript.* A diary like hers would be curious, and if I can lay my hands on it (as ſhe is my firſt couſin) you ſhall—but MUM! *Adieu again!*

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I am happy to find that my correſpondent *Mr Matthew* has found benefit from my letter. I can only aſſure him that the farther he proceeds, he will find the taſk eaſier, and the retroſpect more pleaſing. It is a true and approved *cure* for loſs of time, and no quack *noſtrum*. It may be taken with ſafety by patients of both ſexes, and although requiring a little *confinement*, does not reſtrict the diet, unleſs in the article of *exceſs*. And although the patients will find it very lucrative, as ſaving a great deal of money, yet, without applying for a *patent*, or vending it for filthy lucre, I have thought proper to publiſh it for the benefit of mankind in general.

## *On the* SCOTCH FISHERIES.

### LETTER XIII.

I WILL ſtate the regular wages of the native married fiſhers at 20s. the month; leſs may be allowed for the young ones. All fiſhermen ſhould have an intereſt in the ſucceſs of their labours, to encourage induſtrious exertions; it ſhould run upon the laſt of herrings taken by the veſſel in the ſeaſon, and upon the thouſand fizeable fiſh, either of cod, ling, &c. taken by each individual, to be aſcertained from a regiſter to be kept on board every veſſel, for the purpoſe. Suppoſe this bounty to amount to five or ſix pounds *per annum*; and as the wives and children after they arrive at eight or nine years of age, may be employed in net-making, &c. for which they may draw five or ſix pounds more in the family, and bring the earning of each up to 23l. or 24l. a year—this, as the men are all the time to be maintained aboard, makes a very handſome proviſion, from which, with œconomy and prudent management, a part may be ſaved.

As it will be neceſſary to have a few ſhip carpenters at hand, to be ready to dreſs and pay the veſſels bottoms from time to time, as well as to repair any caſual accidents, one of theſe ſhould be a capable ſhip-builder, to act as foreman; and, that the wages of theſe may not lie a dead weight upon the concern, as it is to be hoped only a ſmall part of their time will be required for repairs, a ſtock of building materials ſhould be laid in, and keep them conſtantly employed in building more of theſe ſmall veſſels for the fiſhery. It would be doing eſſential ſervice to the country, to take a parcel of young lads apprentices, to be inſtructed in the buſineſs; this would have the double advantage of bringing the prices of theſe veſſels low, and, by increaſing the number of carpenters, encourage the practice of ſhip-building.

Were the returning profits of the concern progreſſively employed in building, fitting out, and uſing theſe veſſels in the fiſhery at ſundry different ſtations, this, with the ſpirit with which the plan will be taken up and carried on by many different adventurers, in conſequence of matters being put upon a proper footing, and ſhowing it to be a profitable buſineſs, will increaſe the number of theſe veſſels ſurpriſingly, and ſoon produce an extraordinary number of good fiſhermen, and in them the nation might always depend upon finding a valuable reſource of the hardieſt and beſt of ſeamen, which boat fiſhers cannot be properly called.

After a few years perſeverance, when matters are fairly entered upon a good footing, the number of the company's veſſels conſiderably increaſed, and the fiſhermen have acquired a proper degree

gree of knowledge, perhaps it will be prudent not to extend their practice farther; for, although I will not take upon me to preſcribe limits, yet I ſhould be ſorry to ſee any body of men attempt to graſp at any thing like a monopoly of the trade. What is wanted, and I would beg leave to be underſtood as recommending, is the ſetting a good example, patroniſing and encouraging all honeſt well meant endeavours in it, by furniſhing neceſſaries to poor adventurers, and buying their fiſh, &c. upon liberal principles, until it is fairly eſtabliſhed upon a firm ſolid baſis; when the increaſing number of veſſels may be ſold off upon equitable terms, to thoſe fiſhers whoſe ſavings may enable them to conjoin their ſtocks, and become adventurers on their own account, or they may be furniſhed to fiſhermen upon the ſame terms the merchants of Oſtend do by their fiſhermen.

There a proper fiſhing crew aſſociate themſelves together, and agree for a year certain with a ſhip owner, for a veſſel compleately fitted for ſea, he furniſhing lines, trawl nets, &c. for which he draws two-fifths of the produce, and the crew the other three-fifths: proviſions, ſalt, and caſks, are laid in upon the general account, and paid for out of the firſt part of the fiſh money; they are always put up to public ſale immediately upon the veſſel's return to port from every voyage. The crew's three-fifths is divided among them, according to their own particular agreement; the young ones having leſs than the old experienced fiſhers; the captain having but a mere trifle more than the reſt, only he is allowed a ſmall matter from the owner for taking charge of the veſſel. The owners ſuſtain all the uſual tear and wear of ſhip and furniture; but for accidental loſſes in cables, anchors, ſails, or ropes, it is a general concern, of which the crew pay three-fifths; and this ſerves as a great check and a guard againſt neglect or careleſſneſs. Theſe compacts are ſanctioned in a particular manner by the laws of the country, and never are nor dare be violated. I do not pretend to know if the hering fiſhery is carried on by them in this manner or not; but if it is, as the expence and riſk of nets is great, I ſuppoſe the crew muſt be entitled to a much leſs proportion of the produce than in the other.

This places the fiſhers upon the true principle of adventurers in the trade without the neceſſity of any capital, enſures the utmoſt economy, and muſt call forth the greateſt exertions of induſtry in the buſineſs, and is a meaſure that might be extremely applicable to the Highlands, after the inhabitants have acquired knowledge from a while's practice; and it may be done with the greateſt ſafety, as the veſſels, &c. may be inſured.

I am fully convinced, that a few years experience will make theſe people, naturally hardy, as good fiſhermen as any in Europe. As they acquire knowledge in the buſineſs, they will gradually acquire property; which, when they have once done, the ſcene will be agreeably changed with them indeed; proſpects will brighten, ſmiling induſtry and affluence will ſoon pervade every bay, creek, and valley of that ſo long neglected country. Then fiſhing matters may be in part reſigned to them, they being fully inſtructed in all the different operations of ſhip building, equipping the various fiſhings, &c. every one of which will be conducted with much economy, ſkill, and induſtry. The conſequence of which will be, that fiſh will be furniſhed at ſuch moderate rates, that, perhaps, with half the prices they preſently yield, it will be a more profitable buſineſs.

For ſundry years at firſt the com-

pany will be under the neceſſity of providing a regular and ſufficient ſupply of proviſions and other neceſſaries, not only for their fiſhers, but the other ſettlers immediately dependent upon them; nor can this be attended with any inconvenience or loſs, but rather an advantage, that they be paid for their labour partly in uſeful articles, as the company can lay in every thing upon the beſt terms, and have them delivered by the veſſels that are freighted from time to time to call at the different ſtations to carry their fiſh to market. By this means they can furniſh theſe articles on the loweſt terms, to the mutual advantage of all parties.

## A CURIOUS ALLEGORY.

*Suppoſed to be written by Fontenelle.*

THE following piece, which is curious and rare, was publiſhed in Holland, about the end of the laſt century. It was attributed to the celebrated Fontenelle, and as he made but a weak defence to the charge brought againſt him, it was, for ſome time, conſidered as a ſufficient reaſon for excluding him from being a Member of the French Academy. The public, we are perſuaded, will read it with the greater pleaſure, as it is more than probable, that Dean Swift took the firſt hint of his Tale of a Tub from it. The author, whoever he may be, ſuppoſes that a rebellion had broken out in the Iſland of Borneo, in the Eaſt Indies, which, according to report, is governed by a woman, and that the following account of it was tranſmitted to Europe in a letter dated from Batavia, Nov. 27th, 1684.

"You know, Sir, that in the iſland of Borneo, to which we are neighbours, women only can aſſume the reins of government. The inhabitants are ſo deſirous of being ruled by thoſe who are really deſcended from Royal Blood, and they entertain ſuch an opinion of the fair ſex, that they muſt always have a Queen, whoſe children are inconteſtibly her own, and, for the greater ſecurity, the chief men of the country muſt be preſent when their Queens are brought to bed. Some years ago Queen *Mliſeo** died, and was ſucceeded by her daughter *Mreo*†, who at firſt was readily acknowledged throughout the whole iſland.

The commencement of her reign gave much ſatisfaction to her ſubjects; but ſome innovations in the government, which ſhe afterwards gradually introduced, occaſioned them to murmur. *Mreo* inſiſted that all her miniſters ſhould become eunuchs‡; a ſevere regulation which had never before been eſtabliſhed, but ſhe cauſed them to be mutilated in ſuch a manner as did not prevent them from giving occaſion to huſbands for bringing complaints againſt them. It is cuſtomary for the Queens of this iſland to give an entertainment to their ſubjects on certain days. *Mreo* had retrenched the half of what other Queens had given*. Beſides this, bread was exceſſively dear and ſcarce, during her reign, throughout the whole iſland, and no one knew what was become of it; except that certain magicians whom he had in her ſervice,

* *Mliſeo*, anagram of the French word *Soliме*, which ſignifies Jeruſalem, where Chriſtianity had its origin.
† *Mreo*, anagram of Rome.
‡ This alludes to celibacy enjoined to Prieſts.
* The retrenchment of the Cup in the Euchariſt.

were

were accuſed of having made it diſappear by incantation†. Great complaints were alſo made of certain priſons built by her, in which ſhe ordered criminals to be confined, and from which ſhe liberated them for money; ſhe by theſe means greatly augmented her revenues. But nothing diſguſted the inhabitants of Borneo, ſo much as the hall of dead bodies ‡ which was in the Queen's palace. When her favourites died, ſhe cauſed their bodies to be embalmed; they were depoſited in this hall with great ceremony; and it was neceſſary for every one who entered the apartment of *Mreo*, to pay their reſpects§ firſt to them. Some minds, naturally proud and independent, could not ſubmit to this indignity.

The people of the iſland were in this diſaffected ſtate towards the government, when a new Queen ‖ ſtarted up and pretended to be the daughter of *Mliſeo*. She diſpoſſeſſed *Mreo*, and began to aboliſh all thoſe innovations which had given riſe to ſuch loud complaints. At her court there were no more eunuchs, no magicians to raiſe the price of bread, no hall of dead bodies, no more priſons, but according to ancient cuſtom, and no more imperfect entertainments. I had almoſt forgot to inform you, that the people of Borneo are of opinion, that legitimate children ſhould reſemble their parents. *Eenegu* ¶, the new Queen, had a perfect reſemblance to *Mliſeo*, the deceaſed Queen, whereas *Mreo* had not the leaſt feature of her, and it has been remarked that on this account, *Mreo* was not very fond of ſhewing herſelf in public; it is even ſaid that ſhe concealed as much as poſſible the portraits of *Mliſeo***. *Eenegu*, on the contrary, expoſed them as much as ſhe could, and took every opportunity of making her reſemblance appear. *Mreo* had however one great advantage in her favor; it was certain, that ſhe was born of *Mliſeo*, at leaſt by the teſtimony of thoſe nobles who had been eye-witneſſes††, and theſe nobles had not been preſent at the birth of *Eenegu*. It is true *Eenegu* pretended that they had been bribed‡‡; which, however, does not appear probable. She related alſo the ſtory of her birth, by which ſhe pretended to be the lawful daughter of *Mliſeo*, but this was a ſtory altogether incredible.

The diſpute of theſe Queens has divided the whole iſland, and kindled up the flames of war in every part of it. Some hold for reſemblance againſt certainty of birth, others for certainty of birth againſt reſemblance. Many bloody battles have been fought, and neither of the two parties has, as yet, ruined the other; it is however believed, that *Mreo* will come off conqueror.—Not long ago ſhe ſurpriſed in a narrow defile, the army of *Eenegu*, and compelled them to take an oath of fidelity §§; and if her army is not much ſtrengthened, becauſe her

† Tranſubſtantiation, which changes the bread into the body of Chriſt.

‡ The catacombs at Rome, from which relics of the Saints are taken, in order to be ſent to Princes, and the different churches in communion with that of Rome. § Canonizations. ‖ The Proteſtant religion. ¶ Geneva.

** The Scripture, the reading of which was forbidden to the laity.

†† The firſt fathers of the church.

‡‡ Alluſion to the falſe titles and falſe decretals which the Popes attributed to the firſt Biſhops of Rome, in order to eſtabliſh their eccleſiaſtical monarchy.

§§ This alludes to the loſſes ſuſtained by the Proteſtants in Bohemia, Moravia, and Sileſia, during the war of thirty years, and afterwards in Auſtria, by the deſpotiſm of the Emperor Leopold.

new

new ſubjects are not very forward to fight under her banners, that of *Eenegu* is at leaſt greatly weakened.

I ſhall take care to inform you of the event of this war, ſince you are ſo fond of hiſtory, that you do not neglect even that of barbarous countries, the manners and cuſtoms of which are ſo ſtrange. I am, &c."

*Anecdote of Major General* O'HARA, *the preſent Commanding Officer at Gibraltar.*

WHILST this officer was Governor of St. Lucia, a young man, who wanted to marry his aunt, a Madame Le Batt, and who had been refuſed by the prieſts of the iſland, unleſs he could obtain a diſpenſation from the Pope, applied to the Governor, naturally ſuppoſing him as great a man as his Holineſs, for his permiſſion, which was inſtantly granted in the following words:

The bearer hereof has my permiſſion to marry his aunt, or his grandmother, if he chuſes.

CHARLES O'HARA,
*Major General and Pope.*

## A HINT TO LIARS.

IN a ſpeech on a late trial, Mr. Lee told the following ſtory:—A man was tried, and convicted before Judge Jeckyll, principally upon *his own confeſſion*; the Jury, however (a Welch one), thought proper to bring in a verdict, *Not guilty*. The Judge, ſurpriſed at this, aſked the Jury on what grounds they could give ſuch a verdict, when the priſoner's *confeſſion* corroborated the proof?—"As for that, my Lord," ſaid the foreman, "we have known the priſoner from his childhood; and he has always been ſo great a *liar*, that we cannot in conſcience *believe any thing he ſays!*"

## ANECDOTE.

SOLIMAN the IId. uſed frequently to ſay, that though a great Prince may love the treaſon, he muſt deteſt the traitor; and that no men deſerved a more ſevere puniſhment, than thoſe who dared to make a traffic of the public confidence. When this Prince laid ſiege to Rhodes, a traitor offered to put him in poſſeſſion of the place, and the Emperor engaged to beſtow upon him one of his daughters in marriage, on condition that the enterprize ſhould ſucceed. It did ſucceed; and the Sultan, on being reminded of his promiſe, brought forth his daughter covered with gold and jewels, and aſſigned to her a conſiderable dowry. Then turning towards the traitor, "You ſee, (ſaid he to him) that I ſcrupulouſly adhere to my word. But (continued he) as you are a Chriſtian, and my daughter is a Mahomedan, I cannot by our laws give her till you are a Muſſulman both within the ſkin and without it, and you are therefore doomed to be utterly ſtripped of that baptized and uncircumciſed ſkin you carry about you." With theſe words he gave orders, that his intended ſon in law ſhould be flead; that then he ſhould be put into a bed covered with ſalt, thereby to aſſume the ſkin of a true Mahomedan, and that when thus converted, his conſort ſhould be conducted to him. The mandate was punctually executed, and the traitor reaped no other fruit from his treachery, than an untimely death fraught with torture.

## HEROIC VIRTUE.

ON the 8th of laſt month, a French peaſant, named Nicolas Potel,

Potel, of the parish of Boulogne near St. Cloud, labouring in his vineyard, with his children, on the borders of the water between Surene and St. Cloud, saw a waggon fall into the river, with six persons in it, who cried out for assistance; one of his sons, Francis Potel, aged 22 years, and an excellent swimmer, immediately undressed, and threw himself into the river. He seized one woman, carried her on shore, and returned to save the others: he got hold of another woman and a man; the first took him by the hair, and the other by the arms, which hindered him from swimming, and dragged him with them to the bottom of the river, in which they disappeared, and rose again seven times. After a labour of three quarters of an hour, he happily got them safe to the borders; but, overcome with fatigue, he fell down, being incapable of helping himself, or of succouring the others. His father, who had witnessed the danger the brave youth had encountered, in his endeavouring to preserve the lives of the suffering mortals, was animated with a kind of sudden zeal, lost not a moment's time in replacing the station of his son; by which act of humanity he saved another woman and a boy. A little girl was the only one who lost her life, and it was supposed she perished with the horse, that suffered at the same time!

It is added, and we hope with truth, that the family of Potel will not be permitted to labour again, without reaping the fruits of their labours.

*Some Account of the late*

## THOMAS SHERIDAN, *Esq.*

HE was the son of Dr Thomas Sheridan, the celebrated friend and companion of Dean Swift; and was born, about the year 1720, at Quilca, a little estate belonging to his father, in the county of Cavan, where he had the honour of having the Dean for his godfather.

He received the early part of his education at Westminster school, where by mere merit, he got himself elected King's scholar. He finished his education at Trinity College, Dublin, and had sometime after an opinion of going into the church; but the success he met with in reciting occasional orations at College decided him for the stage.

Of his particular merit as an actor, it was such as entitled him to the applause he received; his *forte* was in grave, sententious, declamatory characters; hence, in Cato, King John, Brutus, Anthony, and Coriolanus, &c. he had scarcely a rival. But whatever the Dublin stage owed his powers as a performer, it owed him still more as a manager.

Previous to the time he presided in Smock Alley Theatre, it was nearly sunk in licentiousness and irregularity, which, by a determined perseverance, and often at the hazard of his life, he not only remedied, but gave the Irish stage a decorum and propriety which it never knew before.

He reaped the profits of his reformation for many years, till party disputes (which he ineffectually struggled to keep out of his theatre) drove him to England about the year 1754, where he continued in the exercise of his professional talents till 1756; when returning again to Ireland, and just beginning to reap a second crop of theatrical fame, he found himself opposed by the late Messrs Barry and Woodward, who built a new theatre in Crow-street, and furnished it with such a corps of performers as must make all kind of resistance ridiculous.

In this situation Mr. Sheridan

again

again came to England, where after performing occaſionally at Covent-garden theatre for a few years, about 1770 (except the ſhort deputy management under his ſon at Drury-lane theatre) he retired entirely from the ſtage, living on a penſion of 200l. a year granted him by the crown, and the profits of occaſional lectures.

About two years ago he came to Ireland on a viſit to his ſecond ſon Charles Sheridan, Secretary at War in that kingdom, where he meant to have ended the remainder of his days, but being attacked by a dropſy he went to Margate the beginning of this ſummer, and died on Thurſday the 14th of Auguſt, 1788.

On a review of Mr Sheridan's life, it will be found not only reſpectable to himſelf and his family, but uſeful to ſociety. His ſons, who are now both in elevated lines, owe the foundation of their fortunes to an excellent education given them by their father, at a time he could not very well afford it, with the aid of exemplary manners, and undeviating probity of conduct.

As to the public (beſides what Ireland is indebted to him for the reformation and improvement of the ſtage) his Dictionary and Grammar of the Engliſh language, with his ſeveral lectures on elocution, are very beneficial to foreigners. He had beſide theſe, with indefatigable and perſevering induſtry, attempted to introduce a new ſyſtem of education, which, tho' perhaps not perfect in all its parts, had a title to greater conſideration than it met with: and which we think will be found uſeful as materials, whenever the preſent monkiſh building of College education may call for the aid of reformation.

In ſome of the publications which are ſubjoined to this account, he ſeems to conceive that the virtue or vice of a people depends entirely upon the cultivating or neglecting oratory; and one would at firſt ſight be tempted to believe he thought the riſe and fall of the Roman empire was brought about by the riſe and fall in the voices of the Roman orators; but in all that related to this buſineſs he was an enthuſiaſt. From his education, genius, and the variety of ſcenes he had been engaged in, his powers of converſation were moſt engaging; he abounded in anecdote, and had a pleaſant, eaſy, and natural manner of relating them. He has written and publiſhed the following books, and perhaps others, which may have eſcaped our memory:

Britiſh Education, 8vo. 1755.

An Oration on Education, and an Addreſs on the State of the Iriſh ſtage in 1758.

A Diſcourſe on Oratory, 1759.

Lectures on Elocution, in one vol. 4to.

A Pamphlet on the Difficulties of Learning the Engliſh Tongue, 1762.

A Plan of Education, 1769.

Lectures on the Art of reading Proſe and Verſe, two vols. 8vo. 1775.

An Engliſh Pronouncing Dictionary, two vols. 4to 1780, of which a new edition is in the preſs with his laſt corrections and improvements; and

An Addreſs to the Public, on Education, in 1783.

Mrs Sheridan, who has been dead many years, had a very high reputation for her literary acquirements. She wrote Nourjahad—Sidney Biddulph—and the Diſcovery. One of his ſons, who is in the Iriſh Houſe of Commons, wrote Memoirs of the Revolution of Sweden; a book replete with much knowledge and entertainment. Of the writings of his other ſon, Mr Brinſley Sheridan, to name them is ſufficient praiſe, and we only regret that they are ſo few; but his oratory will be recorded as forming

ing an æra in the hiſtory of his country.

The dramatic pieces brought out by the late Mr Sheridan are as follows:

1. Captain O'Blunder, a farce.
2. Coriolanus, a tragedy.
3. Loyal Subject, altered from Beaumont and Fletcher.
4. Romeo and Juliet, altered from Shakeſpear.

*At the deſire of many reſpectable Friends, we inſert the following, to preſerve it from the Oblivion of a News Paper.*

TO THE REVEREND,
"THE MINISTER OF BANFF."

*Reverend Sir,*

WHEN I firſt heard of a *new Catechiſm* for the Sunday School of Banff, I could not help ſaying with myſelf, "What manner of Catechiſm ſhall this be? We have the Aſſembly's Catechiſm, the Mother Catechiſm, and Dr Watts' Catechiſm, which are all thought well of, and one or other of which is taught in the firſt Schools of Scotland; who is he that deſpiſes theſe pious works of his Fathers, and pretends to introduce *A New Catechiſm?*" An advertiſement in the Journal * from your Academy ſoon put me out of this ſtate of uncertainty, and held up the Catechiſm to the world as a performance of "the Miniſter of Banff." On this, I acknowledge, my curioſity was a little excited; and I made application to a friend in your place to procure me a copy; which, by ſome means or other, was at laſt procured. I read the Catechiſm, and I ſcruple not to ſay that I was greatly ſhocked with it. It amazed me to think that a Chriſtian Miniſter of the Church of Scotland ſhould extract the eſſence of the moſt dangerous hereſies, from Arius and Socinus, Dr Prieſtly, and his co-adjutor and champion Lindſey, and make an experiment of its power on the ſouls of orphans. But I flattered myſelf that it would not paſs, that complaints from ſome quarter would be raiſed, that this would lead to a formal inveſtigation, that you would be convinced by Chriſtian reaſoning, and that the Catechiſm would be withdrawn. I have however been diſappointed. I have waited, for at leaſt five months, with eager expectations, but none that I can learn has moved his tongue againſt you. How to account for this I know not, and how to vindicate thoſe, who ſhould have ſpoken, from the imputation of "dumb dogs that cannot bark," will not, I believe, be an eaſy matter. But leaving every one to anſwer for himſelf to his own maſter, I muſt be excuſed for not acquieſcing in the general ſilence, becauſe I deem that ſilence criminal: I cannot ſee my Saviour inſulted without eſpouſing his quarrel and appearing on his ſide, as I hope for the mercy of God through his mediation.

Had your Catechiſm been unconcerned with Chriſtianity, and only a little ſyſtem of morals and regulations for children, on the principles of Socrates, whoſe manner you have adopted, its merit ſhould have continued unqueſtioned by me. But it is the Religion of Jeſus Chriſt which you profeſs to teach your catechumens, and it is your boaſt and your glory to teach it in its original purity, in oppoſition to *the doctrines and inventions of men.* Yet ſurely, Sir, unleſs you have derived *your* doctrines from "another Goſpel," the apoſtle would mark you down as one of the "falſe teachers."—That Goſpel, which has been received in the world for a thouſand ſeven hundred years and upwards, teaches that mankind are born "children of wrath," being "made ſinners by the diſobedience of Adam;" that Chriſt came to "ſave us from our ſins," and the wrath which they deſerved; that "God was in Chriſt;" that "God was manifeſt in the fleſh;" that Chriſt is "over all God bleſſed for ever;" that "he died for our ſins;" that "God purchaſed a Church with *his own* Blood;" that we are pardoned and ſaved for the ſake and merits of Chriſt *only*, and not for our own repentance and deſervings; that the gracious influences of the Holy Ghoſt are neceſſary to make us, and to keep us, true Chriſtians

* See Aberdeen Journal, Jan. 22, 1788.

tians, inſomuch that "if any man have not the Spirit of Chriſt, he is none of his." Theſe are leading truths in the Chriſtian Syſtem, and ſo frequently dwelt upon by the ſacred writers, that they muſt ſtrike every one when he opens his New Teſtament. They are truths ſo nearly connected with the very being of Chriſtianity, that the writer of a Chriſtian Catechiſm ought by no means to have overlooked them. Yet you have done more than overlooked them; you have oppoſed the moſt of them. You have not indeed ſaid broadly, that we are *not* by nature children of wrath; that the word was *not* made fleſh; that Chriſt is *not* God; that he did *not* die for our ſins; that we are *not* ſaved by his merits; and that we have *no need* of the Holy Spirit; but you have given us too juſt cauſe to conclude, that all this is in your heart. And if you had boldly ſaid all this, I'm perſuaded it would have done leſs hurt than what you have ſaid, becauſe none would have been deceived by it, but thoſe who were willing to periſh. And beſides, your own guilt would have been no greater, tho' you had boldly ſaid all this. Nay it would have been leſs; for a heretic, lurking under the name of Chriſtian Reformation and Goſpel Purity, muſt be a thouſand times more abominable in the ſight of God, than the worſt of thoſe miſcreants, who throw their vomit in the open face of our bleſſed Saviour.

But if I injure you, which I aſſure you is far from my intention, when I conclude *that all this is in your heart*, let Chriſtian candour and Chriſtian piety judge from your own words. *Who was Jeſus Chriſt? He was a perſon whom God ſent to teach men their duty, and to encourage and perſuade them to perform it. Who was Jeſus Chriſt? The greateſt Prophet and the greateſt Benefactor to mankind, who ever appeared in the world: by him God ſpake not only to the Jews, but to all mankind.* Are theſe the anſwers of one who wiſhes to advance the religion of Jeſus? Then God help the religion of Jeſus, for it will be but poorly advanced by ſuch an advocate; and if you could have ſaid nothing better, you ſhould have held your tongue. Jeſus certainly was the *greateſt Prophet and the greateſt Benefactor to mankind, who ever appeared in the world;* but is this character due to him becauſe *God ſpake by him not only to the Jews, but to all mankind*, or becauſe *God ſent him to teach men their duty, and to encourage and perſuade them to perform it?* Is it not becauſe he ſatisfied infinite offended juſtice for our ſins; is it not becauſe he is the Redeemer and Saviour of the world? How can you be anſwerable for ſtifling all this, when your ſubject led you to declare it openly? "Are you a maſter in Iſrael, and know not theſe things?" I can hardly allow myſelf to think ſo; and I fear the plea of *ignorance* will not bear you up at that bar, before which you and I muſt ſoon appear. The apoſtle ſays to the Corinthians, that he "delivered to them *firſt of all*, how that Jeſus Chriſt died for our ſins, according to the ſcriptures;" yet as if you were a ſtranger to the ſcriptures, you ſlur over that *ſine qua non* of Chriſtianity, with ſaying, that the Jews put him to death *becauſe they were wicked men.* If the queſtion *who was Jeſus Chriſt?* had been aſked at any of the common people of your pariſh, if they be like the common people of other pariſhes, and not poiſoned with enmity to their Saviour, they would have anſwered plainly and honeſtly, that *he was the Son of God, and the Redeemer of mankind* But you, by ſaying only that he *was a perſon whom God ſent*, make him to differ nothing in original dignity from the greateſt ſinner; for God not only *ſent* good men to inſtruct the world, but he alſo *ſent* wicked men to be the ſcourges of mankind. And leſt there ſhould be any doubt in regard to the degree of dignity you are willing to allow Jeſus Chriſt, you aſk, "*In* WHAT RESPECTS *was Jeſus Chriſt* SUPERIOR *to the prophets who came before him?* The anſwer is, *In the perfection of his example, in the purity of his precepts, and in the importance of the motives by which he enforced them.* Were theſe then, the *only* marks of diſtinction between Chriſt and the prophets? One of the prophets ſays, "The law of the Lord is *perfect.*" And though we often hear, that the children of Iſrael were invited to their duty by the promiſe of temporal bleſſings, yet it is certain that the ſpiritual Jews conſidered the motives to obedience as infinitely ſuperior. It muſt have been

been in some *other* respects, therefore, than "the purity of his precepts," and the "importance of his motives," that Jesus excelled the prophets.—He was superior to them as he was the Son of God. He was superior to them as the person by whom *they* were *sent*. "O Jerusalem, that killest the prophets, how often would *I* have gathered thy children together!" His deeds on behalf of mankind were the end and substance of their predictions. He not only made man at first, but restored him to the favour of God by his own propitiatory sacrifice, and by the operation of his Holy Spirit. And he alone will be the author of immortality to all them that believe. "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Instead of allowing him this superiority over the prophets, you put him on a *level* with them, for it is really no better; and speak of his being *sent* as they were. *A person whom God sent*, solitary as the expression stands, unqualified with any comment, and unattended with any hint of his immaculate birth or pre-existence, is a bolder thrust at the Divinity of the holy Jesus than ever the great adversary had the impudence to aim. And the man that used the expression might sink to the earth with shame, when he is told that "the Holy One of God," and "the Son of the Most High," are confessions of the Devil to the glory of Jesus. But the true account of the matter is this. Two natures, human and divine, were united in Jesus Christ. When the scriptures speak of his human nature, which he derived from the blessed Virgin, they call him "the man Christ Jesus," and allow of his being *sent by the Father*; but when they speak of his Divinity, they declare him to be "equal with God," and that "he and the Father are one," and that he was not *sent*, but "came unto his own," tho' "his own received him not."

Our Lord and Saviour being degraded to a level with sinful man, the Holy Spirit, the advocate of that Saviour, could hardly be supposed to meet with more respect. Yet because the scriptures say that "a word spoken against the Son of man shall be forgiven, but whoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation," for this reason I suppose it is, that you have though it safest not to speak of the Holy Ghost at all; and the little ones, who receive the first rudiments of Christianity from you, may say, as some at Ephesus said to St Paul, "we have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." But if you believe the Bible, you cannot but know that we have infinite need of divine grace, and that divine grace is communicated to us only by the Holy Ghost. How cruel then was it in you to hide that truth from the children, when their souls are so deeply concerned in its being known to them!

I might pursue and point out the other impieties of the Catechism, which are great and many, but they are all swallowed up in the greater magnitude of these fatal tenets, that Christ is not God, and that he is not our Saviour, or that he did not die and make satisfaction for our sins, and that we need give ourselves no concern about the Holy Spirit and his gracious influences, because it seems we are sufficient of ourselves to expiate our infinite guilt, and do all that we are commanded to do, and may therefore claim our reward from God's justice, and not beg it of his mercy.

I beseech you, Sir, to consider what you have done; and remember, if the children, whose spiritual director you have made yourself, perish thro your directions, God will require their blood at your hand. And without a Saviour how can they but perish? And yet they have never heard of a Saviour from you. Twice you mention the name *Jesus*, and one and twenty times *Jesus Christ*, as you would mention the name and sirname of any good man; but you never once call him our Redeemer, our Saviour, our Lord, or the Son of God, in all the two and twenty pages of your Catechism; nor do you ever make use of the Christian terms of Grace, Redemption, or Salvation. Take heed to yourself, Sir, for the Spirit of God calls the heresy of that man *damnable*, who "denies the Lord that bought him," who denies Christ to be Jehovah, as you certainly do, and denies that he has redeemed us with his own blood. Think not that a zeal of God will save you, without believing and honouring the Son of God.—"Whosoever denieth the Son,

'the ſame hath not the Father;" the word of Eternal Truth ſettles that point beyond controverſy. But if you have not the Father, nor the Son, nor the Holy Ghoſt, you have no God, becauſe there is no God but one; you are left a heathen, an atheiſt, without God. This is a hard ſaying, but the truth of it is undeniable by thoſe who believe God's word to be true. I ſhall therefore conclude with another hard ſaying, which I riſk without any diffidence, becauſe it is not mine, but God's: "He that believeth on the Son, hath everlaſting life; and he that believeth not the Son, ſhall not ſee life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

Aug. 21, 1788. *A FRIEND TO TRUTH.*

# Poetry.

*For the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

## *UPON A ROSE.*

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

*As in the cool of early day*
*A Poet ſought the ſweets of May,*
*The garden's fragrant breath aſcends,*
*And ev'ry ſtalk with odour bends.*
*A roſe he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,*
*Thus ſinging, as the muſe inſpir'd:—*
GAY.

BLEST charm! how nature ſmiles on love,
And with the tender thought conſpires!
Where'er with devious ſteps I rove,
Each ſcene the fond conception fires.

Like as the roſe, fair genial flow'r!
With richeſt hue, unrival'd blows;
So *Delia*, mild all-conqu'ring pow'r,
With univerſal beauty glows.

As this ſweet flowret of the day
Great nature's art divine diſplays;
So, heav'nly wiſdom's purer ray
In her, ſurmounts the poet's lays.

And tho' fair beauty's graceful charms
Muſt, like the ſhort-liv'd roſe, decay,
Still virtue's flame her boſom warms,
Uunquench'd by time's defacing ſway.

But ah! the frail, the fading roſe
Reminds me, man is but a flow'r!
In life's deep blooming field he blows,
Then ſhrinks, and decks the vale no more.

Catch then the preſent, fleeting day,
Each ſhort, each tranſient hour, improve;
So, gently freed from life's decay,
Your ſoul ſhall bleſs the realms above.

Auguſt 20th, 1788. A.

*For the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

## SONG.

TUNE—*Black-ey'd Suſan.*

WHEN lovely Damon grac'd theſe bow'rs,
No anxious fear my heart oppreſt:
His preſence charm'd the fleeting hours
Which love and friendſhip render'd bleſt.
But now, to me, all ſad theſe bow'rs appear,
And, like my ſoul, a gloomy aſpect wear.
The ſcenes, which once had pow'r to charm,
Can now, no longer, bliſs impart;
Since cruel war, ſtill big with harm,
With-holds the charmer of my heart.
My *riſing* ſigh the echoing mountains bear;
The weeping valley drinks my *falling* tear.
The *ſigh* muſt ever heave my breaſt,
The *tear* will never ceaſe to flow,
'Till

'Till Damon ſoothe my ſoul to reſt;
And kiſs away the ſtains of woe!
'Till, in his arms, I loſe the ſenſe of fear;
And ſhare the tranſports of a love ſincere.

*Aberdeen, Auguſt* 28, 1788. R.

VERSES *ſent to a* YOUNG LADY,

*With a Novel of the Author's own compoſition.*

DEAR Madam, you'll doubtleſs diſcredit your ſight,
And ſtare with ſurpriſe that I'm grown ſo polite:
A plain country clown, who has made it his rule
To tell his opinion, and laugh at a fool.
The Ladies deſpiſe me as much as a toad,
Few favours they've aſk'd, and few favours beſtow'd.
Their pride ſo diſdainful how hard to be born!
The ſneers of contempt, and the ſallies of ſcorn:
Poor Devil! tho' never ambitious or vain,
My boſom its rage could no longer contain:
It burſt all at once, and produced what you ſee,
The battles of fops, and adventures at tea.
Tho' foreign the portraits, and uncouth to you,
They ſuit very well with Pol, Molly, and Sue,
Beſides many more, whom you cannot but know,
Fine playthings, and dolls of an amorous beau.
Theſe pages, Dear Madam, your judgment await,
Your judgment impartial ſhall ſettle their fate.
If you deign to approve, or but even to ſmile,
'Twill alleviate the taſk, and ſweeten the toil:
But if to diſgrace the ſad ſcrawl you conſign,
At once I will every pretenſion reſign. *Stonhaven.*

An ODE to ECHO.

SWEET Echo! ſportive Nymph, that dwell'ſt unſeen
Within thy ſound-encircled cave,
Or fleeting o'er the moon-light green,
Or where the baffled billows lave
Some lonely time-diſparted tower,
Oft at evening's penſive hour,
With loitering ſtep I muſe along,
Charm'd by thy many-warbling ſong,
Whilſt Silence o'er the ſleeping gale
Fearfully ſpreads her goſs'mer veil.
Now pleas'd I mark thy ſofter voice
Mimic the ruder torrent's noiſe,
Liſt'ning 'mid the ſtilly ſcene,
By yond' willow-waving grove,
Oft, the trembling ſhades between,
In fancy's eye I ſee thee rove
" Over the hills and far away,"
Where the dapper elves do play,
Sounding ſweet thy ſilver ſhell,
'Till near ſome hermit's moſs-grown cell
(While 'mid the mazes of the wood
Thouſand reſponſive notes on every ſide are heard),
Thou reſts at length thy devious flight,
Smiling on the frowning Night,
Who, jealous of her drowſy ſway,
Shuns the merry harbinger of day,
And ſeeks—tho' ſadly loath to go—
Compell'd, the Stygian ſhades below.

CAMISIS.

VERSES by a Youth of Fifteen Years old to his SISTER on her BIRTH-DAY.

WHILE ſalutations fly around,
And birth-day wiſhes know no bound,

Accept

Accept on this auſpicious day
The tribute of a brother's lay:——
May Heav'n a length of years beſtow,
And many days like this allow!
Long mayſt thou happineſs enjoy,
And pleaſure mix'd with leaſt alloy.
As nature has adorn'd thy face,
May virtue all thy actions grace:
Mayſt thou, in ſhort, each gift receive
Which Heav'n's indulgent power can give!
And when the ſolemn time ſhall come
That every ſoul will hear its doom,
May that a joyful birth day prove,
More glorious in the realms above!

*Pancras, Aug.* 8. B. M.

## SONNET.

### To LAURA.

HOW ſweet to roam abroad, when Twilight grey
O'er the dark fields her duſky mantle throws,
When's ſhut the woodbine and the wildbriar roſe,
At the departure of the ſinking day!

Now, my lov'd Laura, let us penſive ſtray,
And watch the ſilent-footed evening cloſe
Her dew-dropt train.—But hark! what wild note flows
At this ſtill hour, from yonder gloomy ſpray?

'Tis the lorn nightingale's enamour'd air,
That darkling aye begins her wilder'd art,
When to their moſſy-woven beds repair
The gay-plum'd gaudy tribes.—— Here we'll abide,
Here pauſe a while, and drink with raptur'd ear
The thrilling ſounds—and bid vain care ſubſide.

EPITAPH *by the late Dean* SMITH *of Cheſter.*

## ON HIMSELF.

WITHIN this pile of mould'ring ſtones,
The Dean hath laid his wearied bones;
In hope to end his days in quiet,
Exempt from nonſenſe, noiſe, and riot:
And paſs, nor teiz'd by fool nor knave,
From this ſtill manſion to his grave.
Such there, like richer men's, his lot,
To be in four days' time forgot.

## ON BENEVOLENCE.

*By Maria Falconar.*

THE charms of fair Benevolence I ſing,
For her the muſe ſhall wake the hallow'd lyre;
Soft as the dews of heaven, and mild as ſpring,
Bright emanation of her heavenly Sire.

Far from the pomp of courts ſhe loves to dwell:—
Offspring of Pity, whither art thou fled?
To the dark dungeon or the gloomy cell,
To raiſe ſome hapleſs mortal's drooping head?

For, thou canſt wipe the tear from ſorrow's eye,
The joys of bright proſperity renew;
To thee, angelic maid, the ſtruggling ſigh,
Warm from the breaſt of gratitude, is due.

Ah!

Ah! did the wealthy vicious few but
feel
The bliſs reſulting from one well-
ſpent hour;
Did they but know the tender taſk to
heal
The ſoul juſt ſinking 'neath afflicti-
on's ſhow'r;

But thou, Benevolence, waſt form'd
to ſave,
To thee the art of ſuccouring
want was giv'n;
Thy hand can ſnatch her from the
yawning grave,
And pluck the thorns that bar her
way to heaven.

## O D E.

WHY, ſon of MORVAIN, doſt
thou ſtart?
Why clings this ſudden terror to
thy heart?
Alas! how do thy eye-balls roll!
How wildly frantic is thy ſoul!
Dreadful deſpair ſeems low'ring on
thy brow,
While thouſand hideous forms in thy
dark fancy grow.

"Hence! avaunt, thou dæmon fell!
"Plunge me not within that hell
"From whoſe ſulphureous yawn a-
riſe
"Torture's ſhriek and Murder's
cries;
"Let me, let me own the deed—
"By theſe vile hands did SWANSA
bleed;
"Her eaſy faith I firſt betray'd,
"Then, miſcreant like, to death
reſign'd the injur'd maid."

Well may thy ſoul its loath'd abode
With every frightful care corrode;
Well may thy ghaſtly eye-balls glow
With all the fire of furious woe:
Wretch! ſoon ſhall SWANSA's
wand'ring ſprite
Seek thee in the depth of night;
Thine ſhall be the cave of dread,
Where human footſtep ne'er ſhall
tread,
Harpies ſhall thy boſom tear,
And the ſpirits of the air,
O'er thy dwelling hovering ſtill,
With horrid dreams thy ſleep ſhall
fill.
Thou ſhalt live a weight unbleſt,
Scorpions ſhall thy paths infeſt;
And thy children—fated race!—
Shall their father's woes embrace:
Thou and they alike ſhall be
The curſe of all poſterity!

CAMISIS.

## To JOHN HOWARD, Esq. F.R.S.

AUTHOR OF THE STATE OF ENGLISH AND FOREIGN PRISONS.

FROM diſtant climes, and names
to thee unknown,
Receive theſe laurels added to thy
crown,
Along theſe coaſts have thy applauſes
flown,
And all our woods have echoed
thy renown;
While grateful Britain ſhall the ſtatue
raiſe,
And Europe glory in her Howard's
name,
Not leſs America reveres thy praiſe,
Nor leſs delighted ſpreads abroad
thy fame.
Let pomps of heroes grace their own
domains,
And patriots ſhare their grateful
nation's weal,
The man who breaks all human-
nature's chains,
Should human-nature's gen'ral
homage feel.
Tho' to theſe regions be thy face un-
known,
Yet hath thy ſpirit croſs'd the At-
lantic main,
In every boſom it erects its throne,

And

And ſtill more widely gives relief to pain.
The dreary caverns of the gloomy gaol,
'Till now impervious, deſolate, forlorn,
Thy bounteous ſpirit doth once more regale,
And mid their horrors wakes a chearful morn!
Inſpir'd by thee the hungry pris'ner's fed,
The ſhiv'ring wretch is ſhelter'd from the cold,
The healing art in ſickneſs ſmoothes his bed,
And beams of mercy all his ſteps enfold.
A gen'rous band!* their weekly viſits pay
Where want and miſery love to rule ſupreme,
From every face they wipe the tear away,
Of every tongue they make thy name the theme.
Amid their archives their deſigns to aid,
Thy philanthrophic volume they repoſe,
This ſhall conduct them through the diſmal ſhade,
This beſt inſtruct them how to ſoothe its woes.
And now to thee our grateful eyes we turn,
Our thanks, our plaudits, we to thee addreſs,
Thy diſtance from us we in vain muſt mourn,
Yet may thy letters make that diſtance leſs.
Theſe ſtill new light may to our zeal impart,
Some novel joy to human grief afford,
Give ſtrength and vigour to the feeling heart,
Or from oppreſſion wrench the lawleſs ſword.
If Roman ſenates civic wreaths decreed
To thoſe who ſav'd a ſingle Roman's days,
What wreaths celeſtial muſt to thine ſucceed,
What doſt ſuch numbers from affliction raiſe!
What worthy honours, friend of human-kind,
In every age ſhall to thy name be paid!
What bliſs extatick fill thy godlike mind,
In orbs whoſe ſyſtems mercy does pervade!
Pardon the Muſe who thus, in artleſs verſe,
Preſumes her tribute of applauſe to ſing:
While Hayley's nervous lines thy deeds rehearſe,
How weak the efforts of her youthful wing!
Yet anxious to thy fame in climes remote,
One monument of poeſy to raiſe,
All other thoughts ſhe does to this devote,
And ſhrouds her weakneſs in thy potent bays.
Oh, Howard! long be health and pleaſure thine,
Till amid Seraphs thou art plac'd on high,
In nobler works of charity to join,
And richer gifts to ſcatter from the ſky!

*Philadelphia, April* 1788. } J. SWANWICK.

* The acting Committee of the Priſon Society of Philadelphia, to whoſe real activity, in their charitable employment, too much honour cannot be paid.

THE

# ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

## LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. XIX.] Thurſday September 25, 1788. [Price 3d.

## THE TRIFLER, No. XIX.

*Thurſday September* 25, 1788.

*——Ridentem dicere verum*
*Quid vetat? ut pueris olim dant cruſtula blandi*
*Doctores, elementa velint ut diſcere prima."* HOR.

A PLAN FOR RENDERING PERSONS OF FASHION DISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE VULGAR—LETTER OF MR GROGRAM—OPINION UPON HIS CASE.

IT has often occurred to me, that if I could ſuggeſt any plan for rendering people of Faſhion ſtill more faſhionable, I ſhould be entitled to the thanks of the public. The chief end of all faſhion is to eſtabliſh a proper diſtinction between the great and the vulgar, and this purpoſe probably was anſwered in former times. But the diſtinction is now ſo much loſt, that we are able to trace it with very conſiderable difficulty; The vices of a Lord are ſo very like thoſe of his ſervant, that we cannot ſometimes determine which is the maſter, and which is the man. Tradeſmen, too, are ſo much altered as to their manner of living, that one would ſuppoſe the *levelling* principle has returned, and all diſtinction between ranks aboliſhed.

When the genteel accompliſhments of wenching, drinking, and gaming, were confined to perſons of quality, they had an excluſive right to glory in ſuch diſtinctions; but at preſent, I am ſorry to ſay, that a man of quality cannot, with all his contrivance, find out any new folly or vice but what his ſervants and tradeſmen can perform juſt as well as himſelf. This is a very mortifying circumſtance, and deſerves our attentive conſideration. Great men muſt ſuffer very materially, if their privileges are to be invaded in this manner. If a nobleman has his miſtreſſes, his gaming debts, his diſtreſſes, and his extravagant expences, his inferiors are nothing behind him, but can imitate all theſe perfections with the boldneſs of an original maſter. Late hours, habits of expence, neglect of family, neglect of buſineſs, and every other ſpecies of genteel propenſity, are to be found among the middling and lower ranks of life in

utmoſt perfection. What is it that a great man, then, can do which ſhall not be done by his inferiors? differing perhaps in degree only, as a miniature picture does from a whole length; it is leſs in *ſize*, but the features, the likeneſs, and the whole art are preſerved. As to that proper contempt for morality and religion which diſtinguiſhed the great; when it was thought that a man of £.10,000 per annum had a right to be an infidel, I will be bold to ſay that I will produce many who have not above £. 300 a year, who can ſmoke the parſon, joke with the Bible, and ſing hunting ſongs on Sunday with any nobleman in the kingdom. So that we may well exclaim with the Roman Poet,

"Quid DOMINI facient, audent cum talia FURES?"

which I ſhall not tranſlate, that my male readers may have an opportunity of expounding Virgil to the ladies.

But to return—as this then is the caſe, as people of faſhion find from long experience that there is no poſſibility of preſerving an excluſive right to any of the amuſements or excellencies they have hitherto excelled in, and as a man with a very ſlender income may be as big a rogue as he who poſſeſſes thouſands, let us contrive ſome means to reſtore a proper diſtinction, ſuch a diſtinction as great men will find it very eaſy to keep up, and the vulgar will perhaps not be ſpeedily inclined to violate. I am aware of the difficulty attending ſuch a ſcheme, and I am conſcious that my poor abilities are not equal to the mighty talk, but as what I propoſe, if not ſucceſsful, may be at leaſt the means of inciting ſome public ſpirited perſons to conſider of a ſcheme, who poſſeſs greater abilities and more knowledge of the ſubject, I ſhall without farther preface, proceed to lay down what I conſider as outlines; and as I expect that my ſcheme, if approved, will obtain the ſanction of parliament, I have thrown the whole into the form of an Act, or Bill, to be brought into the houſe and debated upon in a due and proper manner.

The PREAMBLE ſtates, That as for ſome years paſt the ſole and excluſive right of playing the fool and the rogue has been wreſted from thoſe perſons of quality to whom it belonged, and that by perſons of mean birth and inferior fortunes; and whereas, there is ſcarcely any petty tradeſman, ſervant, or other perſon of low rank, but who can get drunk, violate the marriage bed, play cards, loſe his buſineſs, and become bankrupt with all the eaſe and effrontery of a perſon of rank; and whereas, by theſe and other felonious imitations of high life, all diſtinctions are now done away between the Great and the Vulgar, to the diſgrace of the Great, and the prejudice of the Vulgar,

**Be it enacted,** That from and after the day of in the year of the reign of our moſt gracious Sovereign, &c.—and in all time coming, the ancient and accuſtomed diſtinctions aforeſaid ſhall ceaſe and determine.

**And be it enacted,** That from and after the ſaid date, all noblemen, whether Dukes, Marquieſſs, Earls, Viſcounts, Barons, and all men of rank, whether Knights Baronet, or ſimple, Generals, Colonels, or other great Officers, Squires, and high Dignitaries in Church and State, ſhall reſign and make over by a deed, to be called a DEED OF RELINQUISHMENT, all and every the vices ſpecified in this act, namely wenching, drinking, gaming, curſing, ſwearing, getting into debt, ridiculing religion, ſmoking the parſons, jeering with ſacred things, and all other vices, ſollies, rages, or other things which formerly diſtinguiſhed the foremention-

ed

oned perſonages—and that the ſaid deed of relinquiſhment be made in favour of the ſervants, tradeſmen, and other inferiors of the ſaid perſonages, who ſhall the full and free privilege of practiſing the ſaid follies &c. during the term of their natural lives, and of bequeathing the fruits of the ſame to their heirs, ſucceſſors, aſſignees and executors.

And whereas, by this deed of relinquiſhment, all noblemen, whether Dukes, Marquiſſes, &c and all men of rank, whether Knights, &c. are deprived of any means of employing their time, &c.

**Be it enacted,** That from and after the day of as before ſpecified, the ſaid noblemen, &c. ſhall have and hold, and be diſtinguiſhed by dignity of manners, by decency, public and private virtue, by attention to the laws of the land, of morality and religion, by avoiding the company of ſharpers, blacklegs and other perſons on the turf; by diſcouraging all gaming tables, pharo banks, and other games of great hazard to their perſons and property—and ſhall have the privilege of conveying the ſame to their heirs and ſucceſſors, along with their family eſtates, titles and title-deeds.

And whereas there may be reaſon to fear that ſome of the ſaid noblemen, &c. may hereafter, inſtigated by the devil, and not having the fear of ſharpers before their eyes, attempt to recover ſome of their ancient diſtinctions before ſpecified,

**Be it enacted,** That every perſon found guilty of this, be ranked among the vulgar, and all privilege of faſhion taken from him, and be he no longer conſidered as a gentleman.

And whereas it may happen that ſome of the lower ranks, having diſcovered, after ſufficient trial, that the vices above mentioned are attended with ſome ſlight inconveniences, and may wiſh to make a tranſfer of the ſame,

**Be it enacted,** That every ſuch perſon, on due proof given of their having relinquiſhed the ſaid follies and vices at a proper time of life, that is to ſay at the age of fifty and under, and before their eſtates or buſineſs have been ruined, they ſhall be admitted to a ſhare in the diſtinctions of dignity of manners, &c. before ſpecified, and ſhall be deemed and accounted, in all time forthcoming, gentlemen.

This Act to remain in force for *ninety-nine* years.

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*For the* AUTHOR *of the* TRIFLER.

SIR,

THERE is a kind of TRIFLERS which deſerve your ſevere cenſure, as in duty bound to relieve the oppreſſed, but whom you have hitherto taken no notice of. I mean, Sir, thoſe pretty, roſy-coloured, ſmiling rogues who go from ſhop to ſhop looking at every thing, and buying little or nothing.

I am a merchant in this place, and of courſe muſt be very civil to every body, but really, Sir, half my time is employed in unpacking, and folding up my goods, without diſpoſing of any thing. Theſe pretty *Triflers* do ſo occupy my whole attention, I am ſometimes obliged to take down parcels from twenty ſhelves in my ſhop at one time—One thing is very pretty, but they don't want it——Another is a ſweet pattern, but they think it is too dear——A third is cheap enough, but they don't like it——a fourth is very well, but not quite in faſhion;——a fifth would ſuit winter better than ſummer——and a ſixth is—neither dear, nor ugly, nor unfaſhionable, nor improper

proper for the ſeaſon, but——they "will come and look at it another time!"

Is not this *Trifling*, Sir, and as ſuch deſerving of your Cenſorial Notice? for I aſſure you I have heard ſome of my cuſtomers (I beg pardon, I mean *viſitors*) talk very much of the TRIFLER, and I therefore hope you will repreſent to them that I could wiſh now and then to ſell as well as to ſhow my goods; for, indeed, Sir, if matters continue much longer as they are, I intend to petition the Commiſſioners againſt paying the ſhop-tax—I have hopes that a word or two from you will do my buſineſs, ſo remain, as in duty bound,

"Your humble ſervant,
GILES GROGRAM."

"P. S. I am a ſingle man."

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*Mr Grogram's* caſe is a very hard one. I do hereby order his viſitors to depoſit a ſum of money on entering his ſhop, as is uſual at the doors of all places of amuſement where people go only to ſee and be ſeen.

By order of his honour THE TRIFLER.
THOMAS TROT——*Pro. Sec.*

## Biography.

### MEMOIRS
OF THE LATE
### DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

ELIZABETH CHUDLEIGH was deſcended from an antient family ſituated in Devonſhire. One of her male anceſtors had a naval command in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and gallantly acquitted himſelf in the memorable defeat of the Spaniſh Armada. The father of Miſs Chudleigh was a Colonel in the army; who dying when ſhe was at an early age, his relict had the care of a daughter devolved on her, with little more than the uſual penſion allotted the widow of an officer for their mutual ſubſiſtence. Thus narrowed in fortune, Mrs Chudleigh prudently availed herſelf of the beſt ſubſtitute for money—good connections. Theſe the rank, ſituation, and habits of her huſband had placed within her power. She hired an houſe fit, at that leſs refined period of time, for a faſhionable town reſidence; and ſhe accommodated an intimate for the purpoſe of adding to the ſcantineſs of her income. Her daughter Elizabeth was ſoon diſtinguiſhed for a brilliancy of repartee, and for other qualities highly recommendatory, becauſe extremely pleaſing. An opportunity for the diſplay of them to every advantage the poſſeſſor could reaſonably deſire, offered, at a moment when fortune was benignantly diſpoſed. The father of our preſent Sovereign had his Court at Leiceſter Houſe. Mr. Pulteney, who then blazed as a meteor in the hemiſphere of oppoſition, was honoured with the particular regard of the Prince of Wales. Miſs Chudleigh was introduced to Mr. Pulteney; and he obtained her, at the age of about eighteen, the appointment of a Maid of Honour to the Princeſs of Wales. Mr Pulteney did more than thus place her in an elevated ſtation; he endeavoured to cultivate her underſtanding. To him Miſs Chudleigh read; and with him, when ſeparated by diſtance, ſhe literally correſponded. Some improvement ſhe obtained by this advantage, but the extreme vivacity of her nature prevented any conſiderable acquirements. Her maxim on every ſubject was, according to her own expreſſion, to be "ſhort, clear, and ſurprizing." A voluminous author was, conſequently, her averſion; and a prolix ſtory, how-

however intereſting, diſguſted her, merely from the circumſtance of prolixity. With ſuch a pupil Mr Pulteney could laugh, and in deſpair of literary inſtruction making any deep impreſſion on the mind of his adopted fair one, he changed the ſcene and endeavoured to initiate her in the ſcience of œconomy inſtead of books.

The ſtation to which Miſs Chudleigh was advanced, combined with many perſonal attractions, produced a number of admirers: ſome of actual, others of expectant titles. Among the former was his Grace the Duke of Hamilton, whom Miſs Gunning had afterwards the good fortune to obtain for a conſort. The Duke was paſſionately fond of Miſs Chudleigh, and the ardour with which he preſſed his ſuit, attained the end he then wiſhed to accompliſh, which was a ſolemn engagement on the part of Miſs Chudleigh, that on his return from making a tour, for which he was preparing, ſhe would become his wife. There were reaſons why this event ſhould not immediately take place; that the engagement would be fulfilled at the ſpecified time, both parties conſidered as a moral certainty. A mutual pledge was given and accepted: the Duke commenced his propoſed tour, and the parting condition was, that he ſhould write by every opportunity; Miſs Chudleigh, of courſe, was reciprocally bound to anſwer his Grace's Ovidian epiſtles. Thus the arrangement of fortune ſeemed to have united a pair, who poſſibly might have experienced much happineſs in the union: for between the Duke of Hamilton and Miſs Chudleigh, there was a ſimilarity of diſpoſition. They were not, however, to be joined. Diſtruſt was to take place of unbounded confidence; and they were mutually to be diſſatisfied with each other, without either being culpable. Miſs Chudleigh had an aunt whoſe name was Hanmer; at her houſe Captain Hervey, the late Earl of Briſtol, viſited. To this gentleman Mrs Hanmer became ſo exceedingly partial, that ſhe favoured his views on her niece, and engaged her efforts to effect, if poſſible, a matrimonial connection. There were two difficulties which would have been inſurmountable, had they not been oppoſed by the fertile genius of a female. Miſs Chudleigh diſliked Captain Hervey, and ſhe was betrothed to the Duke of Hamilton. To render the laſt nugatory, the letters of his Grace were intercepted by Mrs Hanmer, and his ſuppoſed ſilence giving offence to her niece, ſhe worked ſo ſucceſsfully on her pride, as to induce her to abandon all thoughts of the lover, whoſe paſſion ſhe had cheriſhed with delight. A conduct the reverſe of that imputed to the Duke was obſerved by Captain Hervey. He was all which aſſiduity could dictate, or attention perform. He had daily acceſs to Miſs Chudleigh, and each interview was artfully improved by the aunt, to the proſecution of her own views. The letters of his Grace of Hamilton, which regularly arrived, were as regularly ſuppreſſed; until piqued beyond longer endurance, Miſs Chudleigh was prevailed on to accept the hand of Captain Hervey, and, by a private marriage, to enſure a participation of his future honours and fortune. The ceremony was performed in a private chapel adjoining the country manſion of Mr Merrill. The only ſurviving witneſs is a woman conſiderably advanced in years, who was a ſervant in the family.

On a review of life every reflecting mind may eaſily trace the predominant good or evil experienced, to ſome wilful error, or injudicious miſtake, which operated as a determinate cauſe, and gave the colour to our fate. This was the caſe with Miſs Chudleigh; for, the hour in which

which ſhe became united with Capt. Hervey, proved to her the origin of every ſubſequent unhappineſs. There is a compliment to the dead exacted by uſage; conformably to which, we treat their names with reverence whoſe deeds deſerve the ſevereſt reproach. On this principle it can only be ſaid, that the connubial rites were attend with conſequences injurious to health, as well as unproductive of fecundity; and that from the night following the day on which the marriage was ſolemnized, Miſs Chudleigh reſolved never to have further connection with her huſband. To prevail on him not to claim her as his wife, required all the art of which ſhe was miſtreſs. The beſt diſſuaſive argument was, the loſs of her ſituation as Maid of Honour, ſhould the marriage be publickly known. The finances of Captain Hervey not enabling him, at the time, to compenſate ſuch a loſs, moſt probably operated as a prudential motive for his yielding to the entreaties of his wife. He did ſo yield; but in a manner which, at times, indicated a ſtrong deſire to play the tyrant. In fact, as the departed Dutcheſs frequently expreſſed the ſituation of her feelings, "Her miſery commenced from the arrival of Captain Hervey in England, and the greateſt joy ſhe experienced was the intelligence of his departure." Hence, whilſt the ſhip in which he was to ſail remained at Spithead, or in the Downs, ſhe was tremblingly alive with apprehenſion that the deſtination might be countermanded. A fair wind out of the Channel, was the ſoother of her mind; and ſhe was always extremely inquiſitive as to the duration of the voyage, or cruiſe, as well as the probable intervening accidents which might ſtill longer retard it. Such were ſome of the immediate conſequences of an union, brought about by artifice, effected clandeſtinely, and originating, in the one part from pique, in the other from a more reprehenſible paſſion. The remote conſequences of this moſt unfortunate aſſimilation of body, not mind, will neceſſarily form parts of a ſubſequent detail. Let it be hoped, for the happineſs of the more amiable ſex, that the caſe of Miſs Chudleigh, in one ſenſe, is not applicable to many of them. To her, matrimony was the beginning of ſorrows.

(To be continued.)

*Anecdotes of* Francis, Baron Trenck, *Colonel in the Service of her Majeſty the* Empreſs Queen, *and Commander in chief of a Body of* Pandours; *extracted from the Memoirs of his Couſin*, Ferdinand Baron Trenck.

FRANCIS, Baron Trenck, was born in 1714, in Calabria, a province of Sicily, where his father then commanded. His mother was a lady of the family of Kettler, in Courland. Baron Trenck, the father, died governor of Seitſchau in Hungary, in 1743, leaving behind him a very conſiderable fortune, both in that kingdom and Sclavonia, where he poſſeſſed the eſtates called Kretovack, Steternitz, and Pakratz. Theſe are the eſtates which he entailed on me, and of which I have ſince been ſo unjuſtly deprived. He was my father's own brother, and his name was John.

Francis, Baron Trenck, was ſix feet three inches high, German meaſure; his perſon was beautiful, and his ſtrength ſo great, that he could cut off the head of an ox with his ſabre at a blow. His father, who was a mere ſoldier, and at the ſame time very avaricious, was extremely negligent in the education of his ſon, and let him paſs the firſt years of his life among the Croats, whoſe ſavage and barbarous manners

ſerved

ſerved only to confirm his natural inclination to cruelty. In company, however, no body would have ſuſpected the ferocity of his diſpoſition; for Trenck was a man of abilities, ſpoke ſeven languages with facility, and was ſurpaſſed by no body in the art of pleaſing, when he choſe to make himſelf agreeable. He was very turbulent in his youth; and at an early age gave a looſe to the moſt violent paſſions, which he never knew how to ſubdue. Old Trenck refuſing to ſupply his extravagance, he thought proper, when no more than Cornet, to go and aſk one of his father's farmers for money. The farmer refuſing to give him any, Trenck drew his ſabre, and killed him on the ſpot. This affair occaſioned a proſecution, which might have been attended with fatal conſequences, if war had not been declared in 1736 between the Turks and Ruſſians. He took advantage of the opportunity, to aſk leave of the Court of Vienna to raiſe a ſquadron of huſſars; and having obtained it, went over with his men to the ſervice of Ruſſia.

Trenck ſignalized himſelf much in the war, and became a great favourite of Marſhal Munich. As often as he commanded a detachment againſt the Tartars, he was ſure to return victorious, and his name became a terror to the enemy. At the end of the campaign he was appointed Major.

One day, when the regiment was on a march, and the Turks were running in diſorder, pell-mell, along a plain, Trenck perceived a favourable opportunity of attacking them. He pointed it out to Colonel Rumin, and propoſed to him to lead his regiment to the charge; but the Colonel anſwered, that he had no orders. Trenck then aſked permiſſion to charge with his ſquadron alone, and was refuſed. He fell immediately into a violent paſſion, and called out to the ſoldiers, 'If 'there be any brave fellows among 'you, let them follow me.' About two hundred men ſtepped forward; he put himſelf at their head, made a dreadful carnage, beat the enemy, and returned, intoxicated with joy, with the heads he had cut off, and the priſoners he had taken.

As ſoon as he rejoined the regiment, he rode up to the Colonel, called him poltroon, and ſtruck him with his whip, without the other's making any reſiſtance. However, the matter became publick, Trenck was put under arreſt, tried by a court-martial, and condemned to be ſhot. The day on which the execution was to take place, Marſhal Munich, either by accident or deſign, paſſed by the tent in which the priſoner was confined. Trenck perceiving him, advanced, and addreſſed him in theſe words: 'Will 'your Excellency allow a foreign 'gentleman to ſuffer an ignominious 'death, for having beat a Ruſſian who 'has diſhonoured himſelf by his cow-'ardice? Allow me rather to ſaddle 'my horſe, and to go and ſeek in the 'midſt of the enemy's battalions a 'glorious death, which will be at the 'ſame time uſeful to the ſtate.' (There was at this moment a ſkirmiſh between the Tartars and an advanced poſt.)

The Marſhal averted his head, and made no anſwer. Trenck inſiſted; 'Will your Excellency grant me my 'pardon, if I alone bring back three 'of the enemy's heads?' *Yes*, was the anſwer. He immediately mounted his horſe, galloped to the field of action, and came back with four heads tied acroſs his ſaddle, and a ſlight wound he had received in his ſhoulder. Munich embraced him, and appointed him Major in another regiment.

The proofs of valour he gave in his new corps were not leſs extraordinary. A Tartar having run him through the body with his lance, he ſeized it with his hands, broke it aſunder, and had not only the good fortune to eſcape, but alſo to be ſpeedily cured of his wound.

wound. His ſecond campaign was equally glorious, and he became the favourite of Marſhal Munich, which drew on him the envy and hatred of all the Ruſſian Officers.

Some time before the cloſe of the war, his fiery diſpoſition brought him again into an unfortunate predicament. The Turks haraſſing his regiment, on a march, he begged the Colonel to charge them. The Colonel, who was a Ruſſian, refuſing, Trenck ſtruck him. He called his ſoldiers in vain to his aſſiſtance: he had no longer his Hungarians at his ſide, but was abandoned, and confined.

A Court-Martial was aſſembled, and he was condemned to die, without hope of pardon. The General, who was a foreigner himſelf, was afraid of offending the Ruſſians, by ſhewing too great a partiality in my couſin's favour.

The day of execution arrived, and Trenck was conducted to the place appointed for that purpoſe; but the Marſhal had ſo ordered matters, that at the very moment when the ſoldiers were going to fire, Field Marſhal Loeventhal and his wife made their appearance. Trenck no ſooner ſaw them, than he implored their aſſiſtance; they interceded in his favour, and his ſentence was mitigated to baniſhment in Siberia.

He proteſted againſt this ſecond judgment; and the Marſhal wrote on the ſubject to Peterſburgh, from whence orders were brought to break him, and ſend him out of the Ruſſian dominions; which were executed. On his return to his father's houſe in Hungary, he married the daughter of Baron Tillier, Lieutenant Field Marſhal in the ſervice of the Empreſs Queen. His wife did not live long, for Trenck being imprudent enough to carry her, while pregnant, on a hunting party into unwholeſome marſhes, ſhe fell ill, and died ſome time after, without leaving any children.

Trenck's warlike diſpoſition made him ill brook a quiet life. But having no opportunity of following his inclination, all Europe being at peace, he formed the project of ridding Sclavonia of the banditti by which it was infeſted. Before I proceed further it is neceſſary to make my reader acquainted with theſe people, whom no body before had dared to attack ſeriouſly, although they laid the whole country under contribution, and were guilty of the moſt unheard of ravages.

They had their Chiefs, whom they called Harumbacha, and who were choſen from amongſt the ſtrongeſt, moſt intelligent, and braveſt of the band. The laws they eſtabliſhed were ſo rigorous, that they puniſhed the ſmalleſt fault with exceſſive ſeverity. If one of their people was betrayed in a village, they put all the inhabitants to death, without regard to age or ſex. Their fury was without bounds; and if it ſo happened that a whole band was cut off, the Harumbacha who came with another to ſupply its place, was under the obligation of exterminating all thoſe who had contributed to the misfortune.

They were true partiſans. They kept ſpies in Turkey, and frequently fell ſuddenly upon the Turks, and ſtripped them of their booty. At other times they murdered and robbed the merchants they met with on the road, and diffuſed univerſal conſternation throughout the country. No body dared any longer to expoſe himſelf to the hatred of theſe banditti, and the proprietors of land paid a ſmall contribution, to engage them to defend their eſtates againſt the incurſions of the Turkiſh robbers. The gentlemen who were prudent enough to do ſo, were ſure, they and their vaſſels, to live unmoleſted; for the banditti had paſſed a law, forbidding any of their people to forfeit his word. Each Bacha had a certain number of men under

der his command, and whenever there was a vacancy, a number of competitors offered themſelves to fill it, the Bacha being exempt from all labour, and abundantly ſupplied with the neceſſaries of life.

They ſtrolled without conſtraint about the country, and wore large rings and ſilver buttons, which made it eaſy to diſtinguiſh them. If ever they were attacked by regular troops, they were almoſt ſure to come off victorious. They uſed to retire into immenſe foreſts, which nobody but themſelves had explored, and ſally thence upon the proprietors of land who refuſed to pay the contributions they demanded.

Such were the people whom Trenck dared to attack with the Pandours, his vaſſals. It is true, that he afterwards obtained regular troops to aſſiſt him, having made an offer to the Court of Vienna to rid the country entirely of theſe dangerous enemies. A regular war began, and perhaps more courage, prudence, and underſtanding, were neceſſary to carry it on, than to conduct numerous armies. Trenck ſeemed born for it; he hunted them night and day, and tracked them like wild beaſts; ſometimes killing one, ſometimes another, and treating them with unheard-of cruelty, though he was conſtantly in danger of falling into their hands, through the treachery of his own people.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## *Original Edict of* TIPPOO SULTAUN.

THE following very curious tranſlation of an original edict, iſſued by *Tippo Sultaun*, I beg leave to requeſt the inſertion of in your valuable Miſcellany. Whatever tends to develope the character of this powerful monarch cannot fail to prove peculiarly intereſting to thoſe who love to conſider the relative ſituations of the Myſore prince and of the Engliſh nation. They who view the ſubject in a philoſophical light will find ample ſcope for ſyſtematic ſpeculation.

Some attempts have lately been made to ſketch a faithful portrait of this extraordinary perſonage. I intend no cenſure; I applaud the motives, but I cannot help lamenting the want of both colouring and ſkill in the execution.

Dr Johnſon judiciouſly obſerves, that "the opinions of every man are beſt underſtood from himſelf; concerning his practice, it is ſafeſt to truſt the evidence of others." From whence, then, can we ſo well learn the opinions of the deſpot as from authentic copies of edicts which he publiſhes uncontrouled? They are a faithful mirror. A number of them collected and carefully compared would certainly furniſh an excellent clue to the real character.

This addreſs to the followers of Mahommed was circulated in the month of December, 1786, at a very critical period. A formidable confederacy had been formed to depreſs the growing power of the warlike and ſagacious Tippoo. The armies of the Marattas, a nation who took the lead in the aſſociation, abound with Muſſulmen. The Subah of the Decan alſo joined his feeble efforts * to cruſh him. In order to produce a ſeceſſion of the profeſſors of this religion from his enemies, the crafty Prince framed and circulated the following Addreſs, ſo aptly calculated to work upon their hopes and fears.

The tranſlation is perfectly literal. To have rendered it more elegantly

* The Subah of the Decan, according to a recent "View of the Engliſh Intereſt in India," can bring 60,000 horſe in the field. The hyperbole ſeems to be a favourite figure of this work.

could not have been very difficult; but the tranſlator, Capt. Alex. Read, of Madras, whom I name with reſpect and affection, well knew that a faithful interpretation is more eſteemed, and deſervedly ſo in my opinion.

The Addreſs to Mahommedans in general, ſent into the camps of the Subah and Marattas, in December, 1786:

"Whereas the Righteous, in obedience to the commandment of GOD and his Prophet in the following paſſage of the Koran*, 'Extir-'pate thoſe who believe not in the 'Lord and the reſurrection, who 'deſpiſe not ſuch things as are 'an abomination to the Lord and 'his Prophet, and who conform not 'to the worſhip of the true God, *like-'wiſe* thoſe† who have the book *of 'the Prophets* given unto them, until 'they pay the tribute ‡, for they 'hold the faithful in deriſion;" are continually bent upon humbling thoſe rebellious Pagans, who have ſhaken off the yoke of true believers, and raiſe the ſtandard of infidelity; that, according to the ordinances of GOD, they may be forced to pay the tribute‡, or become proſelytes to Iſlamiſm: And whereas, by reaſon of the ſupineneſs of the prince of Hind, theſe deſpicable nations, notwithſtanding the groſſneſs of their idolatries, hold the faithful in deriſion; and, not ſatisfied with that, have prepared themſelves for war, laid waſte our cities, demoliſhed our ſtrong holds, and carried their deſolation far and near, to the great deſtruction of Muſſulmans, and of their property; for which they will ſuffer in this and the world to come: I—who have the fear and the power of GOD *before me*, ſtand forth in ſupport of *our* religion, and in obſervance of the *Prophet's* admonition, 'O ye people who believe, 'behold! I will inſtruct you in an 'art that will ſave you from dread-'ful torments; believe in GOD and 'in his Prophet, and labour in thy 'road to Heaven. Sacrifice thy pro-'perty and thy life, if thou be'ſt 'wiſe; it will be well for thee: thy 'ſins ſhall be forgiven thee, and thou 'ſhalt be received into Paradiſe, 'where rivers flow. In Eden there 'are delightful habitations, and *there* 'thou wilt be happy beyond meaſure. 'Beſides *other benefits*, thou wilt be 'bleſſed with the divine aſſiſtance; 'victory is at hand, therefore rejoice, 'O Muſſulmans!'—am determined to make war upon them with inceſſant ardour.—It is indiſpenſable, according to this §, 'the faithful ad-'moniſh each other to follow the 'commandments, hold what is for-'bidden in deteſtation, and pay ſtrict 'regard to the will of GOD,' that ye depart the courſe of life ye have led, and repent: that ye attend to the word of GOD, and, joining together, drive the unbelievers to the infernal regions. If ye be victorious, ye will poſſeſs the bleſſings of the two worlds; and if ye fall martyrs *in the cauſe*, ye will have Paradiſe for your inheritance.—My chief deſign is, to inform thoſe who are ignorant of this ſentence, 'Obey not infidels, nor 'hypocrites, for GOD knoweth all 'things,' and are now ſerving idolaters, that whoever is in the land of the heathen, 'who ridicule the true

* The paſſages from the Koran connect themſelves intimately with the text.

† Theſe are Jews and Chriſtians.

‡ The tribute called *Jazziah*, formerly impoſed by the Saracens upon all Jews, Chriſtians, and Pagans, who refuſed becoming proſelytes to Mahommedaniſm.

§ Notwithſtanding all the paſſages from the Koran bear an intimate relation to the text, yet the ſubject of the addreſs will be better underſtood by paſſing them over.

'GOD,

'God, and those' who 'believe in 'him, but deceive themselves only, 'and are not sensible thereof: there 'is an infirmity in their hearts, which 'God has increased, and they shall 'suffer a most painful punishment, 'because they have denied the truth,' may have comfort and relief by coming to these parts, and leaving the country of the unbelievers, which is incumbent *upon Mussulmans*. By the blessing of the Almighty, whatever be your support where ye are, shall be encreased * to double upon your arrival here; and your life, your fortune, and whatever † is dear to you, shall be in the hands of the Lord, and of his Prophet. Moreover, such as are without the means of subsistence, shall have allowances made you according to your condition; for which purpose, instructions are published throughout my dominions, to afford protection to all strangers, and to transmit to the Presence intelligence of their necessities. Please God, your wishes shall be accomplished.—Whoever doth not receive those presents, knoweth not the ways of Mahommed, nor the advantages of a righteous life, but draweth upon himself the curse of the Almighty; he is not of the elect ‡, but shall be numbered with the heathen §, and damn'd for ever!"

This address had the desired effect; numbers flocked to Tippoo's standard, and he forced his enemies to make peace upon terms highly advantageous to himself; and yet, with these reinforcements, his army did not exceed 150,000. [Gent. Mag.

* We see with what art this designing Prince makes religion a cloak to cover his drift: this offer, he knew, would seduce thousands whom zeal for the faith could never move.

† Literally, "your character."

‡ Not of the circle of Islamism.

§ But shall be confined to the number of the heathen who are accursed.

*On Matrimonial Infidelity.*

MARRIAGE is an institution ordained by God, and those who enter into the connubial state, ought to keep their pledged faith sacredly inviolate. The man who tramples on the rites of matrimony, and makes a jest of his vows offered at the altar in the presence of God and man, forfeits his claim to the esteem of mankind, and merits the severest censures of the world. The bird of the air is faithful to his mate, and strays not from the nest of his winged companion. If such fidelity is observed, by beings who have nothing but the mere instinct of nature to guide them, who are not possessed of reason, and who are never to exist in a future state, how much ought man, who is made after the likeness of his Creator, who is possessed of a mind capable of the highest attainments, and who is heir to immortality, to be ashamed to stray from engagements, made in the most solemn manner, and which he obligates himself to adhere to during life?

Such is human nature, even in its present degenerated state, that it recoils at the idea of sapping the basis of domestic felicity, of plunging the dagger of misery into the breast of conjugal happiness, and, reflecting disgrace on a family of children, the tender offspring of mutual love. Before a man can bring himself to violate his connubial vows, and dim the brightness of Hymen's taper, he must subdue every exalted thought, he must enclose conscience in a prison, walled with adamant, and render his mind a repository fit for the reception of every thing base and vile. Are

there any monſters, in the ſhape of men, who can thus debaſe themſelves? There are!

And may eternal records paint their crimes,
And fame relate them to remoteſt times.
The wretch who dares pollute the ſacred torch,
With midnight revels, and with lewd debauch,
May guilt of conſcience goad him with her ſting,
And through his breaſt remorſe her arrows wing;
'Till deep repentance ſhall his faults efface,
And in his actions guilt no more we trace.

The laws of the land ought to take cognizance of a breach of matrimonial faith, and the man who violates his marriage bed, ought to ſuffer the penalty of a public puniſhment, and no pecuniary offer whatever ought to exempt him from it. It is in vain to advance that the feelings of friends will be wounded by the public puniſhment of a man for a breach of matrimonial faith: whoſe feelings are wounded, when he quits the arms of the companion of his boſom, and reſorts to a ſtew, to ſpend the night in guilty revel with the daughter of infamy? whoſe feelings are wounded when he returns from the ſcenes of debauchery, and communicates a diſeaſe which preys upon the conſtitution, and a pang which deſtroys the peace of mind?

A friend of mine, who by the bye pays not that deference to ſobriety and regularity which I think becoming in a youth, told me, a few days ſince, that being on a viſit to a certain brothel, on entering the room he diſcovered no fewer than eight Married Men (or rather brutes) in cloſe converſe with the ſame number of proſtitutes. Shocking! ſhocking! ſhocking! but ſhocking as it is, it is a fact, a well authenticated fact.

In reſpect to matrimonial infidelity, women, as in moſt caſes where lordly man has any thing to do with the matter, are peculiarly unfortunate. If a woman ſhould chance to be guilty, the huſband, though ſtained with repeated crimes of as black a die, foams with paſſion, and blood-boiling rage; not content with committing every private abuſe in his power, he flies to the tribunal of ſuppoſed juſtice, and at the bench of authority makes known his pretended wrongs, and oftener than on the contrary, obtains a divorce from his wife. Friendleſs and forlorn, ſhe is left to float on the ocean of cenſure, till the weight of deſpair ſinks her below the ſurface, and ſhe is freed from a world where injuſtice claims more countenance than juſtice. On the contrary, if the man is guilty, he reſts ſecure in his villainy, and his wife is obliged to ſit, "like patience on a monument, ſmiling at grief," or run the hazard of engaging in domeſtic wars, which may continue to the end of her life.

Honour, juſtice, gratitude, and humanity, demand the interference of laws for the protection of the moſt amiable part of the creation, and for the ſcourge of villains who are perpetually deſtroying their peace and happineſs, and blaſting their repoſe. The terrors of a world to come, have loſt their influence with many of the depraved poſterity of man; they ought therefore to be put in fear of human puniſhment, in order to deter them from vicious purſuits, and induce them to ſeek refuge from guilt, and repoſe in the boſom of virtue. The vile cuſtoms of the day ought to be entirely abrogated, and ſubſtitutes adopted worthy the attention of reaſonable beings. Few are the days allotted for our continuance on the theatre of human life. What a pity it is, that thoſe days ſhould be employ-

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ed in the commiſſion of crimes of the blackeſt hue, which muſt eventually draw down on the guilty the frowns of incenſed Deity!

I am, &c.

Pub. Ledger.] JUVENIS.

*Diſorders to which Perſons employed in Agriculture are liable from their own Imprudence.*

(Continued from page 550.)

AND firſt, *Of their wanton expoſure of themſelves to the viciſſitudes of heat and cold.* It is no uncommon thing for people who work in harveſt, when violently heated by the weather and by labour, to drink large draughts of ſome cold thin liquor, as water, milk, whey, butter-milk, and ſuch like. This, if taken in great quantity, has been ſometimes known to ſuppreſs the powers of life altogether, and to produce an almoſt inſtant deaths.

This however, I believe ſeldom happens; but the bad effects of this practice appear in other ways ſufficiently ſerious to diſcourage ſuch hazardous experiments. It is not uncommon for a violent fever to be the conſequence, which is frequently attended with inflammation of the ſtomach or bowels; both which are diſorders of the moſt dangerous nature. But ſhould they eſcape incurring any acute complaint, it is common for them to be affected with a ſenſe of weight and ſickneſs at the ſtomach, which continues ſeveral weeks, and is at laſt relieved by vomiting; this, however, does not put a period to the complaint, as it is generally followed by an itching eruption on the ſkin in blotches, in various parts of the body, which proves to be the leproſy—a loathſome and filthy diſeaſe, and very difficult of cure!

I have had an opportunity of ſeeing at the Bath hoſpital, a great number of people thus afflicted, and am ſatisfied that they all, without exception, owed their diſeaſe to the appliciation of cold, in ſome form or other, to the body when in a heated ſtate.

Labouring perſons are very apt, when they leave off any work in which they have been much heated, to remain ſome time at reſt in the open air before they put on their clothes. This is a very imprudent practice, and frequently produces bad effects, eſpecially in bringing on coughs, and other diſorders of the breaſt, which oftener owe their riſe among the common people to this than any other cauſe.

Neglect of changing their clothes when wet, is alſo a great ſource of diſorder among huſbandmen. To remain in wet clothes when the body is at reſt, ſubjects the perſon who is ſo imprudent as to ſuffer it, to the united bad effects of cold and moiſture. Much worſe conſequences may however be expected, when they who are heated by labour lie down to ſleep, as they often do, in their wet clothes. The diminution of the force of the circulation and other powers of life, which always takes place during ſleep, cauſes the bad effects of cold to operate with much greater danger to health and life. This hazard is much aggravated, if they add to this imprudence by ſleeping on the wet ground. This not only communicates an additional moiſture and cold, but is perhaps ſtill more prejudicial from the nature of the exhalation. It is the opinion of a phyſician of the greateſt eminence, that the vapour which ariſes from moiſt earth is the cauſe of the moſt dangerous fevers. Thoſe, therefore, who put themſelves wantonly in the way of ſuch danger, are guilty of little leſs than ſuicide.

*Exceſs*, or *Irregularity in Diet*, is another ſource of diſorder to people in this way of life. This is common indeed in ſome meaſure to all ranks, but

but in ſeveral reſpects it is particularly applicable to thoſe who are employed in huſbandry. Air and exerciſe are well known to ſharpen the appetite; and as theſe advantages are incident to this way of life, it may be expected, that ſome exceſs ſhould now and then take place. The diet of ſuch perſons is indeed in general too ſpare and plain to offer any great incentive to indulgence in point of quantity, but opportunities ſometimes offer for a more plentiful allowance of food, and more inviting to the palate. On ſuch occaſions the lower ranks of people exert little conſideration or prudence. They have ſcarcely any view beyond the gratification of the preſent moment; and if a full indulgence of appetite is not exerciſed, they deem it a loſs of an opportunity for the enjoyment of ſo much happineſs.

It is needleſs to enumerate in this place all the complaints that exceſs in quantity of food may bring on; it is ſufficient to ſay, that it has often produced ſudden death, and where its violent effects have not been ſo immediate, has laid a foundation for bad health during the remainder of life.—To this head may be referred the brutal practice of eating enormous quantities for a wager, or out of bravado. It is needleſs to deſcant upon ſo odious a ſubject, farther than to ſay, that ſuch things ſink men below the level of beaſts in groſſneſs and folly, not to mention the ſcandalous immorality of ſuch actions.

The diet of people employed in huſbandry, does not admit of much luxury reſpecting its quality; there are however ſome things which come within the reach of theſe people, and which they regard as gratifications, and of courſe are apt to take in too great quantity. Of this kind are ſome of the autumnal fruits, which in ſome years are produced ſo largely, as to be of ſcarcely any pecuniary value. Of theſe, plumbs, eſpecially ſuch as are of the coarſer and more auſtere ſorts, are the principal. It is a common obſervation, that in years wherein there is an abundance of ſuch fruits, purgings, colicks, and moſt other complaints of the ſtomach and bowels, are very common. It is proper here to obſerve, that the incautious manner in which theſe fruits are devoured, eſpecially at their firſt coming in, cauſes many of the ſtones to be ſwallowed;—a practice extremely hazardous. The hiſtory of phyſic affords many examples of the worſt conſequences ariſing from ſuch bodies lodging in the ſtomach and bowels. Sometimes, when the accumulation of them has been conſiderable, they have obſtructed the alimentary canal altogether, and produced a miſerable death in a ſhort time; at others, they have made their way through different parts of the body, and cauſed either a long and painful illneſs, or death, by the hectic fever attending internal ſuppurations.

*Pears*, if eaten too freely, are apt, as well as the ſtone fruits, to diſorder the ſtomach and bowels; but they are leſs dangerous, and not ſo often ſwallowed in ſuch quantities as to be materially prejudicial to life or health.

*Nuts* are perhaps, upon the whole, the moſt dangerous of any of the fruits that are likely to fall into the way of this rank of people. When eaten in large quantity, they have been often known to lodge in the ſtomach, and to be incapable of being removed from thence by any medicine, and of conſequence have put a ſpeedy end to life. When taken in leſs quantity, they are found to oppreſs the breathing, and to produce vomiting and bowel complaints. Hoffman obſerves, that dyſenteric complaints are always moſt common in thoſe years in which the harveſt of nuts is plentiful. Exceſs in diet, however, is more frequently committed in liquids than in ſolids.

It

It is obſerved of mankind in general, that they have a natural fondneſs for fermented or ſpirituous liquors, and a certain proportion appears to be allowable and even neceſſary for perſons who undergo hard labour. But the healthy quantity is apt to be exceeded when opportunity offers, and exceſs of this kind is more hurtful than a defect of ſuch gratifications. I need not here enlarge on the conſequences of drunkenneſs to health. Fevers, dropſies, conſumptions, apoplexies, and many other miſerable diſorders, are well known to follow ſuch a courſe. The want of money among labouring people, indeed, often prevents the bad effects of a habit of this kind, but occaſional opportunities occur which are laid hold on with great avidity: and it is far from uncommon to find death the immediate follower of ſuch licentious indulgence.

Diet, however, is not the only article which ſuch perſons are liable to carry to exceſs. It is common to ſee exertions of a more liberal kind purſued to too great length. The caprice of emulation will often produce inſtances of labour, which duty, and the urgency of circumſtances, might in vain ſolicit. The burſting of ſome of the blood-veſſels, particularly thoſe of the head, lungs, or ſtomach, nephritic complaints, and inteſtinal ruptures, have all of them followed ſuch ill-judged and oſtentatious diſplay of ſtrength and corporeal abilities.

[To be continued]

## *On the* SCOTCH FISHERIES.

### LETTER XIV.

IT would be of much conſequence that the company cauſed pay the utmoſt attention to the cure of their fiſh, either wet or dry, and encourage every attempt to contrive doing it various ways, to make them ſuitable to different taſtes and for different market; and it would be neceſſary that they correſponded with the Britiſh conſuls or principal merchants at the different ports of Europe, to take their opinion and advice about the quantity and quality fitting for each, and cauſe care be taken that what is ſent to each be according to orders, that the character of our fiſh be eſtabliſhed on a ſolid footing.

When fiſhing, curing, and exporting have been practiſed ſome time, the company will have it in their power to point out to the legiſlature the enactment of ſuch laws as bid faireſt for enforcing a proper compliance to ſuch regulations, and may give the beſt chance for retaining advantages thus gained.

Perhaps it will be found prudent, when theſe foreign markets are once fully and fairly tried, and the utmoſt extent of ſales aſcertained, to recommend, that a proper underſtanding be ſupported among the fiſh exporters in general, ſo as to prevent the danger of any particular market being overſtocked, or glutted with an extra quantity, to depreciate their value below what they can poſſibly be furniſhed for without loſs, to the manifeſt injury not only of the individuals concerned, but to the nation at large. I apprehend the ſureſt way to enhance a demand, and ſecure a conſumpt of any commodity, is to furniſh it upon as low and equitable terms as poſſible; but, if ever it is reduced under that, then it is no eaſy matter to raiſe it to its proper level again; in doing which, both the expoſers and conſumers may ſuffer, either by having ſales retarded, or the market not being regularly ſupplied for fear of a loſs.

I know it is ſuppoſed by many ſenſible men who have not accuſtomed themſelves to inveſtigate the matter cloſely, that, were our fiſheries carried on to any conſiderable extent, it would not be poſſible to find markets for them;

them; but let us not be afraid of this. If we had ſeveral hundred veſſels ſucceſsfully employed, markets will be found. Britain within itſelf contains a mart for ſome thouſand tons annually (and this will always be found the ſureſt); every town, village, hamlet, or cottage in it, will contribute to the conſumpt, when they are preſented in good condition, and at reaſonable rates; and it will be doing eſſential ſervice to the conſumer, as well as the fiſher, to furniſh them upon ſuch, when it may well be ſuppoſed the large manufacturing towns of Mancheſter, Leeds, Birmingham, Nottingham, Sheffield, &c. would conſume vaſt quantities.

Even rival nations, although policy may dictate to them not to permit the purchaſe of an article, the capture of which may be ſuppoſed to contribute to the ſtrength of the ſo much envied Britiſh navy, yet it is to be hoped humanity will prompt them not to refuſe their ſubjects the bleſſing of a valuable, wholeſome and nouriſhing aliment, when offered to them at the low prices at which we will be able to afford them.

Nor would I be afraid of having even the Dutch themſelves for purchaſers, and that at no very diſtant period neither; for when we have beat them out of foreign markets, and they find they can buy them cheaper from us than they can fiſh for themſelves, then matters will revert to their ancient channel, with this difference, that inſtead of ſending their veſſels to Scotland for fiſh, as they uſed to do many hundred years ago, we will ſend them in our own bottoms to them.

To bring matters to this happy ſtate, I will again repeat it, that nothing will more contribute or ſo ſoon accompliſh it, than a company the baſis of whoſe principles are formed upon a generous and patriotic regard for the honour and intereſt of their counrry, in the execution of which they may highly promote their own intereſt, and conſign their names to poſterity with the higheſt honour. Such a company, as is before ſaid, can better afford the expence of introducing the ſo much wanted improvements neceſſary to eſtabliſh our fiſheries upon a good footing, than private adventurers; nor can they, in their diſunited and unconnected ſtate, be ſuppoſed capable of making much exertion in endeavouring to open new markets, as the execution of this muſt unavoidably be attended with expence, ſome riſk, and detention or outly, ſufficient to deter thoſe whoſe quantity is ſmall from expoſing themſelves to the hazard, that would be but trivial to a connected body, who might depend upon having any ſmall caſual loſs at one place amply compenſated by advantages gained at another.

The duration of the contract for proſecuting the fiſheries may be optional; but it may be depended from ſeven to fourteen years practice will produce a ſurpriſing revolution in this branch, when the farther neceſſity of bounties will be done away, and the ſtate be yet amply rewarded for the immenſe ſums that have been beſtowed upon it to ſo little purpoſe hitherto: When a flouriſhing branch of the Britiſh commerce is once fairly eſtabliſhed, and a regular foundation laid for breeding a numerous body of hardy ſeamen, then may we with ſome propriety and confidence apply to and call for the aid of Government to cut canals and highways, build bridges, &c. where neceſſary for forwarding theſe national purpoſes.

The profits of the concern may enable the company to carry on other patriotic deſigns, if they find themſelves ſo diſpoſed, ſuch as eſtabliſhing coarſe manufactures, adapted to the ſituation and circumſtances of the country, opening metallic mines, and, above all other things, working coallieries; for next to a want of proviſions will the want of firing be felt in the new villages; and in vain will it be to ſuppoſe any other method can be deviſed for the preparation of peat or turf than the common one, which is both a precarious and laborious

work

work in any country, even when moſs is nearly ſituated, and muſt be particularly ſo where it is ſo ſubject to rain as the weſt coaſt is ſaid to be.

It is upwards of eighty years ſince Martin and others gave account of there being the appearance of coals in Mull, Ardnamurchan, and Sky; and Dr Anderſon has confirmed this in his late report. Such of them as are found moſt centrically ſituated, and where there is a proſpect of their being eaſily cleared by water levels, ſo as to be wrought at little expence, ſhould be opened; and here ſalt works ſhould be erected, that this ſo eſſential article for the fiſheries may be furniſhed to them in the readieſt manner, and upon the beſt terms, which in the event of coals being opened, will be the caſe, by having the rock ſalt from the neighbourhood of Liverpool delivered at eaſy freight by veſſels going to the eaſt country for cargoes of wood, &c.

As the improvement of our ſalt manufacture is a matter of much conſequence, I will, with due ſubmiſſion, preſume to ſuggeſt a hint upon the ſubject. When it is conſidered, that all common or culinary ſalt, except pit or rock ſalt, is made from the ſame material, *ſea-water*, it is ſuppoſed that, by proper attention and care, the artificial heat of fire may be ſo modified as to imitate the natural effect of the ſun, by evaporating the water in a gentler and more moderate manner than is preſently practiſed, and conſequently produce the ſame kind of ſalt.

## *On the* MEANS *of preſerving* HEALTH.

*Valetudo ſuſtentatur notitia ſui corporis; et obſervatione, quæ res aut prodeſſe ſoleant aut obeſſe.*——

CICERO DE OFF. lib. ii. cap. 24.

*Health is preſerved by conſidering the peculiar temper of ones body, and obſerving what agrees, or does not agree with it.*

NO words are ſo contemptible, or ſo much to be diſregarded as thoſe uttered in excuſe for debaucheries of any kind. There is no man but either really is, or at leaſt thinks he is, maſter of himſelf; were any to threaten him with blows, his courage would put him on the defenſive, or his raſhneſs would make him the aggreſſor; in either caſe, he is unwilling to let his adverſary have the maſtery. So ought he to do in every other action of life: it is a meanneſs decapitating manhood to be guilty of a fault, and appear averſe to making a confeſſion.

However inconſiderate ſome are in compariſon to others, yet there is no one, who is permitted to be at large, ſo miſerably ſenſeleſs as to be unacquainted with what he is about. It would be as abſurd a thing to find one man patiently bear a pinch without feeling it, as to ſee another give the pinch without knowing it. But ſo groſs an improbability will not be acknowledged by the man of pleaſure, whoſe life is ſo unreaſonably conducted, as to oblige him to give the lie to the dictates of his own conſcience. Accuſe him of exceſs, and he will immediately have recourſe to the ſtale apologies of—the conviviality of the company having drowned his reflection, or—the maſter of the houſe having put him under contribution; neither of which will have their weight with a man of common underſtanding: the firſt ariſes from attributing ſocial enjoyment to an improper ſource—the ſecond, from a diſhonourable intention of being pardoned at the expence of another's character. Pleaſure, although it be the abſence of pain, may be divided into two ſorts, viz. the pleaſure of the mind, and the pleaſure of the body; theſe again may be ſubdivided into very minute parts; but confining it to theſe two, the one conſiſts

ſiſts in the free uſe of the intellectual faculties, unclogged by reaſon's foes, inactivity and intemperance; the other, vulgarly, in the free uſe of every thing that can rid us of pain, ſuch as exceſſes in eating and drinking, rioting and debauchery in its common acceptation. The firſt may be called ſocial pleaſure, producing health and comfort to ourſelves and others; the ſecond, falſe pleaſure, entailing infamy and ſickneſs on its partaker, and his companions.

Seeing that life is ſo little worth poſſeſſing without health, it is an extraordinary piece of perverſeneſs that people will not beat the pains of courting it. There are many artificial means of obtaining it, if thoſe, who are not already bleſſed with this indiſpenſible comfort, would put them in execution. Inſtances are not wanting of perſons who have not only corrected the violence of their paſſions, but have recovered from a ſtate of habitual ſickneſs, by a due obſervance of the rules of ſobriety. The memorials of former times have tranſmitted to us the hiſtory of a man, whoſe obedience to the laws of temperance and ſobriety was ſo great, as to be unparalelled at that period; and our own times, though they may bring to our recollection lives of longer extention, yet on comparing them, the want of parallel remains. The name of this wonderful father of abſtemiouſneſs ſhould be handed down to poſterity with every mark of diſtinction that civic power can confer. No honours can be too great for him who has taught the proud man humility, and the glutton moderation; by whom the ſick have gained health, and a miſerable exiſtence received a bliſsful protraction.

Lewis Cornaro was born at *Venice*, ſomewhere about the year 1463, of illuſtrious parents, but being by ſome misfortune deprived of his titles as a nobleman, and of the employment of the republic, he retired with diſguſt to Padua. Here he became acquainted with a lady of the name of Veronica, of the family of Spiltemberg, whom he married, and by whom he had Clara, an only daughter. Being in poſſeſſion of conſiderable property, and wiſhing to perpetuate his name, he gave her in marriage to Fantini Cornaro, of the iſland of Cyprus, while that iſland was ſubject to Venice. Although he was conſiderably advanced in years at the time his daughter came to the world, yet he lived long enough to ſee her old and the mother of eight ſons and three daughters. He was, in the advance of life, a man of great underſtanding, and reſolute to a proverb; having, with the moſt determined courage, abandoned the companions of his intemperance, and ſubdued the inordinacy of his paſſions. By a ſtrict regimen in his diet, he reſtored health and vigour to his ſhattered conſtitution; and at an extreme old age, bleſſed future generations with the *ſure and certain methods of obtaining a long and healthy life*. This treatiſe was written in Italian, and publiſhed by the author at Padua, in the year 1558, ſo that he muſt have been conſiderably advanced in age.

Indeed he lived ſome time after this, for he did not die till he had paſſed his hundredth year; when he retired from the miſeries of this world without a groan, like one falling into a ſound ſleep.

So uſeful and ſenſible an eſſay almoſt demands a tranſcription from the original; but the limits of a paper of this nature, will ſcarcely admit of an epitome: however, a breviary of his rules cannot poſſibly be omitted.

It is as difficult for a weak conſtitution to be made a ſtrong one, as it is for a ſtrong conſtitution to be preſerved from decaying; both difficulties may be removed by the ſelf-ſame means—ſobriety and regularity.

As art may exempt a man from num-

numberleſs diſeaſes, ſo may it rid him of predominant paſſions. I had a choleric diſpoſition from my birth, 'till finding myſelf deſpiſed by all, I checked the evil, and would not ſuffer myſelf to be ſubdued any longer.

The older we grow, the weaker we get; and as the ſtomach is more uſed than the other digeſtive organs, a retrenchment in ſolid food becomes abſolutely neceſſary.

Though ſome men live long that eat much, yet their old age is loathſome and wretched, and their laſt gaſp is caught up with a ſtruggle, not as one gently falling into a ſleep.

We are all human beings, and endowed with reaſon, conſequently we are maſters of all our actions; ſo that it is as cowardly to yield to our paſſions, as tamely to ſubmit to be bullied by our inferiors.

The paſſions, as has been ſaid, may be conquered by abſtinence: now, abſtinence is reducible to two things, quality and quantity. The firſt conſiſts in not eating food, or drinking wines prejudicial to the ſtomach; the ſecond, in not eating, or drinking, more than the ſtomach can eaſily digeſt.

Theſe few maxims will bring a man through life with the comfort of having pleaſed all, and benefited himſelf: the fault, therefore, of proclaiming their excellence to the world, will be pardoned by thoſe who have reaped happineſs from the effects of experience.

When we bring ourſelves to reflect on the lively manner in which this good man's precepts are written, with what a fatherly admonition he dictates to the unfortunate, and how gratefully he acknowledges the favours beſtowed on him by providence, our hearts feel an inſtantaneous glow of admiration; and we lay aſide the book with the determined idea of a reform.

Few are willing to follow the advice given them by others; they look upon it as intended to throw a reflection on their underſtanding, and as an affront to the dignity of their nature; inſtruction is received as cenſure, and the good intention of a friend is miſconſtrued into preſumption and impertinence. But when they read of infirmity converted into health and vigour, and are told of intemperance changing into longevity, a ſelfiſh motive rouſes up their faculties, and each one ſtudies with alacrity the means of protracting his exiſtence. No counſel is more perſuaſive than that received from books; it is conveyed in a ſecret manner, and read at a time when no one is at hand to mark the inflictions of guilt. The bluſh, thrown out by the expanſive powers of conſcience, is produced for the purpoſe of admonition, and paſſes on the reader for the intuitive workings of ſelf accuſation.

The late Lord Treaſurer Burghley in his precepts to his ſon, adviſes him, with that bluntneſs peculiar to himſelf, to *baniſh ſwiniſh drunkenneſs out of* his *houſe, which is a vice impairing health, conſuming much, and making no ſhow.* He *never heard praiſe aſcribed to the drunkard, but for the well-bearing of his drink; which is a better commendation for a brewer's horſe or a dray-man, than for either a gentleman or a ſerving man.* There is ſomething ſo truly ſhocking in ſeeing a number of rational creatures met together for the purpoſe of intoxication, that, for the ſake of terrifying the riſing progeny, it would be no bad thing if they were ever after to remain ſo. Fear might then cauſe a diſſolution of aſſemblies of groſs voluptuaries, and deter others from ſubſcribing their names to a liſt of men famed only for their ſkill in habitual ebriety. The loſs of a man's company, whom not only ourſelves but every one enjoys, is a ſufficient cauſe of ſorrow to force any one to a ſelf-denial, unleſs he be ſo ſenſeleſs as to prefer

pain to pleaſure: for what man of ſound reaſon or reputation will riſk the loſs of either, by aſſociating with men unable to add one ſingle grain of information to the ſtock he already poſſeſſes? Were every man ſenſible of the many ridiculous ſpeeches he made, and the extravagant poſtures in which he writhed his body, at a time when his brain was floating in the vapours of his liquor, the mirror would ſtrike too glaringly to permit him ever to view the like again. He would become a convert to perpetual felicity; the wan cheek of debauchery would give place to the ruddy complexion of health; and the good example he ſet to the reſt of his fellow-creatures, would affix a name to his character, beyond the power of time to efface, or malignity to expunge.

By way of concluſion, it will be highly proper to remind the reader of the words of an inimitable poet, who, though partially fond of the bottle, could not forego the advice which every man of experience is in duty bound to give:

" At ne quis modici tranſiliat munera Liberi,
" Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa ſuper mero
" Debellata: monet Sithoniis non levis Evius,
" Quum fas atque neſas, exiguo fine, libidinum
" Diſcernunt avidi."

Hor. lib. i. Carm. 18.

——————" Yet that no one may paſs
" The freedom and mirth of a temperate glaſs,
" Let us think on the Lapithæ's quarrels ſo dire,
" And the Thracians, whom wine can to madneſs inſpire:
" Inſatiate of liquor when glow their full veins,
" No diſtinction of vice, or of virtue remains." Francis.

*Further Extracts from Miſs Moore's* Thoughts *on the* Manners *of the* Great.

ON the erroneous opinion that ſenſual indulgence implies a liberal and humane diſpoſition, ſhe obſerves,

'There is no error more common, or more dangerous, than the notion that an unreſtrained indulgence of appetite is generally attended with a liberal, humane, and merciful temper. Nor is there any opinion more falſe and more fatal, or which demands to be more ſteadily controverted, than that libertiniſm and good-nature are natural and neceſſary aſſociates. For all that corrupt poets, and more corrupt philoſophers, have told us of the blandiſhments of pleaſure, and of its tendency to ſoften the temper, and humanize the affections, it is certain, that nothing hardens the heart like exceſſive and unbounded luxury: and he who refuſes the feweſt gratifications to his own voluptuouſneſs, will generally be found the leaſt ſuſceptible of tenderneſs for the wants of others. The cruelties at Rome bore an exact proportion to the diſſoluteneſs at Capreæ. And it is not leſs notorious, that the Imperial fiddler became more barbarous, as he grew more profligate. Proſperity, ſays the Arabian proverb, fills the heart till it makes it hard; and the moſt dangerous pits and ſnares for human virtue, are thoſe, which are ſo covered over with the flowers of proſperous fortune, that it requires a cautious foot, and a vigilant eye, to eſcape them.'

'Even

'Even Ananias and Sapphira were, I doubt not, well esteemed in society; for it was enough to establish a very considerable reputation, to sell even part of their possessions for religious purposes: but what an alarm does it sound to hypocrisy, that instead of being rewarded for what they brought, they were punished for what they kept back! And it is to be feared, that this deceitful pair are not the only one, upon whom a good action, without a pure intention, has drawn down a righteous retribution.

'For though outward actions are the surest, and to human eyes the only evidences of sincerity, yet Christianity is a religion of *motives* and *principles*. The Gospel is continually referring to the *heart*, as the source of good; it is to the poor in *spirit*, to the pure in *heart*, that the divine blessing is annexed. A man may correct many improper practices, and refrain from many immoral actions, from merely human motives; but, though this partial amendment is not without its uses, yet this is only attacking the symptoms, and neglecting the mortal disease. But to subdue a worldly temper, to controul irregular fires, and to have a clean heart, is to extinguish the soul, and spirit, and essence of sin. Totally to *accomplish* this, is, perhaps, beyond the narrow limits of human perfection; but to *attempt* it (with an humble reliance on superior aid), is so far from an extravagant or romantic flight of virtue, that it is but the common duty of every ordinary Christian. And this perfection is not the less real, because it is a point which seems constantly to recede from our approaches. Our highest attainments, instead of bringing us 'to the mark,' only teach us to remove the mark to a greater distance, by giving us more humbling views of ourselves, and more exalted conceptions of the state which we are labouring after. Though the progress towards perfection may be perpetual in this world, the actual attainment is reserved for a better. And this restless desire of a happiness which we cannot reach, and this lively idea of a perfection which we cannot attain, are among the many arguments for a future state which seem to come little short of absolute demonstration.'

The following sentiments on sins of omission are justly conceived, and forcibly expressed.

'A farther danger to good kind of people seems to arise from a mistaken idea, that only great and actual sins are to be guarded against. Whereas, sins of omission make up, perhaps, the most formidable part of *their* catalogue of offences. These generally supply in number what they want in weight, and are the more dangerous for being little ostensible. They continue to be repeated with less regret, because remembrance of their predecessors does not, like the remembrance of formal, actual crimes, assume a body and a shape, and terrify by the impression of particular scenes and circumstances. While the memory of transacted evil haunts a tender conscience by perpetual apparition; omitted duty, having no local or personal existence, not being recorded by standing acts and deeds, and having no distinct image to which the mind may recur, sinks into quiet oblivion, without deeply wounding the conscience, or tormenting the imagination. These omissions were, perhaps, among the 'secret sins,' from which the royal penitent so earnestly desired to be cleansed: and it is worthy of the most serious consideration, that these are the offences against which the Gospel pronounces very alarming denunciations. It is not less against negative than actual evil, that affectionate exhortation, lively remonstrance, and pointed parable, are exhausted. It is against the

tree

tree which bore NO fruit, the lamp which had NO oil, the unprofitable ſervant who made NO uſe of his talent, that the ſevere ſentence is denounced; as well as againſt *corrupt* fruit, *bad* oil, and talents *ill* employed. We are led to believe, from the ſame high authority, that omitted duties, and neglected opportunities, will furniſh no inconſiderable portion of our future condemnation. A very awful part of the deciſion, in the great day of account, ſeems to be reſerved merely for omiſſions and negatives. Ye gave me NO meat; ye gave me NO drink; ye took me NOT in; ye viſited me NOT.'

# Poetry.

## *The Diſſenting Parſon's Soliloqny.*

A PARODY.

CONFORM, or not conform? That is the queſtion.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to ſuffer
The ſtings and arrows of outrageous bigots,
Or to take refuge 'midſt a ſea of curſes,
And by ſubſcribing, end them. To preach—in form canonical—
No more—and by a gown to ſay we end
The heart-ache, and the thouſand ſcoffs or wants
The poor cloak'd teacher's heir to: —'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To preach—to ſpeak in church——
To ſpeak in church? Perchance to weep at home. Aye, there's the rub;
For by conforming thus, what tears may fall,
When we have ſhuffled off the coil of conſcience,
Muſt give us pauſe. There's the reſpect,
That makes the meeting-houſe of ſo long ſtanding.
For who would bear the ſcorns of upſtart prieſts,
Our people's frowns, complaints, and ſhort ſubſcriptions,
The pangs of thankleſs labours paid by yawning,
Their inſolence to catechiſe our faith, and all the ſpurns
That patient preachers from the unworthy take,
When he himſelf might his quietus find
Upon a benefice? Who would bear neglect,
Or groan in want, whilſt ſome men ſweat with feaſting,
But that the dread of ſomething worſe than hunger,
(That ſting of conſcience, whoſe malignity
No benefice can ſoothe) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to church by flying from our peace?
Thus conſcience keeps us poor Diſſenters ſtill;
And thus the native hue of reſolution is ſtill kept up
By every ſerious thought: and preachers too,
Who ſoon might be promoted, by this regard
From biſhops turn away, and loſe the name
Of CLERGY.

## ODE TO POVERTY.

NYMPH *of the Threadbare Garb*, with haggard eye,
Whoſe cheeks diſdaining to diſcloſe
Ought of the Lilly or the Roſe,
Alone confeſs the Crocus' yellow die;

Hail!

Hail! for thou full many a day,
Haſt been companion to my way;
And therefore do I bring to thee—
This tributary lay, *ſtern* POVERTY!

On ſome drear waſte, o'er which the winds may roar
Reſiſtleſs, hap'ly is thy home;
Yet cannot thy cold clay-built dome
Exclude the bellowing blaſt, or tempeſt's pow'r;
Or in ſome ruin'd manſion's height,
Hap'ly thou rather may'ſt delight,
Where on thy ſtraw-bed ſwoln with woes,
Thy burning boſom woes in vain repoſe.

I ſee thee now, in all thy horrors clad,
Stalking before my aching ſight,
Thy eyes bent down to ſhun the light;
Folded thy arms, thy pace—deſponding—ſad!
While the bleak blaſt that in the air,
Scatters thy garment, long worn bare,
Diſplays a form ſo wan, ſo thin,
With bones that ſeem juſt burſting through the ſkin.

And onward as thou bendeſt thy career,
Swift from thee mortals fearful fly,
Dreading to meet thy baneful eye,
And trembling to behold thy preſence near;
E'en he whom hoards of wealth ſurround,
Starts at thy voice's ſorrowing ſound;
Runs to his bags to count them o'er,
Then locks them up, and turns thee from his door.

Yet by the MUSES at their humble cell,
Too well, *wan Maid*, thy form is known,
For they, long us'd to Fortune's frown,
Have learnt with *Thee* and MISERY to dwell:
E'en I, their humbleſt votary, know,
And feel thy each attendant woe,
Nor is that pleaſure mine to prove,
*The ſoothing Voice of* FRIENDS *or* PARENTS' *Love.*

Yet do I not of thee, ſtern NYMPH, complain,
Though thus Life's humble vale along
Unnotic'd by the paſſing throng,
I breathe my artleſs, unambitious ſtrain;
For thou haſt damp'd th' aſpiring flame,
That erſt impell'd me on to Fame,
And taught my ſoul to hope for peace
Alone, when life and all its wants ſhall ceaſe. GLANVILLE.

## ON INFANCY.

*By Harriet Falconar.*

HAIL, ſcenes of life, more lovely than the ſpring,
More beauteous than the dawn of ſummer's day,
More gay and artleſs than the birds that ſing
Their tuneful ſonnets on the leafy ſpray!

Adieu, ye paths, adorn'd with ſpringing flowers,
O! could thoſe vernal ſweets again be given,
When guardian angels watch'd my guiltleſs hours,
And ſtrove to guide my erring ſteps to heaven.

So the firſt pair in Paradiſe were bleſt,
Perpetual pleaſures open'd to the view;

Nor

Nor guilt, nor fear, diſturb'd the peaceful breaſt,
Not anxious care their happy moments knew.

But, ah! thoſe joys ſhall fly with winged ſpeed,
And leave to buſy care the jocund ſcene;
To innocence ſhall guilt and pain ſucceed,
To lively youth long hours of gloom and ſpleen.

So ſhines the ſun in orient ſplendour bright,
So bloom the roſes on a ſummer's day;
The ſun ſhall ſink in dark and chearleſs night,
The blooming roſes feel a ſure decay.

VERSES ON OLD JOHN BEXLEY‖, written on ſeeing a Print of him juſt publiſhed for the Old Man's benefit, from a drawing by Mr. *Gillman* of *Chatham.*

YOU who are oft th' ideal ſufferer's friend,
And o'er fictitious mis'ry drop the tear,
This poor OLD MAN'S ſhort ſimple tale attend,
Then, if you really feel, you'll ſhow it here.

Born in obſcurity to live unknown,
No foſt'ring hand his youthful wants ſupply'd;
On life's rough ocean he was early thrown,
And *poor* and *friendleſs* left to ſtem the tide.

Throughout his even life, no cheering ray
Of fortune ever beam'd upon his head;
No eaſe was his, but each returning day,
*Hard honeſt induſtry* procur'd him bread.

Tho' doom'd himſelf to toil from year to year,
He envy'd none their pleaſures or their wealth;
With gratitude he took his homely fare,

‖ *Old John*, for by that name he has been known and called for many years in Canterbury, was born in the pariſh of Boughton under the Blean, in Auguſt 1703, as appears by the pariſh regiſter of Hernehill: his parents being poor, their offspring were obliged early to ſeek for a living from home. Beſides himſelf, there was a younger brother, who, at nine years of age, went to London, and was never heard of afterwards. In 1716, John quitted his place of nativity, and ſubſiſted principally as a dealer in pedlary in and near Canterbury, till about the year 1726, when he entered into the ſervice of Mr James Abree, Printer of "The Kentiſh Poſt," in that City. In his ſervice Bexley continued near 42 years as carrier of "The Kentiſh Poſt, or Canterbury News Letter," and working occaſionally as a Preſſman at the Printing Buſineſs. On Mr. Abree's declining trade in 1768, John purſued his former employments in the ſervice of Meſſrs. Simmons and Kirkby, and was carrier of "The Kentiſh Gazette" near twelve years; but being now much afflicted wieh bodily infirmity, he was prevailed upon to quit labour (which he did with a very fair and honeſt character), and became a Reſident Brother in the Hoſpital of St. John, in Canterbury, which place he has enjoyed eighteen or nineteen years; and at this time (1788) continues to live upon the ſame, though bending in his walk almoſt to the earth, with the united effects of age and infirmity.

Nor

Nor e'er repin'd whilſt nature gave him health.
But now his tott'ring limbs deny their aid,
No ſtrength remains that cheer'd his youthful prime;
His ſight grown dim, and ev'ry nerve decay'd,
He ſtands a *venerable wreck* of time.
Full *fourſcore years* have furrow'd o'er his brow,
Full fourſcore winters ſilver'd o'er his hair;
At life's extremeſt verge, behold him now
Bent down with *age*, with *ſickneſs*, and with care.

Yet ſtill he's *patient*, *pious*, and *reſign'd*,
His rev'rend form compaſſion ſure muſt win;
A ſcanty pittance juſt keeps want behind,
And feeds the lamp that dimly burns within.
A few more tranquil hours he yet may know,
*If pity ſhould the gen'rous call obey;*
The timely aid ſome *comforts may beſtow*,
And ſmooth his paſſage to the realms of day.

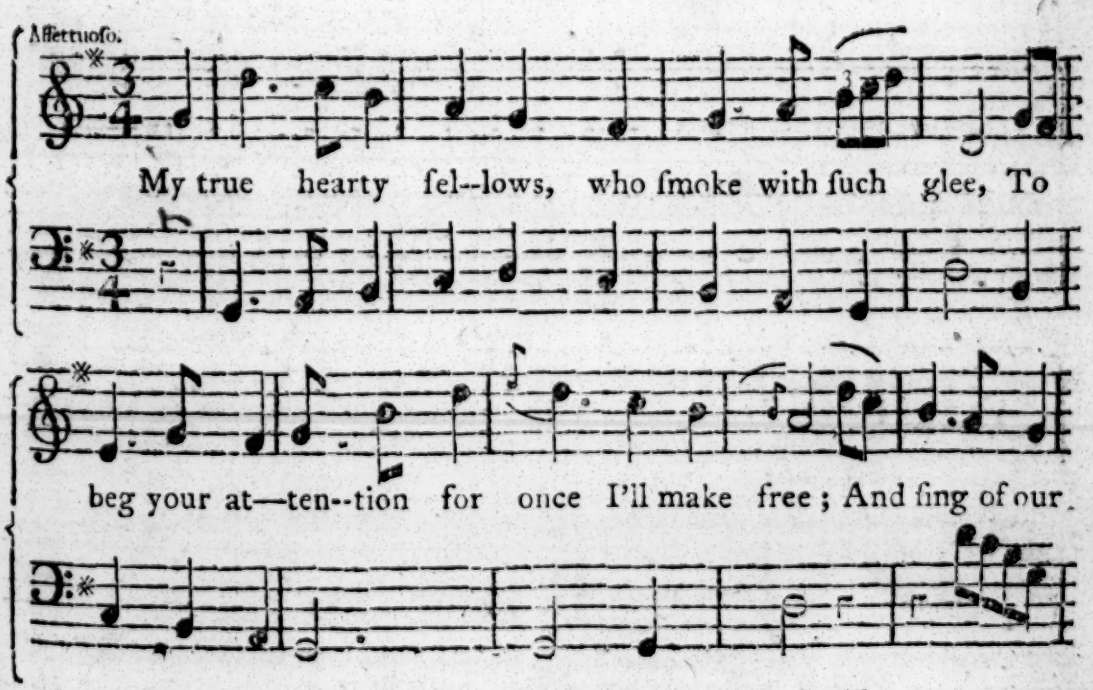
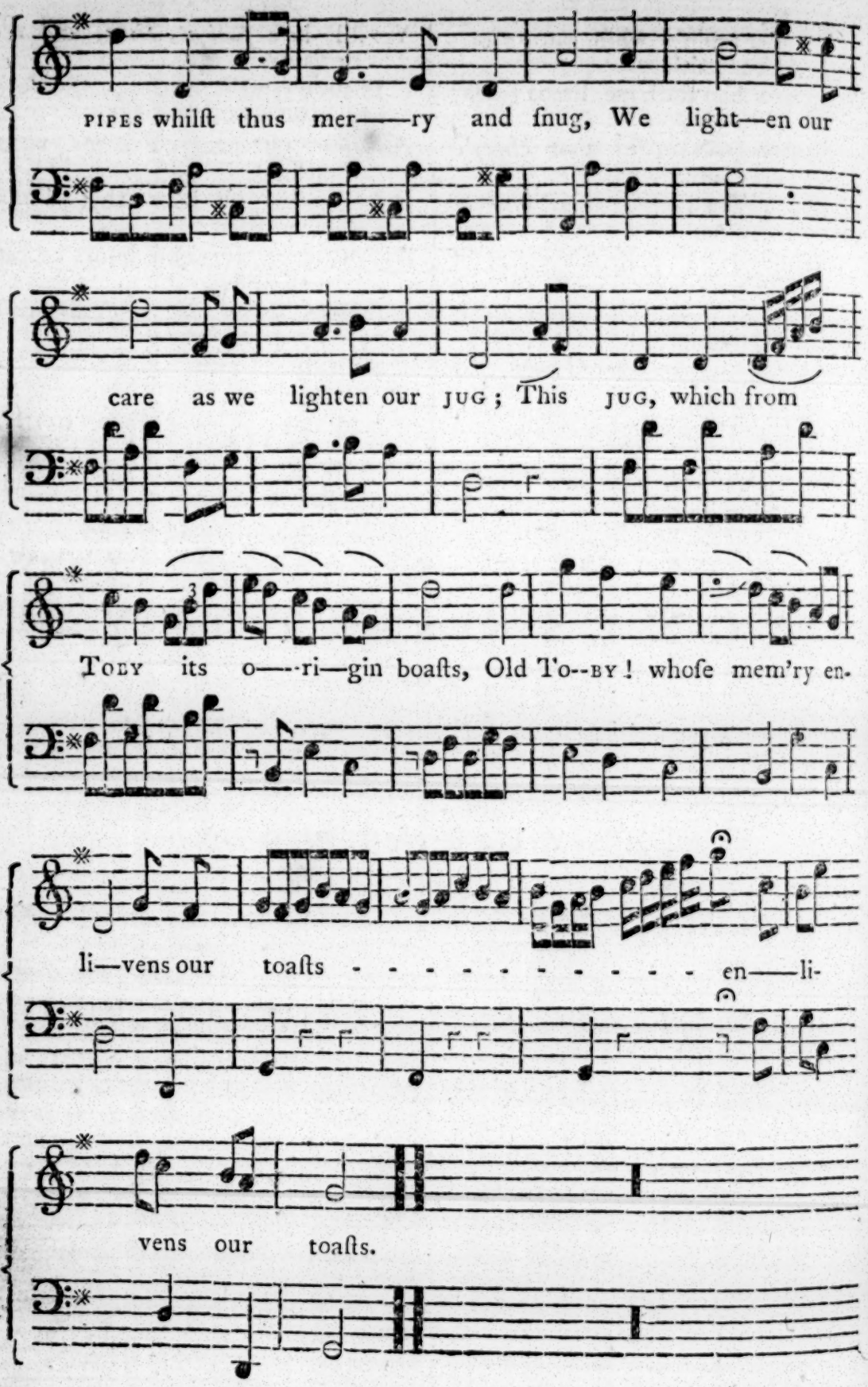
# AGNES AND TOBY:

## OR,

## THE PIPES AND THE JUG.

*(A Sequel to Garrick's* Brown Jug)

Written by Mr T. B. Junior Gloucester



PIPES whilſt thus mer——ry and ſnug, We light—en our
care as we lighten our JUG; This JUG, which from
TOBY its o——ri—gin boaſts, Old T'o--BY! whoſe mem'ry en-
li—vens our toaſts - - - - - - - - - - - en——li-
vens our toaſts.

II.

TOBY's fame, like his ſize, ſpread ſo great by his ale,
That for AGNES,—no room could be found in the tale;
Honeſt AGNES, the ſocial ſupport of his life,
Both for quaffing and ſize, was well pair'd as his wife;
Therefore ſinging her praiſe, we with joy will regale,
Whilſt our PIPES, and our JUG, give a zeſt to our ale.

III.

The *Potter* who ſhrewdly found TOBY's remains,
Thought to viſit again there, might anſwer his pains;
Where in brief he found AGNES, whoſe death, as her life,
Made her qualified duly, to lye as his wife;
Her fair fame all the village inceſſantly quote,
Whoſe *Vicar!* the following *Epitaph* wrote:

IV.

"AGNES PHILPOT, the wife of old TOBY renown'd,
"Who liv'd whilſt on Earth, now lies dead in this ground;
"Old CARE of her grieving for TOBY———to bilk,
"She ſoften'd her ſorrows, with brandy and milk;
"Swoln with *Silky* ſhe thriv'd, 'till her ſkin gave a crack,
"When DEATH popping in,———laid her here on her back."

V.

At theſe lines! our ſhrewd Potter a happy thought ſtarted,
That TOBY and AGNES ſhould never be parted;
So he took of her clay, which was—white as her milk,
And temper'd with brandy,—'till ſofter than ſilk;
And forming theſe PIPES, he adviſ'd ſly and ſnug,
That we kiſs her fair CLAY, and ſhake-hands with his JUG.

# Monthly Chronicle, and Review of Politics.

*SEPTEMBER*, 1788.

WHILE Europe has been ſuppoſed to be making the moſt rapid improvements in civility and refinement, for more than half a century paſt, we have ſeen, within theſe few years, acts of violence and oppreſſion in the conduct of monarchs towards each other, that would have diſgraced the tyrants of the moſt barbarous ages. No ſooner does a Potentate now conceive himſelf affronted by his neighbour, or form a deſign againſt any part of his dominions, than he immediately enters upon them with as little ceremony as the Goths and Vandals uſed of old, and, without the formality, even of a declaration of war, ſeizes upon every thing he can. On this principle the two late wars have been conducted, and on this principle, we do now ſee Swedes meet Ruſſians, and Germans meet Turks, while the thinking part of the world is left at a loſs for the cauſe of their bickerings, and Kings meet Kings (like Nath. Lee's gods), and joſtle each other in the dark.

## *RUSSIA.*

*Peterſburgh, July* 12. A Courier diſpatched from the army of Field Marſhal Prince Potemkin, upon the 1ſt inſt. has brought the agreeable news of a ſecond victory which the Ruſſian flotilla, in the road of Oczakow, has gained over the Ottoman fleet; and which is ſtill much more glorious, and more important, than that which the Prince of Naſſau gained over the Captain Baſhaw the 18th of June. Yeſterday the Empreſs, attended by all her Court, aſſiſted at a ſolemn *Te Deum* ſung in our cathedral, in celebration of that event.

The action between the fleets of the Swedes and Ruſſians, on the 17th July, began at 5 in the afternoon, and continued till 10 o'clock at night, without intermiſſion, and was one of the hotteſt engagements that has been heard of. The Swediſh fleet conſiſted of 16 ſail of the line and 8 large frigates, carrying 24 pounders, drawn up in line of battle. The Ruſſian fleet conſiſted of 17 ſail of the line.

After a very obſtinate conteſt, the Swediſh fleet at laſt gave way, and left the Ruſſians maſters of the field of battle. The Ruſſians took one ſhip, the Prince Guſtavus of 70 guns, commanded by the Vice Admiral Count Wagmaſter.

During the whole action there was little wind, and towards the end it was quite calm, ſo that the Ruſſians could not get ſo near the Swediſh ſhips as they wiſhed, and the obſcurity of the night, and ſmoke together, (there being no wind to carry it away) ended the combat.

The Swedes towed their ſhips off, and made for Sweadburg on the coaſt of Finland—The Ruſſians had ſuffered ſo much in their maſts, yards, and rigging, that they were in no condition to follow them.

After the action, during the night, one of the Ruſſian 70 gun ſhips, which had ſuffered much, fell into the Swediſh fleet, and was carried off by them.

The killed and wounded on both ſides were conſiderable, but moſt on the ſide of the Swedes.—Only one of the Ruſſians had 70 men killed, and none of the reſt above 30 or 40; but the Swediſh ſhip taken by the Ruſſians, had 132 men killed, and nearly the ſame number wounded.

Nothing is more probable than that the whole North of Europe will be at war before next ſummer. A Britiſh ſubject, who commands a regiment of foot in the ſervice of the King and Republic of Poland, aſſures us that the ſyſtem of neutrality hitherto obſerved by Poland, will terminate immediately upon the meeting of the Diet, which will ſhortly take place. He ſays, that it is the opinion of the principal men in the Republic, that the Poliſh troops which are to be increaſed by the Diet, will act in conjunction with the Turks, the Swedes, and Pruſſia, againſt the Imperial confederacy, in the hope of being able to reſcue from Auſtria and Ruſſia, the fine provinces which thoſe powers tore from Poland, without ſo much as a pretext for ſo glaring an inſtance of injuſtice and rapacity.

We have received a confirmed account of nearly the total deſtruction of Serajo, the capital of Boſnia, by a fire which broke out there the beginning of this month in four different places at once. All that part where the Jews inhabited, with their magazines, ſhops, and merchandizes, were were deſtroyed, beſides all the Chriſtian houſes, and above 1000 belonging to the Turks, including ten moſques; in the whole above 5000 houſes.

The following is given as an exact return of the forces now employed, reſpectively, by the Turks, the Auſtrians, and the Ruſſians. They are in all computed at more than 900,000 combatants.

The

The regular infantry of the Turks, encamped at preſent, or in the different garriſons, amounts to 132,000 men, of whom 110,000 are Janiſſaries, 10,000 Topeys, or Artilleriſts, 60,000 Baſhaw's guards, and 6,000 ſappers and miners.

The Spahis paid out of the public exchequer are to the number of 12,000. They reckon 132.000 Timariots, 18,000 heavy cavalry, 40,000 Shegbans, in all 202,000 horſemen.

If to theſe we add the ſoldiery of Cairo, the volunteers, and the Tartars, who conſiſt of a body of at leaſt 100,000, we ſhall find that the whole number of the Turkiſh troops is 434,000 men.

The Auſtrians have on the frontiers 275,000 men, of whom at leaſt 245,000 are in the field, without reckoning the regiments that are on the march to join their armies.

The number of Ruſſian troops employed in the preſent war, cannot be reckoned leſs than 200,000, ſo that in the ſeat of war, we ſhall find not much leſs than a million of fighting men.

On the other hand, the Emperor's forces have not been able to make any progreſs in their attack on the Turkiſh dominions; the followers of Mahomet vigorouſly repel them every where—and it requires the utmoſt vigilance to withſtand the attacks made by the Pacha on the Auſtrian territory of the Bannat.

## *FRANCE.*

On Monday Sept. 1. his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty was pleaſed to ſend a letter of diſmiſſion to the Archb. of Sens, his Majeſty's principal Miniſter, and to Monſ. Lamoignon, Keeper of the Seals; and that Monſ. Neckar was reinſtated in his office of Director General of the Finances.

## *IRELAND.*

On Thurſday laſt, the Rev. Mr. Patrick Fay, a clergyman of conſiderable property, was tried at the Tholſel, Dublin, for forging two receipts of Pat. Fullam, knowing the ſame to be forged, and with an intent to defraud—It appeared on the trial, that Fullam was in diſtreſſed circumſtances—Fay forged the receipts, and obtained the money, thinking that Fullam would be obliged to abandon the country, and never trouble him about the matter.—Mr Fay in his defence, ſaid he had got the receipts from Dr Thomas Fullam, and brought two perſons to ſupport this defence, but their evidence met with no credit, and the jury brought in their verdict GUILTY. His counſel ſaid, they had matter to offer as an arreſt of judgment, but the cauſe being ſo clear, the Recorder refuſed to hear the plea, and pronounced ſentence, ordering him to be executed on the 8th of November. The Recorder lamented, in a feeling manner, that the crimes of the priſoner ſhould have reduced him to the ſituation of a culprit at the bar—His profeſſion as a miniſter of the goſpel, which ſhould have been his protection, added now to his diſgrace, and he could not expect that equal juſtice would extend to him more favour than to the meaneſt criminal.——The priſoner was much affected, and on his counſel wiſhing for a longer day for his execution, he looked with indignation, and ſaid, the ſooner he was put out of pain and anxiety the better. He leaves ſeveral fine children. He was formerly chaplain to the Royal hoſpital at Kilmainham, but ſuſpended from his eccleſiaſtical functions for ſome miſconduct.

The unfortunate Mr Fay bore a good character in private life, and was eſteemed in the neighbourhood where he lived, as a good huſband and friend.——In his profeſſional line, he was highly reprobated by thoſe whoſe children and friends he had

had joined together in marriages, that were totally againſt parental views and inclinations, and the intereſts of the parties. He read his recantation from the Roman Catholic religion, ſeveral years ago, and was made curate of the Royal Hoſpital, at Kilmainham, from which he was afterwards diſmiſſed for miſdemeanors —he then commenced couple-beggar, and as once a Prieſt, ſo for ever.

The buſineſs he got in this line was really aſtoniſhing; for he would marry any perſon, though ever ſo nearly related, if he was well paid, inſomuch that the Archbiſhop of Dublin, about a year ago, had him ſued in ſeveral of the Courts, and at length obtained a decree, where his marriage was declared NULL and VOID, and himſelf deemed guilty of felony in caſe he ſhould ever after marry; notwithſtanding which, he ſtill perſiſted, and continued his CALLING with wonderful ſucceſs; but in order to ſecure himſelf from being detected, he never would (ſince the Biſhop's decree) give a certificate to the parties whom he had married. Though we cannot in juſtice but own that he merits his puniſhment, yet, the tear of pity muſt be ſhed on the miſeries of a man of his liberal education, who, to ſatiate his paſſions and the depravity of his nature, is to forfeit his life to the injured laws of his country, and leave his little ſmiling offſpring to all the wretchedneſs and miſery of an unthinking world.

## *L O N D O N.*

Some men who have been lately adverti ſed on account of a murder committed on the maſter of a Yarmouth trader called the Arnold, were, on Friday at two o'clock, apprehended by Whitfield, a runner belonging to Juſtice Smith's office in Eaſt Smithfield, at the ſign of the Thirteen Cantons near Irongate. It appears that theſe wretches (who ſlept together) were boaſting of the manner in which they had thrown the unfortunate victim overboard, or otherwiſe deſtroyed him, for the ſake of the cheſt of money, and were overheard; in conſequence of which the landlord amuſed them till he had applied to the officers of juſtice, to whom they confeſſed the fact, and were committed to priſon. The corroboration of this melancholy cataſtrophe was made known from the evidence of the maſter's boy, who ſwore to his hat.

A remarkable circumſtance has occurred at Bury.——Monday laſt the firſt huſband of a woman, who lives in Bridewell Lane, in that town, returned home, after an abſence of 25 years, during which time his wife had been twice married, ſuppoſing him to have been dead. Her laſt huſband being living, he and the newly arrived one agreed to abide by her choice, with which ſhe would live, and accordingly ſhe has given the laſt married the preference.

THE following ſketch of the life of a boy not yet twelve years of age, from his ungovernable diſpoſition for rambling, is truly ſingular. From this his parents now reſiding near Smithfield affirm, that from five years of age, it has coſt them more for ſeeking him when ſtrayed, than for his maintenance all the other parts of his life; as from that period he has never remained with them a month. After numerous excurſions in and about the metropolis with drovers, &c. till ſeven years of age, he ſtrayed to Birmingham, and from thence to Wrexham in Wales, where his parents originally came from; from whence he was by ſome relatives ſent back in a waggon to his parents in London: his next journey was to Liverpool, from thence to Ireland, back to Briſtol in a merchant ſhip as a cabin-boy; from thence to France, where leaving his ſhip, and being diſappointed in a country excurſion, he prevailed on ſome gentlemen at the Engliſh hotel there to pay his paſſage in the packet, mentioning his long abſence from his parents, &c. He left the gentlemen at Dover the ſame night they

they came over; and as they heard he had engaged with a hop-planter there, they took the pains on their arrival in town to acquaint his parents of his ſituation. His father immediately went down, but arrived juſt time enough to learn that this reſtleſs ſubject had but an hour before gone off to Holland in a ſmuggling veſſel.

## EDINBURGH, SCOTS REFORM.

On the 20th the Annual Convention of Delegates from the Burgeſſes of Scotland, who have petitioned Parliament for a reform in the internal government of the Royal Boroughs, met in the Baxters Hall here—The meeting conſiſting of Delegates from the different towns, was more numerous than any which has aſſembled hitherto—Mr GRAHAM of GARTMORE, was in the chair as Preſident, and Mr EWEN of Aberdeen, as Secretary.

Sir THOMAS DUNDAS, Chairman of the London Committee for conducting the Scots Reform, Sir William Auguſtus Cunningham, John Wilſon, Eſq; and Thomas Bell, Eſq; the Secretary, attended as delegates from that body, conſiſting of Lords and Commoners, who have ſhewn the greateſt abilities, zeal, and activity in this important buſineſs. The Delegates were employed in deliberations on different branches of buſineſs till four o'clock, and afterwards dined together at Bayle's tavern.

The Convention were during the courſe of the 21ſt, engaged in deliberating upon the moſt proper means of ſubſtantiating the grievances of the Burgeſſes; a ſubject, with the particulars of which the Delegates from the different towns ſeemed to be very intimately acquainted; and a motion being made, reſpecting the neceſſity of eſtabliſhing a fund for future neceſſary expence, the Delegates came forward with money and votes of ſupply from the ſeveral boroughs to the amount of 2000l. Sterling.

*Extract of a letter from Inverneſs, Sept.* 8.

The Circuit Court of Juſticiary was opened here upon Friday the 5th current, by the Right Honourable Lords Juſtice Clerk and Stonefield, and proceeded to the trial of William Cormack, priſoner in the tolbooth of Inverneſs, accuſed of houſe-breaking and theft, who was found guilty, and was on Saturday ſentenced to be hanged at Inverneſs, upon Friday the 17th of October next. Thereafter, the Court proceeded to the trial of Margaret Smith, accuſed of child murder; but ſhe having petitioned for baniſhment, the ſame was conſented to, and ſhe was baniſhed Scotland for life, under the uſual certification. The only other buſineſs to come before the Court was an accuſation againſt Donald Roſe, tenant and drover in Kirkiboll, in the pariſh of Tongue, and county of Sutherland, for ſtealing a cow.—He was found not guilty, and diſmiſſed from the bar.

A gentleman near London writes thus to his friend in Edinburgh; "Our crops have been moſt abundantly plentiful; our wheat harveſt in particular very much ſo. A fortnight's rain retarded the oats and barley; but theſe are now gathering in under a ſummer ſun. Our trees are ready to break down under the weight of apples, pears, &c. There is the like profuſion of wall fruits and nuts. And it is to be obſerved, that the cyder counties have not had ſuch a year of great plenty ſince they were taxed.—In ſhort, the whole produce and weather of this year demands the moſt grateful returns to the Giver of all good; and, if we knew our true intereſts, the year 1788 ſhould be celebrated by every demonſtration of joy and thankfulneſs both public and private."

Death.——At Calais, Elizabeth Du-

Ducheſs Dowager of Kingſton. The Ducheſs Dowager of Kingſton was tried and convicted for bigamy on the 22d of April, 1776. After which ſhe left this country, and reſided for ſome years, at St. Peterſburgh; from whence ſhe returned to her houſe at Calais, where her Ladyſhip died. She has left the bulk of her fortune to Mr. Meadows, member for Nottinghamſhire.

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*ABERDEEN.*

On the 2d of September curt. died here, of a lingering and painful illneſs, which he bore with manly fortitude, the Rev. Dr WILLIAM MORGAN, aged 36. He was formerly Rector of the pariſh of Kingſton, Jamaica, and very lately appointed Profeſſor of Philoſophy in the Mariſchal College.

On the 13th the Circuit Court of Juſticiary was opened here, by the Right Honourable The Lord Juſtice Clerk and Lord Stonefield. The firſt trial was that of William Tough, cobler in Aberdeen, for houſe breaking and theft. He was found guilty, and ſentenced to be hanged at Aberdeen, on Friday the 31ſt of October next.

James Wiſhart, accuſed of houſebreaking, with an intention to ſteal, petitioned for baniſhment, which was conſented to, and he was accordingly baniſhed from Scotland for life.

The Court then proceeded to the trial of Chas. Nicol, accuſed of four acts of houſe-breaking and theft — Some particular circumſtances occurred in the courſe of the evidence, which induced the Advocate Depute to reſtrict the charge to two of the articles libelled, and the pains of law to an arbitrary puniſhment; and the jury having returned a verdict, finding him guilty, he was ſentenced to be impriſoned till the 3d of October, and then to be whipped and baniſhed Scotland for life.

Mary Murray, accuſed of child-murder, petitioned for baniſhment, which having been conſented to, ſhe was ſentenced accordingly.

BLACK and WHITE,

A MODERN ANECDOTE.

A negro fellow being ſtrongly ſuſpected to have ſtolen goods in his poſſeſſion, was taken before a certain Juſtice of the Peace for the city of Philadelphia, and charged with the offence. The fellow was ſo hardened as to acknowledge the fact, and, to add to his crime, had the audacity to make the following ſpeech; "Maſſa Juſtice, me know me get dem tings from Tom dere——and me tinke Tom teal dem too——but what den, maſſa? dey be only a piccaninny cork-ſcrew and a piccaninny knife—one coſt ſixpence, and tudda a ſhilling, and me pay Tom for dem honeſtly, maſſa."

A very pretty ſtory truly—you know they were ſtolen, and yet alledge in excuſe, you paid honeſtly for them —I'll teach you better law than that, ſirrah! Don't you know, Cæſar, the receiver is as bad as the thief? You muſt be ſeverely whipt, you black raſcal, for it.

"Ver well, maſſa! If the black raſcal be whipt for buying tolen goods, me hope de white raſcal be whipt for ſame ting, when me catch him, as well as Cæſar." "To be ſure (rejoin'd his Worſhip);" "Well den (ſays Cæſar) here be Tom's maſſa, hold him faſt, conſtable; he buy Tom as I buy de piccaninny knife and de piccaninny cork-ſcrew. He knew very well poor Tom be tolen from his old fadder and mudder; de knife and de cork-ſcrew have neider."

Whether it was that his Worſhip, as well as Tom's Maſter, were ſmote in the ſame inſtant with the juſtice or the ſeverity of Cæſar's application, we know not; but after a few minutes pauſe, Cæſar was diſmiſſed, and the action diſcharged.

THE

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## THE TRIFLER, No. XX.

*Thurſday October* 9, 1788.

A MORAL PAPER——TO BE READ *ad libitum*—LIFE A JOURNEY—INFANCY AND YOUTH—RUBS OF LIFE—FRIENDSHIP—DISAPPOINTMENTS—CONSOLATION—END OF OUR JOURNEY—JOURNIES ARE OF DIFFERENT KINDS—CONCLUSION.

ONE of the oldeſt compariſons of human life is to a *journey*. "Life," they tell us, "is but a *ſhort* journey to a *long* home." As we are aſſured by logicians that compariſon is not juſt unleſs it holds in a great many particulars, I am of opinion that this compariſon may be reckoned juſt upon that account, for it will hold good in almoſt every circumſtance we can recollect which is incident to travellers. The misfortune, however, is, that it has not obtained general credit from mankind, and that the greater part of men ſtill look upon this world as their "abiding place."

Whoever has travelled, knows, that at his firſt ſetting out, he is filled with a multitude of pleaſing hopes and expectations; every little object awakens his curioſity, and gratifies it; he preſſes forward with eagerneſs, and his health and ſpirits enable him to ſurmount trifling difficulties: great ones he is not yet expoſed to; the ſun that diſpenſes its chearful light ſeems to ſhine for him only, and viciſſitudes of ſeaſon afford him delight, as preſenting nature in all her various ſhapes.

The outſet, however, which is comparable to youth, is quickly over; our pace begins to ſlacken; we look more attentively around us; what we only inſpected with the eye, becomes more intimately an object of concern to the other ſenſes; what we before took for granted, we now examine by reaſon; unacquainted with the length of our journey, we begin now to conſider how ſoon the ſcanty pittance with which we ſet out may be exhauſted, and we turn our minds to a proviſion for the future. We are fairly ſet out on our journey; there is no turning back—no delay to be admitted—Our fellow-travellers with whom we ſet out, all agreed to conduct us but a journey's length,

and then leave us to ourſelves. We cannot blame them; they ſet us on the road, gave us directions how to travel, and ſupplied us with money to bear our expences until we ſhould be able to provide for ourſelves—But we have no farther claim on them; their duty is diſcharged, and ours is now to begin—Thus ends YOUTH.

Left thus to purſue our journey by ourſelves, we begin to experience what are called "the rubs of life"—the wide world is before us, but we have no map, no guide to point out our way—other travellers, however, are in the ſame ſituation, and ſome better provided than ourſelves. Let us aſk their aſſiſtance; let us intreat to be admitted into their company, and profit by ſociety in travelling. Every one knows how much more agreeable it is to travel in company, than to plod the weary way in ſilence and ſolitude——Thus begins FRIENDSHIP.

Travelling on, we meet with a variety of adventures which tend to inform us more and more of the country through which we are to make our way. Hoſpitality is mixed with rudeneſs, and kind entertainment with brutal repulſe. Often where we incline to make the longeſt ſtay, we ſooneſt meet with an affront, an injury, or an indignity which compels us to depart—Often where we determine to make our firm abode, and travel no more, we become, we know not why, reſtleſs and impatient, and anxious to change our ſituation. Some of our companions prove treacherous, rob us of part of our common ſtock provided for the journey, and baſely leave us. This awakens our reſentment and diſturbs our plans, and forgetting that we are travellers, we ſit down penſive and ſolitary, and determine to ſtop where we are—Such are the misfortunes, incident to human life in its various ſtages of BUSINESS, FRIENDSHIPS and AMUSEMENTS.

Rouſed, however, by taking a retroſpect of all that has paſſed, and much more by having received information from our companions on the ſame journey, of their meeting with the like adventures, we again remember, that as we are but travellers to a better country, it would be abſurd not to bear with fortitude the aſperities and misfortunes to which we find many better than ourſelves are liable, and we puſh on as little regardleſs of theſe difficulties as poſſible, and much better prepared to meet them. We are ſenſible, too, as every man who has travelled muſt be, that many of theſe difficulties proceeded from our own intemperate eagerneſs—Often when fatigued with the journey of a day, we have called for a refreſhment which our inn could not afford—Often we have blamed the ignorance of others, when our own want of precaution only was in fault. And often we have repined at that as a misfortune, which afterwards turned out the greateſt bleſſing of our lives. Want of foreſight, and impatience under that defect, create moſt of the afflictions of man.

At length, however, after many viciſſitudes, dangers, and expectations, we arrive at our journey's end—This, as it is almoſt always unexpected, is almoſt always unpleaſing, for in proportion as we extend our journey, we think we ſhall extend it farther, and we are ſtopt ſhort in our career, while we are marking out the map of a future journey.

Thus far, and perhaps farther, the compariſon between human life and a journey may hold good—but the various and important duties of life are too various and too important to to be conſidered under a ſimilitude which may not come ſufficiently "home to mens buſineſs and bo-"ſoms."

It cannot, however, be too frequently inculcated, that as ſome are inclined to conſider life as a journey, they

they would alſo remember, that in a journey we have one certain great object before us, to which we wiſh to attain, where we wiſh to come prepared, and from the idea of which we can permit nothing to divert us. It is the high prerogative of rational creatures to conſider all the difficulties, the dangers and the accidents of this life as things of little value; if trifling, they are beneath our notice; if great, they cannot laſt. That man is of all men the moſt miſerable whoſe hopes and fears center only here; he may be great, but he cannot be good; he may be opulent, but he cannot be generous; he may be chearful, but he cannot be happy.

The great knowledge of human life is to know ourſelves, for it is the ſelf-approving hour only which conſtitutes true happineſs. If we are uneaſy but when partaking of the amuſements of life, we give to them the power we ought to have over ourſelves—and in reſigning that which makes ourſelves happy, we reſign what we can never recover.

But it frequently happens that ſome who conſider life as a journey, are not perfectly right as to what kind of journey it is—We all know that there are ſeveral kinds of journies—journies of buſineſs, and journies of pleaſure. Now I am afraid that we ſhall find not a few who look upon life rather as a journey of pleaſure than of buſineſs. The preſent opinions, indeed, not a little favour this ſuppoſition, for, whatever it may proceed from, there never perhaps was an age in which the demand for pleaſure was ſo urgent as the preſent*. Wiſe men, however, we perceive in common life, ſeldom take journies of mere pleaſure; the beſt journies and thoſe, we reflect on with moſt ſatisfaction, are thoſe in which buſineſs and pleaſure are mixed, the latter always giving way to the former.

In journies, too, ſome trudge ſlowly on, and ſeem to make little way; while others are paſſing quickly by them, they preſerve the ſame jog-trot-pace, very little concerned with others, and no wiſe anxious to get on—Theſe are the lazy, and inactive, whom no ſolicitations can perſuade to beſtir themſelves like men; they remain uſeleſs to themſelves and to others.

But there is a ſpecies of travellers the very reverſe of theſe, I mean ſuch as drive on poſt-haſte, and are at their journies end before others have fairly ſet out. Theſe are your young bucks who die at four or five and twenty, of *old age*, having haſtily galloped over youth, and commenced the vicious career of manhood before they ceaſed to be boys. Of one of theſe Dr Johnſon ſays, that "at the age of one and thirty, he had exhauſted the fund of life, and reduced himſelf to a ſtate of weakneſs and decay." *

In travelling, one great care is to avoid accidents, to avoid by care and circumſpection any of thoſe accidents which cut our journey ſhort before we have performed the buſineſs of it. And it is generally obſerved that thoſe who walk on foot are leſs expoſed to accidents than thoſe who ride, juſt as in the world the middling ranks are leſs expoſed to deviations from virtue than the wealthy and the powerful.

Laſtly, on this ſubject I have only to ſay, that when we make a compariſon between life, and a journey, we ought to remember that on a journey, if we are diſſatisfied we may go back, or ſtay where we are—but in life there is no retrograde motion; the days we have ſpent we cannot recall;

* "Were all men happy, revellings would ceaſe."

*Young, quoted from memory.*

* *Life of Rocheſter.*

call; the words, the thoughts and the deeds which we have done and uttered cannot be reverſed.

## Biography.

# MEMOIRS

### OF THE LATE

# DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

(Continued from page 582.)

MISS CHUDLEIGH, now Mrs. Hervey, a maid in appearance, a wife in diſguiſe, ſeemed to thoſe who judge from externals only, to be in an enviable ſituation. Of the higher circles ſhe was the attractive centre; of gayer life the invigorating ſpirit. Her royal miſtreſs not only ſmiled on, but actually approved her. A few friendſhips ſhe cemented, and conqueſts ſhe made in ſuch abundance, that, like Cæſar in triumph, ſhe had a train of captives at her heels. Yet, with all this diſplay of happineſs ſhe wanted that without which there is no happineſs on earth—peace of mind. Her huſband, quieted for a time, grew obſtreperous as ſhe became more the object of admiration. He felt his right, and was determined to aſſert it. She endeavoured by letter, to negociate him into peace; but her efforts ſucceeded not. He demanded a private interview; and, enforcing his demand by threats of expoſure in caſe of refuſal, ſhe complied through compulſion. The meeting was at the apartment of Captain Hervey; a black ſervant only in the houſe. On entering the room where he ſat, the firſt thing done was to prevent her retreat by locking the door. What paſſed may be better imagined than expreſſed. The boſom of a wife, burning with indignant rage for paſt injuries ſuſtained in her health, yet obliged to ſmother the flame of reſentment, and aſſume the mildneſs of complacency. On the other hand, an huſband feeling himſelf the Lord Paramount over a defenceleſs woman, whoſe hopes he had blaſted, whoſe perſon he had defiled. "This," as the Ducheſs, when ſpeaking of it, with tears in her eyes, uſed to ſay, "was an aſſignation with a vengeance." It ended, like every other interview which ſhe had with Captain Hervey, fatally for her. The fruit of this meeting was the addition of a boy to the human race. Cæſar Hawkins became the profeſſional confidant on this occaſion. Miſs Chudleigh removed to Chelſea for a change of air, and returned to Leiceſter houſe perfectly recovered from her indiſpoſition. The infant ſoon ſunk into the arms of death, leaving only the tale of his exiſtence to be related.

While theſe and a variety of other circumſtances were paſſing between Miſs Chudleigh and her huſband, the Duke of Hamilton arrived from his travels. He loſt not a moment in paying homage to the idol of his affections, and in having the myſtery of all his letters being unanſwered, explained. Flighty, as in other reſpects he was, to Miſs Chudleigh his conſtancy remained unſhaken. The interview developed the whole, and placed Mrs. Hanmer in her true light, that of the authoreſs of miſchief. But, as the palliation of paſt evil, the Duke made a generous tender of his hand, where his heart was already centered. The rejection of this offer, which it was impoſſible to accept, and almoſt as impoſſible to explain the reaſon why it was rejected, occaſioned emotions in the Duke which the heart can feel better than the pen explain. Still more Miſs Chudleigh was compelled to prohibit his viſits.

The Duke of Hamilton thus refuſed

fused by Miss Chudleigh, the late D. of A. and several other nobles experienced a similar fate. This astonished the fashionable world, and the mother of Miss Chudleigh, who was a total stranger to the private marriage of her daughter, reprehended her folly in proper terms. At once to be freed, at least for a time, from the embarrassments which environed her, Miss Chudleigh determined on travel as the mean. She embarked for the continent, and chose the circle of Germany for her tour. She resided some time at Berlin, then went to Dresden; and, as she aspired to the acquaintance of crowned heads, she was gratified by the late King of Prussia, who not only conversed, but corresponded with her. It is not by this meant that there was any thing more in his letters than what the politeness of a gentleman dictated to a lady, in spirit and enterprize above the level of her sex. The epistles of Frederic, which consisted of about four lines, written in a scarcely legible hand, served Miss Chudleigh to gratify her vanity by talking about. But, in the Electoress of Saxony, she found a friend whose affection for her continued to the latest period of life. The electoress was a woman of sense, honour, virtue, and religion. Her letters were replete with kindness, while her hand distributed presents to Miss Chudleigh out of the treasury of abundance. Her heart was interested for her happiness. This she evinced pending the prosecution for bigamy; for at that time, a letter from the Electoress to the Duchess contained the following passage; —— "You have long experienced my love; my revenue, my protection, my every thing, you may command. Come then, my dear life, to an asylum of peace. Quit a country, where, if you are bequeathed a cloak, some pretender may start up, and ruin you by law to prove it your property. Let me have you at Dresden." This passage is literally rendered from the French.

Miss Chudleigh, returning from the Continent, ran the career of pleasure, enlivened the Court circles, and each year became more ingratiated with the mistress whom she served; led fashions; played whist with Lord Chesterfield; and revelled with Lady Harrington and Miss Ashe.

Reflection, however put off for the day, too frequently intruded an unwelcome visitor at night. Captain Hervey, the husband, like a perturbed spirit, was eternally crossing the path trodden by his wife. Was she in the rooms of Bath? he was sure to be there. At a route, ridotto, or ball, there was this destroyer of peace, embittering every pleasure, and blighting the fruit of happiness by the pestilential malignancy of his presence. As a proof of his disposition to annoy, he menaced his wife with an intimation that he would disclose the marriage to the Princess of Wales. In this Miss Chudleigh anticipated him, by being the first relater of the circumstance. Her royal mistress heard and pitied her. She continued her patronage to the hour of her death. At last a stratagem was either suggested, or it occurred to Miss Chudleigh, at once to deprive Captain Hervey of the power to claim her as his wife. The clergyman who married them was dead. The register book was in careless hands. An handsome compliment was paid for the inspection, and while the person in whose custody it was, listened to an amusing story, Miss Chudleigh tore out the register. Thus imagining the business accomplished, she, for a time, bid defiance to her husband, whose taste for the softer sex subsiding from some unaccountable cause, occasioned Miss Chundleigh a cessation of inquietude. Her better fate influenced the heart of a man in her favour, who was the ex-

exemplar of amiability. This was the late Duke of Kingſton.

In the natural courſe of events, Capt. Hervey ſucceeded to the Earldom of Briſtol. With rank there was fortune, and both were moſt inviting objects to the mind of our heroine. When a ſucceſſion to the family honours and revenue became highly probable, a ſhort period before it took place, Miſs Chudleigh went to the houſe of Mr. Merrill, in whoſe chapel ſhe was married. Her oſtenſible reaſon was a jaunt out of town; her real deſign was to procure, if poſſible, the inſertion of her marriage with Capt. Hervey in the book, which, to deſtroy the written evidence of that marriage, ſhe had formerly mutilated. With this view ſhe condeſcended to employ artifice, and dealt out promiſes with a liberal hand. The officiating clerk, who, like Scrub in the play, was a perſon of various avocations, was to be promoted to the extent of his wiſhes. The book was managed by the lady to her content, and ſhe returned to London, ſecretly exulting in the excellence and ſucceſs of her machinations. She did, it is true, ſucceed, but it was in laying the ground-work of that very evidence, which, in conjunction with oral teſtimony, operated afterwards to her conviction and diſgrace. Here was cunning enveloping the poſſeſſor in a net of her own fabricating. No wonder, when her hour of degradation arrived, that ſhe fell unpitied.

(To be continued.)

## *Anecdotes of* Francis, Baron Trenck.

(Continued from page 585.)

I Will here relate two adventures that will give a perfect idea of the character of this ſingular man. He had impaled alive the father of a Harumbacha. One day, as he was patroling the banks of a ſtream, that ſeparated the frontiers, he met the ſon, who was on the other ſide with his whole band. It was a moonlight night, and the robber called out, 'Trenck, I know your voice; you 'impaled my father, you perſecute 'us like a ſcoundrel as you are, and 'are as treacherous in the advantages 'you take, as cruel in your diſpoſition. Croſs the rivulet if you dare, 'and I will ſend away all my people: 'we will then lay aſide all our arms 'except our ſabres, and ſee who will 'remain maſter of the field of battle!' The propoſal being accepted, the robber diſmiſſed his band, and Trenck paſſed the ſtream. They drew their ſabres, but at the moment the combat was going to begin, Trenck ſhot his antagoniſt treacherouſly with a pocket piſtol, cut off his head, carried it away with him, and expoſed it on a pole. I leave my reader to determine whether this behaviour to a freebooter, whoſe conduct was ſo open and ſo noble, be worthy of cenſure or praiſe. But be it as it may, the purſuit of the banditti was vigorouſly continued, and my couſin became the terror of this dangerous race of men. The ſecond adventure was as follows:

One day, when Trenck was hunting, he heard the ſound of muſick in a lone houſe, which belonged to one of his vaſſals. As he was thirſty, he entered, and found a table ſpread, and a numerous company celebrating a wedding. He ſat down among them without heſitation, not ſuſpecting that the houſe was the *rendezvous* of the banditti.

A moment after, there appeared two Harumbacha of tall ſtature, and completely armed. Trenck, on ſeeing them, could not conceal his alarm; but the robbers immediately diſpelled his fear. Trenck,' ſaid one of them, 'we never did any injury 'either

'either to you or your vaſſals, and 'yet you perſecute us with unexampled cruelty. Our way of thinking 'is nobler than yours; eat in peace. 'We could if we pleaſed put you to 'death, without its being in your 'power to defend yourſelf; but be 'under no apprehenſion: when we 'have eat and drank, we will ſee, 'ſword in hand, whoſe cauſe is the 'beſt, and whether you be really as 'brave and invincible as report would 'make us believe.'

After this ſpeech they ſeated Trenck between them, and ſat down gaily to partake of the feaſt. It is eaſy to conceive the embarraſſment of my couſin, eſpecially as he did not know but the two Chiefs might have left ſome of their banditti at the door, with orders to come to their aſſiſtance, whenever they might think proper to attack him. He therefore drew his pocket piſtols unperceived, and pointing them under the table, at the bellies of his two adverſaries, diſcharged both at once: then ſeizing the table, he overturned it on thoſe who were oppoſite to him, and luckily made his eſcape out of the room. He had even the preſence of mind, on going out, to take away the muſket of one of the robbers, that had been left ſtanding at the door. In the mean time, the two wounded chiefs lay weltering in their blood, and the other gueſts were endeavouring to get up. One of them at length ſucceeding, ran like a madman after Trenck, who, having permitted him to come ſufficiently near, ſhot him dead with his own muſket, cut off his head, and carried it home, to exhibit it to his people.

Theſe repeated loſſes deprived the banditti, by degrees, of their braveſt chiefs, and they were at laſt obliged to ſeek for refuge in the Turkiſh dominions.

About this time the war of 1741 was declared, and all the Hungarians took up arms in defence of their Queen. Trenck wrote immediately to Vienna, for permiſſion to raiſe a body of Pandours, on condition that a general pardon ſhould be granted to all the banditti who might chuſe to enliſt. He obtained his requeſt, publiſhed the amneſty, and began to raiſe men; but very few of the banditti would conſent to ſerve in his corps. He was, however, more fortunate among his vaſſals, out of whom he raiſed a body of near five hundred men. When he got them together, he continued to hunt down the robbers, whom he, at laſt, found means to ſhut up between the Saw and the Sarſaw, and forced them to capitulate. This procured him three hundred recruits, who enliſted among his Pandours.

The greateſt part of theſe men were ſix feet high, ſtrong, and vigorous: they were good ſwimmers, and could run through the woods for whole hours, like deer. None but men of this deſcription were received among the banditti.

It is not therefore aſtoniſhing, that an experienced chief ſhould undertake, with ſuch ſoldiers as theſe, the moſt daring and extraordinary enterprizes: and, indeed, as long as any of them remained in Trenck's *corps*, the Pandours were not dreaded without reaſon. The great misfortune was, that they were entirely unacquainted with diſcipline. However, my couſin, who was no ſtranger to their national character, contrived to keep up a kind of ſubordination among them. The debauchery he permitted, and the promiſe of pillage, were means that never failed of ſucceſs, when he wiſhed to engage them in any perilous undertaking.

It is abſolutely neceſſary that the officer who commands ſuch ſoldiers ſhould be of the moſt undaunted courage. If he does not lead the attack himſelf, with a promiſe of plunder, he will find it difficult to make his men advance; or if he ſhows the ſmalleſt

ſigns

ſigns of timidity, he may be ſure that his men will mutiny, and return to their homes. In a word, to make any thing of the Pandours, it is incumbent on their Commander to treat them with ſeverity, and to connive at the ſame time at the horrible exceſſes they frequently commit. It was by ſuch conduct as this that Trenck acquired the reputation of an excellent partiſan, became the terror of the enemy, and did Maria Thereſa important ſervice.

The following adventure happened to him in 1741, when his Pandours were ſtill entirely undiſciplined. One day, when he was exerciſing his regiment, a whole company fired at him with ball cartridges, killed the running footman by his ſide, and his horſe under him. Trenck ran inſtantly in fury to the guilty company, counted one, two, three, four, and cut off the fourth man's head. He repeated this three times, till he came to a Harumbacha, who, not chuſing to wait for him, ſtepped out of the ranks, drew his ſabre, and advanced to meet him. 'I fired at you,' ſaid he; 'defend 'yourſelf if you are able.' Every body ſtood motionleſs—Trenck attacked his enemy, and had the good fortune to bring him to the ground. He was then proceeding to cut off every fourth man's head, but the whole regiment took to their arms, levelled their muſkets at him, and the mutiny became general.

Convinced that it was no time to trifle, he ruſhed furiouſly into the thickeſt of the crowd, and dealt his blows about indiſcriminately. The violence of his fury ſtruck terror into the Pandours; they fell upon their knees, and begged for pardon. Trenck, overjoyed to eſcape ſo well, granted it, after having embraced ſeveral of them with great cordiality, and made a ſpeech ſuitable to the occaſion, and the genius of the troops to whom it was addreſſed. From that time his regiment was invincible, whenever he was at their head.

When he arrived in Auſtria, he met with numberleſs opportunities of acquiring glory. The French army had been beat near Lintz. Trenck was ſure to be found where any thing was to be done, treating his priſoners with the greateſt barbarity, and making it a rule, never to give quarter in action. The very appearance of his Pandours carried terror along with it: their cruelty, joined to the ferocity of their attack, and their addreſs in plundering, ſpread far and wide the terror of their arms.

With ſo numerous a corps, he undertook more conſiderable enterprizes; levied contributions to the amount of ſeveral millions of florins; captured a great number of places by aſſault; and in the ſpace of five years made ſeven thouſand French and Bavarians, and three thouſand Pruſſians, priſoners of war. It is very remarkable that he was never beat. Every thing ſucceeded to his wiſh; which inſpired his men with ſo much confidence, that nothing diſmayed them when he was at their head. He was, indeed, the firſt man who ever was able to diſcipline the Croats.

In the year 1744, he obliged the French to repaſs the Rhine. He ſwam acroſs the ſame river himſelf, with ſeventy Pandours, took a fort near Philipſburgh by aſſault, killed the Marquis de Crevecœur, who commanded it, with his own hand, and left a detachment to guard his conqueſt; then, croſſing the other branch of the Rhine with equal ſucceſs, he ſurpriſed two regiments of Bavarian Cavalry in their camp, and by this daring *manœuvre* forced the whole army to retreat. Alſace then became the theatre of his glory; where he ſpread terror and conſternation, and laid the whole province under contribution.

The Pruſſians marching into Bohemia, in September 1744, the imperial army

army was obliged to leave Alſace, to haſten to the relief of that kingdom. Trenck was on this occaſion charged with the rear guard, and came off with honour.

His return to Vienna in the month of February 1745 reſembled a triumph. Every body was eager to ſee him, and the Empreſs herſelf received him with the moſt flattering marks of diſtinction.

Trenck, though highly pleaſed with his reception, ſoon left Vienna, in order to recruit on his eſtate. He enliſted eight hundred men, with whom he immediately rejoined the army. The Court granted him every thing he aſked, and he continued to be employed during this campaign with his former ſucceſs.

A report was fabricated by his enemies to ruin him, by pretending that he had made the King of Pruſſia priſoner in his tent, and afterwards releaſed him. This infamous calumny was the ſole cauſe of his misfortune; for the appellation of crimes cannot be given to the other articles of which he was accuſed; ſuch as his cutting off the heads of mutinous Pandours; caſhiering officers who had miſbehaved; buying church plate of his people, and melting it down; his not going to maſs; his apprehending malefactors in the convents, where they had taken refuge, &c. &c. Such actions were eaſily juſtifiable in a Chief who commanded ſoldiers ſo ferocious and undiſciplined as his.

I will conclude this article by obſerving, that Trenck was a man of matchleſs cruelty of diſpoſition; that he was avaricious, ungrateful to his friends, revengeful, and paſſionate: but I will add, at the ſame time, that few men equalled him in military talents: intrepid to a fault, indefatigable, intelligent, and faithful to his Prince. His blood flowed frequently in the ſervice of his country; he contributed more than any other man to ſupport the tottering throne of his miſtreſs, and yet he died in priſon at the age of thirty-three, a victim to the hatred, malice, and avarice of his enemies.

## *On the* SCOTCH FISHERIES.

### LETTER XV.

THE proceſs of making ſalt in warm climates is deſcribed thus: Sea water is taken into reſervoirs from whence it is occaſionally let into ſhallow pits of cloſe compact earth, where the ſun and dry air exhales the water by gentle evaporation, and leaves the ſalt conſolidated into pretty large pieces, which being extracted, by raking it out before the whole of the water is evaporated, muſt have leſs of the bitter or putreſcent quality in it, than when the whole is forced off, as in the common method of making Britiſh ſalt, which is by boiling the ſalt water in flat iron pans, ſeveral times filled up, throwing in a quantity of blood to fine it, until the water is all carried off, leaving the ſalt in a whitiſh ſubſtance, conſiſting of many ſmall particles.

It is imagined, that, by the ſtrong agitation of the water or brine in boiling, the formation of the ſalt is deranged, and broke into ſmall flakes, inſtead of being formed into ſtrong cruſtations, as great ſalt is by ſlow exhalation. To imitate this effect of nature effectually, the writer of this ſuppoſes, that, as the whole ſtrength of the fire is not exhauſted when it goes from under the ſalt boilers, were a ſlight but cloſe building erected upon the end of the boil-houſe, and the vent divided into ſeveral flews running along the floor, over which flat leaden pans may be placed, and were the ſalt brine conveyed into them, by means of a pump and ſpout,

when boiled down to a conſiderable degree of ſtrength (or brine made from rock ſalt and ſea water put into ſuch), the heat paſſing along under the lead pans will continue the evaporation at no additional expence; which, as the ſurface will be greatly expanded, will be found very rapid, without allowing them to come to the boil, or even ſimmer; for, if it does either, it deſtroys the intended effect of the lead pans, which is meant and is ſuppoſed would make a very perfect imitation of the natural proceſs, and yield a ſtrong ſalt.

Perhaps theſe leaden pans will bear to be ſeveral times filled up, before drawing out the ſalt from them; and as I find from Lord Dundonald's excellent treatiſe upon this ſubject, that Britiſh ſalt contains about one tenth part of bitter or extraneous ſalts, which, as it appears from his Lordſhip's method of refining, is ſooneſt diſſolved, and muſt be lateſt in forming, by attention to this ſlow proceſs, the operation may be continued until the proper ſalt is all or nearly all formed, when it may be raked from the bitter, and that quite cleaned out to begin the operation anew.

It may be ſuppoſed, that the proceſs would be greatly accelerated if the apartment wherein the lead pans are, were lathed and plaiſtered above, leaving a few holes in the plaiſter roof, to which very light valves were fitted, and were a few ſtove flews led along, from one end to the other, ſuſpended at ſome diſtance above the ſurface of the pans, it would contribute to rarify the ſteam, and force itſelf through the valve-holes.

Upon theſe principles, as a ſmall experiment, I diſſolved, in a flat earthen veſſel, as much ſalt as the water in the pan could contain in a fluid ſtate, making a ſtrong pickle; this was put into the ſtove of a ſugar-houſe, to evaporate the water, ſuppoſing it would have left the ſalt nearly in the ſtate of a ſolid cruſt, or in pieces of the ſize of foreign ſalt; but it was found formed into particles not larger than, and perfectly ſimilar to, its original ſhape, nor did it appear to have had any tendency to aſſume the ſhape of ſquare hollow cones, as I have found ſtrong pickle do when left to cool gradually, in former experiments. The flat pan was filled up again with pickle equally ſtrong; but, when the water was evaporated, it was found to have acted exactly as in the firſt caſe, lying in a regular layer above, without altering the ſize or ſhape of the firſt formed ſalt. I wiſhed to have continued the experiment, by beginning with ſea-water, and filling up the pan daily, as it evaporated; but as this might have given more trouble than perhaps would have been agreeable, it was diſcontinued.

Now I ſhould think myſelf obliged by the opinion of any perſon verſant in chemical matters (if any ſuch ſhall chance to caſt their eye upon this), ſaying if they think ſuch a method of making ſalt as hinted at is likely to ſucceed, and to what they attribute the failure of the ſmall experiment.

I find, upon looking over theſe letters, there are ſome branches of the fiſhery that are omitted, of which I beg leave to ſay a few words, before bringing them to a cloſe.

Fiſhing for ſkate, with hanging nets, is a method that might be practiſed with much ſucceſs, upon many parts of our coaſt where theſe fiſh abound, but where the method is not ſo much as known to be practicable, although a great deal is done this way, at the ſundry fiſhing towns in the entrance of the frith of Forth and other parts of the iſland.

They are made of pretty ſtout twine, much of the ſame ſize as that uſed for ſalmon nets; they are wrought 100 fathoms long, by 9 or 10 meſhes broad,

broad, of from 12 to 14 inches wide, taken in to about 50 fathoms long on the rope, by 4½ or 5 feet deep on the ſide rope. They are mounted with ſmall back ropes, both at the upper and under edges, of the thickneſs of middling ſized fiſhing lines; upon the upper edge is ſtrung a ſufficient number of ſmall pieces of cork, 1½ inches ſquare by 1 inch thick, placed about a foot from each other, to float it from the ground, while the other ſide is loaded with ſtones, ſlung in nooſes at three fathoms diſtance, to keep it down to the ground; mounted in this manner, they are ſet acroſs the tide, as many of them tied together as the boat's crew can conveniently muſter, ſometimes, I am told, to the extent of from two to three hundred fathoms in one fleet, having ſundry buoys placed at proper diſtances, made either of cork, wood, or ſkins.

Although ſkate is a very unlikely fiſh to be taken by a hanging net, it is a certain fact that vaſt quantities are thus taken; for when they are ſcouring along the ground in queſt of food, and find themſelves oppoſed by the net, they endeavour to force forward, in doing which, they throw up their tails; theſe entangling in the meſhes, while their ſnouts are engaged, retains them ſecure until the net is hawled up; they are left ſet in the ſea, and drawn as often as experience finds proper, or the weather will permit.

I procured one of theſe nets, properly mounted, offered to ſhow it, and even give the uſe of it to ſundry fiſhers upon the north-eaſt coaſt, in hopes it might induce them to put ſuch in practice; but no—they admire and admit the utility of this, and other improvements that have been pointed out to them, but it is no eaſy matter to prevail upon them to give into any thing they have not been accuſtomed to. This will always be the work of time, and not until actual experiment has made even the ſimpleſt thing appear obviouſly advantageous.

## Remarkable Adventures *of the Wife of the* Czarowitz Alexis, *ſon of* Peter *the* Great.

Charlotte Chriſtina Sophia, of Wolfenbuttle, wife of the Czarowitz Alexis, ſon of Peter the firſt Czar of Muſcovy, and ſiſter-in-law of the Emperor Charles VI. was born on the 25th of Auguſt, 1694. Againſt this Princeſs, who was a woman of great beauty, virtue, and ſprightlineſs, her huſband, the moſt brutal of men, conceived an inveterate averſion. He attempted ſeveral times to poiſon her, but ſhe prevented the accompliſhment of his villainous deſign by taking ſome powerful antidotes.

His brutality was carried to ſuch a length, that he one day gave her a violent kick in the belly with his foot, when eight months gone with child, which laid her ſenſeleſs on the floor, where ſhe lay bathed in blood. Peter the Firſt was then on his travels. His ſon, perſuaded that his unhappy Princeſs could not recover, immediately ſet out for his country ſeat.

The Counteſs of Coniſmark, mother of Field Marſhal Saxe, attended this Princeſs when in labour. She was delivered of a dead child, and the Counteſs took every poſſible care of her; but foreſeeing, that if ſhe recovered, ſhe would fall a ſacrifice ſooner or later to the ferocity of the Czarowitz, ſhe formed a plan to ſave her, by gaining over her female attendants, and afterwards informing the huſband that his wife and child were both dead. When the Czarowitz received this news, he ſent word that they ſhould both be immediately interred without any ceremony. Couriers

were diſpatched to the Czar; and different Courts of Europe appeared in mourning—for a block of wood, which was depoſited in the earth inſtead of the Princeſs.

The Princeſs, however, being conveyed to a private apartment, ſoon recovered her health and ſtrength. Having collected what jewels and money ſhe could, with the aſſiſtance of the Counteſs, ſhe dreſſed herſelf like a woman of ordinary rank, and, accompanied only by an old German domeſtic, in whom ſhe confided, and who paſſed for her father, ſhe ſet out for Paris. Her ſtay there was very ſhort; ſhe hired a female ſervant to attend her, and embarked at one of the ſea ports of France for Louiſiana.

Her figure ſoon attracted the attention of the inhabitants of that place, one of whom, an officer of the colony, named Dauband, who had been in Ruſſia, knew her.

He could, however, with difficulty be convinced, that a woman in her ſituation was the daughter-in-law of the Czar Peter. In order that he might be certain, he offered his ſervices to the pretended father; a more intimate connection was gradually formed, and they at length agreed to build a houſe at their common expences, in which they reſided together.

The death of the Czarowitz was announced in the colony ſometime after by the public papers. Dauband then told the Princeſs that he knew her, and offered to abandon his connexions in Louiſiana in order to conduct her to Ruſſia.

The widow of the Czarowitz finding herſelf, however, much happier than ſhe had been when near the throne, refuſed to ſacrifice the tranquillity of her obſcure ſituation, to any thing that ambition could offer. She only required from Dauband, the moſt inviolable ſecrecy; and that he would act with the ſame caution and prudence as he had done till that period. Dauband took a ſolemn oath that he would obey her orders with the moſt rigid attention, and his own intereſt was ſufficient to engage him to keep his promiſe. The beauty, wit and virtues of the Princeſs, had made the moſt lively impreſſion on his heart, and the habitude of living together, had given it additional force. He was amiable, and ſtill in the flower of youth; and as ſhe had always, till then, ſuppoſed that he was ignorant of her rank and condition, his reſpectful attention to her had been ſo much the more flattering; on that account, ſhe had not been inſenſible to it. They continued, however, to live in their uſual manner, but their mutual affection encreaſed every day.

The old domeſtic, who paſſed for the father of the Princeſs, happening to die, ſhe and Dauband being both young, could no longer decently live together with the ſame familiarity as they did when authoriſed by the preſence of a father. Dauband mentioned this to the Princeſs, and embraced that opportunity to declare his paſſion, and to repreſent to her, that having once renounced every idea of grandeur, ſhe might, if he was not diſagreeable to her, accept him for her huſband, and by theſe means, conceal much better her former condition. To this propoſal ſhe conſented; and ſhe, who had been once deſtined to reign over Ruſſia, and whoſe ſiſter reigned at Vienna, became the wife of a plain officer of infantry. The firſt year of their marriage ſhe brought forth a daughter, whom ſhe nurſed and educated herſelf, and to whom ſhe taught the French and German languages.

Dauband and his wife had lived ten years in that happy mediocrity in which the reciprocal fondneſs of two hearts firmly united, ſupplies the want of wealth and riches, when the huſband was attacked by a fiſtula. The wife, alarmed at the dangers of an

an operation, wiſhed that it might be performed at Paris. They ſold their habitation, and embarked in the firſt veſſel that was ready to ſail. When they arrived at Paris, Dauband put himſelf under the care of an eminent ſurgeon. His ſpouſe diſcharged every neceſſary duty with the tendereſt affection, and never quitted him a moment until the cure was perfected.

Being deſirous of purſuing ſome courſe that might augment their little fortune, Dauband ſolicited employment from the East-India Company, in the iſland of Bourbon, and obtained a Major's commiſſion.

Whilſt the huſband was employed in ſettling his affairs, the wife ſometimes went to take the air on the Tuileries with her little daughter. As they were ſitting one day upon a bench, converſing in German, that they might not be underſtood by thoſe who were near them, Marſhal Saxe happened to paſs, and hearing two ladies ſpeaking his native language, he ſtopt ſhort to look at them. The mother raiſing her eyes and immediately caſting them downwards as ſoon as ſhe knew the Marſhal, diſcovered ſo much embarraſſment, that he cried out, "What, madam! is it poſſible?"—The wife of Dauband did not ſuffer him to proceed farther; ſhe roſe up, and taking him aſide, confeſſed who ſhe was, requeſted him to obſerve the moſt inviolable ſecrecy, to quit her at that time, and to call upon her at her lodgings, where ſhe would inform him of every particular reſpecting her ſituation.

The Marſhal went, according to appointment, the following morning. The Princeſs related her adventures, and did not fail to inform the Marſhal, what part his mother the Counteſs of Coniſmark, had in them. She at the ſame time entreated him not to reveal any part to the King, until ſhe had concluded a negociation then begun, and which would be finiſhed in the courſe of three months. The Marſhal promiſed to be ſilent, and from time to time viſited her and her huſband privately.

The period mentioned was nearly expired, when the Marſhal, going one morning to pay his viſit to her as uſual, was informed that ſhe had departed a few days before with her huſband, who had been appointed to a Majority, in the iſland of Bourbon.

The Marſhal immediately waited upon the King, to acquaint him with every thing that he knew reſpecting the Princeſs. The King ſent for the Miniſter of the Marine *, and without letting him know the reaſon, ordered him to write to the Governor of the iſland of Bourbon, to treat Mr. Dauband with the greateſt attention and reſpect. His Majeſty at the ſame time diſpatched a letter to the Queen of Hungary, with whom the French were at war, and informed her of the ſituation of her aunt.

The Queen thanked Lewis XV. and ſent him a letter addreſſed to the Princeſs, in which ſhe invited her to come and reſide near her, but upon this condition, that ſhe ſhould quit her huſband and daughter, of whom the King would take care. The Princeſs refuſed to accede to this propoſal, and ſhe remained with her huſband till the year 1747, at which time he died. Her daughter having died alſo, the Princeſs, who had nothing longer to detain her, returned to Paris, and lodged at the Hotel du Perou. Her deſign was to retire to a convent; but the Queen of Hungary offered her a penſion of twenty thouſand florins if ſhe would take up her reſidence at Bruſſels. The writer of this account informs us, that he is ignorant whether ſhe went thither or not; but about the year

* Mr. de Machault, as the author of this relation ſuppoſes.

1766,

1766, ſhe lived at Vitri, a league from Paris, in a very retired ſituation, with three domeſtics, one of whom was a negro. She was there known by the name of Madam de Moldac. It is not known who Mr. Moldac was, nor at what time ſhe married him; but in the year 1768, ſhe was a widow, and appeared often on the public walks.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE PELEW ISLANDS, *ſituated in the weſtern Part of the Pacific Ocean; compoſed from the Journals and Communications of Capt. Henry Wilſon and ſome of his officers, who, in Auguſt*, 1783, *were there ſhipwrecked, in the Antelope, a Packet belonging to the Hon. Eaſt India Company.* By George Keate, Eſq. F. R. S. and S. A. 4to. 1l. 1s.

NOTHING can be more intereſting to man than the hiſtory of his own ſpecies; and particularly that branch of it, which delineates the manners and cuſtoms of a people who have had little or no intercourſe with the reſt of the world. In all civilized nations, the modes of life appear to be nearly the ſame; but in countries where arts and ſciences, and the various refinements of ſociety are unknown, the diſparity is ſtriking and ſingular; ſome are found in a ſtate of wretchedneſs and barbariſm, from which humanity would gladly turn aſide; whilſt others, by the mere efforts of unaſſiſted reaſon, have emerged from this gloomy ſituation, and rendered themſelves amiable, intereſting and reſpectable.

Among this claſs we may reckon the inhabitants of the Pelew iſlands, who are the ſubject of the preſent narrative. Theſe are a race of people, ingenious, honeſt and hoſpitable, who realize the ages of ſimplicity and innocence, and with no other guide or inſtructor than their own natural good ſenſe, practiſe the moſt ſublime virtues. Happy iſlanders! long may you remain unknowing and unknown; you are ignorant of the artificial wants, and elegant accommodations, of poliſhed life; but you are alſo ignorant of the miſeries and evils which attend them: and ſhould we, by attempting to inform you, deſtroy your happineſs, and the native urbanity of your hearts, we have nothing equivalent to recompence you for the loſs.

The iſlands in queſtion lie between the latitudes of 5 and 7 N. and the longitudes 134 and 136 E. They were probably firſt noticed by ſome of the Spaniards of the Phillipines, who called them the Palos Iſlands, on account of the tall palm trees, which grow there in abundance, having the appearance of the maſts of ſhips; the word Palos, in the Spaniſh language, nautically applied, denoting a maſt. But, from the obſervations, and great aſtoniſhment of the natives on ſeeing white people, it appears beyond a doubt that the crew of the Antelope were the firſt Europeans who had ever landed on theſe iſlands; and it is ſolely to the humane character of their inhabitants that we owe the ſafe return of our countrymen, who were wrecked on their coaſt in their homeward-bound paſſage from Macao.

Paſſing over other incidents of little importance, we ſhall only obſerve, that their intercourſe with this people was facilitated by means which appear as ſingular as they were providential. Captain Wilſon had a ſervant recommended to him at Macao, who ſpoke both the Malay and Engliſh languages perfectly well; and they had not been long at Pelew before they had the good fortune to meet with a Malay, who had been thrown by a tempeſt upon this very ſpot, about a year before, and had made him-

himſelf acquainted with the language of the country; ſo that by this extraordinary event, each party had an interpreter, who could readily explain their wants and deſires, and by that means prevent a number of miſconceptions which might have ariſen from making uſe of ſigns and geſtures only.

The natives are all of a deep copper colour, going perfectly naked. They are of a middling ſtature, very ſtraight, muſcular, and well formed; but their legs, from a little above their ancles to the middle of their thighs, are tatood ſo very thick, as to appear dyed of a far deeper colour than the reſt of their ſkin. Their hair is of a fine black, long, and rolled up behind, in a ſimple manner, cloſe to the back of their heads, which appeared both neat and becoming; but few of them had beards, it being the general cuſtom to pluck them out by the roots.

They began by ſtroking the bodies and arms of the Engliſh, or rather their waiſtcoats and coat ſleeves, as if they doubted whether the garment and the man were not of the ſame ſubſtance; and as the Malay explained the circumſtance to them, our people were greatly ſurpriſed at the quickneſs with which they ſeemed to comprehend every information he gave them. The next thing they noticed, was our people's white hands, and the blue veins of their wriſts; the former of which they ſeemed to conſider as artificial, and the other as the Engliſh manner of tatooing. After being ſatisfied in this particular they expreſſed a further wiſh to ſee their bodies, and, among other things were greatly ſurpriſed at finding hair on their breaſts, it being conſidered by them as a great mark of indelicacy, as it is their cuſtom to eradicate it from every part of the body in both ſexes.

They afterwards walked about teſtifying great curioſity at every thing they ſaw, but at the ſame time expreſſing a fear that they might be thought too intruding. As our people were conducting them to the tents, one of the natives picked up a bullet, which had been caſually dropped on the ground, and immediately expreſſed his ſurprize, that a ſubſtance ſo ſmall to the eye, ſhould be ſo very ponderous to the touch; and on their entering the tent, a large Newfoundland dog, and a ſpaniel which had been tied up there to prevent their being loſt, ſet up a moſt violent barking, and the natives a noiſe but little leſs loud, which at firſt, it was not eaſy to account for. They ran in and out of the tent, and ſeemed to wiſh that they might be made to bark again. This the Malay ſoon explained to be the effect of their joy and ſurpriſe, as theſe were the firſt large animals they had ever ſeen, there being no quadrupeds of any ſpecies on theſe iſlands, except a very few grey rats in the woods.

After ſome time, it was agreed on by Captain Wilſon and his people, that ſome of the crew ſhould be ſent to the king of the place, in order to ſolicit his friendſhip, and intreat his permiſſion to build a veſſel that might carry them back to their own country. This buſineſs was allotted to the Captain's brother: and during his abſence, Raa Kook, the king's brother, and ſeveral of the natives remained with our people. This amiable chief, ſeemed to place an entire confidence in thoſe he was among; he endeavoured to accommodate himſelf to their manners; would ſit at table as they did, inſtead of ſquatting on his hams, and enquired particularly into the principles and cauſes of every thing he obſerved about him, lending his perſonal aſſiſtance in all that was going forward, and even deſiring the cook to let him aid him in blowing the fire.

In order to conciliate their affections, Captain Wilſon had preſented Arra Kooker, another of the king's brothers, with a pair of trowſers, but having conceived a greater paſſion for a white ſhirt, one was immediately given him, which he had no ſooner put on, than he began to dance and jump about with ſo much joy that every body was diverted by his ſingular geſtures, and the contraſt which the linen formed with his ſkin. This prince was about forty, of a ſhort ſtature, but ſo plump and fat, that he was nearly as broad as he was long. Hs poſſeſſed an abundant ſhare of good humour, and a wonderful turn for mimickry, and had beſides, a countenance ſo lively and expreſſive, that though our people, at this time, were ſtrangers to almoſt all he ſaid, yet his face and geſtures made them accurately comprehend whatever he was deſcribing.

After three or four days, Abba Thulle, the king, arrived with a great retinue. He was received with every mark of reſpect by the ſhip's company, who were exerciſed before him, and fired three vollies in different poſitions. The ſurprize of the natives, their hooting, hallooing, jumping and chattering, produced a noiſe almoſt equal to the diſcharge of the muſkets; and when one of the men ſhot a bird, which was done to diſplay the effect of their arms, the ſurpriſe it occaſioned was wonderful. Some of the natives ran for it, and carried it to the king, who examined it with great attention, but was unable to comprehend how it could be wounded, not having ſeen any thing paſs out of the gun.

Raa Kook expreſſed great impatience to ſhew the king whatever had impreſſed his own mind, and taking his brother by the hand, led him to a grind ſtone which was fixed behind one of the tents. He immediately put it in motion, as he had frequently done before, at the rapidity of which the king was greatly aſtoniſhed, particularly when he was informed that it would ſharpen iron. Captain Wilſon ordered a hatchet to be brought and ground, that they might more readily perceive its operation, when Raa Kook eagerly ſeized the handle, and began turning it, appearing highly delighted to let his brother ſee how well he underſtood it. The whole appeared like ſomething ſupernatural; but the circumſtance which moſt bewildered their ideas, was how the ſparks of fire could come, and how a ſtone, ſo well wetted, could become ſo ſoon dry.

The king then viſited the different tents, and enquired about every thing he ſaw; all was novelty, and of courſe intereſted his attention. When he got to the tent where the Chineſe men were, who had been brought with them from Macao, Raa Kook, whoſe retentive mind never loſt a ſingle trace of any thing he had been informed of, acquainted the king that theſe were a people quite different from the Engliſh, and that he had learnt there were many other nations beſides theſe interſperſed through the world, ſome of which fought with guns, and others with boarding-pikes, an inſtrument which he held very cheap in compariſon with the former.

When the king heard his brother diſcourſing about a variety of nations, who all ſpoke differently, and had before him the example of the Chineſe, whoſe language was not the ſame with the Engliſh, he appeared inſtantly thoughtful and ſerious, as if ſtruck by conceptions which had never before croſſed his mind. He remained awhile penſive and bewildered; and this circumſtance impreſſed on every one, at the time, an idea that there was every reaſon to imagine, that there had never been a communication between thoſe people and any other nation.

Raa

Raa Kook would now ſhew his brother the kitchen, which was in the hollow of a rock, a little above the cove. It was at the time when the cook was preparing dinner; and though the implements were exceedingly ſcanty, an iron pot, a tea kettle, a tin ſaucepan, with a poker, a pair of tongs, and a frying pan, were here of ſufficient conſequence to excite admiration; nor were the bellows now forgotten by Raa Kook, who taking them up, as he explained their uſe to the king, ſeemed ambitious to let his brother ſee what an adept he was at blowing. The little bald cook, who was always cloſe ſhaven, and never wore any thing on his head, was likewiſe pointed out to the king, as an object of merriment and curioſity.

Sometime after this the king requeſted five of Captain Wilſon's men, to attend him in a war he was going to make againſt the inhabitants of a neighbouring iſland called Oroolong, who, as he ſaid, had done him an injury. But before this requeſt was made known, he had long ſtruggled with a delicacy of ſentiment which no one would have expected to find in regions ſo disjoined from the reſt of mankind. This was no other than that it might prove a temporary inconvenience to the unfortunate ſtrangers who had ſought his protection, and might be conſidered by them as an ungenerous proceeding. It was, however, no ſooner made known, than Captain Wilſon inſtantly complied, and every face, which had before been clouded with doubt and apprehenſion, became immediately brightened and gay. (To be continued.)

## *The Hiſtory of* Tarempou *and* Serinda; *extracted from a Manuſcript in the* Perſian *Language.*

IT was on the banks of the ſonorous river Tſampu, whoſe thundering cataracts refreſh the burning ſoil, and ſometimes ſhake the mighty mountains which divide Thibet from the empire of the Mogul, there lived a wealthy and revered Lama, whoſe lands were tributary to the Supreme Lama, or Sacerdotal Emperor, who governs all the land from China to the pathleſs deſert of Cobi: but although his flocks and herds were ſcattered over an hundred hills, and the number of his ſlaves exceeded the breathings of man's life, yet was he chiefly known throughout all the Eaſt, as *the father of Serinda.* It was the beauty, the virtue, the accompliſhments of Serinda, which gave him all his fame, and all his happineſs; for Lama Zarin conſidered the advantages which birth and wealth and power conferred, as trifling when compared to that of being *father to Serinda.* All the anxiety he ever felt proceeded from the thoughts relating to her welfare, when he could no longer guard the innocence of *her*, whom he expected ſoon to quit for ever. A dreadful malady, which had long ſeized him at a ſtated hour each day, he found was gaining on him, and threatened, in ſpite of all the arts of medicines, to put a ſpeedy period to his exiſtence.

One day after a fit, which attacked him with more violence than uſual, he ſent for the fair Serinda, and gently beckoning her to approach his couch, he addreſſed her in theſe words: ——

'Daugher of my hopes and fears! 'Heaven grant that thou mayeſt ſmile 'for ever! Yet while my ſoul con-'feſſes its delight in gazing on thee, 'attend to the foreboding melancholy 'dictates of a dying father's ſpirit: 'my Serinda, whoſe breath refreſhes 'like the roſe, and whoſe purity 'ſhould, like the jeſſamine, diffuſe vo-'luptuous ſatisfaction all around 'her, diſturbs the peace of her dejec-'ted father, embittering all the com-'forts of his life, and making his ap-'proach to death more terrible.' At

these words, Serinda, unconscious of offence, and doubting what she heard, fell on her knees, and urged her father to explain his meaning; while he, gently raising her, proceeded thus, 'The Angel of Death, who admonishes and warns the faithful in the hour of sickness 'ere he strikes the fatal blow, has summoned me to join thy holy mother, who died when she gave birth to my Serinda; yet let me not depart to the unknown and fearful Land of Death, and leave my daughter unprotected. Oh! my Serinda, speak! Hast thou ever seriously reflected on the danger to which thy orphan state must soon be subject? surrounded as thou then wilt be with suitor Lamas, of various dispositions and pretensions; some with mercenary cunning wooing thy possessions through thy person; others haughtily demanding both, and threatning a helpless heiress with their powerful love:' he then reminded her that he had from time to time presented her with portraits of the several Princes or Lamas, who had solicited an union with his house, and which they had sent according to the custom of Thibet, where the sexes can never see each other till they are married; he also repeated what he had already given her in writing, an epitome of their characters, their good and evil qualities, their ages, their possessions, and their rank in the Priesthood of the Lama; and concluded by saying, 'Tell me then, my Serinda, which of all these mighty Princes can claim a preference in the soul of my beloved daughter?' Serinda blushed and sighed, but answered not.—Lama Zarin desired that she would withdraw to consult the paper he had given her, to compare it with the several portraits, and determine before his next day's fit returned, which might be most deserving of her love. At the word *love*, Serinda blushed again, but knew not why,—her father saw the crimson on her cheek, but said it was the timid flushing of a virgin's modesty, and urged her to withdraw, and to be quick in her decision; Serinda, with innocence replied, 'My father knows that he is himself the only man I ever saw, and I think the only being I can ever love, at least my love will ever be confined to those objects which delight or benefit my father, whether they be men or beasts. I love this favourite dog, which my father so frequently caresses; I loved the favourite horse on which my father rode, till by a fall he put his master's life in danger, then I hated him; but when the tyger had seized my father on the ground, and he was delivered by his trusty slave, I loved Tarempou; and since my father daily acknowledges that he saved his life, I love Tarempou still.' The father heard her artless confession, and told her that Tarempou was no Lama; 'but,' said she, 'which of all those Lamas who now demand my love, has made an interest in my heart by services to my father, like the slave Tarempou? And yet I have not seen his person or his picture, nor know I whether he be old or young; but he has saved my father's life, and is a favourite of my father, therefore it is my duty sure to love, and I will love Tarempou.' The old Lama smiling, gently rebuked his daughter for the freedom of her expression, and desired her to withdraw, after he had explained to her, that love was impious, according to the laws of Thibet, betwixt any of the race of Lamas and their slaves. Serinda left her father, and as she stroked his favourite dog which lay at the door of his apartment, a tear trembled in her eye, lest she might be guilty of impiety.

And now the slave Tarempou, who for his services had been advanced from

from Chief of the Shepherds, to be Chief of the Houſhold, had an audience of his maſter; and obſerving him unuſually dejected, declared that he had himſelf acquired ſome knowledge in medicine, and humbly begged permiſſion to try his ſkill where every other attempt had proved unſucceſsful. The Lama heard his propoſal with a mixture of pleaſure and contempt; or, as 'tis expreſſed in the original, 'his eyes flaſhed joy, his 'brow looked forgiveneſs, but con-'tempt and incredulity ſmiled upon 'his lips, while his tongue anſwered 'the faithful Tarempou, in gratitude 'and doubt.' The ſlave replied, 'May 'Lama Zarin live for ever! I boaſt 'no ſecret antidote, no myſtic charm 'to work a ſudden miracle, but I 'have been taught in Europe the 'gradual effects of alterative medi-'cines; 'tis from theſe alone that I 'expect to gain in time by perſeve-'rance, a compleat victory over the 'diſeaſe; and if in ſeven days time 'the ſmalleſt change encourage me to 'perſevere, I will then boldly look 'forward, and either die or conquer.' The Prince aſſented; and from that day became the patient of Tarempou, whoſe ſituation, both as Chief in the houſe, and as Phyſician, gave him a right to be at all times in the Lama's preſence, ſave when Serinda paid her daily viſit to her father, and then he had notice to withdraw.

The firſt week had not elapſed before the Lama was convinced that his diſeaſe gave way to the medicines of his favourite: the fits returned indeed, but they attacked him with leſs violence, and were of ſhorter duration. In proportion as Tarempou became leſs neceſſary as a phyſician, his company became more deſirable as a friend; he poſſeſſed a lively imagination, and had improved his natural good underſtanding by travel in diſtant countries: thus his converſation often turned on ſubjects which were quite new to the delighted Lama; they talked of laws, religion, and cuſtoms of foreign kingdoms, comparing them with thoſe of Thibet; and by degrees the ſlave became the friend, and almoſt equal of his maſter; amongſt other topics of diſcourſe, the Lama would often tell of the virtues and endowments of his beloved daughter, while Tarempou liſtened with delight, and felt an intereſt in the ſubject which he was at a loſs himſelf to comprehend. On the other hand, in the converſation of the Lama with Serinda, he could talk of nothing but the ſkill and wiſdom of Tarempou, wondering at ſuch various knowledge in ſo young a man.

It happened one day when he had been repeating to his daughter the account Tarempou gave of European manners, that Serinda bluſhed and ſighed; her father aſked the cauſe, when ſhe ingenuouſly confeſſed, that he had ſo often mentioned this young ſlave, that ſhe could think of nothing elſe by day or night; and that in her dreams ſhe ſaw him, and thought he was a Lama worthy of her love: then turning to her father with artleſs innocence, ſhe ſaid, 'Oh Lama, tell me! can my *ſleep* be impious?' Her father ſaw her with emotion, and told her ſhe muſt think of him no more. 'I will endeavour to obey,' ſhe ſaid, 'but I ſhall dream, and ſleep will 'impiouſly reſtore my baniſhed wak-'ing thoughts.' The Lama dreading the flame he had himſelf kindled in his daughter's boſom, endeavoured to check her riſing paſſion, and reſolved, thenceforth, never again to tell her of the ſlave Tarempou; but now it was too late, love of the pureſt kind had taken full poſſeſſion of the virgin's heart, and while ſhe ſtruggled to obey her father, the fierce contention betwixt this unknown gueſt, and the dread of being impious, preyed upon her health, till feveriſh days and ſleep-

leſs nights at length expoſed her life to danger.

It was impoſſible for Lama Zarin to conceal from Tarempou (whom we will now no longer call his ſlave, but his faithful friend) the ſickneſs of Serinda; and while he confeſſed his alarm for his fair daughter's ſafety, he plainly ſaw that he too often deſcribed that daughter to his favourite: he ſaw what it was impoſſible for Tarempou to conceal, that he had been the fatal cauſe of mutual paſſion to two lovers who had never ſeen, and but for him could never have heard of each others amiable qualities. Thus ſituated, (even if the laws of Thibet had permitted the viſit of a male phyſician) prudence would have forbid his employing the only ſkill in which he now had confidence; but Serinda, whoſe diſeaſe was occaſionally attended with delirium, would only call upon the name of Tarempou, often repeating, 'he ſaved my father, and 'it is he alone can ſave the lingering 'Serinda.'

Overcome by the intreaties of his loveſick daughter, the afflicted father, in an agony of grief, curſed the cruel laws of Thibet, and told her, 'ſhe 'ſhould ſee Tarempou.' Serinda heard with extacy, and knowing that what a Lama promiſes muſt ever be performed, the words became a balſam to the wounds of love: but the Lama had not fixed the time when his ſacred promiſe ſhould be fulfilled: nor would he, till he had withdrawn and weighed the conſequence of what had fallen from his lips. The oftener he revolved the ſubject in his thoughts, the leſs appeared the difficulties; and having, by his converſations with Tarempou, raiſed his mind above the ſlaviſh prejudices and cuſtoms of his country; he at length reſolved to overcome all ſcruples and to give his beloved daughter to the only man whom he thought worthy of her.

Full of the idea of their future happineſs, he determined to obtain all that remained neceſſary for its completion, which was, the ſanction of that higher power to which all the Lamas of Thibet are ſubject: he inſtantly diſpatched meſſengers to the Great Lama, who reſides at Tonker, with whom his influence was ſo great, that he had no doubt he ſhould obtain whatever he might aſk, although unprecedented in the laws of Thibet; laws which forbid the holy race of Lamas to intermarry with any but of their own Sacred Order. And now unable to ſuppreſs the joy he felt in communicating to the lovers, that plan of future bliſs which he had formed, he raiſed Tarempou to a pitch of hope which neither his love nor his ambition had ever dared to cheriſh: and to Serinda he promiſed, that the ſight of her phyſician and her lover ſhould only be deferred one week, or till the meſſenger returned from the Great Lama at Tonker.

[To be concluded in our next.]

## *On the* PRESERVATION *of the* HEALTH *of* PERSONS *employed in* AGRICULTURE.

(Continued from page 561.)

### *Directions relative to the Preſervation and Cure of Diſorders incident to Perſons employed in Agriculture.*

AFTER the above enumeration of complaints to which perſons thus employed are liable, it is proper I ſhould offer ſomething on the ſubject of their cure or relief. This I ſhall conſider in two views; the firſt as to what regards the prevention of diſorders, and the ſecond as to what regards their cure.

Perſons that work in huſbandry are neceſſarily expoſed to the weather in both its extremes of temperature. The ill effects therefore of both, it be-

behoves us to counteract. Cold in this climate is moſt neceſſary to be attended to, as its operation is of longeſt duration; ſeveral months in the year often requiring us to be on our guard againſt cold, while exceſſive heat ſcarcely laſts more than a few days. Warmth of clothing is the only method, exerciſe excepted, by which thoſe who ſpend their life in the open air can guard againſt cold, and nothing is more neceſſary for ſuch perſons as are the ſubjects of the preſent conſideration, than a proper regard to this article.

The woollen cloths of our own country are perfectly well adapted for theſe purpoſes, being warm without being too heavy, reſiſting moiſture in a good meaſure, and even when wetted being leſs cold to the touch that any other ſubſtance. It appears to me that ſome of the coarſer and looſer woven fabricks are preferable, both in point of warmth and lightneſs, to thoſe of a more even ſurface, and alſo give more reſiſtance to the penetration of moiſture.

Every perſon who employs men under him in buſineſs of this nature, ought to be careful, in point of intereſt as well as humanity, that his ſervants have clothing ſufficient for the ſeaſon of the year; otherwiſe he may expect a proportionable diminution in the labour he expects to be performed, and the loſs of many valuable opportunities, eſpecially in precarious weather and ſeaſons.

The ſame arguments are applicable to thoſe who have the care of the pariſh poor, whom it would be far more œconomical as well as humane to preſerve in a good ſtate of health, than to ſuffer them to become victims of diſeaſes which might be prevented. This caution refers particularly to the youth, who, by being neglected at that time of life, often continue burdens on thoſe perſons, whoſe expences (had the children's health been duly attended to) they might have contributed to diminiſh.

Friction, properly applied, might prove an excellent preſervative againſt, and even a remedy for many of the bad effects of cold. Would perſons chilled with the ſeverity of the weather, rub their bare limbs with woollen cloths for a conſiderable time after they return home, it would produce a more equable and genial warmth, and contribute more to ſupport the powers of life, than any artificial heat whatſoever. The ſame operation would probably prevent many of thoſe painful and refractory ſores called chilblains, which are ſo apt to affect the extremities, eſpecially in young people. Should any perſons in extreme froſt have their limbs or any part of the body actually frozen, the utmoſt caution muſt be had, not to bring them near to any fire. The ſafeſt method is ſaid to be, to rub the part frozen firſt with ſnow, and to continue the friction till ſome degree of warmth begins to appear, but not to ſuffer the acceſs of any heat of a fire, till the warmth from friction takes place. Even then, the part frozen ſhould not be ſuddenly expoſed to the heat of a fire, but rather be continued to be rubbed till the natural ſenſation and heat are perfectly reſtored. If the part frozen be expoſed to the heat of a fire while in the frozen ſtate, it will undoubtedly mortify.

It ſeldom happens, that the cold is ſo intenſe in this country, as to deſtroy thoſe expoſed to its influence by its direct and immediate operation; yet as great degrees of it now and then take place, it may be proper to caution thoſe who may be in a ſituation that expoſes them for any conſiderable time together to violent cold, to be cautious how they ſuffer any propenſity to ſleep, or drowſineſs, to ſteal upon them. A tendency to ſleep in a perſon who is in ſuch a

ſtate,

ſtate, is a certain ſign that the cold begins to gain ground on the powers of life, and ſhould therefore excite the ſtrongeſt efforts to reſiſt it. This may be a difficult taſk, but is neceſſary, as life entirely depends upon it.

*Heat*, though leſs frequently an object of our care in this reſpect than cold, nevertheleſs demands our attention. Though ſeldom of long duration, the heat is ſometimes exceſſive. I have ſeen it in the ſhade, and in a ſituation expoſed to no reflected heat, raiſe the thermometer to 87 degrees. Such heats, and even conſiderably leſs, are too great for laborious work even in the ſhade, and muſt be ſtill more injurious to thoſe who are expoſed to the ſun's rays, which is of neceſſity the caſe with thoſe who work in the harveſt.

In ſuch extremities of temperature, it ſhould not be expected, or even permitted, that the unthinking labourer, who has ſcarcely any views beyond the preſent moment, ſhould expoſe himſelf to ſuch hazard. Œconomy, as well as humanity, pleads loudly in behalf of ſuch indulgence.

Inferior, yet ſtill conſiderable degrees of heat, although they need not preclude work in the open air, ſtill have need of ſome cautions reſpecting them. It is not uncommon to obſerve a degree of impatient anxiety which accompanies ſome people in every action of life. This prevails among the lower as well as higher ranks of mankind, and often proves a ſource of fatigue and toil, without expediting labour. Calmneſs and compoſure are neceſſary to the corporeal as well as the mental operations, and tend greatly to prevent the bad effects of exceſs of ſtimulus of any kind.

As the head is the part principally expoſed to the action of the ſolar rays, it is particularly neceſſary to uſe ſome defence for that part. Hats are uſed for this purpoſe, but the black colour of which they are generally made, cauſes them to abſorb the heat, and of conſequence to accumulate it in the very part on which we ſhould leaſt deſire it to fall. Hats for working people in hot weather ſhould be made of ſtraw, or ſome light ſubſtance of a white or pale colour, and with brims ſufficiently wide to ſhelter both the head and ſhoulders from the ſcorching beams of the ſun. Even a piece of white paper covering a hat, is no contemptible defence againſt ſolar heat.—The eyes ſhould likewiſe be conſidered, which expoſure to ſtrong light is ſo apt to injure. This ſhould be guarded againſt by the brim of the hat being made of a ſufficient breadth to ſhade the eyes, and the inſide ſhould alſo be tinged of either a green or blue colour, but by no means either black or a very light hue.

I have before mentioned the bad effects of cold applied in any way to the body when violently heated. This ſhould ſerve as a ſufficient caution againſt ſuch imprudencies. It may be uſeful to add, that as it may be neceſſary to drink frequently, it prevents much of the bad effects of cold liquor, to eat ſomething ſolid immediately before any liquid be taken. A few morſels may be ſufficient, and the efficacy of the precaution is well known.

The miſchievous conſequences of cold liquors, drank in ſuch caſes, are much aggravated when they are, as is too common, ſwilled down in enormous draughts. Would thirſty people but have a little patience, and drink ſmall quantities at a time, with proper intervals, as of a few minutes, the uneaſy ſenſation would be more effectually removed, and that without any danger to health.

Another caution highly neceſſary for ſuch perſons is, to put on their clothes immediately on their leaving off work, and to do this without any regard to the warmth of the weather.

No-

Nothing can be more hazardous than for a perſon who is heated with labour, and in a ſtrong perſpiration, to remain expoſed to the wind. The exhalation both from the body and the wet linen, produces a ſudden and conſiderable degree of cold, which is not merely tranſient, but continues as long as the moiſture is ſuffered to exhale freely into the open air.

I have before remarked the hazard of labouring perſons ſleeping on the ground during the intervals of their work. This is improper at all times, but particularly dangerous if the ground be any wiſe moiſt. Indeed I am opinion that ſleep had better be avoided altogether at ſuch times; as ſuch ſlumbers produce but little refreſhment, and expoſe the health to unneceſſary riſque. The body would be ſufficiently reſted by the ceſſation of labour, and early hours in the evening would afford a ſufficient portion of time to be ſpent in ſleep.

*Moiſture* is equally neceſſary to be conſidered in this place, with reſpect to its effects on the health, as *heat* and *cold*. This, I have before obſerved, cannot be always avoided, but the bad effects it ſometimes produces may generally be obviated. If thoſe who are wet with ſhowers, would be careful to continue their motion and labour while they remain in the open air, and to change their clothes on their return home, many of the bad conſequences of wet clothes would be prevented. Friction on ſuch occaſions might be an excellent preſervative againſt the bad effects of cold and moiſture: were the body and extremities that have been ſo expoſed, rubbed ſtrongly for a quarter of an hour with a coarſe woollen or linen cloth, immediately on the wet clothes being ſtripped off, it is probable few bad conſequences would follow from the accident.

It is indeed extraordinary that this ſhould not be oftener practiſed in ſuch circumſtances than it is. Every labouring man knows the neceſſity of rubbing horſes that have been wet and dirty, and this not only for the purpoſe of cleanſing away the filth, but alſo for that of preſerving a due perſpiration and regular warmth on the ſurface of the body. Bathing the feet in warm weather would alſo be an uſeful precaution on ſuch occaſions, eſpecially to thoſe who are ſubject to purging and other diſorders of the bowels.

Labouring men are ſometimes expoſed to moiſture of a leſs innocent kind than ſuch as falls from the clouds. Draining marſhy ground is a neceſſary buſineſs, and, as I have before ſaid, expoſes the workmen to hazard from the nature of the moiſture, as well as from ſimple humidity. The intermittent fever is the principal, though not the only complaint, work of this kind is liable to bring on, and muſt be particularly guarded againſt. It therefore ſeems proper that ſuch kind of work ſhould, if poſſible, be performed in the ſpring, or early in the ſummer, in which ſeaſons theſe diſorders are not ſo likely to happen as when the autumn is advanced. And thoſe who work in this way ſhould be ſufficiently clothed, and be very cautious to avoid ſudden tranſition from heat to cold.

(To be continued.)

## CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

IN 1747, a man was broke alive on the wheel, at Orleans, for a highway robbery, and not having friends to take care of his body, when the executioner concluded he was dead, he gave him to a ſurgeon, who had him carried to his anatomical theatre, as a ſubject to lecture on. The thighs, legs, and arms, of this unhappy wretch, had been broken; yet on the ſurgeon's coming to examine

amine him, he found life reviving, and by the application of proper cordials, he was ſoon brought to his ſpeech.

The ſurgeon and his pupils, moved by the ſufferings and ſolicitations of the robber, determined on attempting his cure, but he was ſo mangled, that his two thighs and one of his arms were amputated. Notwithſtanding this mutilation, and loſs of blood, he recovered, and in this ſituation the ſurgeon, by his own deſire, had him conveyed in a cart fifty leagues from Orleans, where as he ſaid, he intended to gain his livelihood by begging.

His ſituation was on the road ſide, cloſe by a wood, and his deplorable condition excited compaſſion from all who ſaw him. In his youth he had ſerved in the army, and he now paſſed for a ſoldier, who had loſt his limbs by a cannon ſhot.

A drover returning from market, where he had been ſelling cattle, was ſolicited by the robber for charity, and being moved by compaſſion, threw him a piece of ſilver.—— "Alas!" ſaid the robber, "I cannot "reach it—you ſee I have neither "arms nor legs," (for he had concealed his arm, which had been preſerved, behind his back) "ſo, for "the ſake of Heaven, put your chari- "table donation into my pouch!"

The drover approached him, and as he ſtooped to reach up the money, the ſun being ſhining, he ſaw a ſhadow on the ground which cauſed him to look up, when he perceived the arm of the beggar elevated over his head, and his arm graſping a ſhort iron bar. He arreſted the blow in its deſcent, and ſeizing the robber carried him to his cart, into which having thrown him, he drove off to the next town, which was very near, and brought his priſoner before a magiſtrate.

On ſearching him a whiſtle was found in his pocket, which naturally induced a ſuſpicion that he had accomplices in the wood; the magiſtrate, therefore, inſtantly ordered a guard to the place where the robber had been ſeized, and they arrived within half an hour after the murder of the drover had been attempted.

The guard having concealed themſelves behind different trees, the whiſtle was blown, the ſound of which was remarkably ſhrill and loud; and another whiſtle was heard from under ground, three men at the ſame inſtant riſing from the midſt of a buſhy clump of brambles, and other dwarf ſhrubs. The buſhes were ſearched, and a deſcent diſcovered into a cave. Here were found three young girls and a boy. The girls were kept for the offices of ſervants and the purpoſes of luſt; the boy, ſcarce twelve years of age, was ſon to one of the robbers. The girls, in giving evidence, depoſed, that they had lived near three years in the cave, had been carried there by force from the high road, having never ſeen day light from the time of their captivity; that dead bodies were frequently carried into the cave, ſtripped, and buried; and that the old ſoldier was carried out every dry day, and ſat by the road ſide for two or three hours.

On this evidence the murdering mendicant was condemned to ſuffer a ſecond execution on the wheel. As but one arm remained, it was to be broke by ſeveral ſtrokes, in ſeveral places, and the *coup de grace* being denied, he lived in torture for near five days. When dead, his body was burned to aſhes, and ſtrewed before the winds of Heaven.

## *Account of a Midwife roaſted alive with ſixteen wild Cats.*

IN the year 1673, an eminent midwife in Paris, had, by her great ſkill in her profeſſion, obtained the favours

vours of the greater part of the inhabitants—the genteeler of whom she delivered at their own houses; but for those, whom either inclination, or a worse cause, made it necessary to be secretly delivered, she had provided accommodations at her own house, to which great numbers resorted.

It happened that a gentleman who lived next door to the midwife had observed, that although many pregnant women went to be delivered at her house, yet very few children were brought out, and his suspicions of foul play towards the infants increased daily. He at length consulted with some of his neighbours, who joined him in requesting a warrant from a magistrate to search for some plate, which they pretended to have lost. In order however not to alarm the midwife, they began their sham search, at the distance of nine or ten houses from hers.

When they came however to her abode, she affected the utmost unconcern, desiring the gentlemen not to hurry themselves, but to proceed in their search, with all possible circumspection—they did so—and on their coming to the necessary house, they put down a hook, which they had brought with them on purpose, which brought up the body of a child newly destroyed.——They continued the search, till they had found no less than sixty-two children——some of whom were in a great measure decayed, but many of them appeared to have been deposited in that place within a very few weeks at the most.

The consequence of this was—that the midwife was immediately apprehended, and brought to trial, and condemned on the fullest evidence, besides her own confession. She was sentenced to be executed in the following manner, and she suffered accordingly on the 28th day of May 1673.

"A gibbet was erected, under which a fire was made, and the prisoner being brought to the place of execution, was hung up in a large iron cage, in which were also placed sixteen wild cats, which had been catched in the woods for the purpose.——When the heat of the fire became too great to be endured with patience, the cats flew upon the woman, as the cause of the intense pain they felt.—In about fifteen minutes they had pulled out her entrails, though she continued yet alive, and sensible, imploring, as the greatest favour, an immediate death from the hands of some charitable spectator. No one however dared to afford her the least assistance; and she continued in this wretched situation for the space of thirty-five minutes, and then expired in unspeakable torture.

At the time of her death, twelve of the cats were expired, and the other four were all dead in less than two minutes afterwards."

However cruel this execution may appear with regard to the poor animals, it certainly cannot be thought too severe a punishment for such a monster of iniquity, as could calmly proceed in acquiring a fortune by the deliberate murder of such numbers of unoffending, harmless innocents. And if a method of executing murderers, in a manner somewhat similar to this, was adopted in England, perhaps the horrid crime of murder might not so frequently disgrace the annals of the present times.

The above story is strictly true in every part of it, and as well known in Paris, as those of Mary Blandy, or Sarah Jefferies in England.

*Ludicrous Reflections on Modern Honour, and the prevailing Practice of Duelling.*

I Perceive by the papers, that duels are grown almost as common in

England as ſtreet-robberies. It may be thought inhuman to treat ſuch a ſubject as the ſword and piſtol with levity; yet as mankind are ſooner to be laughed out of their follies, than frightened by ſeverity from perſiſting in them; and as duelling is one of the moſt contemptible follies mankind can be accuſed of, it ſhould only be treated in the ſame manner we would any other faſhionable abſurdity.

But how can any perſon be a man of honour, if he won't fight? Ay, there's the rub—A man of honour! It would, I believe, puzzle Mr. Locke to define a modern man of honour, or a duelliſt.

I remember a ſong in the Opera of Achilles, ſung by Ajax, which I think pretty well characteriſes the fighting man of honour at this day.—Ajax is deſired to hear Ulyſſes, that is, wiſdom, but, Captain Flaſh-like, he wont, not he, but ſings the following catch.

*What is all this idle chat?*
*Words are out of ſeaſon:*
*Whether it was this, or that,*
*The ſword ſhall do me reaſon.*
*Honour calls me to the taſk,*
*No matter for explaining,*
*'Tis a freſh affront to aſk*
*A man of honour's meaning.*

That is the very note of it—'tis an affront to aſk a man of honour's meaning.—Is it, that the preſent race of quack men of honour, have ſo little meaning in what they ſay, or intend to mean ſo little, that it touches them to the quick, and, like a gall'd jade, they wince when you aſk or expect a meaning? and, therefore, as they have nothing elſe for it, they tell you they are men of honour, that you have affronted them by requiring any explanation, and you muſt give them the ſatisfaction of fighting them.

Damme, Sir, ſays Lewis, the highwayman, when he was taken, I'm a man of honour, and deſire to be uſed like a gentleman; after he had, in the moſt raſcally manner, endeavoured to ſhoot an innocent man as he lay on the ground. What then? according to our preſent notions of gentility, he might be a man of honour for all that.

I ſaw a pick-pocket carried to a pond laſt week, and he begged very hard they would not drown him; but, gentlemen (thus he went on), if you pleaſe, I'll duck myſelf, I will *upon my honour*. The mob ſuffered him to walk into the water, and then much to their ſatisfaction, he put his head ſeveral times under the water, and after by that diſcipline, he had given their honours ſatisfaction, he was ſuffered to walk off quietly, the croud *nem. con.* declaring that he had acted like a man of honour.

I heard an earthen-ware woman yeſterday, as I ſtood up while ſome coaches paſſed, thus addreſs a gentlewoman, who was miſtreſs of the chandler's ſhop I ſtood againſt—Upon my honour, Madam, if you but pleaſe to truſt me with the ſix and ninepence, I'll bring you change. But this woman indeed forfeited her honour, ſhe came not back. It was baſe, but where money is put in the oppoſite ſcale, ſeveral female honours have kicked the beam.

There was a club ſome years ago at the Cock and Bottle, Charing Croſs: all the members whereof were men of honour, each having killed his man; and no one could be admitted into this *honourable* ſociety, without having performed the ſame; previous to his being examined for any other qualifications.

A moſt notorious fellow, a houſebreaker, ſtreet-robber, and highwayman, petitioned the club to be admitted as a member; for he had killed his man, having turned evidence, and hanged his companion.

At Naples there was a very particular man of honour, whoſe name was Bandoli. He was the greateſt bravo

bravo of his time; and it was ſaid that he had with his own hand, diſpatched upwards of eighty perſons by aſſaſſination; for that was the profeſſion he got his bread by. He made uſe occaſionally of piſtol, ſword, poniard and ſtilletto; but he ſcorned to poiſon any one he was hired to make away with, alledging, that there was ſomething unmanly in it; that it was not an action any perſon of honour would be guilty of; and that it was as much beneath a bravo to turn poiſoner, as it would be for a regular-bred phyſician to turn quack-doctor.

Two Neapolitan gentlemen quarrelled one evening at an aſſembly, and, according to the *honourable* cuſtom of the times, each ſent ſeparately for Bandoli, and gave him fifty piſtoles a-piece, to make quick work with each other. The laſt man he diſpatched as ſoon as he had paid him, and then returned to the firſt perſon, who, on hearing Bandoli relate how he had ſlaughtered his adverſary, commended the bravo greatly for his dexterity in his buſineſs. Yes, Sir, replied Bandoli, every one who employs me ſhall always find me punctual; for I am a man of honour, Sir; and to convince you I would not forfeit it, the gentleman whom I have juſt ſent home, by your order, gave me fifty piſtoles to make an end of you; now, altho' he is dead, and cannot call me to an account for not doing what he employed me in; yet, Sir, I am ſo much a man of honour, that I ſcorn to be guilty of a breach of promiſe to any gentleman; and immediately thruſt his ſtilletto into the other's breaſt.

To the EDITOR of the ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

*As we are to commemorate, on the 5th of November next, the glorious* REVOLUTION *of* 1688, *(of which the preſent year is the ſecular anniverſary) by a National Thankſgiving to Almighty God.—I have ſent you the following ſtrictures on that glorious Era, hoping they may be agreeable to the readers of your entertaining and uſeful Magazine; and by inſerting them you'll oblige,*

*Sir,*

*Your humble ſervant,*

*Aberdeen, Oct. 3d,* 1788. } T.

*The* REVOLUTION—*one of the moſt illuſtrious and happy Events in Civil Hiſtory.*

THE ſtudy of hiſtory is highly worthy the attention of every rational perſon. It not only furniſhes an extremely agreeable entertainment, but enlarges the mind, and ſuggeſts to it a thouſand uſeful ſentiments and reflections. In a more eſpecial manner the hiſtory of the nation we belong to, whatever that nation is, cannot but be pleaſing, ſtriking, and important. This will, above all, be the caſe, if we have had the happineſs of being born and educated in a land of liberty. For a knowledge of the changes which have taken place in a free ſtate, will be ſingularly beneficial, and tend to regulate our opinion and conduct with reſpect to the moſt weighty affairs. But, in order to draw the proper advantage from our acquaintance with remarkable events, we ſhould not ſatisfy ourſelves with the mere cognizance of them, as facts, but form ſuch a ſurvey of their nature and conſequences, as ſhall lead us to a perception of their real dignity and value.

Our own country will afford many tranſactions which merit particular contemplation, but none of them is more neceſſary to be conſidered than the REVOLUTION. Since on the notions we entertain with relation to it, will depend our general ſentiments on political

ſubjects, and the regard we have for our public conſtitution. I have determined, therefore, to make ſome obſervations on this grand event, not with a deſign to enter into any abſtruſe diſquiſitions, but to ſhew, as conciſely as poſſible, that it was one of the moſt illuſtrious and happy events recorded in civil hiſtory.

This will be apparent when we have reflected on the dangers from which it delivered us—The manner of its being conducted—The eſtabliſhment it gave to our liberties—And the effects which have attended it.

As to the dangers from which the revolution delivered us, perhaps there never was, ſince the reformation, a juncture ſo threatning to the Proteſtant cauſe as the ſtate of things from 1685 to 1689. The King of England was a Papiſt—the Palatinate was come into the poſſeſſion of the Roman Catholick family, the Edict of Nantz was revoked, the Duke of Savoy had done the ſame with regard to the privileges granted by his father to the Vaudois, and that tyrant Lewis XIV. of France, had arrived to the ſummit of his pride, power, and grandeur. With daring inſolence he had broken the ſtricteſt treaties, had trampled on the moſt ſacred obligations, had invaded the territories of his neighbours, had been ſucceſsful in many of his ambitious projects, and had ſtill greater ſchemes in view. In this ſituation of affairs, Europe trembled for her freedom, and for the purity of her religion.

If we turn our eyes to the condition of our country at that time, we ſhall find it was truly deplorable. The character of the reigning prince was compounded of the meanneſs of ſuperſtition, and the madneſs of enthuſiaſm. From education and principle, a determined foe to the rights of mankind, both civil and ſacred, he precipitated into every ſtep which might accompliſh our ruin. No ſooner was he ſeated on the Throne, than he levied the cuſtoms contrary to law. He procured a ſet of of venal judges, cauſed them to aſſert his diſpenſing power, and himſelf openly declared for a ſtanding army. This army, together with the militia, he put, in a great meaſure, into the hands of ſuch as were expreſsly excluded by the conſtitution. He proclaimed an inſidious indulgence to tender conſciences, and imprioned the Biſhops, for remonſtrating againſt the illegal authority on which it was founded. But as it is not my intention to enlarge on his proceedings, let it ſuffice to ſay, that we were threatened with the loſs of that noble plan of government, which had been derived to us from our anceſtors, and obtained thro' a long ſeries of difficulties, ſtruggles, and dangers.

But it was not arbitrary power alone which was coming on us.—Popery likewiſe was advancing in all its deformity and horror. An eccleſiaſtical commiſſion was erected, which partook of the nature and ſpirit of the Inquiſition. Bigotted Papiſts were intruded upon the univerſities. The counties were put into the hands of perſons of the ſame character. A Jeſuit was admitted into the privy council—a Nuncio from the Pope ſolemnly received—and an ambaſſador ſent hence to reconcile the kingdom to the Roman See. Every thing manifeſted the return of thoſe dreadful days, when ignorance, ſuperſtition, bigotry, and perſecution overſhadowed and diſgraced the land. If King James II. had gone on without controul, words would not eaſily be able to expreſs the miſeries into which we ſhould have fallen. What could be more terrible, than to be deprived of the ſecurity, peace, and happineſs which ariſe from our excellent ſyſtem of laws; and to groan under the chains of ſlavery? What could be more terrible than to have the light taken away from us, which leads to heaven, to be debarred the ſacred privilege of worſhiping the ſupreme Being, according to the dictates of conſcience, and to be obliged to ſubmit either to the abſurdities

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and iniquities of Popery, or to ſuffer its moſt barbarous ſeverities? In ſhort, unleſs we ſhould eſteem it deſirable to loſe whatever can be regarded as dear and valuable, unleſs we ſhould eſteem it deſirable to be robbed of the bleſſings which conſtitute our felicity as men, Britons, and Proteſtants, unleſs we would be willing to give up the ſecurity of our properties and lives, the freedom of the mind, and the chriſtian religion itſelf, we muſt acknowledge the Revolution, on account of the calamities from which it delivered us, was one of the moſt illuſtrious and happy events recorded in Civil Hiſtory.

The ſame thing may be aſſerted concerning it, if we conſider the *manner* in which it was effected. This is a circumſtance we cannot reflect on, without peculiar pleaſure. The mighty changes to which kingdoms are liable are uſually attended with fatal deſolations. Even where liberty has been eſtabliſhed, in conſequence of public alterations, yet that liberty has generally been purchaſed at the expence of much devaſtation, and a great effuſion of blood. If we peruſe the tranſactions of ancient and modern times, we ſhall find it was only by the moſt dangerous conflicts, that men were able to ſecure the benefit of a free government; but Revolutions have been more frequently deſtructive, than favourable to liberty. The inſtances of this kind are ſo numerous, that it is painful to think of them. Where are now thoſe boaſted republicks, which we read of with ſo much delight, and make ſuch a diſtinguiſhed figure in the records of paſt ages? Athens, Sparta, and Carthage are no more: and all the violent ſtruggles of Pompey, Cato, and Brutus, while they brought infinite calamities on the Roman commonwealth, were wholly incapable of preſerving it from ruin. But the ſignal event we are ſpeaking of, was conducted with an order and tranquility very ſurpriſing, and which cannot be paralleled. The hearts of mankind concurred in it, even in contradiction to their profeſſed principles, and their former conduct; and it was a moſt happy circumſtance, that King James ſhould be induced to refuſe the offer of aſſiſtance from France. So few lives were loſt in England, that hiſtory ſcarce deigns to take notice of them. There was only one ſmall engagement in Scotland, and the crown was transferred to the heads of our noble deliverers William and Mary, without the riſque or ſlaughter of a ſingle battle. Subſequent, indeed, to this important ſettlement, ſome commotions were raiſed in Ireland, but they were ſoon concluded with victory and glory.

I need not ſurely take any pains to ſhew, that the pacific accompliſhment of ſo mighty and valuable an alteration in the ſtate, was a conſiderable addition to its worth. A Revolution followed by ſuch beneficial conſequences, would have been well gained, if it had been gained by vigorous contention, and the loſs of numerous lives; if it had coſt years of war, and ſome of the beſt blood of the nation; but the peaceful manner in which it was compleated renders the bleſſing doubly delightful and happy.

## *Inſtance of Attachment in a Robin.*

AT the commencement of the winter 1786, a robin for ſeveral mornings perched on a mulberry-tree adjoining the printing-office of Meſſ. Haydons, printers, Plymouth, and ſung in a moſt delightful ſtile. The men of the office opened a window, and the robin flew in, where it ſtaid, ſinging every morning and evening in a very elegant manner, till the ſpring of 1787, when it flew out again, and continued out till December in the ſame year, then appeared on the tree, and hovered round the office for a day or two, and on the people open-

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ing a window, flew in, and continued till March 1788. The men of the office caught it in a trap cage, and marked it under the throat with a black ſtroke, and let it go out. Three weeks ſince the ſame robin perched on the mulberry tree again, and appeared rejoiced at being let into the office, where it now remains ſinging moſt beautifully, accompanied by two or three other robins. It is ſo familiar, that on being called, it will pitch on the caſes where the men are at work, and ſing for a quarter of an hour together.

## INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

THE following is a proof that no fortune, however ample, will ſecure its poſſeſſor from poverty, while the paths of vice and infamy are purſued. A few days ago died in priſon, Charles Anderton, who had been confined for upwards of four years for debt. In the early part of his life he married the daughter of a Weſt India merchant, with whom he received a fortune of twelve thouſand pounds per annum. Although his lady was poſſeſſed of every rational and perſonal attraction that could give felicity to the conjugal ſtate, yet, unfortunately for him and her, he in a ſhort time conceived ſuch an unconquerable averſion to his own home, as to abandon his wife, and reſide at Paris. Here he lived for ſeveral years, immerſed in diſſipation and debauchery, totally unſolicitous about his lady. He kept ſeveral women, on whom he profuſely laviſhed away his fortune. After ſeven years abſence, the dreadful effects of a diſſipated life began ſo far to operate, as to induce him to form a reſolution to return to his native country, and live with his much-injured wife the remainder of his days. With this view he arrived in England, but happening to call at a certain hotel, where he met with a beautiful demi-rep, he was ſo faſcinated with her charms, that in the ardour of his paſſion, he made her the moſt liberal overtures, which ſhe readily accepted. He immediately gave orders for his baggage to be reſhipped, and conveyed his new miſtreſs to the Continent. Having by his perfidy occaſioned the death of his wife, who died of a broken heart, and waſted the whole of his fortune by his extravagant debaucheries, he returned to England, where he contracted debts, which not being able to pay, he was arreſted and ſent to gaol, where he continued in great diſtreſs till the hour of his death.

# Poetry.

## AN ODE FROM CHOOSRO.

By W. K.

I Sought the ſage in ſimples ſkill'd,
And ſighing told him all my pain:
I told him of my ſleepleſs nights,
And begg'd relief in piteous ſtrain.

The practis'd leech my pulſe remark'd,
And all in tender accents ſaid:
"Methinks nought aileth thee but love,
"Then name the captivating maid.

"Speed to the nymph, and paint thy woe,
"Urge how you've lov'd, and lov'd with truth:
"Snatch from her lips a balmy kiſs,—
"So only canſt thou live, fond youth."

I ſought the fair, and mournful cry'd,
"Ah! lovely miſtreſs of my heart!
"Love, like a cancer, gnaws this breaſt,
"I die unleſs you eaſe my ſmart."

With piercing look, the maid reply'd,
"Who

" Who, and whence art thou, plaintive ſwain?
" Like thee, lo! thouſands bleeding lie!
" Lo, too! my way is fill'd with ſlain!"

" I'm one," I cry'd, " who vainly loves;
" A frantic youth who hopeleſs ſighs:
" One whom thy charms have long enſlav'd,
" The wretched victim of thoſe eyes!"

My modeſt flame the nymph approv'd,
And ſmiling cry'd, " Khoſro, be gay!
" Let grief no more thy breaſt corrode,
" Theſe lips thy ſuff'rings ſhall repay."

## A NOSEGAY.

THE violet is modeſty,
For it conceals itſelf;
The roſe is likewiſe modeſty,
Though it reveals itſelf;
For it a bluſh betrays.

The jaſmin ſhows us innocence,
So chaſte and pure its hue;
The hyacinth ſweet diffidence,
Which bends to ſhun our view:
'Tis fancy thus portrays.

The honeyſuckle, ſympathy,
Diſtilling dewy tears,
The paſſion-flower brevity,
Scarce blown it diſappears.

The tulip is variety,
That changes with the hour;
The primroſe is ſimplicity,
And Flora's favourite flower.

Thus in each plant, ſome leſſon we may find,
Which ſerves t'improve while it corrects the mind;
And flowers and weeds are an exhauſtleſs ſtore
Of pleaſure, profit, and intrinſick lore:
In ſhort, each object, to a grateful heart,
However humble, muſt delight impart.

VIOLA.

*To the* EDITORS *of the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIRS,

*If the following lines are thought worthy of a nook in your Magazine, you may inſert them;—they are the real thoughts of a young man far advanced in a Conſumption.*

FAREWELL, ye ſweet and flowry ſcenes,
I take my laſt long leave of you,
Ye purling brooks, ye fertile plains,
With all that's gay, adieu, adieu!
The blooming tree, or leafy bower,
May charm the man of health poſſeſt,
But none of theſe has got the pow'r
To cheer the man with ſickneſs preſt.
Each day my tranſient pleaſures fade,
To me,—can earth give comfort more,
When health, and hopes of life are fled,
And death ſtands knocking at my door.
No more I court the ſportive dance,
No more am fond of mirth and play,
Though theſe could give me pleaſure once,
Their charms alas! are fled away.
Let others tread the flow'ry walk,
Regale themſelves with its perfume,
Forget their cares, in pleaſing talk,
And pull the flowrets in their bloom.
The lone church yard will ſuit me beſt,
Where the long graſs luxuriant grows,
There ſhortly I ſhall ſleep at reſt,

Exempt

Exempt from pain, and all my woes.
Then come, RELIGION, with thy joys,
And cheer my penſive, drooping mind,
Make me forget departed joys,
And give me pleaſures more refin'd.
Paint fair the bliſs beyond the ſkies,
Show death of his dread ſting bereav'd,
Shew me that tho' I fall, I'll riſe,
And tho' once loſt yet now am ſav'd.
*A Pilgrim near his journey's end.*
Aberdeen, 4th Sept. 1788.

## An EATING SONG.

" *Dulce eſt deſipere in loco.*" HOR.
" *Oh what a charming thing's a din-*
" *ner !*"

CHEAR up, Gluttons, fill your bellies,
Gormandize whole pounds of meat;
Never piddle o'er your jellies,
But ſubſtantial viands eat.

Ev'ry waiſtcoat quick unbutton,
See the enemies advance!
Charge the turtle, beef and mutton,
Point the culinary lance.

Brandiſh, boys, your knives and forks all,
As you would in war the ſpear,
Bloat your paunches like a foot-ball,
Eat in greaſe from ear to ear.

Still let us abhor this motto,
" *Pauco veſco*,"—damping words!
But good roaſt beef, piping hot, oh
Spread in plenty o'er our boards!

See the ſirloin richly ſmoking,
Mark the gravy, how it ſprings;
Mal-contents, forbear your croaking,
By the gods, we feaſt like kings.

Come, dexterity exert now,
Deep inciſions make with ſpeed;
Wipe your chops, look quite alert now,
Whilſt on ſuch ſtrong fare we feed.

Lord! how hot the battle rages!
Conqueſt deſolates the plain:
When our appetite aſſuages—
Let us drink,—and eat again.

From the ſtorehouſe,—briſk and mellow,
Quick, the brown October bring;
Through our ſpacious hall we'll bellow,
" Here's a health to GEORGE our King."

Whilſt we're gorging without meaſure,
Hear our greaſy chairman cry,—
" Eating is ſublimeſt pleaſure,
" Whilſt we eat,—we'll never die!"

## *The* HERMIT's EMPIRE.

### A SAPPHIC ODE.

A MONARCH in my ruſtic bower,
O'er whom ev'n fortune has no power,
Can neither raiſe nor ſink me lower,
Move how ſhe will:
An honeſt heart is always gay,
In thoughtful heads ſweet notions play,
That charm alike in buſy day,
And darkneſs ſtill.
I heed not how the world goes round,
Whence titles flow, where wealth is found;
My bliſs is to my boſom bound,
My treaſure there:
Knowledge I ſeek, but not a name;
Something beſtow, yet nothing claim;
Nor envy dread, nor covet fame:
Nor hope, nor fear.
If fair or foul, my mind's at reſt,
By ills, by vapours, undiſtreſs'd,
For conſcious virtue guards my breaſt
From grief or pain:
The joys kind Nature gives I taſte,
Am pleas'd and happy while they laſt,
And ever grateful for the paſt,
Dare hope again.

THE

# ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

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No. XXI.] Thurſday October 23, 1788. [Price 3d.

## THE TRIFLER, No. XXI.

*Thurſday October* 23, 1788.

A LETTER FROM SENEX—FRUGALITY—COMFORT OF RICHES—RICHES HOW ABUSED——DIGRESSION ON FILIAL DUTY——ANECDOTE—REFLECTIONS ON THE SUBJECT——CONCLUSION.

*To the* AUTHOR *of the* TRIFLER.

SIR,

AMONG the good old virtues of our forefathers——and many good old virtues they had, I am ſorry that FRUGALITY has not deſcended to us. They left it, indeed, in their wills, but either the executors neglected to pay this legacy, or the legatees refuſed to accept of it; for I really can find but very little of it in moſt families where I viſit—Yet, Sir, one would think that there can be no great pleaſure in being ſurrounded with duns, and debts and difficulties, or if there be, it appears to me to be a moſt unaccountable pleaſure. Even from mere prudential motives, putting juſtice and good character out of the queſtion for a moment, even I ſay from prudential motives, a man ought not to waſte his ſubſtance in idleneſs—for people in diſtreſs find it very difficult to gain relief, and the moment a rich man decays in wealth, all his *friends* forſake him——And as to good and well-meaning people, they ſurely ought to be frugal, becauſe without frugality they muſt ſoon deprive themſelves of the means of being charitable, which would be a painful ſituation to a feeling heart.

The worſt of it is, Sir, that whichever way we get money, there is but one way of ſpending it—Whether we be Lords or Lairds, common folk, or *gentle* folk, we are as like one another in our expences as any two things can be——and all the difference is, that ſome of us run out our fortunes ſooner than others. Indeed ſome proceed in a very orderly and gradual manner, while others ride poſthaſte into the Gazette—Some too are very ſaving by fits and ſtarts, on purpoſe that they may be very extravagant afterwards, as children in Aberdeen and elſewhere make a *poſe* of their *bawbees* for a week or two be-

fore Greenbirn market, that they may have ſomething to ſpend on that joyful occaſion. Some too I know, who, ſave one half the year with wonderful parſimony, and the other halt diſſipate it with wonderful prodigality.

Money, Mr Trifler, let people ſay what they will, is a moſt comfortable thing—A man with money in his pocket, and no debts behind him, is a match for a Lord, ay, and a better man than ſome Lords.—Of all pieces of wit, I admire a guinea, and as to writing a fine poliſhed ſtile, what can be equal to the ſtile of a Bank note? When one has money, what a ſatisfaction is there in beſtowing it on the really meritorious in diſtreſs? What a miſery to ſee diſtreſs without the means of relieving it, and with the mortifying reflection that our own folly has deprived us of thoſe means?

I will not ſpeak philoſophically on money—I will not ſay with the ancients, or the moderns, that money is droſs, traſh, &c.—As things now are, Mr Trifler, money may be rendered a very great bleſſing—but then, you know, one muſt have it firſt.—There are only two things which bring an odium on money; the one is, when it is unlawfully acquired, and the other, when viciouſly ſpent—and perhaps a third, when one hoards it up for no other purpoſe than the pleaſure of looking at it. This is ſplendid roguery, and opulent folly.

But, Sir, as to œconomy—Such is the fine ſpirit of our times, that we are afraid of being œconomical, leſt we get the reputation of avarice.—This however ſhows our ignorance—A man muſt be very ignorant indeed, who cannot diſtinguiſh betwixt frugality and avarice. I am convinced, however, that many men are avaricious from ſheer ignorance; for I have known many inſtances where a few pounds a year would have enabled a man, reputed avaricious, to have fulfilled the common duties of public and private benevolence; and yet he was ſo ignorant as not to find this out.

Five-ſixths of the extravagance of the age proceeds from an abſurd imitation of the manners of our ſuperiors—This imitation is always abſurd, becauſe it cannot be juſt or natural, which all imitations ought to be. A tradeſman living like a nobleman is the moſt ridiculous object that preſents itſelf amidſt the whole tribe of follies.

Prodigality of this kind is always combined with injuſtice. We pay for luxuries, and run into debt for neceſſaries—this creates many ridiculous ſituations—a man who ſpends all upon dreſs, for inſtance, may ſay with the philoſopher of old, *omnia mea mecum habeo*—"all my property real and perſonal is on my back."—It is not unfrequent to find a very meagre entertainment with a rich ſervice of plate, and the dog kennel in better order than the nurſery. How many mortifications does a man ſubject himſelf to, who will be a man of faſhion in ſpite of fortune, who will be opulent without money, grand without credit, and powerful without patronage?

But I am afraid, Mr Trifler, I may be taking up too much of your time—Old men will be loquacious, Sir, and you young men muſt bear with us, for ere long you will be old as we—and now I am upon the ſubject of liſtening to old men, I found ſome beautiful lines in Cowper's poems the other day, on the duty of children to parents, which really ought to be written in gold letters, and paſted into every child's ſchool book—will you admit them, kind Sir, into your paper:

"We loved, but not enough, the gentle hand
That reared us. At a thoughtleſs age allured
By every gilded folly, we renounced

His

His ſhelt'ring ſide, and wilfully forwent
That converſe which we now in vain regret.
How gladly would the *man* recal to life
The *boy's* neglected Sire! a mother too,
That ſofter friend, perhaps more gladly ſtill,
Might he demand them at the gates of death.
Sorrow has, ſince they went, ſubdued and tamed
The playful humour; he could now endure
(Himſelf grown ſober in the vale of years)
And feel a parent's preſence no reſtraint."

To return, Sir, to my ſubject—you ſhould recommend the virtue of frugality in your paper; people born to poverty can bear poverty, but they who are driven down-hill by their own folly, too often accept of any offers, however diſhonourable, to be helped up again. I ſaw the other day written in chalk upon the wall of a church, a kind of ſaying which carries ſome propriety with it, although meant I ſuppoſe waggiſhly; "God help the Rich, for the poor can beg"—On the ſubject of prodigality, let me conclude with a ſtory in a book now before me.

"It was," ſays my author, "a ſmart Reprimand of Queen Elizabeth, who being invited by a nobleman, that had ſpent great part of his eſtate, to his houſe, which was very magnificent, and over the portal of the door was written in capital letters, OMNIA VANITAS. The Queen coming into the court yard, and near entering the houſe, aſked the nobleman what that was which was written above; he told her; the Queen aſked him, what was the reaſon that he made his *Omnia* ſo ſhort, and his *Vanitas* ſo long?"

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,
SENEX.

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After thanking my correſpondent for his letter, I muſt remark that nothing is ſo difficult as to give advice on this ſubject. Men are ſo apt to fall into extremes, that nothing is ſo common as the tranſition from parſimony to prodigality, and from prodigality to parſimony. We ſee inſtances of this every day. The wiſe few only can hit the juſt medium between thoſe extremes. This, it is not difficult to ſuppoſe in theory, but many find it very difficult to bring to practice. Moſt men wiſh to ſeem richer than they are, and they beggar themſelves in endeavouring to keep up this appearance—a practice truly abſurd, for nothing but actual riches can give the appearance of riches. I know, however, no better rule that can be offered than this, "be ſure you have provided and can provide for the neceſſaries of life, and the demands of buſineſs, of family, and of relatives, before you meddle with the luxuries which faſhion and a pampered taſte have created,"—or as an old author expreſſes it, "If your MEANS ſuit not with your ENDS, purſue ſuch ENDS as ſuit with your MEANS."

## Biography.

### MEMOIRS
OF THE LATE
### DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

(Continued from page 614.)

THUS conditioned was Miſs Chudleigh, when the Duke of Kingſton became her admirer. Remarried, as it were, by her own ſtratagem, the participation of ducal honours became legally impoſſible. The chains of wedlock, which the lady had been ſo induſtrious in ſhaking off, or putting on, as ſeemed moſt promotive of her avarice, were now galling to an exceſs. Every advice was taken, without the means of li-

beration being in the power of human device to ſuggeſt. To acquieſce in that which could not be remedied, ſeemed the dernier reſort. The Duke of Kingſton's attachment was ardent, and truly ſincere. He mingled the friend with the lover; nor was there an endearing title under Heaven he would not have aſſumed, could but the aſſumption have advanced the happineſs of Miſs Chudleigh. For a ſeries of years they cohabited, yet with ſuch obſervance of external decorum, that although their intimacy was a moral, it was not an evidenced certainty. That the felicity of the Duke was in any meaſure promoted by this union, cannot be aſſerted conſiſtent with truth. The parties were diametrically oppoſite characters. The Duke was mild, gracious, unaſſuming, and baſhful in the extreme. He had every grace requiſite in a man of rank. Oſtentation he ſo much deteſted, that it was his cuſtom in perambulating the ſtreets, to fold back the front of his coat, ſo as to hide the ſtar; and whenever by accident it was diſcovered, the diſcloſure cauſed an involuntary bluſh. His lady poſſeſſed very different qualities. In vociferating anger ſhe could fairly boaſt an alliance with Juno. Oſtentatious ſhe was to an exceſs; and ſo little ſublimed were her feelings, that the groſſeſt flattery was an animating cordial to her ſpirits. It revived her when more rational ſuccours failed of effect. Thus contrarily gifted and diſpoſed, the Duke and Miſs Chudleigh were frequently on diſcordant terms—but ſhe had a ſtrong hold of his mind, and the uſe ſhe made of it was, finally to ruin herſelf. The Earl of Briſtol, by time and attachments, had grown ſo weary of his connubial ſtate, as to be cordially deſirous of a change. At firſt, when founded on the ſubject of a divorce he had uſed this expreſſion—"I will ſee the——at the devil, before her vanity ſhall be gratified by being a Ducheſs." Afterwards, however, there being a lady to whom he wiſhed to offer his hand, he ſo altered his tone, as to expreſs a readineſs to conſent to any poſſible means of annihilating the union ſubſiſting between him and Miſs Chudleigh.—The civilians were conſulted; a jactitation ſuit was inſtituted.—The evidence who could prove the marriage was kept back.

Lord Briſtol failing, as it was deſigned he ſhould fail, in ſubſtantiating the marriage, a ſentence of the Court, pronouncing the nullity of the claim, concluded the buſineſs. The object now to be obtained was, legal opinion as to the operative power of ſuch a ſentence; and the Civilians, highly tenacious of the rights of their own Courts, adjudged the decree not liable to be diſturbed by the interference of any extrinſic court of judicature. Under conviction of perfect ſafety, the marriage between his Grace of Kington and Miſs Chudleigh was publicly ſolemnized. The favours were worn by the higheſt perſonages in the kingdom; and during the life of the Duke, not any attempt was made to diſpute the legality of the procedure. The fortune was not entailed; his Grace had, therefore, the option to bequeath it as ſeemed beſt to his inclination. The heirs ſince, were then expectants; the claims reſted on hope, not certainty. The Ducheſs, for ſo ſhe is now to be ſtyled, figured without apprehenſion of controul. She was raiſed to the pinnacle of her fate, and for a very few years did ſhe enjoy that to which the chicanery of her life had been directed to accompliſh, the parade of title without that honour which only can ennoble. To impede her in the career of enjoyment, and finally put an end to all her greatneſs, the Duke of Kingſton died. His will, excluding from every benefit an elder, and preferring a younger nephew as his heir in tail, gave riſe to a proſecution of the Ducheſs, which ended in the beggary

of

of her proſecutor, and the exile of herſelf.

The demiſe of the Duke of Kingſton was not unexpected by thoſe who obſerve the ſeveral premonitions of the King of Terrors. A paralytic ſtroke is among the harbingers of mortal diſſolution, which is ſure to be ſpeedily followed by the event announced. The Duke lingered but a ſhort time, and that time was employed by his conſort in journeying his Grace about, under the futile idea, by change of air and ſituation, of retarding the irreverſible decree of Omnipotence. At laſt, when real danger ſeemed to threaten, even in the opinion of the Ducheſs, ſhe diſpatched one of her ſwifteſt-footed meſſengers to her Solicitor, the late Mr. Field, of the Temple, requiring his immediate attendance. He obeyed the ſummons, and arriving at the houſe, the Ducheſs privately imparted her wiſhes, which were, that he would procure the Duke to execute, and be himſelf a ſubſcribing witneſs, to a will, made without his knowledge, and more to the taſte of the Ducheſs, than the one completed. The difference between theſe two wills was this. The Duke had bequeathed the income of his eſtates to his relict during her life, and expreſsly under condition of her continuing in a ſtate of widowhood. Whether his Grace, in thus reſtraining her, did it in order to prevent the diſhonour of his memory, by the introduction of an improper ſucceſſor; or, whether he acted from a conſciouſneſs of her extreme pliability, with all her manœuvring, to be impoſed on, muſt be left to conjecture. Perfectly ſatisfied, however, as was the Ducheſs, with whatever appeared to be the inclination of her deareſt Lord, ſhe could not reſiſt the ſeeming opportunity of carrying her ſecret wiſhes into effect. She did not reliſh the Temple of Hymen being ſhut againſt her. Earneſtly, therefore, did ſhe preſs Mr. Field, to have her own will immediately executed, which left her at perfect liberty to give her hand to the conqueror of her heart. She was only, by ſome years, on the wrong ſide of fifty; and the celebrated *Ninon de l'Enclos* bloomed at threeſcore, and captivated at ſeventy. Here was an example which every amorous grandmother might have in view; and extremely cruel would it be, to reſtrict ladies, ancient only in years, from matrimony, as the means to keep their blood within the bounds of decorum. The Ducheſs, in her anxiety to have the reſtraint ſhaken off, had nearly deprived herſelf of every benefit derivable from the demiſe of the Duke. When Mr. Field was introduced to his Grace, his intellects were perceptibly affected. He knew the friends who approached him, and a tranſient knowledge of their perſons was the only indication of mental exertion which ſeemed to be left him. Mr. Field very properly remonſtrated on the impropriety of introducing a will for execution, to a man in ſuch a ſtate. His remonſtrance occaſioned a ſevere reprehenſion from the Ducheſs, who reminded him, that he ought only to obey the inſtructions of his employer. Feeling, however, for his profeſſional character, he poſitively refuſed either to tender the will, or be in any manner concerned in endeavouring to procure the execution. With this refuſal, he quitted the houſe, the Ducheſs beholding him with an indignant eye as the annoyer of her ſcheme, when, in fact, by not complying with it, he proved her temporal ſaviour; for, had the will ſhe propoſed been executed, it would moſt indubitably have been ſet aſide. The heirs would conſequently have excluded the relict from every thing, except that to which the right of dower entitled her; and, the marriage being invalidated, the lady in this, as in other reſpects, would have been ruined by her own ſtratagem.

Soon

Soon after the fruſtration of this attempt, the Duke of Kingſton yielded to the ſtroke of fate. His will divulged, the funeral rites performed, and all other obſequial matters being properly adjuſted, the Ducheſs embarked for the Continent, propoſing Rome for the city of her temporary reſidence. Ganganelli at that time filled the Papal See. From the moderation of his principles, the conſequent tolerant ſpirit which he on every occaſion diſplayed, and the marked attention he beſtowed on the Engliſh, he acquired the title of the Proteſtant Pope. To ſuch a character, the Ducheſs was a welcome viſitor. Ganganelli treated her with the utmoſt civility, gave her, as a ſovereign Prince, many privileges, and ſhe was lodged in the palace of one of the Cardinals. Her vanity thus gratified, her Grace in return treated the Romans with a public ſpectacle. She had built an elegant pleaſure yacht; a gentleman, who had ſerved in the navy, was the commander; under her orders he ſailed for Italy, and the veſſel, at conſiderable trouble and ſome expence, was conveyed up the Tiber. The ſight of an Engliſh yacht there was uncommon. It drew the people in crowds on the ſhore, and the applauſe ran general through the city. This ſeemed to be the æra of feſtivity and happineſs; but while the bark floated triumphantly on the undulations of the Tiber, a buſineſs was tranſacting in England which put an end to all momentary bliſs. Mrs. Cradock, a woman now living, who, in the capacity of a domeſtic, had been preſent during the ceremony of marriage between Miſs Chudleigh and Lord Briſtol, found herſelf ſo reduced in circumſtances, that ſhe applied to Mr. Field for pecuniary relief. He ſaw her, and moſt injudiciouſly refuſed her every ſuccour. In vain ſhe urged her diſtreſs and the abſence of the Ducheſs, who was the only perſon on whoſe munificence ſhe had the juſteſt claim. Field was deaf to her entreaties; ſhe then told him what was in her power to diſcover. To many circumſtances which ſhe related he was an entire ſtranger, and he affected to diſcredit the reſt. Mrs. Cradock ended the interview with a menace, that ſhe would make the relations of the Duke of Kingſton acquainted with every important particular. Field ſet her at defiance, and, thus expoſed to penury, ſhe was exaſperated to vengeance, and inſtantly ſet about the work of ruin.

His Grace of Kingſton had borne a marked diſlike to one of his nephews. His private reaſon was well known to his confidential friends. Mr. Evelyn Meadows had been in, and went out of the Navy. Let it ſuffice to ſay, that the Duke choſe him not for his heir. He was one of the ſons of Lady Frances Pierpoint, ſiſter of the Duke of Kingſton, conſequently his nephew—but his Grace liked him not. This gentleman, excluded his preſumptive heirſhip, joyfully received the information that a method of doing himſelf ſubſtantial juſtice yet remained. He ſaw Mrs. Cradock, heard the detail of evidence which ſhe offered, and perfectly ſatisfied as to every jota of the relation being true, he, aſſiſted by legal friends, had a bill of indictment for Bigamy preferred againſt the ſuppoſed widow of the Duke of Kingſton. The bill was found—Mr. Field had notice of the procedure, and the Ducheſs was properly adviſed to return inſtantly to England, and appear to the indictment, to prevent an outlawry.

(To be continued.)

## MEMOIRS
### OF THE LATE
## SIR ROBERT TAYLOR.

THE father of Sir Robert Taylor was the great ſtone-maſon of

his time; like Devall, in the preſent day, he got a vaſt deal of money: but again, unlike him altogether, he could not keep what he got. When life was leſs gaudy than it is now, and when the elegant indulgences of it were rare, old Taylor the maſon enjoyed them all. He revelled at a villa in Eſſex; and, as a villa is imperfect without a coach, he thought neceſſary to have that too. To drive on thus at a good rate, is generally thought pretty pleaſant to moſt men; but it is not apt to be pleaſant to their heirs. It was ſo here. For, excepting ſome common ſchooling, a fee when he went pupil to Sir Henry Cheere, and juſt money enough to travel on a plan of frugal ſtudy to Rome, Robert Taylor got nothing from his father.

Before that plan at Rome was completed, his father died, and the ſon, whoſe heart through life was high and warm when it beat towards any kind emotion, then ſhewed what his feeling muſt be by what his enterprize was. On the firſt tidings of his father's illneſs he tried to hurry home, but as there was a war on the Continent, as that war required certain paſſports, and as paſſports, like other things, will not come when they are called, Taylor, with amiable alacrity, determined to do without them, and circumvent the riſk he could not hope to overcome. Aſſuming the apparel of a Friar, he joined another Franciſcan, and ſo paſſed unmoleſted through the enemy's camp. That apparel, it is not to be wondered at, Sir Robert ever made a point of keeping. His ſon's ſentiment need not to be feared. It will be carefully kept for ever.

When Taylor came to look at home, he found, like Wolſey, he had nothing but his robe and his integrity; that to live he muſt work; and, to live to any good purpoſe, his work muſt be good. He therefore ſet about it in earneſt: for pecuniary aids he found never-failing friendſhip in the Godfrey family of Woodford; and, for advance in art, all that by application could be done, he never ceaſed to do. In a little time he did ſo much and ſo well, that when Cornwall's mouument was to come, it was voted to come from Taylor. His beſt work as a ſtatuary was Gueſt's monument, near the north door of the Abbey. The Britannia at the Bank, and the bas relief in the Manſion houſe pediment, are his.

His method of working as a ſtatuary, was to boſt, as they call it, to hew out heads from the block; and except ſome few finiſhing touches, to leave the reſt to his workmen. After the works juſt mentioned he relinquiſhed ſtatuary, unleſs incidentally a houſe ornament, and confined his purſuits to architecture.

As an architect, he was ſtrong, in ſtrong departments of his art. He was ſure in his principles, and moſt correct in their application. His plans were free from faults, and ſometimes full enough of beauty. On a reference to beauty, perhaps his Richmond villa for Sir Charles Aſgill is the beſt. For a performance on a larger ſcale, the moſt complete dwelling-houſe that he built was for Sir P. Taylor, at Purbrook, under Portſdown-hill.

The magnificent additions to the Bank are his grandeſt work. And theſe, when a foreigner of the firſt taſte, M. de Calonne, ſaw them, he pronounced them, with no exception but St. Paul's, the firſt architecture in London.

Beſides theſe, the following are his: The Duke of Grafton's, in Piccadilly; Lord Howe's, in Herts; Lord Radnor's additions in Wilts; Lord Clarendon's alterations in Herts; Lincoln's inn ſtone building; Elyhouſe, Dover-ſtreet; Sir John Boyd's, at Danſon; Mr. Gower's, near the South

South Sea-houſe, was his firſt; Lord Grimſton's at Gorhambury, his laſt private work. London-bridge, altered in 1756 and 1758, as it ſtands at preſent, he did in conjunction with Dance.

He for ſome time had a ſeat at the Board of Works; he was Surveyor to the Admiralty, to the Foundling-hoſpital, and when Athens Stuart died, he got Greenwich. Theſe, with ſurveyorſhips and agencies out of number, from ſome indeed of the firſt property in the kingdom, as the Pultney eſtate, &c. complete the catalogue of the works on which he was employed.

Theſe were all his works—and theſe were all well—for his employers were ſatisfied.—But he did his beſt when he worked for himſelf. As the architect of his own private fortune, there is no inſtance in art like it. Kent died worth 10,000l. Gibbs had about 25,000l. Sir C. Wren 50,000l. and yet, beſides the firſt palace, the firſt hoſpital, and the firſt cathedral—St. Paul's, Greenwich, and Hampton-court——Wren built fifty-five churches, the Monument, and ſeven other public buildings. Sir R. Taylor's property amounts to 180,000l. and yet he told the writer of this account, "when he began life, he was not worth eighteen pence!" This aſtoniſhing accumulation was the growth of his laſt forty years. His age was 74. Had he lived to 91, the age of Sir C. Wren, can it be computed what had been his property then!

Such are the trumphs of ſkilful induſtry, dauntleſs ſelf-denial, œconomy of money and of time! What the King of Pruſſia did for ſcience, Taylor did for trade; he never ſlept after four in the morning. When he had any journey, he did it in the night, and thus never but in a carriage ſlept at all. When other people were at diverſions, he was in bed. His diet, medically preſcribed him, was little animal food, and no wine. From the ſtrength of his ſtamina it appeared that his life might have been longer, had he lived like other men.

Sir Robert did not want any admonition from Johnſon, not to uſe his pencil on a Sunday—he was never-failing in the Sunday duties of his church. In the moral wiſdom of his life, he ſeemed equally to be envied. As a huſband and a father, not many can do as much—and few need wiſh to do more. That he knew the value of money cannot be doubted. It did not weigh with him at all, when put againſt any relative claim. When his ſon, by a ſeries of good conduct, came out in life with proportionably good report, Sir Robert transferred to him at once 20,000l. When he came into Parliament, the ſettlement was increaſed to 2,000l. a year. And when the other day Sir Robert bid 48,000l. for an eſtate in Buckinghamſhire, he meant it as another preſent to his ſon. All his arrangements of expence were unſparing in hoſpitality within doors, or in bounty without.

When he ſtepped forward in any public truſt, in the magiſtracy, or in the little politics of his diſtrict, as far as he went, his intelligence and free ſpirit carried all before him. Such was the experienced purity of his intentions, that they were often taken upon truſt, when from inadequate utterance they were dubious, and ſo might not have been taken at all. His conduct as Sheriff of London was exemplary. Then he was knighted.

In ſocial intercourſe, and the friendly ſervice of his aſſociates, his character riſes above all eſtimate. Nothing in nature could be more endearing; nothing ſelfiſh was to be ſeen in him! For others only he ſeemed to live and move. His time, his money, experience of life, aſſiduous effort, remote influence, all were ready!

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He was all inventive wiſh and ſtrenuous co-operation. Nay, even at the laſt, in the conſcious approach of death, and not an hour before it came, his friends whom he could ſerve were uppermoſt in his thoughts! He gave ſome directions in their behalf; nay, he ſuſpended the conſolations of religion literally full half an hour, till he had finiſhed various letters in favour of Mr. Cockerell and Mr Craig the architects, who had been his pupils, to get them new patronage, and to ſecure them better in what they had got! In half an hour after, he died!

In the diſpoſition, in the workings of man, what of virtue, what of praiſe can go beyond this! Such, alas! was Sir Robert Taylor.

In his ideas of property, he was like Lord Hardwicke and Lord Mansfield—he averted from the funds. Except the neceſſary ſum to quality for a vote in Bank-ſtock, he had no money inveſted in public ſecurities! Indeed the firſt great preſent to his ſon, of 20,000l. was in the Conſols. Iriſh mortgages were the favourite employment of his money, and it is employment gratifying enough when the intereſt is paid; but that is often not the caſe. And it was ſo with Sir R. Taylor; in one great concern of 70,000l. he had to fight his way through all the horrid impoſitions of the law.

His property thus far is aſcertainable, he had 70,000l. on one mortgage, 36,000l. on another, and 15,000l. on a third. And when he offered 48,000l. for the Buckinghamſhire eſtate, it was underſtood he meant not to diſturb any former inveſtment.

In 1768 he was worth 48,000l. And then alſo, the intereſt of this property, with his profeſſional income, amounted to 8000l. a year. At that time his viſible expences, and he had none not viſible, were about 800l. a year; for it was not till 1773, that he kept a carriage, or entered into any expenſive life.

In the education of his ſon, as in every other relative claim upon him, his liberality knew no bounds.

Sir R. Taylor was very lucky in his purchaſe at Spring gardens. He bought the two houſes, where he built his own houſe, of two brothers, for an annuity, and they both died in a year and a half.

The houſe in Spring-garden is a great curioſity, for the œconomy of ſpace, fanciful ſhapes, and multiplied accommodation: as a model, and from its dimenſions it is no more, there is ſcarce any thing ſo pretty in London. Foreigners ſhould ſee it.

As a mathematician, he was the moſt ſure ſurveyor of his time—and as an architect, whoſe praiſe is correctneſs, it is not eaſy to find his equal. But there are points very praiſe-worthy, in which he may be imitated—in his zeal for his employer——in his integrity——and in that profeſſional delicacy, from which he was *intereſted in the profit of any work*—but confined his emolument merely to the cuſtomary commiſſion!

## *The Hiſtory of* Tarempou *and* Serinda;

(Concluded from page 628.)

FROM this day the phyſician was no longer neceſſary: but the week appeared a tedious age to the expecting love of young Tarempou, and his promiſed bride Serinda.

The ſeven days at length elapſed, when the meſſenger returned from Tonker, with the following anſwer: 'The moſt ſacred Sultan, the mighty Sovereign Lama, who enjoyeth life for ever, and at whoſe nod a thouſand princes periſh or revive, ſendeth to Lama Zarin, greeting.—

'Report has long made known at 'Tonker, the beauty of Serinda; 'and by thy meſſenger we learn, the 'matchleſs excellence of thy ſlave 'Tarempou. In anſwer, therefore, 'to thy requeſt, that theſe may be u-'nited, mark the purpoſe of our ſove-'reign will, which not to obey is 'death, throughout the realms of 'Thibet;—The lovers ſhall not ſee 'each other, till they both ſtand be-'fore the ſacred footſteps of our 'throne at Tonker, that we ourſelves 'in perſon, may witneſs the emotion 'of their amorous ſouls.'

This anſwer, far from removing the ſuſpence, created one a thouſand times more terrible. The Lama Zarin, thought it portended ruin to himſelf and family; he now reflected on the raſh ſteps he had taken, and feared his ſanguine hopes had been deceived by frequent converſations with a ſtranger, who had taught him to think lightly of the laws and cuſtoms of Thibet, for which he now recollected with horror, the Great Lama's bigotry and zeal; he knew he muſt obey the ſummons, and trembled at his ſituation. Tarempou was too much enamoured to think of any danger which promiſed him a ſight of his beloved miſtreſs; and all the fear he felt, was, leſt the beauty of Serinda ſhould tempt the ſupreme Lama to ſeize her for himſelf. 'But '*ſhe*, in whoſe love-ſick heart dwelt 'pureſt innocence, a fountain from 'whence ſprang hope, which branch-'ing in a thouſand channels, diffuſed 'itſelf over all her ſoul, and gleamed 'in her countenance, half ſeen and 'half concealed, like the meandering 'veins that ſweetly overſpread her 'ſwelling boſom;' revered the Lama from his deſire of being witneſs to the mutual happineſs of virtuous love: with theſe ſentiments ſhe felt only joy at their departure, which took place that very day with all the pomp and retinue of Eaſtern ſplendour.

Here in the original follows a very long detail of their journey, deſcribing the number of their attendants, with the camels and elephants employed on the occaſion; it relates that the Lama would ſometimes travel in the ſumptuous palanquin of his daughter, and ſometimes rode on the ſame elephant with Tarempou, dividing his time betwixt the converſation of each, but unable to ſuppreſs his apprehenſions, or diſſipate the fears of his foreboding mind. To compreſs the ſtory within the limits of this paper, I ſhall immediately proceed to the tribunal which was held in the great Hall of Silence, and leave the reader to imagine its magnificence, which there is not now room to deſcribe at large. At the upper end of the ſuperb apartment, ſat on a throne of maſſy gold, the ſupreme Lama; before him at ſome diſtance were two altars ſmoking with fragrant incenſe, and around him knelt an hundred Lamas, in ſilent adoration (for in Thibet all men pay divine honours to the ſupreme Lama, who is ſuppoſed to live for ever, the ſame ſpirit paſſing from father to ſon) to this ſolemn Tribunal, Lama Zarin was introduced by Mutes, from an apartment directly oppoſite to the throne, and knelt in awful ſilence betwixt the ſmoking altars—at the ſame time, from two doors facing each other, were uſhered in Tarempou and Serinda, each covered by a thick veil, which was faſtened to the ſummit of their turbans, and touched the ground, and each accompanied by a Mute fell proſtrate before the throne—a dreadful ſtillneſs now prevailed—all was mute as death—while doubt, ſuſpence, and horror, chilled the boſoms of the expecting lovers—in this fearful interval of ſilence, the throbbing of Serinda's heart, became diſtinctly audible, and pierced the ſoul of her Tarempou—the father heard it too; and a half ſmothered ſigh involuntarily

rily ſtole from his boſom, and reſounded through the echoing dome—at length, the ſolemn deep toned voice of the Great Lama, uttered theſe words: 'Attend! and mark the will 'of him who ſpeaks with the *mouth of* 'Heaven; ariſe! and hear! Know, 'that the promiſe of a Lama is ſa'cred as the holy words of Alla; 'therefore are ye brought hither to 'behold each other, and in this auguſt 'preſence, by a ſolemn union, to re'ceive the reward of love, which a 'fond father's praiſe has kindled in 'your ſouls, and which he having 'promiſed, muſt be fulfilled. Pre'pare to remove the veils. Let La'ma Zarin join your hands, and then 'embrace each other; but on your 'lives, utter not a word; for know, 'that in the *Hall of Silence*, 'tis death 'for any tongue to ſound, but that 'which ſpeaks the *Voice of Heaven.*'

He ceaſed,—and his words reſounding from the lofty roof, gradually died upon the ear till the dreadful ſtillneſs again prevailed through all the building;—and now, at a ſignal given——the Mutes removed the veils at the ſame moment, and diſcovered the beauteous perſons of Tarempou and Serinda. What language can deſcribe the matchleſs grace of each, far leſs convey an adequate idea of that expreſſion with which each beheld the other in agonies of joy, ſuſpence and rapture; but they gazed in ſilence, till, by another ſignal from the throne, the father joined their hands, and then Tarempou, as commanded, embraced his lovely bride; while ſhe, unable to ſupport this trying moment, fainted in his arms; and now Tarempou, regardleſs of the prohibition, exclaimed, 'Help! my Serinda dies.' Inſtantly the voice from the throne returned this melancholy ſound, 'Tarempou dies.' Immediately two mutes approached with the fatal bow-ſtring, and ſeizing Tarempou, fixed an inſtrument of ſilence on his lips;—while other mutes hurried away Serinda, inſenſible to the danger of her lover; but the father, unable to reſtrain the anguiſh of his ſoul, cried out with bitterneſs; 'If to 'ſpeak be death, let me die alſo! but 'firſt, I will execrate the ſavage cuſ'toms, and curſe the laws that doom 'the innocent.' He would have proceeded, but other mutes ſurrounded him, and ſtopped his ſpeech, as they had done Tarempou's. Then the ſupreme Lama again addreſſed them in theſe words: 'Know, preſump'tuous and devoted wretches, that be'fore ye brake that ſolemn law which 'enjoined ſilence in this ſacred pre'ſence, ye were already doomed to 'death. Thou, Lama Zarin, for 'daring to degrade the holy prieſt'hood of Lamas, by marrying thy 'daughter to a ſlave; and thou, Ta'rempou, for preſuming to ally thy'ſelf with one of that ſacred race: 'the promiſe which this fooliſh Lama 'made was literally fulfilled; theſe 'daring rebels againſt the laws of 'Thibet have ſeen, and been united 'to each other; and the embrace 'which was permitted was doomed 'to be the laſt: Now, therefore, 'mutes, perform your office on Ta'rempou firſt.' They accordingly bound the victim, who was already gagged, to one of the altars, and were fixing the cord about his neck, when they deſiſted on a ſudden, and proſtrating themſelves before Tarempou, they performed the ſame obeiſance which is paid only to the heir of the ſacred throne of Tonker. A general conſternation ſeized all preſent; and the ſupreme Lama, deſcending from his throne, approached Tarempou, on whoſe left ſhoulder, which had been uncovered by the executioners, he now perceived the myſtic characters with which the ſacred family of Thibet are always diſtinguiſhed at their birth. He ſaw the well-known mark; the voice of na-

ture confirmed the teſtimony of his ſight; and falling on the neck of Tarempou, he exclaimed, 'It is my 'ſon! my long loſt ſon!——quickly 'reſtore his voice; henceforth this 'place ſhall no longer be called the '*Hall of Silence*, but of *Joy*; for in 'this place we will to-morrow cele-'brate the nuptials of Tarempou and 'Serinda.'

The hiſtory then explains this ſudden event, by relating that ſome Jeſuit miſſionaries, who had gained acceſs to the capital of Thibet, in their zeal for religion, had ſtolen the heir of the throne, then an infant, hoping to make uſe of him in the converſion of theſe people; but in their retreat thro' the great deſert Cobi, were attacked by a banditti, who killed the Jeſuits, and ſold the young Lama for a ſlave: he had ſerved in the Ottoman army; he had been taken by the Knights of Malta, afterwards became ſervant to a French officer, with whom he travelled through all Europe, and at length accompanied him to India; here, in an engagement with the Mahrattas, he had been again taken priſoner, and ſold as a ſlave to ſome merchants in Thibet: by theſe means he came into the ſervice of Lama Zarin, without knowing any thing of his origin, or the meaning of thoſe characters which he bore on his left ſhoulder, and which had effected this wonderful diſcovery.

The hiſtory concludes with ſaying, that Tarempou was wedded to the fair Serinda; and that their happineſs was unexampled: that the leſſons he had been taught in the ſchool of adverſity, and the obſervations he had made in the various countries he had ſeen, prepared him to aboliſh the many fooliſh and impious cuſtoms of Thibet; and he cauſed to be written over the throne of the great hall this inſcription:——

'Mark the cries of diſtreſs, and 'give relief—Receive the bleſſings 'of the grateful, and rejoice in 'them—Hearken to the words of 'age, experience, and goodneſs, and 'obey them—Stifle not the feelings 'of humanity, but encourage virtu-'ous love; for the ſtill, ſmall voice 'of Innocence and Nature, is, in e-'very country, the true *voice of Hea-'ven.*'

## *On the* PRESERVATION *of the* HEALTH *of* PERSONS *employed in* AGRICULTURE.

(Continued from page 631.)

INTEMPERANCE is particularly dangerous under ſuch circumſtances. It is highly proper, and even neceſſary, that thoſe who perform ſuch a kind of labour ſhould have a ſufficient, and even liberal allowance, in point of diet; but exceſs of any kind, in ſpirituous liquors eſpecially, tend to weaken the ſtomach, and in conſequence thereof the whole vital ſyſtem, and to render the body more liable to receive contagion of every kind. This caution is not founded merely on theory or general principles, but a fact in medicine eſtabliſhed beyond all doubt. Another caution very neceſſary to be attended to is, that none ſhould go to ſuch kind of labour in the morning before they had taken ſome kind of food. Somewhat warm is moſt proper, and if it can be had, I ſhould prefer animal food. It is difficult to account for, but true as a fact, that warm victuals are greatly more cordial and ſtrengthening to the body, and of courſe more fit for the ſupport of thoſe who perform laborious work, than the ſame food if taken when cold.

*Cleanlineſs* is an eſſential article in ſuch circumſtances. Would thoſe who work at ſuch employments be careful

be careful to waſh their hands and feet at their return from work, and to change their linen and ſtockings as often as their circumſtances would admit, it is probable that the hazard would be greatly leſſened.

It is neceſſary to remark, that the above cautions apply at leaſt equally ſtrong to thoſe who ſuperintend ſuch operations, as to thoſe who actually perform them. It is probable that the labour of body and attention of mind, which occupy thoſe who are at work, is no ſmall preſervative againſt the acceſs of contagion of every kind.

As there is reaſon to believe, that intermittent fevers may in ſome caſes be ſo far infectious as to be communicated from one perſon to another, it would be proper that when any perſon ſhould be attacked therewith, ſuch perſon ſhould be provided with a ſeparate bed during the continuance of his diſorder. Cautions of this kind would be the beſt œconomy, as diſorders might then be checked at their firſt appearance, and prevented from ſpreading.

*Exceſs*, or *Irregularity in Diet*, is the next ſubject of theſe cautions. I have before mentioned ſome of the diſorders likely to be produced hereby, but ſhall now be more particular. Food may be conſidered with reſpect to its *quantity* and its *quality*. The firſt of theſe can only be meaſured by a reaſonable attention to the appetite. What may no more than ſuffice for one man, may be great exceſs in another; and in general what the appetite leads to, may be conſidered as the proper ſtandard. But ſome ignorant ruſtics are fooliſh enough to imagine, that there is a degree of credit annexed to the being able to conſume a larger quantity of victuals than is in the power of other men; and this beaſtly prejudice, which often produces fatal conſequences, ſhould be as much as poſſible diſcouraged, even by thoſe who practiſe hoſpitality among the lower ranks of people. It is certainly mean to offer to entertain any perſons, of whatſoever degree they may be, without producing a ſufficient quantity of wholeſome proviſions; but it is ſtill more inhoſpitable to encourage any to make ſuch an uſe of what is provided for them, as to endanger health or life, not to mention the ſcandalous waſte which muſt be cauſed by it. Still more blameable is the practice of encouraging gluttony by wagers, or offers of reward. They who do this are in fact highly criminal, and in no ſmall degree guilty of the fatal conſequences which ſo often follow ſuch brutal diſplays of appetite. Moderation is not only neceſſary in what regards the quantity of food, but alſo as it regards the time in which it is conſumed. It is neceſſary to the proper digeſtion of our food, and of courſe to the nouriſhment of the body, that it be taken in gradually, and its texture broken down by chewing. It would ſcarcely be credited, were it not known as a fact, that the folly of gluttony has prompted wagers not only on the quantity of food, but alſo on the time in which it ſhould be ſwallowed; by accelerating which, all the bad effects of an enormous quantity of victuals muſt be greatly aggravated. Meat, thus ſwallowed, muſt be of courſe in large pieces, ſcarcely acted on by the teeth, and of difficult digeſtion. The ſudden diſtention of the ſtomach, by the introduction of a large quantity of meat ſo nearly at the ſame time, muſt weaken its tone, by overſtretching its fibres; and this has ſometimes gone to ſuch a length as to deprive the ſtomach of all that power of expelling its contents, which ſoon terminated in death.—To theſe dangers ſhould be added, that of the meat ſticking in the paſſage of the gullet, and remaining there without a poſſibility

ſibility of removal, a thing which is not uncommon amidſt ſuch exceſſes. Even the proper temperature of food is worthy attention. Ruſtic folly has produced wagers and premiums on the eating food nearly boiling hot. It is difficult to preſerve any temper in the cenſure of ſuch outrageous ſtupidity.

The quality of food is neceſſary to be conſidered, as well as its quantity. The ſtomachs of labouring men are undoubtedly ſtrong, and able to digeſt coarſe meat; but ill-judged œconomy ſhould not prompt farmers to ſet before their ſervants decayed or indigeſtible food. Putrid meat is not merely unwholeſome in its remote conſequences, but immediately dangerous to life, as has been often experienced, and ſhould be avoided as carefully as we would any other poiſonous ſubſtances.

I have before pointed out the bad conſequences that are apt to reſult from the free uſe of ſome indigeſtible fruits, particularly plumbs and nuts. I think it would be a proper caution for farmers not to plant any of the former that are of the coarſe and auſtere kind; for though they geneally bear plentifully, their fruit is of little value, and likely on that account to fall to the ſhare of ſuch people——Hazle plantations are more neceſſary; but ſtill it would be of ſervice to place them as far from farm-houſes as might be convenient, that they may afford leſs temptation for the gathering of their fruit. It is proper to notice here the danger thoughtleſs people who ſpend much time in the fields are expoſed to, from eating plants and berries with which they are unacquainted. Many plants, commonly met with, are well known to be extremely poiſonous, ſuch as the Henbane, Deadly-night-ſhade, Water-hemlock, ſome ſpecies of Drop-wort, ſeveral kinds of Muſh-rooms, and many others.—It ſhould be a ſtrict injunction to all who ſpend their time in the fields, never to taſte any plant, fruit, or berry, which they do not know to be ſafe, and indeed it would be more prudent to diſcourage altogether ſuch uſeleſs curioſity. It is obvious that this caution is particularly neceſſary for children. (To be continued.)

## Account of the Pelew Islands.

(Continued from page 625.)

IN this enterpriſe little more was done than braving their enemies, ſtripping ſome cocoa-nut-trees of their fruit, and carrying off a number of yams and other proviſions; but in another, which was undertaken againſt the iſland of Artingall, they were more ſucceſsful, and ſhewed ſigns of the ſame ſanguinary diſpoſition which ſome demon has infuſed into the whole human race. Nine priſoners of war who had been taken upon this occaſion, were cruelly put to death, and notwithſtanding the Engliſh ſtrongly remonſtrated againſt this proceeding, all the arguments they could uſe were of no avail. In juſtification of their conduct, they alledged the neceſſity of doing it for their own ſecurity, declaring that they had formerly only detained them as menial ſervants, but that they always found means to get back to their own country, and return with ſuch a force as frequently made great depredations.

But here, for want of room, we are obliged to paſs over a number of occurrences, which are both entertaining and inſtructive. It will, however, be neceſſary to obſerve, that as ſoon as their veſſel was built, and ready to take her departure, Madan Blanchard, one of the ſeamen, at his own particular requeſt, was left behind. Raa Kook

Kook also solicited his brother's permission to accompany the English, but from prudential motives was refused. He, however, resolved to entrust his second son Lee Boo to Captain Wilson's care, that he might improve his mind, and learn such things, as, at his return, would benefit his country.

The instructions which he gave the young man, and the manly fortitude he shewed upon this occasion, would have done honour to the most enlightened mind. And the subsequent history of this amiable youth, must force a tear from the eye of every reader, whose heart is not callous to the genuine feelings of nature and humanity. As soon as they arrived at Macao, the house into which he first entered, and the different articles of furniture, fixed him in silent admiration, but what struck his imagination most was the upright walls and flat cielings of the rooms, being utterly unable to comprehend how they could be so formed. When he was introduced to the ladies of the family, his deportment was so easy and polite, that it could be exceeded by nothing but his abundant good nature; and at his departure, his behaviour left on the mind of every one present the impression that, however great the surprise might be which the scenes of a new world had awakened in him, it could hardly be exceeded by that which his own amiable manners, and native polish, would excite in others.

They were now conducted to the house of Mr. M'Intyre, an English gentleman, who introduced them into a large hall, which was lighted up, with a table in the middle, covered for supper, and a sideboard handsomely decorated. Here a new scene burst at once upon Lee Boo's mind; he was all eye, all admiration. The vessels of glass particularly rivetted his attention; but when he surveyed himself in a large pier glass, at the upper end of the hall, he was in raptures with the deception. It was in truth, to him, a scene of magic, a fairy tale.

Soon after the people of the vessel came on shore, some of them went to purchase things they were in want of, in doing which they did not forget Lee Boo, who was a favourite with them all. Among the trinkets which they brought him was a string of large glass beads, the first sight of which almost threw him into an extacy: he hugged them with a transport which could not have been exceeded by the interested possessor of a string of oriental pearls. His imagination suggested to him that he held in his hand all the wealth the world could afford him. He ran, with eagerness, to Captain Wilson to shew him his riches, and begged he would get him a Chinese vessel to carry them to the king, his father, that he might see what the English had done for him; adding, that if the people faithfully executed their charge, he would, at their return, present them with one or two beads, as a reward for their services.

Having no quadrupeds at Pelew, the sheep, goats, and other cattle which he met with at Macao, were viewed with wonder; but soon after, seeing a man pass the house on horseback, he was so much astonished that he wanted every one to go and look at the strange sight. After the matter, however, was explained to him, he was easily persuaded to get upon one of their backs; and when he was informed what a noble, docile, and useful animal it was, he besought the captain to send one to his uncle, Raa Kook, as he was sure, he said, it would be of great service to him.

Omitting a number of other particulars of this kind, which excited his curiosity, and shewed the excellent disposition of his heart, we shall follow

low him to England, the country from which he was ſent to an academy to be inſtructed in reading and writing, which he was extremely eager to attain, and moſt aſſiduous in learning. His temper was mild and compaſſionate in the higheſt degree; but it was, at all times, governed by diſcretion and judgment. If he ſaw the young aſking relief, he would rebuke them with what little Engliſh he had, telling them it was a ſhame to beg when they were able to work; but the intreaties of old age he could never withſtand, ſaying, *muſt give poor old man, old man no able to work.*

He always addreſſed Mr. Wilſon by the name of Captain, but never would call Mrs. Wilſon by any other name than mother, looking on that as a mark of the greateſt reſpect; and ſuch was the gratitude of his heart for the kindneſs they ſhewed him, that if any of the family were ill, he always appeared unhappy, would creep ſoftly up to the chamber, and ſit ſilent by the bedſide for a long time together, without moving, peeping gently, from time to time, between the curtains, to ſee if they ſlept or lay ſtill.

He was now proceeding, with haſty ſtrides, in gaining the Engliſh language, writing, and accounts, when he was overtaken by that fatal diſeaſe, which the greateſt pains had been taken to guard him againſt; and notwithſtanding the utmoſt care and attention of Dr Carmichael Smyth, his phyſician, whoſe profeſſional abilities cannot be doubted, fell a victim to this ſcourge of the human race.

Upon this trying occaſion, his ſpirit was above complaining, his thoughts being all engroſſed by the kindneſs of his benefactors and friends. He told his attendant, that his father and mother would grieve very much, for they knew he was ſick. This he repeated ſeveral times, *and begged him to go to Pelew, and tell Abba Thille that Lee Boo take much drink to make the ſmall pox go away, but he die; that the captain and mother very kind. All Engliſh very good men; much ſorry he could not ſpeak to the king the number of fine things the Engliſh had got.* Then he reckoned up the preſents which had been given him, deſiring that they might be properly diſtributed among the chiefs, and requeſting that particular care might be taken of two glaſs pedeſtals, which he begged might be preſented to his father.

(To be continued.)

*For the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

*Magnum eſt enim, eadem habere monumenta majorum.*

CICERO.

IN an age like this, when ſenſibility is extolled to the ſkies, and every tender, and every delicate emotion of the ſoul is cheriſhed and applauded, we may reaſonably expect that the advocates of feeling will have many advantages upon their ſide, that the arguments which they enforce, and the conſiderations which they offer, will be received with candour and regard, and that at leaſt where reaſon does not interpoſe, nature will be allowed to decide.

Of the various attachments to which the human mind is prone, ſome are born with it; and though proſperous or adverſe circumſtances may influence their operations, yet they remain with it through every period of life, and it is impoſſible to eradicate their eſſence, which is woven into the very texture of the ſoul. Other attachments, adventitious in their nature, and fleeting in their duration, are either the effects of reaſon and intereſt, and hence acquire a degree of permanency, or the offspring of the predominant paſſion, with which they commence, conclude, and renew their exiſtence.

Although it muſt be allowed that dan-

dangerous propenſities are formed by the mind in its earlieſt ſtages, ſo that many have maintained that they originally exiſt with it, yet upon reflection it will be found, that theſe which are implanted by nature indiſcriminately in the breaſts of the whole human race, are more manly and rational, than thoſe which cuſtom and prejudice, levity, or faſhion have been able to eſtabliſh. Climate may add to the exuberance and fire of our ideas, education may give them luſtre and elegance, but the ſeeds muſt be ſown in the mind. In every country and in every age we perceive a love of virtue and of honour, an attachment to liberty, and a deſire of independence: that ſpirit which animated the patriots of Greece and Rome, in defence of their country, breathes in the boſom of the ſavage Indian: in the one it glowed in all the ſplendour of philoſophy and ſcience; in the other it is obſcured by the clouds of ignorance and barbarity.

The ſame principle may operate in various ways, and produce different and contending appearances, according as they are viewed in a ſtate of nature or cultivation; but when we make allowance for theſe circumſtances, draw aſide the veil of ſuperſtition, and ſtrip off the pleaſing robes of refinement; we may eaſily perceive, that the ferocious and the civilized are actuated by the ſame motives, that none are ſtrangers to the charities of father, brother, friend, nor inſenſible to the endearments of the connubial tie. All nations have an attachment to their native country, a veneration for their anceſtors, and a reverence for the ſcenes of antiquity. Of affections virtuous in themſelves the moſt diſtant modifications muſt retain a ſhare of propriety; like the fragrance, however, that is emitted by a flower, or the tincture that is diſperſed in water, the qualities become leſs ſenſible, as they are diffuſed through a wider extent of the circumambient fluid. The generous ſoul is the proper ſoil for the nobler affections, the philoſophic for the more abſtracted, but almoſt every mind can reliſh the ſofter: it is natural to form a predilection in favour of the ſcenes of infancy, where we have ſpent the happieſt part of our lives, to indulge a wiſh to cloſe our eyes among our friends, and to be deſirous that our duſt may be mingled with that of our fathers, and that our memory may receive that tribute of honour from poſterity, which we while in their condition were not inattentive to beſtow. Such feelings adorn human nature, becauſe they become it: they claim their origin in the fineſt ſenſations of the breaſt, and reaſon, though ſhe will not perhaps allow them to be noble, cannot accuſe them as criminal, nor deride them as contemptuous.

Were we to define theſe attachments, we might venture, without much impropriety, to denominate them inſtinctive; for if we aſk a man his reaſons for his love to his country, his friends, or his children, it is probable he will be able to ſuggeſt none, or at the beſt to produce only unſatisfactory and inconcluſive arguments. I am ſufficiently aware, that the zealous ſupporters of mental dignity will be offended at the application of this epithet, as a degradation of our rational powers, but when proper allowance is made for the ſuperiority of human nature, the complaint will in a great meaſure be removed. Inſtinct in brutes is a combination and direction of the various paſſions, to their proper ends; the natural propenſities of the human mind are the ſame. The lower creation, if they accompliſh what is neceſſary for the ſuſtenance of life, perform all that is requiſite; but man has more exalted views; he is therefore endowed with reaſon, to regulate and refine his attachments. Both are emanations from the ſupreme being, adapted to the capacities and conditions of thoſe for whom they are intended, the former of his wiſdom, the latter of his benevolence.

But to diſpute about their origin is of little importance; to trace their influence, opens to us a more extenſive and

agreeable proſpect. If we feel any comfort in the ſecurity of peace, any pleaſure in the intercourſe of ſociety, or any tranſports in the communications of knowledge, let us remember that for theſe we are indebted to the rational influence of the tenderer paſſions. Juſt emerging from a ſtate of ſavage wildneſs, and but little diſtinguiſhed from the animals that roamed the ſurrounding foreſts, mankind aſtoniſh us with the firſt dawnings of ſenſibility and attachment. A chaos of colours unnaturally blended excites abhorrence; a fermentation of diſcordant paſſions terrifies and amazes us. We ſhudder to ſee a blooming widow throw herſelf into the funeral fire of her huſband; we ſtiffen with horror to behold two rival friends plunge their ſwords into the boſom of their mutual miſtreſs, and then into their own. This is ferocious barbarity, but reaſon in a few centuries ripens it into manly virtue.

The more delicate refinements can only flouriſh in an age of purity and ſcience. And though philoſophers will not, perhaps, ſtoop to indulge what they may call female weakneſſes, yet they are not unworthy of our regard. Socrates' anſwer to his friend is doubtleſs noble; but we ought to act, not as philoſophers, but as men; we are endowed with paſſions, and we have reaſon to govern, but not to expunge them. The friend of Socrates we find (and ſurely he would not adopt an unworthy one) was actuated by the ſame feelings as other men; and indeed the reply of the former may command our admiration, but it does not enhance our affection.

How much theſe attachments are calculated to humanize and mollify the heart, is proved from the frequent uſe that is made of them, by the moſt eminent poets both ancient and modern. Milton moſt beautifully ends his ſublime poem, with a tender deſcription of the melancholy of our firſt parents, on their expulſion from the garden of Eden; and Horace concludes one of his odes with a ſentimental wiſh, which I ſhall here tranſcribe, as it is impoſſible to do it juſtice in any tranſlation.

Ille te mecum locus et beatæ
Poſtulant arces: ibi tu calentem,
Debita ſparges lacryma favillam
Vatis amici.

When we tread upon the venerable repoſitories of our departed friends, we reap profit by the ſilent precepts of wiſdom, and receive advantage by the calm admonitions of truth. We tremble at a change, which we muſt ſhortly experience. Remembrance is officious to diſplay the qualities of the dead, friendſhip to recount their virtues, and prudence to warn us to imitate them. When we deplore the fate of a relation, we learn to prepare for our own. We conſole ourſelves with the hope, that our bodies ſhall be united in the grave, and we depart reſolved to perſevere in virtue, that our immortal parts may renew their acquaintance in a happier region.

GAVIN ROCH.

## *On the* SCOTCH FISHERIES.

### LETTER XVI.

MUCH has been ſaid for theſe ſeveral years by-paſt, and ſomething has been done, to endeavour to convince our fiſhers of the great benefit they might derive from furniſhing themſelves with herring nets, to enable them to avail themſelves of the ſhoals of theſe fiſh, that every year they have occaſion to ſee upon the coaſt, but hitherto without effect, until very lately, that one man, a little more diſpoſed to adventure than his neighbours, procured a few yards of net, which he uſes in the manner of what is called the ground drave, by ſetting it at night, in the entrance of a ſmall cove harbour betwixt rocks, and hawling it in the morning, whereby he has ſeveral times

times got ſix, ſeven, or eight hundred fine herrings in a night. The value of one night's fiſhing, at the price he can draw for them, amply compenſates the price of his net. It is ſurpriſing to think what ſpirit this little affair produced among his neighbours, and the avidity with which they have been enquiring for nets to buy, which gives a ray of hope that they will open their eyes to their intereſt, and in time bring nets into uſe, upon a part of our coaſt, where they may be uſed with great ſucceſs, although they have been long neglected.

A great deal might be done with lobſter nets, at many places upon our coaſt, were they properly introduced, where theſe fiſh are plenty, if there were demand for them. Vaſt quantities of their ſpawn are annually deſtroyed by poor people, who gather, boil, and ſell many buſhels of wilks, both in town and country, as publicly and in the ſame manner as gooſeberries, notwithſtanding there is an expreſs act of parliament to the contrary; but it is gone quite into diſuſe, at leaſt on our coaſt; ſo that they are not ſo much as forbid to do it, nor do many who buy them know that they are the embryo of a lobſter, although they are frequently ſeen, almoſt completely formed in theſe cells, at a particular time of the ſeaſon.

There are deeps upon ſome parts of our north coaſt, particularly off Gardenſtown, where eels abound ſo plentifully, that they preclude the fiſhermen from the poſſibility of availing themſelves of any other fiſhery upon them; for any lines that are ſhot there have the bait devoured by them almoſt inſtantaneouſly; on that account they are abandoned, as theſe are a fiſh they hold in deteſtation; they are not accuſtomed to uſe them as bait, although they would certainly anſwer well; and they would by no means eat them, though they are highly eſteemed and much reliſhed in many places. They are ſaid to ſell for 8d. per lb. in London. If the report of the fiſhers who gave me this information is to be credited, and they had no temptation to tell a falſehood, many thouſands might be taken here, either by baſkets, ſuch as are uſed in the river Thames and in Holland for this purpoſe, or by nets conſtructed upon the ſame principles.

I apprehend a traul-net fiſhery is far from being very applicable to the Scottiſh ſhores, which are rather too rugged, and much too fine fiſhing ground in general, at leaſt upon the eaſt coaſt, unleſs in ſome particular ſmall places, conſiſting in ſand bays. This is a fiſhing moſt ſuitable for ſoft ſand ground, and is at ſame time beſt adapted for the local accommodation of a freſh fiſh market, as turbot, flounders, ſoals, plaice, and ſmall ſkate, are the general capture; however, as the apparatus is no great expence, our fiſhing veſſels may be furniſhed them, that they may uſe them, when they know themſelves upon proper ground, and are coming into port; for theſe fiſh will dry, and meet with a market in the eaſt country.

Many are the modes of fiſhing that may be collected from the practice of our own and other countries, or may be invented by the application of a little genius for the introduction of improvement, with attention to the ſubject; and much does it behove the public to compaſſionate the prejudiced opinions of theſe people, and help them forward, by ſetting them a few good examples, upon plain, familiar, ſimple principles. To endeavour to increaſe the quantity for country conſumpt is an object, even where it cannot be ſuppoſed much to extend the export trade; where it tends to both, the object is ſtill greater.

A want of contrivance in our fiſhers to procure proper bait, and keep it in good condition, lays them under great inconvenience. To illuſtrate

which, I will beg leave to obſerve, that there are thirteen large and ſmall fiſhing boats belonging to the harbour of Aberdeen, manned with ſix men and lads each, who, independent of the great inconvenience they labour under in general, on account of this want, and fatigue ſuſtained in procuring it, by digging out of the ſand, ſand eels and logworms, which occupies a very conſiderable part not only of the fiſhers, but their whole families time, almoſt daily; they never, or rarely, can get to ſea upon the Monday mornings for want of bait, unleſs when they happen to have muſſels or earthworms. Now they value their fiſhing, upon an average, at 3s. per man daily, when they do get to ſea, and as much for the boat, which makes a guinea for the boat and crew, and 13l 13s. for all the thirteen: Suppoſe the weather favourable for going to ſea 40 out of 52 Mondays in the year, and if of this 40 they are hindered from going to ſea 25 (and I have reaſon to think they are more than that), brings the loſs ſuſtained by theſe poor people for want of this neceſſary article, bait, at this one place, to 341l. 5s. Sterling yearly. To include the whole coaſt, and calculate the general loſs the fiſhers ſuſtain (and in them the country) round it, would amount to a much larger ſum than can poſſibly be imagined by inconſiderate obſervers.

I have ſeen a net uſed in the Weſt Indies for catching fiſh of the anchovy ſize, that it may be ſuppoſed might be uſefully employed for this purpoſe; for it is well known our ſeas ſwarm with ſmall herrings, ſprats, ſhads, and ſand eels, almoſt the whole year, and all of them make good bait. It is made of very fine ſmall twine, in a circular form, of ſuch ſize that it will ſpread ſixteen, eighteen, or twenty feet diameter. A ſmall line is ſeized round the edge of it, upon which a number of ſmall pieces of ſheet lead are put round, and ſlung by a line fixed in the exact center of the net. When it is ſuſpended by this center rope, the lead upon the line round the edge of it, by the natural tendency of the weight, contracts it, ſo that, as it hangs, it occupies very little ſpace.

It is uſed thus.—A man holds the center part of the rope and net coiled up in his left hand, the other part of the net in his right—In this poſition, where the water is ſhallow, he wades in—where it is deep he muſt be in a boat—when he means to operate, he gives the outer part of the net in his right a horizontal ſwing, throwing the whole from him exactly at the ſame time, but the end of the line by ſuch a peculiar ſlight, that it inſtantaneouſly expands itſelf to the full breadth, the leads carrying it rapidly down in that direction—if the ground is ſandy, and clear of ſtones, it may be allowed to go to the bottom—in its deſcent the fiſh entangle themſelves in the meſhes, or are carried down to the ground——in drawing up it ſweeps the ground to its center, ſo that they cannot well eſcape—If the ground is rocky, it muſt be checked in its deſcent before it reach the bottom, when it operates in effect nearly as above ſaid. Were each boat's crew furniſhing themſelves with ſuch as theſe, of different ſized meſhes, larger and leſſer, they might be the means of affording them a ready ſupply of the beſt bait, at moſt ſeaſons of the year By attending to the gulls, and other ſea-fowls, they would direct them where to fiſh; and, were they to procure for themſelves machines for keeping them alive, upon the principles formerly deſcribed, they might it catch at once as many as might ſerve them many days, when thus preſerved.

## HISTORICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

CARDINAL DUBOIS had a ſteward to whoſe diſhoneſty he was

was no ſtranger. On the firſt day of the new year the ſteward came, according to cuſtom, to pay his reſpects to his maſter; but the Cardinal, inſtead of giving him the ſame preſent as he gave to the reſt of his domeſtics, ſaid coolly, "As for you, "Sir, I make you a preſent of that "which you have robbed from me." The ſteward made a profound bow, and retired without ſaying a word.

A merchant of Antwerp, named John Deans, having lent ſome millions of money to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, begged him to do him the honour of coming to dine with him. The Emperor, loth to refuſe, on account of the obligation under which he was, accepted the offer, and went to his houſe at the time appointed. The merchant ſpared nothing to gratify his royal gueſt, and, animated with a generoſity rarely to be met with, cauſed fire to be ſet to a pile of cinnamon, and taking the bond which his Majeſty had given him as a ſecurity for his money, threw it into the flames, ſaying, "Sir, you are now "out of my debt."

Charles the Fifth having one day approached very near to a battery of cannon, one of his officers begged him not to expoſe his perſon in that manner; upon which the Emperor ſmiling, ſaid, "Did you ever ſee a "bullet hit an Emperor?"

Charles the Fifth going to ſee the cloiſter of the Dominicans at Vienna, fell in with a peaſant upon the road, who was carrying a pig; the noiſe of which being diſagreeable to the Emperor, he aſked the peaſant, if he had not learned the method of making a pig be quiet? The ruſtic confeſſed ingenuouſly that he had not, and added that he ſhould be very glad to be acquainted with it. "Take the pig "by the tail," ſaid the Emperor, "and you will ſee that it will ſoon be "ſilent." The peaſant finding that the Emperor was in the right, ſaid, "You muſt have learned your "trade much longer than I, Sir, ſince "you underſtand it a great deal "better."

The great Conde paſſing through the city of Sens, which belonged to Burgundy, of which he was governor, took great pleaſure in diſconcerting the different companies which came to compliment him. The Abbe Boileau, brother of the poet, was commiſſioned to make a ſpeech to the Prince, at the head of the Chapter. Conde, wiſhing to diſconcert the orator, advanced his head and large noſe towards the Dean, as if with intention of hearing better, but in reality to make him blunder if he poſſibly could. The Abbe, who perceived his deſign, pretending to be greatly embarraſſed, began his ſpeech thus: "My Lord, your Highneſs ought "not to be ſurpriſed to ſee me "tremble when I appear before you "at the head of a company of ec-"cleſiaſtics; were I at the head of "an army of thirty thouſand men, "I ſhould tremble much more" The Prince was ſo charmed with this ſally, that he embraced the orator without ſuffering him to proceed. He aſked his name, and when he found that he was brother to Mr. Deſpreaux, he redoubled his careſſes and invited him to dinner.

Leopold, Duke of Lorrain, had a bear, called Marco, of the ſagacity and ſenſibility of which we have the following example. During the winter of 1709, a Savoyard boy, ready to periſh with cold in a barn, in which he had been put by a good woman with ſome more of his companions, thought proper to enter Marco's hut, without reflecting upon the danger which he ran in expoſing himſelf to the mercy of the animal which occupied it. Marco however, inſtead of doing any injury to the child, took him between his paws, and warmed him by ſqueezing him to his breaſt until

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til the next morning, when he ſuffered him to depart to ramble about the city. The Savoyard returned in the evening to the hut, and was received with the ſame affection. For the following days he had no other retreat; but what added much to his joy, was to perceive that the bear had reſerved part of his food for him. Several days paſſed in this manner without the ſervants perceiving any thing of the circumſtance. One day, when one of them came to bring his maſter his ſupper rather later than ordinary, he was aſtoniſhed to ſee the animal roll his eyes in a furious manner, and ſeeming as if he wiſhed him to make as little noiſe as poſſible, for fear of awaking the child whom he claſped to his breaſt. The animal, though ravenous, did not appear in the leaſt moved with the food which was placed before him. The report of this extraordinary circumſtance was ſoon ſpread at court, and reached the ears of Leopold, who, with part of his courtiers, was deſirous of being ſatisfied of the truth of Marco's generoſity. Several of them paſſed the night near his hut, and beheld with aſtoniſhment that the bear never ſtirred as long as his gueſt ſhewed any inclination to ſleep. At break of day the child awoke, was very much aſhamed to find himſelf diſcovered, and fear ng that he would be puniſhed for his raſhneſs, begged for pardon. The bear, however, careſſed him, and endeavoured to prevail on him to eat what had been brought him the evening before, which he did at the requeſt of the ſpectators, who conducted him to the Prince. Having learned the whole hiſtory of this ſingular alliance, and the time which it had continued, the Prince ordered care to be taken of the little Savoyard, who without doubt would have ſoon made his fortune, had he not died a ſhort time after.

## *The Story of* BARTOLINI: *or, The Uſe of Diſappointments. A Moral Tale. From the* Italian.

IN what manner ſlight diſappointments prevent great diſtreſſes, it is, perhaps, not neceſſary for us to know. —But to know that they really do prevent them, and to be able to bring them to a balance with the common ills of life; and to live and think, and argue accordingly, is worth all the reſt of our knowledge put together.

"Alas! how capricious is fortune," muttered a Venetian merchant, whoſe name was Bartolini, as he returned home after his uſual fatigue in the hurry of buſineſs on the Rialto,—"Ten times this very day, continued he, have I been upon the point of a lucky hit, and ſome croſs circumſtance or other, has ſtill broke in upon my ſchemes. What ſignifies all our caution or induſtry, or integrity? They can neither prevent ill ſucceſs, nor ſecure good. Chance will, after all, have the moſt to do in our affairs; and therefore he that truſts moſt to chance is the wiſeſt man.—For my part, I ſhall depend upon nothing, but being diſappointed in whatever I depend upon, for the future."——With theſe and many more ſagacious remarks of this ſort did the fretful Bartolini amuſe himſelf, till he had by degrees argued, and convinced himſelf, out of every good quality he carried about him. —And tho' he was in general a very honeſt and rational man, he might juſtly have been deemed at the moment when he went to reſt that night, as abandoned a knave and infidel, as chagrin and ill-humour could make him.

His eyes were ſcarce cloſed, when Fancy, by an operation very common in ſleep, put his life, if I may be indulged in the expreſſion, twelve hours back-

backward, and ſet him going again juſt in the temper and ſituation, in which he begun the unlucky day he had been complaining of. The firſt perſon he had ſeen that morning was a meſſenger, who informed him, that a ſtore-houſe of his had taken fire, and that the merchandize in it, which was to have been put on board a ſhip to ſail that day, muſt wait for ſome future opportunity!—This was the real fact; and it was one of thoſe lucky hits which the merchant was ſo angry to have miſſed. But his dream promiſed him much better fortune; it brought the ſame meſſenger to tell him, that the goods were actually ſailed in that very ſhip.—And as imagination frequently crowds the tranſactions of a long time, into a few minutes, Bartolini received advices from the captain of a proſperous voyage.——The ſhip had arrived at the port.——The ſailors had begun to unlade.—And things went on very ſmoothly, till a fatal letter blackened all the proſpect, and told him, that a paſſenger on board had contrived to carry with him a parcel of contraband wares, which he offered to ſale,—that the cheat had been diſcovered, the ſhip and cargo confiſcated by the laws of the country, the commander and his whole crew confined in priſon, and the names of all concerned in freighting the veſſel made infamous upon the public mart, by a ſolemn proclamation.—"Alas! cried the merchant, would to heaven my goods had periſhed e'er I ſent them on this unhappy venture!—Who would have thought it? My credit ruined!—My name infamous!—Oh! that I had ſeen my goods burnt in the port of Venice, added he, with an emotion which awaked him; and which made him happy in recollecting, that inſtead of all theſe misfortunes, he had only loſt a ſlight piece of building, and the mere opportunity of ſending by one convenience, that which he ſtill had in his power to ſend by another.

Bartolini's mind was too much agitated by what had paſſed, and ſeemed to paſs, to admit of any reflection.—He awoke juſt to be relieved from the ſolicitude his dream was pregnant with, and then ſunk a ſecond time into ſlumber. Before he had continued long in that ſituation, a perſon of a very open countenance, corrected with a decent gravity, approached him. "Signior, ſaid the ſtranger, you have ſpent a whole day in arraigning the providence, which befriended you juſt as much in what you think you have loſt, as it ever did in thoſe events which you have eſteemed, and in thoſe which really were the happieſt in your whole life. If you will promiſe to make amends by judging with more candor for the future, I will ſhow you the misfortunes you have miſſed to-day." The merchant was a little ſtartled at this addreſs; but the ſtrong effect of his own reaſoning on the ſubject, founded, as he perſuaded himſelf, on experience, prevented his giving any other anſwer, than a nod, which beſpoke a ſulky ſort of acquieſcence, rather than approbation.

"You have ſeen, ſaid the ſtranger, in your dream, what might very probably have been the reſult of your ſucceeding this morning in the firſt thing you propoſed.—But as that ſhowed you only what *might* have been, I ſhall make no application of it now; what I am going to acquaint you with, has really happened already, ſhort as you may think the time, ſince you ſaw the opening of the tranſactions, whoſe event you will now ſee.

You remember the two men who were in ſuch haſte to purchaſe a certain quantity of your goods, that they ſeemed utterly regardleſs of the price.—You remember too, that the un-

unreaſonable abſence of a ſervant whom you had entruſted with the care of thoſe goods, prevented their dealing with you; and ſent them to another merchant, who was as much pleaſed as yourſelf, with the advanced ſum they offered, and put them into immediate poſſeſſion of the commodities they required;—this you thought a great piece of ill luck. But let me ſet you right in the matter Thoſe men were arrant cheats and counterfeits.—The bills they drew for payment mere forgeries.—The ſecurity they gave, all a fiction, and the merchant who has been ſo happy to obtain the misfortune you been deprived of, will too ſoon diſcover it.——The rogues have already diſpoſed of their purchaſe in little lots at an under rate, and there they lye in a tavern where they have been ſpending the produce of their bargain.—One dead drunk upon the floor, the other in the arms of a courtezan.

Turn your eyes a little from the tavern, and you will ſee an ill-looking meagre fellow, lurking in the corner of a ſtreet, with his hand upon a ſtiletto, which he hides in his boſom. He is waiting for a company, which he ſuppoſes to have met in the neighbourhood to celebrate a wedding.—The company did indeed meet; but they have been diſperſed ſome time, and all, as it happened, went home another way——So that the ruffian is likely to loſe his labour. ——But tell me, do not you know that ſpot! Does not your rich uncle live near the place!——It is even ſo; and I dare ſay you have not forgot with what earneſtneſs you preſſed your ſon to ſpend this very evening with the old gentleman, in order to ingratiate himſelf; and with what peeviſh vexation you heard him plead an engagement of his own, to excuſe himſelf from obeying your commands.—See now, what would have been the conſequence——Your ſon would have paſſed by the murderer's poſt alone——He would have had the ſtiletto in his heart, and you would this inſtant have received the intelligence of his death.——Say then, whether you have not been made the luckieſt man in the world, and ſaved, by a trifling diſappointment, from one of the ſevereſt afflictions human nature is here expoſed to.

## Poetry.

*Genuine Copy of a Letter found in the Repoſitory of a* HIGHLAND EXCISE-MAN, *lately deceaſed.*

### To the KING.

FROM Scotia's mountains, where eternal ſnow,
Lurks in the hollow of Shechallion's brow:
Where pureſt air attempers every nerve,
And ev'n Monroe, for want of trade, might ſtarve.
Even there, obſtructed in all other views,
A poor *Exciſe-man* courts the plaintive muſe;
Thro' her preſumes to make his ſorrows known,
And breathe his ſighs before the Britiſh throne!
(Tho' all beneath be callous to his grief:)
Convinc'd that *there* diſtreſs will find relief.
Great Sire, propitious to his woes attend;
A ſmile, or nod, can all his ſorrows end;
Nor his alone, but hundreds in the line,
Who in penurious circumſtances pine.

Poor

Poor THIRTY POUNDS *per annum*, all his ſtore,
Juſt keeps from ſtarving, but can nothing more:
No comforts, nor conveniencies can give,
Allows to breathe, but dares not aim to live.
A numerous offspring, once my greateſt bliſs,
Now only ſerve to heighten my diſtreſs.
Gall'd by misfortune,—till the ſoul o'ercome,
Has tinctur'd all things with a horrid gloom.
Throughout my hut, ſad poverty appears,
And ſeems encreaſing, with encreaſing years:
My faithful mate, in coarſe apparel clad,
Makes of our little, all that can be made;
Oppreſs'd with care, in penſive mood ſhe ſings
Of former days that promis'd better things;
My ragged Children, ape the plaintive rhyme,
With limbs by far too naked for the clime.
My houſehold goods, proportion'd to the reſt,
Afford no ſplendid ſpecimens of taſte.
——But ſoft!——the Picture may offenſive prove,
And hurt the feelings—it was meant to move;
Suffice't to ſay; the ſum is ſcant indeed,
To furniſh EIGHT, with every thing they need.
Exciſe-men, pleaſe your Majeſty, are ſuch,
As ſhould be eaſy, without being rich;
The ſtate, perhaps, might profit by th' event,
And find the Caſh, not caſt away, but lent;
Some ſmall addition, muſt their ſouls revive,
Command exertions, freſh attention give;
And teach new methods both to act and live.
Give but the nod; Diſtreſs will hide her head,
And Peace and Plenty flouriſh in her ſtead.
United voices will your praiſes ſing,
And liſping Children bleſs a gracious King.
Give but the nod, the Premier quick obeys,
In hopes to ſhare the bleſſings and the praiſe.
Give but the nod,—it every thing enſures,
And thoſe unborn, ſhall join their praiſe to ours;
With grateful hearts, the joyful chorus ſing,
Long, (bleſt and happy) live GREAT GEORGE our KING.

## ROSA,

DOTH Spring with verdure on his brow,
And Primroſe in his hand,
Chaſe winter from the hoary fields,
And clothe the fallow land?

Doth ſweetneſs on the Hyacinth hang,
Or Love from beauty ſpring?
Doth mildneſs from contentment flow?
Or virtue calmneſs bring?

Do Nightingales the thickets haunt?
Or Warblers fill the grove?
Doth ev'ry turtle ſeek his mate,
And bow to mighty love?

Doubt that the glad and cheering ſun,
The face of nature warms,
Doubt the return of day and night,
But doubt not ROSE'S CHARMS.

*Dundee.* L.

## THE PARTRIDGES:

### AN ELEGY.

*Written on the 31ſt of Auguſt*, 1788.

ILL-FATED birds, for whom I raiſe the ſtrain,
To tell my lively ſorrow for your fates;
Ye little know, ere morn ſhall gild the plain,
What drear deſtruction all your race awaits.

While innocently baſking in the ray,
That throws the lengthen'd ſhadows o'er the lawn,
Unconſcious you behold the parting day,
Nor feel a fear to meet the morrow's dawn.

Could man like you thus wait the ills of life,
Nor e'er anticipate misfortune's blow,
He'd ſhun a complicated load of ſtrife,
Greater than real evils can beſtow.

Ev'n now the ſportſman, anxious for his fame,
Prepares the tube ſo fatal to your race;
He pants already for the *glorious* game,
And checks the lingering hour's tardy pace.

Raptured he'll hie him, at the dawn of day,
With treacherous caution tread your haunts around,
Exulting rout his poor defenceleſs prey,
Then bring the fluttering victims to the ground.

Yes! while he gives the meditated blow,
And ſees around the ſtruggling covey bleed,
His iron heart a barbarous joy ſhall know,
And plume itſelf upon the bloody deed.

For ſhame! Can men who boaſt a poliſh'd mind,
And feelings too, theſe ſavage paſtimes court?
In ſuch inhuman acts a pleaſure find,
And call the cruel deſolation——ſport?

Thouſands that graze the fields muſt daily bleed,
Neceſſity compels—for man they die,
But no excuſe neceſſity can plead,
To kill thoſe harmleſs tenants of the ſky.

By heaven privileg'd they build the neſt,
They take the common bounty nature yields,
No property with vicious force moleſt,
But pick the refuſe of the open fields.

Then why, if God this privilege has given,
Should we pervert great nature's bounteous plan?
For happineſs is ſure the end of heaven,
As well to bird and inſect as to man.

Like us they move within the narrow ſphere,
Each various paſſion of the mind confeſs;
And joy, and ſorrow, love, and hope, and fear,
Alternate pain them, and alternate bleſs.

Yes! they can pine in grief—with rapture glow,
Their little hearts, to every feeling true:
Like us conceive affection, and the blow

That

That kills the offspring, wounds
the mother too.

Then bid your breaſts for nobler paſ-
times burn!
Let not ſuch cruelty your actions
ſtain!
Humanity ſhould teach mankind to
ſpurn
The pleaſure purchaſed by an-
other's pain.

POSTHUMUS.

## A HYMN, written for SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

By WILLIAM HAYLEY, Eſq.

NOR faith, nor hope, whate'er
their force,
Can aught avail the ſoul,
Should CHARITY not guide its
courſe
To glory's heavenly goal.

The ſongs of wiſdom, tho' they ſoar
To notes that *Seraphs* ſwell,
If SHE be wanting, are no more
Than Folly's tinkling bell.

A thouſand ſhapes as bright as morn
Sweet CHARITY aſſumes;
And, as the hues of *Heav'n*, adorn
HER variegated plumes.

'Tis SHE, with conſolation's voice,
That ſtills affliction's ſtorm;
SHE bids deſpairing want rejoice,
In bounty's radiant form.

And with what ſemblance is SHE ſeen
That more HER pow'r endears,
Than when with mild inſtruction's
mien
HER SABBATH SCHOOL SHE
rears.

Then SHE the earth-bound ſpirit lifts
Above the valley's clod.
And gives the richeſt of HER gifts,
*The Knowledge of Her* GOD.

# Monthly Chronicle, and Review of Politics.

## *OCTOBER*, 1788.

THoſe who, in their impatience of temper, and indignation at the conduct of Ruſſia towards this countryduring the laſt war, wiſhed well to every enemy that might attack that empire, will be forced to confeſs, that the King of Sweden has made but a ſorry figure. It does not appear from his State Papers, that he can aſſign ſuch a cauſe for hoſtilities as is juſtifiable, even allowing for the irritability of regal minds—And if ſuch cauſe could have been alledged, to enter upon a war ſuddenly, without conſulting his States, who have the power of refuſing ſupplies, was no proof of wiſdom, and from the beginning afforded little hope of ſucceſs. This ſhort war, however, is now at an end; for what can a Monarch do when his officers and his ſubjects are diſaffected, when one part of his fleet is blocked up, and the other incapable to releaſe it?

The anſwers of the Court of Copenhagen, are ſpirited and ſenſible, and what is ſeldom found in ſuch papers, are plain and intelligible. But it yet remains to be determined, whether in conſequence of the ceſſation of hoſtilities in Finland, the aſſiſtance of Denmark will be contributed. Mean time, we have aſſurances from abroad, that the Engliſh and French Miniſters at the Courts of Copenhagen and Stockholm are interpoſing to conclude the diſpute amicably, which, in other words, is to delay it to an opportunity more favourable than the preſent. There is but little confidence to be put in the treaties between crowned heads; peace is at beſt but a ceſſation of hoſtilities.

The Turks have been able to penetrate too far into the Imperial territories. The Auſtrians ought to have known this; perhaps, indeed, the Turks themſelves have not acted wiſely in going too far from home, unleſs they can keep up ſuch an army as will be able to cope with any combined force the enemy may

bring into the field. Every thing depends on the party that ſhall be ſuperior in a regular engagement—At preſent, the conduct of the Grand Viſir, in avoiding *that*, where every important point is not in view, cannot be too much commended. Tiring out his enemies, will weaken their force, in every reſpect, much more effectually than knocking a few thouſands on the head.

## *DENMARK.*

*Copy of a letter from Mr. Fenwick, his Majeſty's conſul at Elſineur, dated Oct. 4.*

The frigate Nadeſchda, Capt. Barſch, and Dolphin cutter, Capt. Mollier, in our roads, are ſeemingly on a ſtation, ſo that no Swedes dare move from this; and certain advice is come to-day, that 6000 Daniſh auxiliaries have already reached Udewalla, from Frederickſhall, and meeting a ſmall oppoſition of 600 men, killed ten, and took the reſt priſoners, but had agreed to a truce of eight days. The Norway mails, to and from this, had been delayed two or three days, but are now going again.

I am, &c.

N. FENWICK"

The defenſive treaty which at preſent ſubſiſts between the Courts of Berlin and Stockholm, will now oblige the King of Pruſſia to come forward with his ſtipulated ſuccours, which he has hitherto withheld on the pretext of the war, in its commencement with Ruſſia, being offenſive on the part of Sweden, but which objection is now completely done away, by the recent attack from the Daniſh forces.

Mr. Fenwick's letter was accompanied by advices of a ſtill more important tenor, which deſcribe the ſituation of affairs in the North as being more critical than ever. The raſh and unjuſtifiable ſtep which the Prince Royal has now taken in acting offenſively within the Swediſh dominions, independently of the Ruſſians, has cauſed the utmoſt conſternation at Copenhagen. The people there conſider the meaſure as replete with the moſt alarming conſequences, as it cannot fail to draw down the immediate and active interference of the King of Pruſſia and his allies—for if the balance of power, and the faith of treaties be worth preſerving in the North, the King of Sweden muſt now be reſcued, and a more favourable opportunity cannot poſſibly offer. The Pruſſian army is now in great ſtrength and high ſpirits near the borders of Denmark, and may even poſſeſs themſelves of that country, without apprehenſion of meeting with any obſtructions from the Emperor, whoſe preſent ſituation is debilitated and degraded in the extreme.

It ſeems a curious piece of Generalſhip, that the Empreſs ſhould attempt to amuſe the Swediſh officers in Finland with a temporary ceſſation of hoſtilities, while the Daniſh troops were actually then penetrating into the Swediſh territories, in another quarter.

## *TURKS AND AUSTRIANS.*

The Turks lately evinced a wonderful ſpirit of cruel vengeance. They ſhut up a number of Auſtrian priſoners in a houſe which was kept as a quarantine reſidence for paſſengers between Turky and Auſtria; and pretending that the unfortunate people were infected with the plague, the Turkiſh officers gave orders to ſet fire to the building, by which above fifty brave Chriſtians periſhed in the flames.

The ſavage barbarities committed by the Turks in the neighbourhood of Temeſwar and Belgrade, have filled the Emperor's forces with the moſt ferocious deſire of revenge; and we may now expect to hear of brutalities and murders, that would diſgrace the cannibals in North America.

## *SWEDEN.*

The King of Sweden does not ſeem likely to ſupport the character of ſome of his great predeceſſors. He began his operations by land and ſea with great alacrity and confidence; but, excepting his naval engagement, nothing ſeems to have been well conducted. He thought to take Ruſſian Finland, and even Peterſburgh, by a *coup de main*; but his troops have done nothing; they have rather loſt than gained any advantages, and are now feeling the want of neceſſaries, from an haſty and improvident invaſion of an enemy's country. The King begins to repent; talks of being open to a reaſonable peace; but as that cannot be ſo ſoon arranged, the let-

letters by laſt-mail ſay, that a truce of two months is in agitation; if that takes place, it will be too late to recommence hoſtilities this year, and probably a peace will be ſettled in the winter. There is certainly a ſtrong party in Sweden againſt the war; and above ſeventy officers have left the army, ſaying, that the King had no right to commence hoſtilities without convening the States, and taking their opinion of the matter. This is the line of the conſtitution; but the officers ought to have propoſed their difficulties, before they were brought on the enemy's land. The King of Sweden has, however, gained a great point for the Turks; he has certainly prevented the Ruſſian fleet from ſailing out of the Baltic to the Mediterranean this ſummer; for it muſt now be certainly too late for that expedition to take place.

*Stockholm, Sept.* 16. A ceſſation of hoſtilities having been agreed upon between the Empreſs of Ruſſia, and the Swediſh troops in Finland, the latter, in compliance with the ſtipulations, retired within their own frontiers, except a battalion of the Queen Dowager's regiment, and another of the regiment of Oſtrogothia, who, not having acceded to the convention, kept poſſeſſion of their poſts. Between theſe and a corps of Ruſſians a ſkirmiſh happened on the 1ſt inſt. in which about fourteen of the enemy were killed, and only two Swedes wounded. It is hitherto uncertain whether or not this affair will lead to a renewal of hoſtilities between the two armies.

## *SPAIN.*

*Extract of a letter from Madrid, Sept.* 8

The treaty negociating with England thro' the medium of Mr Liſton, Envoy from London, is under proſpect of being brought to a happy concluſion; and many will be the advantages accruing to the two countries, beſides a conſolidation of friendſhip and reciprocal good offices. —There is a report that our Court and the Engliſh are going to uſe their good offices between Sweden and Ruſſia; this is the more probable, as Mr Liſton is going to Stockholm.

## WEST INDIES.

From Dominica, Auguſt 26, we are informed, that on Thurſday the 14th Auguſt, this unfortunate iſland was again alarmed by the appearance of a hurricane. About ſix it began pretty ſevere, towards eight increaſed, and about nine it blew exceedingly hard; the proviſions are all deſtroyed, and the canes much injured.

Martinique was attacked very violently about the ſame time, but much more ſeverely, the buildings in general being thrown down, and the coffee almoſt entirely rooted up.

## *FRANCE.*

Though the camp at St Omer's is broke up, and none of the regiments that formed it have marched into the Auſtrian Netherlands, yet we can take upon us to aſſure our readers, that ſuch orders were actually iſſued at the breaking up of a council that was held at Verſailles, in the night between the 13th and 14th of September. The reaſon why theſe orders were afterwards countermanded, we know not; but the reaſon why they were iſſued, we can, from good authority, lay before our readers.

The King of Pruſſia, ſtrongly ſolicited by his Swediſh Majeſty, either to join Sweden in the war with Ruſſia, or to hold ſuch a language to the Courts in the intereſt of Ruſſia, as would deter them from declaring againſt Sweden, directed his miniſter at the Court of Vienna to notify to Prince Kaunitz, that his Swediſh Majeſty had actually made a demand of the 30,000 men, which Pruſſia was bound to ſend to the aſſiſtance of the Swedes

Swedes, whenever the latter ſhould require them. The Pruſſian Miniſter was inſtructed to aſk Prince Kaunitz at the ſame time, whether the Court of Vienna would take umbrage, if his Pruſſian Majeſty ſhould comply with the requiſition of the King of Sweden.

The anſwer given by the Auſtrian Miniſter was, that he would lay the whole buſineſs before the Emperor, and return a preciſe anſwer to his Pruſſian Majeſty, as ſoon as he ſhould have been made acquainted with the Emperor's ſentiments on the ſubject.

The anſwer tranſmitted to Vienna from the camp, where his Imperial Majeſty then lay, was, "That he could not find fault with the King of Pruſſia, if, in compliance with the obligation of a treaty, he ſent 30,000 men to the aſſiſtance of the Swedes. But that his Imperial Majeſty muſt inform the King of Pruſſia, that, if he did ſend thoſe troops, he (the Emperor) would make uſe of the ſame privilege, and call upon France for 24,000 men, which that power was bound to furniſh him, according to the tenor of the treaty of 1755."

Prince Kaunitz accordingly made a demand of theſe 24,000 through the medium of the Imperial ambaſſador at Paris. The demand, however, was not abſolute, but conditional—in caſe the King of Pruſſia ſhould actually ſend 30,000 to the aſſiſtance of the King of Sweden.

The Cabinet of Verſailles reſolved to comply with this requiſition, and the troops that were wanted were orderd to hold themſelves in readineſs to march.

## *L O N D O N.*

### ANECDOTE.

A country ſchoolmaſter aſked a ſailor what was the third and half-third of ten-pence. The fellow, who was illiterate, and conſequently unacquainted with arithmetic, evaded the anſwer, by intimating that his meſſmates were by, and he did not care to give that for nothing which he had paid for at ſo dear a rate; adding, that he could ſet the ſchoolmaſter a much harder ſum. What is it? cried the former. Why, replied the ſailor, "If a pound of cheeſe coſt fourpence, what will a cart-load of turnips amount to?"

### CHANGES OF REGIMENTS.

1789—The 20, 21, and 24th Regiments to go to Nova Scotia and Canada.
37, 42, and 53d, thus relieved, come to England.
38, 39, and 40th, to Ireland.
1790—1ſt Regiment to Jamaica.
3d and 12th, to England.
47 and 62d, to Nova Scotia.
54 and 57th, to England.
22 and 23d, to Ireland.
1791—13 and 10th, go to Jamaica.
14 and 19th, to England.
7 and 35th, to Ireland.
15th, to Grenada.
30th, to England.
35th, to Ireland.
1792—46, 51, and 66, to Gibraltar.
26, 25, and 52d, thus relieved, to England.
8, 17, and 53d, to Ireland.
1793—28, 58, and 69, to Gibraltar.
11, 18, and 32d, to England.

### ROYAL NAVY.

The following is the total of the Ordinary of the Navy at each port, as made up to the firſt inſtant, and tranſmitted to the Admiralty Board at Charing Croſs:

Deptford—Sixteen frigates from 44 to 24 guns, four ſloops, and two cutters.

Woolwich——One ſhip of the line, one ſhip of 50 guns, eighteen frigates from 40 to 24 guns, five ſloops and a cutter.

Sheerneſs—Nine ſhips of the line, two of 60 guns, ſix frigates, five ſloops, and two cutters.

Chatham—Thirty-ſix ſhips of the line,

line, one of 50 guns, twenty four frigates from 44 to 28 guns, ſix ſloops.

Portſmouth—Forty ſix ſhips of the line, one of 50 guns, twenty-ſix frigates, eleven ſloops, and two cutters.

Plymouth—Thirty-ſeven ſhips of the line, one of 50 guns, eleven frigates, five ſloops, and one cutter.

Total—One hundred and twenty-nine ſhips of the line, twelve of 50 guns, an hundred frigates, and forty-five ſloops and cutters.

Increaſed in the ordinary ſince laſt poſt, two ſhips of the line, viz. Royal George, of 100 guns, launched at Chatham; Powerful of 74 guns, paid off at Plymouth.

The poſt command at Portſmouth is changed, and Sir Edmund Affleck has ſucceeded Lord Hood; the other ports remain as before.

The Leander man of war of 50 guns is fitting at Plymouth for the Mediterranean ſtation: Admiral Peyron, Rear Admiral of the White ſquadron, has his flag on board her to proceed to Gibraltar, to ſucceed Commodore Coſby in the command.

The Adventure man of war, of 44 guns, is recommiſſioned at Spithead, and Captain Inglefield appointed to command her, in the room of Capt. Parry, who has been in commiſſion his time.

The Lords of the Admiralty have put the Atalanta ſloop, of 14 guns, into commiſſion at Woolwich, and appointed Captain Maurice Delgarno to command her.

*Whitehall, Oct.* 14. The King has been pleaſed to appoint Mr James Beattie to be one of the Regents or Profeſſors of Philoſophy, in the Mariſchal College in the Univerſity of Aberdeen, in the room of Doctor William Morgan, deceaſed.

On Saturday morning, between the hours of one and three o'clock, the palace of his Grace the Archbiſhop of Canterbury was burglariouſly broken open by ſome villains, it is ſuppoſed ſeveral in number; who got over the garden wall, and entered the houſe by breaking through the brickwork which has been recently erected to block up a door at the end of the paſſage that leads immediately to the plate-room, from whence they ſtole Silver plate, value upwards of 2000l.

## EDINBURGH,

Oct. 1. At a quarter paſt two o'clock William Brodie and George Smith were brought upon the platform at the weſt end of the Luckenbooths, attended by two of the city Magiſtrates and proper officers. Mr Brodie had on a full ſuit of black, and his hair dreſſed and powdered; Smith was dreſſed in white, with black trimming. They were aſſiſted in their devotions by the Rev. Mr Hardie, one of the miniſters of this city, the Rev. Mr Cleeve, one of the Epiſcopal perſuaſion, and Mr Hall of the Burghers. Having ſpent ſome time in prayer with ſeeming fervency, they put on white caps, and Smith, whoſe behaviour was highly penitent and reſigned, ſlowly aſcended a kind of table raiſed a few feet above the platform, and placed immediately under the beam where the halters were fixed: he was followed by Brodie, who mounted with briſkneſs and agility, and examined the dreadful ſcene with attention, particularly the halter deſigned for himſelf, which he pulled with his hand. It was then found that the halters had been too much ſhortened, and they were obliged to be taken down to alter. During this dreadful interval, Smith remained on the table, but Mr Brodie ſtepped lightly down to the platform, took off his night-cap, and waited patiently till the ropes were adjuſted. He then ſprung up again upon the table, but the rope was ſtill improperly placed, and he once more deſcended to the platform, ſhewing ſome little impatience, and obſerved, that the executioner ought to be puniſhed for his ſtupidity—but that it did not much ſignify. Having

again

again aſcended the table, and the rope being at laſt properly adjuſted, he deliberately untied his cravat, buttoned up his waiſtcoat and coat, and helped the executioner to fix the rope; then pulling the nightcap over his face, he folded his arms and placed himſelf in an attitude expreſſive of firmneſs and reſolution. Smith, who, during this time, had been in fervent devotion, then let fall a handkerchief as a ſignal, and a few minutes before three the table dropt from under them.

Thus ended the life of William Brodie, whoſe conduct, when we conſider his ſituation in life, is equally ſingular and contradictory. By the low and vicious connections he formed, he had every thing to loſe—he could gain little, even if ſucceſsful; for, from the moment he embarked in the enterprizes of his deſperate aſſociates, his property, his life was at their mercy—Indeed, his crimes appeared to be rather the reſult of infatuation than depravity; and he ſeemed to be more attracted by the dexterity of thieving, than the profit ariſing from it. To excel in the performance of ſome paltry legerdemain or ſlight of hand tricks, to be able to converſe in the cant or flaſh language of thieves, or to chaunt with ſpirit a ſong from the Beggar's Opera, was to him the higheſt ambition. Thoſe who knew him beſt, agree that his diſpoſition was friendly and generous, and that he had infinitely more of the dupe than the knave in his compoſition; and was indeed admirably fitted for deſigning and wicked men to work upon.

But the grand ſource from which all his crimes and his misfortunes ſprung, was gaming; a vice indeed, too prevalent in all ranks; leading in the moſt opulent to bankruptcy and ſuicide; and, in the middle and lower claſſes to crimes hurtful to ſociety, and fatal to themſelves.

The fate of this unfortunate man, diſtreſſing as it muſt unavoidably prove to many reſpectable individuals, forms, however, an example highly important and beneficial to ſociety. It points out the difficulty of eluding by the moſt artful means the ſteady and perſevering hand of juſtice: It ſhows, that, when guilt is once brought home, the rank of the individual rather aggravates than ſoftens the crime; and that the laws are diſtributed with an equal and impartial hand to all.

## *ABERDEEN.*

October 14. the Provincial Synod met here, and after an excellent ſermon, by the Revd Mr Patrick Davidſon, Miniſter at Rayne, laſt Moderator, on 1 Tim. i. 15. they unanimouſly made choice of the Revd Mr James Hogg, Miniſter at Skene, to be Moderator. After the Clerk had diſtributed the act of the General Aſſembly for a national thankſgiving, to be obſerved the 5th of November, the Synod appointed that day to be likewiſe obſerved through all their bounds, as a day of thankſgiving to God for the favourable ſeaſon and good harveſt. The Synod, having diſpatched their ordinary buſineſs, adjourned to the ſecond Tueſday of April next.

Laſt week, part of a worm of uncommon length was voided by a Diſpenſary Patient, who died a few days after. By permiſſion of the friends, the viſcera were examined after death, and the remaining portion of the worm, twelve yards and a half in length, was found in the inteſtines.

On Tueſday the 7th curt. died at Miln of Lumphart, Lieutenant Francis Gordon of the 88th regiment of foot.

*Acknowledgements to Correſpondents.*

*** The Lines intitled "FANCY WITHOUT JUDGEMENT," are received. The title well expreſſes the contents; they are really written without judgement, and are therefore inadmiſſible.

*** The Song intended for this Magazine is obliged to be poſtponed till our next.

THE

# ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

## LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. XXII.] Thurſday November 6, 1788. [Price 3d.

## THE TRIFLER, No. XXII.

*Thurſday November* 6, 1788.

SI VIS TIBI OMNIA SUBJICERE, TE SUBJICE RATIONI.

*Senec. Epiſt.*

I Take for granted that my readers are ſufficiently acquainted with the Hiſtory of that memorable event which theſe kingdoms agreed to commemorate by a holiday, and which came in courſe yeſterday. It being likewiſe a hundred years ſince the revolution which placed the preſent family on the throne, many ſocieties agreed to celebrate the preceeding day, with more than uſual demonſtrations of joy. Suitable reflections on theſe events have no doubt occurred to my readers, and it may ſeem ſuperfluous to trouble them with mine.

The enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, is the higheſt of which any ſociety can be capable—and the abuſe of that liberty is the greateſt crime any individual can be guilty of. It has always occurred to me, that there is a more than ordinary degree of depravity in the heart of that man, who, as the Apoſtle terms it, uſes his liberty for a cloak of maliciouſneſs. Whereas to uſe that liberty only as the means of more fully promoting our own happineſs and that of others, is to accompliſh the great ends for which liberty was ordained.

Happy were it for mankind if they experienced no other tyranny than is created by the will of an abſolute monarch, or the written laws of a nation. Far more oppreſſive, more deſtructive of happineſs, are thoſe mandates, thoſe laws to which we voluntarily ſubject ourſelves. What tyranny ſo hard to bear as the unreſtrained power of our paſſions! What chains ſo galling as thoſe in which vicious inclination binds man!

Yet under this bondage men are contented to ſit. Genius itſelf is not unfettered by prejudice, by envy, by malevolence. The milder virtues of domeſtic life are repreſſed by the power of faſhion, by that general conſent reſpecting manners to which all are ſubject, and from which few have the ſpirit to be emancipated. Nor does the oppreſſive influence of this inter-

nal tyranny appear in any nation ſo plainly and ſo generally, as in ours. While we ſing hymns in praiſe of liberty, we allow ourſelves to be enſlaved beyond the power of redemption; and while we repel the attempt of a miniſter to burthen us by taxes, with a degree of violence that has ſubverted kingdoms and deluged nations in blood, we are content to forge thoſe chains for ourſelves which no government could bind, and which no power can looſen.

The proper enjoyment of liberty is not common. Is this becauſe it is not eaſy? becauſe it is difficult to know how to enjoy our liberty? Perhaps ſo—for many men find it a difficult matter to be virtuous, and univerſal experience demonſtrates that a good man only can truly enjoy liberty.

He whoſe deſires are few, muſt ſeldom be the prey of diſappointment. He knows no ambition, becauſe he has learned to be content with little. He therefore arrives at the full period of gratification, which the inſatiable genius of ambition never reached. In regularly fulfilling the relative duties, he improves his connexion with civil ſociety. He is a link of that chain which cannot be broken—As his deſires are moderated by piety, he knows not what it is to be baffled in the purſuit of unlawful pleaſure—to be mortified by the repulſe of virtuous indignation—to be deſpiſed where he truſted that rank and riches would have procured a welcome reception—to be reſtrained by thoſe laws which are appointed for the protection of right and property from injuſtice and oppreſſion——He is a ſtranger to the pangs of guilty remembrance—and knows not what it is to be curſed by the heart he has corrupted.

As, in the various changes of his ſituation from lowlineſs to competence, he has formed an eſtimate of human enjoyments ſo juſt that he cannot be diſappointed, ſo true that time and experience will always confirm it, and ſo wiſe as to keep him humble—ſo in the inferior duties pertaining to himſelf, he is ſecure from mortification by not courting pain and diſeaſe. Temperance, while it preſerves health, preſerves alſo the ſoundneſs of his mind, the impartiality of his judgement, and the conſiſtency of his opinions. He is the ſame to-day he was yeſterday—while the devoted victim to inebriety wavers in his diſpoſition according to the operation of his poiſon, and exaſperates every paſſion to irritability and madneſs, while he deprives himſelf of the power of gratification. His natural paſſions become monſtrous, and while he breaks through every law human and divine, he takes occaſion to regret the loſs of his *liberty*, and wonders that in a free country like this, he cannot be a villain with impunity.

But the good man, in the enjoyment of his freedom, is diſtinguiſhed by other degrees of wiſdom, which render him more perfectly free. While he enjoys with a peculiar luxury the gratification of moderate paſſions and natural want, he is a ſtranger to all that numerous catalogue of artificial neceſſities which refinement has created. One artificial want indulged naturally leads to another. To ſtop is impoſſible. There muſt be an uniformity in ſplendid equipage, furniture and apparel—and ſuperfluities never come ſingly. Such is the folly of mankind, when ſubjected to the ſlavery of faſhion, that even neceſſaries are often wanting, where ſuperfluity abounds; that which cannot be diſpenſed with is to ſeek, when that which is uſeleſs has been provided at an immenſe coſt. Luxury is ſplendid and deceptive, even where it *can* be ſupported—but where ſupport is wanting, may I not borrow an elegant figure, and ſay that "it is luxury in the

the lap of poverty?"—and it were well if poverty only followed the dominion of faſhion. But it is hard to go down hill with a proud heart. Injuſtice in every ſhape is the conſequence—a family ruined—friends deceived—creditors defrauded. The buſineſs of life is neglected for its pleaſures; and the ſame pride, the ſame dominion of falſe refinement remains, which prompts to meanneſs, to injuſtice, and to diſhonour. Improper arts are now employed to prop the falling grandeur, and thoſe who before deceived by appearances, now defraud in reality.

Far different is the lot of him who has learned to be content with little—to allow that little to be increaſed only by induſtry backed by integrity, who has conſequently no misfortunes to lament but thoſe which human wiſdom can neither foreſee nor prevent, and who in poverty and diſtreſs, in ſickneſs and at the hour of death, is pitied, beloved, and kindly ſupported—but whoſe greateſt ſupport ariſes from the conſoling certainty that when the period of human ſuffering is paſt, and the bitterneſs of death is over, he goes to poſſeſs an inheritance in a better country, where ſorrow never enters, and where happineſs knows no end.

To ſuch a man the liberty enjoyed in this nation, bought with the blood of our forefathers, and ſecured by the genius of our conſtitution, will appear to be one of the higheſt bleſſings for which man can be grateful——and the recollection of thoſe events lately commemorated, which providence permitted for the completion of civil and religious liberty, will be attended with ſentiments that warm the heart, inſpire with true patriotiſm, and direct to true piety. Where liberty is thus enjoyed, the voice of faction is never heard, and the turbulence of diſappointed ambition dies.

I cannot conclude this paper without tranſcribing a few lines from that excellent Poet Cowper,—a Poet whoſe works will be equally reliſhed by men of taſte and virtue, and who is one of the firſt in our days who has interwoven the moſt important truths of Chriſtianity with the beſt exertions of poetical genius, and fine ſatire.

" But there is yet a liberty unſung
By poets, and by ſenators unpraiſed,
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers
Of earth and hell confed'rate take away,
A liberty, which perſecution, fraud,
Oppreſſion, priſons, have no power to bind,
Which whoſo taſtes can be enſlav'd no more.
'Tis liberty of heart, derived from heav'n,
Bought with HIS blood who gave it to mankind,
And ſealed with the ſame token. It is held
By charter, and that charter ſanctioned ſure
By th' unimpeachable and awful oath,
And promiſe of a God. His other gifts,
All bear the royal ſtamp that ſpeaks them his,
And are auguſt, but this tranſcends them all. TASK, *Book* V.

## Biography.

### MEMOIRS
OF THE LATE
### DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

(Continued from page 646.)

TO baffle art by art, and defeat by policy that which true wiſdom could not oppoſe with a probability of

ſucceſs, is the cuſtom of every hackneyed practitioner in the world. The Ducheſs of Kingſton was merely a woman of cunning, truſting ſolely to her machinations for ſucceſs. Hence the barometer of her happineſs roſe, or was depreſſed, as multifarious manœuvres produced what her chimerical fancy termed good or evil. The ſlighteſt check in the career of vanity, the leaſt failure in the accompliſhment of any vain-glorious project, occaſioned a ſigh. What then muſt the proſpect of being compelled to bid farewel to all her greatneſs have effected! The attack made on the honours of the Ducheſs, ſtruck alſo at her principles and character. She knew, and felt, that if the whole of her conduct ſhould be expoſed to the light, a conſummate degree of moral turpitude would appear. As to the marriage with his Grace of Kingſton, the ſolemn opinions of the Civilians might be urged in extenuation; but thoſe opinions were obtained by partial facts only appearing to them. The Earl of Briſtol had boaſted of a marriage. The Lady whom he had denominated his wife put him to the proof of the marriage; and with perfect ſafety ſhe might do this, when ſhe had taken previous care to prevent the only witneſs who could prove the fact, from giving teſtimony in the cauſe. Here was fraud; and if Lord Briſtol acquieſced in it, there was colluſion. Another thing. There was certainly extreme turpitude in the act of deſtroying the regiſter of the marriage with the noble Earl, at one time; and there was the utmoſt fordidneſs in endeavouring to reſtore ſomething like it, when likely to anſwer a ſelfiſh purpoſe. All theſe circumſtances afforded miſerable themes for reflection; and the period was now arrived, when reflection came with vengeance at her heels. But alternative there was none. An immediate return to England was the only meaſure to be adopted by her Grace, who, on recovering the little of her judgment which was left, drove to the houſe of Mr. Jenkins, Banker to all the Britiſh travellers who viſit the tutelary reſidence of St. Peter. Her return to England, however, the opponents of the Ducheſs endeavoured to prevent, by a ſpecies of artful policy, exactly ſuited to the Lady with whom they had to deal. The Ducheſs had placed ſecurities in the hands of Mr. Jenkins, anſwerable for the ſums ſhe might occaſionally require. He was perfectly ſecure in any advance he might make.—Yet, apprized that the Ducheſs would call on him for money to defray the expence of her journey to England, he avoided ſeeing her.—On the firſt announcement of his not being at home, it was paſſed over as a mere unfortunate incident; but on the viſits being repeated, and the denials being as frequent, the conduct was juſtly imputed to deſign. The ſcheme was to delay the return of the Ducheſs, ſo as that an outlawry might be obtained, which, in the eye of imagination, appeared the probable method of acquiring the eſtates of the late Duke. This was folly, becauſe the will of his Grace, in his own hand writing, was ſo guarded, as not to be attacked with the remoteſt poſſibility of ſucceſs. Such, however, was the idea; and, from whatever preſumable motive it originated, Mr. Jenkins aſſuredly coincided with the plan. Aware of this, the Ducheſs was inceſſant in her applications; and finding all her efforts to ſee Mr Jenkins fail, ſhe pocketed a brace of piſtols, returned to his houſe, and receiving the uſual anſwer that he was not at home, ſhe ſat on the ſteps of his door, and declared her determined reſolution there to remain until he returned, were it for a week, month, or year. She knew that buſineſs would compel his return; and finding it impracticable any longer

to

to elude an interview, Mr. Jenkins appeared. As the Ducheſs poſſeſſed that bleſſed gift of utterance, for which ladies of ſpirit are ſometimes ſo eminently famous, it may be ſuppoſed, that the converſation with the Banker was not of the mildeſt kind. Money was demanded, not aſked. A little prevarication enſued; but the production of a piſtol ſerved as the moſt powerful mode of reaſoning; the neceſſary was obtained, and the Ducheſs inſtantly quitted Rome.

We are now to behold the object of our ſuccinct detail, in a light pitiable in the extreme. About to combat a proſecution, the event of which, the monitor within muſt inform the culprit, would be fatal; a ſeries of reflections, and each accompanied by a cenſure, crowding on the mind, and putting the perturbed ſpirits on the rock of painful ſenſation; attended only by domeſtics, and wanting the conſolation of a friend, each pace was a nearer approach to miſery, and every hour only the anticipation of future woe. This was enough to overpower nature; nor will it be deemed ſurprizing, that under ſuch oppreſſive circumſtances the health of the Ducheſs ſhould be violently attacked. Her journey was retarded before ſhe reached the Alps. A violent fever ſeemed to ſeize on her vitals. From that ſhe recovered, to the aſtoniſhment of her attendants. An abſceſs then formed in her ſide, which rendering it impoſſible for her to endure the motion of a carriage, a kind of litter was provided, in which ſhe gently travelled. In this ſituation, nature was relieved by the breaking of the abſceſs; and after a tediouſly painful journey, the Ducheſs reached Calais. At that place ſhe made a pauſe, and there it was that her apprehenſion got the better of her reaſon. In idea ſhe was fettered, and incarcerated in the worſt cell of the worſt priſon in London. She was totally ignorant of the bailable nature of her offence, and by conſequence expected the utmoſt to be imagined. Colonel Weſt, a brother of the late Lord Delaware, whom the Ducheſs had known in England, became her principal aſſociate; but he was not lawyer enough to ſatisfy her doubts.

By the means of former connections, and through a benevolence in his own nature, the Earl of Mansfield had a private intercourſe with the Ducheſs. Without mentioning the place of meeting, ſuffice it to obſerve, that this venerable Peer conducted himſelf in a manner which did honour to his heart and character. Her ſpirits ſoothed, and her futile apprehenſions removed by the interview, the Ducheſs embarked for Dover, landed, drove poſt to Kingſton Houſe, and found friends diſplaying both zeal and alacrity in her cauſe.

The preſent Duke of Newcaſtle was ſteadily devoted to her welfare. The Dukes of Anc ſter and Portland teſtified their ſincere good wiſhes; Lord Mountſtuart ſhewed, in numerous inſtances, his kindneſs; and there were not wanting a circle of other diſtinguiſhed perſonages, who, reprobating the proſecution as originating in mercenary and vindictive motives, conceived themſelves to be juſtified in protecting, as far as their power lay, the object perſecuted. The firſt meaſure taken was to have the Ducheſs bailed. This was done before Lord Mansfield; his Grace of Newcaſtle, Lord Mountſtuart, Mr. Glover, and other characters of rank attending. This diſagreeable matter adjuſted, the manner of adjuſting it was ſuch as to ſolace the mind, and prepare it for a greater encounter. It is in the conſtitution of ſublunary things, that the endurance of evils is the lot of mortality; and it is the benignant order of Heaven, that the worſt evils ſhould be endurable, by happening ſo progreſſively, as that our natures are tempered,

pered, by gradation, to the infelicity of their fate.

The proſecution, and conſequent trial of the Ducheſs, becoming objects of magnitude, the public curioſity and expectation were proportionably excited. The Ducheſs had through life diſtinguiſhed herſelf as a moſt eccentric character. Her turn of mind was original, and many of her actions were without parallel: even when ſhe moved in the ſphere of amuſement, it was in a ſtyle peculiarly her own. If others invited admiration by a partial diſplay of their charms at a maſquerade, ſhe at once threw off the veil, and ſet cenſure at defiance. Thus at a midnight aſſembly, where Bacchus revelled, and the altars of Venus were encircled by the votaries of Love, the Ducheſs, then denominated Miſs Chudleigh, appeared almoſt in the unadorned ſimplicity of primitive nature. The dilemma, therefore, into which ſhe was thrown by the pending proſecution, was ſcarcely more than might be expected to happen to ſuch a character. She had in a manner invited the diſgrace, by neglecting the means of preventing it. Mrs. Cradock, the only exiſting evidence againſt her, had perſonally ſolicited a maintenance for the remaining years of her life; and had voluntarily offered, in caſe an annual ſtipend ſhould be ſettled on her, to retire to her native village, and never more intrude. This offer was rejected by the Ducheſs, who would only conſent to allow her twenty pounds a year on condition of her ſequeſtering herſelf in ſome place near the Peak of Derbyſhire. This the Ducheſs conſidered as a moſt liberal offer; and ſhe expreſſed her aſtoniſhment that the "Old D—l," as ſhe uſed to call her, ſhould have had the aſſurance to reject it. It was, however, rejected with the utmoſt ſcorn; and ſhe who was refuſed a paltry pittance, except on condition of baniſhment for life, might afterwards have received thouſands to abſcond. The impulſe of fear will often produce what the feelings of humanity never could call forth.

From the moment in which the recognizances for the appearance of the Ducheſs were entered into, a ſcene of law diſcloſed itſelf. Books of caſes were purchaſed in abundance, precedents were blotted with ink, the pages doubled down, and pins ſtuck in the ſeveral notes of reference. Inſtead of travelling like a Jew pedlar, with a diamond box at her back, *Taylor's Elements of Civil Law*, *Coke's Inſtitutes*, ſome hiſtory of the Privilege of Peers to be doubly married, or a volume of the State Trials, garniſhed the coach in which the Ducheſs drove from his Grace of Newcaſtle's to Mr. Armſtrong the Sheriff's officer. By the gentlemen of the robe, as it may be naturally ſuppoſed, the Ducheſs was ſurrounded; and ſo charitably were they diſpoſed, that they gave her every conſolation ſhe could wiſh. The civilians were armed at all points to prove, that a ſentence of their Courts was an effectual bar to the admiſſion of evidence. Like fate, an eccleſiaſtical decree was irrevocable. The common lawyers, on the other hand, ſmiled, or affected to ſmile, at the idea of a conviction. It was a mere phantom, conjured up in the hour of diſmay for the purpoſe of affrighting. Under theſe aſſurances the Ducheſs was as quiet as the troubleſome monitor in her boſom would give permiſſion. When a gentle hint of poſſible danger was ſuggeſted by any of the diſintereſted few, the mercenary many inſtantly ſoothed all into peace. (To be continued.)

## ANECDOTE of Mr. BUTLER, AUTHOR of HUDIBRAS.

BUTLER, the author of Hudibras, though he was a man of extraor-

ordinary wit and fancy, though his merits deſerved a much better fate, is ſaid to have ſtarved; which extremity of poverty was owing to his own pride and folly. His neceſſities were too well known to all his acquaintance, to leave him a poſſibility of concealing them from them; and yet his pride was ſo intolerable, that it was the moſt difficult thing in the world to compel him to accept of any aſſiſtance, though offered in the moſt friendly and genteel manner in the world. There was a gentleman of his acquaintance, and of a conſiderable fortune, who over a bottle one night had made a cleanly conveyance of a purſe of a hundred guineas into his pocket, which he did not at all perceive; the next morning Butler finding it there, was extremely uneaſy, conſidered what company he was in the day before, and found that it could be nobody but the very gentleman that did it. He dreſſed himſelf, and went to his chambers, and carried with him the money, charged him with the affront, and went away in a pet, leaving the purſe behind him.

## THOUGHTS on HUNTING.

### Written by the late KING of PRUSSIA.

AMONG the anecdotes given in this work, we inſert the following paper of the late King of Pruſſia, on Hunting, written with his own hand.

"The chace," ſays he, "is one of the moſt ſenſual of pleaſures, by which the powers of the body are ſtrongly exerted, but thoſe of the mind remain unemployed. It conſiſts in a violent exertion of deſire in the purſuit, and the indulgence of a cruel pleaſure in the death of the game. It is an exerciſe which makes the limbs ſtrong, active and pliable; but leaves the head without improvement. I am convinced, that man is more cruel and ſavage than any beaſt of prey; we exerciſe the dominion given us over theſe our fellow-creatures in the moſt tyrannical manner.

"If we pretend to any ſuperiority over the beaſts, it ought certainly to conſiſt in reaſon; but we commonly find, that the moſt paſſionate lovers of the chace renounce this privilege, and converſe only with their dogs, their horſes, and other irrational animals. This renders them wild and unfeeling; and it is highly probable that they cannot be very merciful to the human ſpecies. For a man who can in cold blood torture a poor innocent animal, cannot feel much compaſſion for the diſtreſſes of his own ſpecies. And beſides, can the chace be a proper employment for a thinking mind?

"A Sovereign may undoubtedly be allowed this pleaſure, provided he indulges it with moderation, and for the purpoſe of relaxing his mind from the many ſerious and often diſagreeable exertions he is neceſſarily engaged in. It would be unjuſt to deny a Prince every ſpecies of recreation. But can a Monarch enjoy a greater pleaſure, than that ariſing from a wiſe and benevolent government, from the proſperity of his dominions, and from the encouragement and protection of every uſeful art and ſcience? A Monarch who finds higher pleaſures neceſſary to his happineſs is much to be pitied."

## Elegant EXTRACTS

### *From Recent Publications.*

MATRIMONY *compared to* FRIENDSHIP *—from a* SERMON *written by* Dr SAMUEL JOHNSON.

'THAT ſociety is neceſſary to the happineſs of human nature; that the gloom of ſolitude, and the ſtillneſs of retirement, however they

they may flatter at a diſtance, with pleaſing views of independence and ſerenity, neither extinguiſh the paſſions, nor enlighten the underſtanding; that diſcontent will intrude upon privacy, and temptations follow us to the deſert, every one may be eaſily convinced, either by his own experience, or that of others. That knowledge is advanced by an intercourſe of ſentiments, and an exchange of obſervations, and that the boſom is diſburthened, by a communication of its cares, is too well known for proof or illuſtration. In ſolitude perplexity ſwells into diſtraction, and grief ſettles into melancholy: even the ſatisfactions and pleaſures that may by chance be found, are but imperfectly enjoyed, when they are enjoyed without participation.'

'It is a proof of the regard of God for the happineſs of mankind, that the means by which it muſt be attained, are obvious and evident; that we are not left to diſcover them, by difficult ſpeculations, intricate diſquiſitions, or long experience, but are led to them, equally by our paſſions and our reaſon, in proſperity and diſtreſs. Every man perceives his own inſufficiency to ſupply himſelf with what either neceſſity or convenience require, and applies to others for aſſiſtance. Every one feels his ſatisfaction impaired by the ſuppreſſion of pleaſing emotions, and conſequently endeavours to find an opportunity of diffuſing his ſatisfaction.'

'No man can invade the property, or diſturb the quiet of his neighbour, without ſubjecting himſelf to penalties, and ſuffering in proportion to the injuries he has offered. But cruelty and pride, oppreſſion and partiality, may tyrannize in private families without controul; meekneſs may be trampled upon, and piety inſulted, without any appeal, but to conſcience and to heaven. A thouſand methods of torture may be invented, a thouſand acts of unkindneſs, and diſregard, may be committed, a thouſand innocent gratifications may be denied, and a thouſand hardſhips impoſed, without any violation of national laws. Life may be imbittered with hourly vexation; and weeks, months and years be lingered out in miſery, without any legal cauſe of ſeparation, or poſſibility of judicial redreſs. Perhaps no ſharper anguiſh is felt, than that which cannot be complained of; nor any greater cruelties inflicted, than ſome which no human authority can relieve.

'It is eaſy, by purſuing the parallel between friendſhip and marriage, to ſhow how exact a conformity there is between them, to prove that all the precepts laid down with reſpect to the contraction, and the maxims advanced with regard to the effects, of friendſhip, are true of marriage in a more literal ſenſe, and a ſtricter acceptation.

'It has been long obſerved, that friendſhip is to be confined to one; or that to uſe the words of the axiom, He that hath *friends* has no *friend*. That ardour of kindneſs, that unſuſpecting ſecurity which friendſhip requires, cannot be extended beyond a ſingle object. A divided affection may be termed benevolence, but can hardly riſe to friendſhip; for the narrow limits of the human mind allow it not intenſely to contemplate more than one idea. As we love one more, we muſt love another leſs; and however impartially we may, for a very ſhort time, diſtribute our regards, the balance of affection will quickly incline, perhaps againſt our conſent, either to one ſide or the other.

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## On CHARITY.

[By the Same.]

LET every one, that conſiders this ſtate of obdurate wickedneſs

neſs, that is ſtruck with horror at the mention of a man void of pity, that feels reſentment at the name of oppreſſion, and melts with ſorrow at the voice of miſery, remember that thoſe, who have now loſt all theſe ſentiments, were originally formed with paſſions, and inſtincts, and reaſon, like his own; let him reflect, that he, who now ſtands moſt firmly, may fall by negligence, and that negligence ariſes from ſecurity. Let him therefore obſerve, by what gradations men ſink into perdition, by what inſenſible deviations they wander from the ways of virtue, till they are at length ſcarce able to return; and let him be warned by their example, to avoid the original cauſes of depravity, and repel the firſt attacks of unreaſonable ſelf-love; let him meditate on the excellence of charity, and improve thoſe ſeeds of benevolence, which are implanted in every mind, but which will not produce fruit, without care and cultivation.'

'Let any man reflect upon the ſnares to which poverty expoſes virtue, and remember, how certainly one crime makes way for another, till at laſt all diſtinction of good and evil is obliterated; and he will eaſily diſcover the neceſſity of charity, to preſerve a great part of mankind from the atrocious wickedneſs.

'To thoſe to whom languiſhment and ſickneſs have ſhown the inſtability of all human happineſs, I hope it will not be requiſite to enforce the neceſſity of ſecuring to themſelves a ſtate of unſhaken ſecurity, and unchangeable enjoyment. To inculcate the ſhortneſs of life to thoſe who feel hourly decays; or to expatiate on the miſeries of diſeaſe and poverty to them, whom pain perhaps, at this inſtant, is dragging to the grave, would be a needleſs waſte of that time which their condition admoniſhes them to ſpend, not in hearing, but in practiſing their duty. And of ſickneſs, charity ſeems the peculiar employment, becauſe it is an act of piety which can be practiſed with ſuch ſlight and tranſient attention as pain and faintneſs may allow. To the ſick therefore I may be allowed to pronounce the laſt ſummons to this mighty work, which perhaps the divine providence will allow them to hear. Remember thou! that now faineſt under the weight of long continued maladies, that to thee, more emphatically, the night cometh in which no man can work: and therefore ſay not to him that aſketh thee, "Go away now, and to-morrow I will give;" To-morrow? To-morrow is to *all* uncertain, to *thee* almoſt hopeleſs; to-*day* if thou wilt hear the voice of God calling thee to repentance, and by repentance to charity; harden not thy heart, but what thou knoweſt that in thy laſt moment thou ſhalt wiſh done, make haſte to do, leſt thy laſt moment be now upon thee.

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## *On the Vanity of Worldly Enjoyments and Purſuits.*

[By the Same.]

'THAT all human actions terminate in vanity, and all human hopes will end in vexation, is a poſition, from which nature withholds our credulity, and which our fondneſs for the preſent life, and worldly enjoyments, diſpoſes us to doubt; however forcibly it may be urged upon us, by reaſon or experience.'

'He (Solomon) had in his hand, all the inſtruments of happineſs, and in his mind, the ſkill to apply them. Every power of delight which others poſſeſſed, he had authority to ſummon, or wealth to purchaſe; all that royal proſperity could ſupply, was accumulated upon him; at home he had peace, and in foreign countries he had honour; what every nation could ſupply, was poured down

before him. If power be grateful, he was a king; if there be pleaſure in knowledge, he was the wiſeſt of mankind; if wealth can purchaſe happineſs, he had ſo much gold, that ſilver was little regarded. Over all theſe advantages, preſided a mind, in the higheſt degree diſpoſed to magnificence and voluptuouſneſs, ſo eager in purſuit of gratification, that alas! after every other price had been bid for happineſs, religion and virtue were brought to the ſale. But after the anxiety of his enquiries, the wearineſs of his labours, and the loſs of his innocence, he obtained only this concluſion: I have ſeen all the works that are under the ſun, and behold, all is vanity and vexation of ſpirit.

'When we examine firſt, in what ſenſe we are to underſtand, that all is vanity; we muſt remember, that the preacher is not ſpeaking of religious practices, or of any actions immediately commanded by God, or directly referred to him; but of ſuch employments as we purſue by choice, and ſuch works as we perform, in hopes of a recompence in the preſent life; ſuch as flatter the imagination with pleaſing ſcenes, and probable increaſe of temporal felicity; of this he determines that all is vanity, and every hour confirms his determination!

'When the preſent ſtate of man is conſidered, when an eſtimate is made of his hopes, his pleaſures, and his poſſeſſions; when his hopes appear to be deceitful, his labours ineffectual, his pleaſures unſatisfactory, and his poſſeſſions fugitive, it is natural to wiſh for an abiding city, for a ſtate more conſtant and permanent, of which the objects may be more proportioned to our wiſhes, and the enjoyments to our capacities; and from this wiſh it is reaſonable to infer, that ſuch a ſtate is deſigned for us by that infinite wiſdom, which, as it does nothing in vain, has not created minds with comprehenſions never to be filled.'

Arabian *Letters, from* Abdallah, *a Native of* Arabia, *to his Friend at* Moca. 8*vo*.

THE profeſſed deſign of theſe Letters is, to exhibit to our view the remains of ſuperſtition, and to remind us of ſubſiſting prejudices. Whether they be the genuine production of an Arabian is of little conſequence. They are ſaid, in a prefatory advertiſement, to have been found, written in that language, in a cheſt of drawers in a lodging-room which a native of Moca had juſt quitted. The ſubjects are intereſting; particularly thoſe on incloſures; phyſicians; the obſervance of the Sabbath, in which occurs an intereſting tale; the mode of education at the Univerſities; the confederacy againſt the African pirates; excluſive trade; abſurd orthography, &c. &c.

On the Game Laws our ſhrewd Arabian writes:

"We have heard much of Engliſh *liberty*; but I muſt relate to thee an event that has lately happened, and which I have been an eye-witneſs to, in order that thou mayeſt form ſome judgment how far, in ſome inſtances, the Engliſh really poſſeſs this invaluable bleſſing, and whether noiſe and name be not often ſubſtituted for it.

"I muſt inform thee, firſt of all, that the people here of landed property are not ſuppoſed to be the moſt numerous, nor the richeſt of this mercantile nation; yet it is them of landed property chiefly who repreſent the whole of the people in their houſes of parliament: the conſequence is, they have a power of paſſing whatever laws they pleaſe. Is it therefore to be wondered at, that, by granting to themſelves excluſive privileges, they ſhould bear hard upon the liberties of their fellow-ſubjects?

"Thus they have granted to themſelves, and others of large landed property, all the game throughout the

the kingdom. No Engliſhman not of this deſcription, though ever ſo rich, can legally ſhoot a pheaſant, a partridge, or a hare, or even keep a gun in his poſſeſſion to defend himſelf and his property from thieves and houſebreakers! Inſomuch, that very few dare indulge themſelves with the agreeable and healthy amuſement of following the game, even on the *uncultivated commons and waſte lands!* Wouldſt thou believe it, Bukar, ſcarce one in five hundred of the inhabitants of this boaſted land of liberty!!!

"Some of the Engliſh are *weak* enough to think, that, allowing only a certain claſs of men the liberty of keeping and carrying a gun, is marking the reſt, in ſome degree, as *ſlaves;* and that ſuch fetters muſt in time totally damp all that martial ardour among the lower claſſes of the Engliſh, for which they have hitherto been ſo renowned among us in Arabia!!!

"Such, Bukar, in this reſpect, is the preſent liberty of this celebrated nation."

In a ſubſequent letter he adds:

"In order to confirm the circumſtances of my laſt, I muſt relate to thee a little hiſtory; but it is a tale of ſorrow, that will fill thy heart with woe and ſadneſs.

"Some time ſince I accepted of an invitation to a friend's houſe in the country; it was in the winter ſeaſon; the ſeaſon in which it is lawful to ſhoot and hunt, and in the neighbourhood of a great lord. There alſo lived near us a poor man in a little cottage: his name was William; he had a pretty young woman for his wife, with four children, and at that time big of another. I often amuſed myſelf with viſiting this cottage; for its inhabitants, though poor, ſeemed friendly, chearful, and happy, and loved one another. Here, Bukar, I uſed to ſmoke my pipe, and divert theſe happy people by telling them of our cuſtoms, and thoſe of other countries I had viſited in my travels. But, alas! this tranquil ſcene was ſoon diſturbed by an unexpected accident! Sally (for that was the young woman's name) being far gone with child, unfortunately longed for a roaſted hare. For a long time ſhe had fortitude ſufficient to combat her uneaſineſs, dreading to reveal the fatal ſecret to her huſband, who ſhe knew moſt tenderly loved her, and would not heſitate to venture his life in ſerving her. At length, after much intreaty from him, who perceived her in a deſponding way, ſhe confeſſed her irreſiſtible deſire for a hare; having previouſly got a promiſe from him, that he would not attempt to procure any thing for her, contrary to her inclination. William, though he well knew even an attempt to kill any kind of game in England was unlawful, and, in his neighbourhood, a crime never to be forgiven; yet, perceiving his Sally could by no means conquer her deſire, though ſhe uſed every effort for that purpoſe, and that the conſequence might be a miſcarriage, his affection at length prevailed over his prudence; and though he had promiſed her never to attempt to get a hare contrary to her conſent, yet he was now determined to procure one at any rate.

"Very early one morning, therefore, he ſallies forth, nor had he ſtrayed far before, luckily, as he thought, he eſpies a hare ſitting in a hedge. He impatiently hurries back, borrows a gun from a neighbour, and having loaded it, returned to the place, and ſhot it dead. Alas! poor William! he little thought of the black cloud that was hovering over his head! Pleaſed only with the idea of making his wife happy, he ſeized his prey, and was walking homeward, when behold he meets with a party of ſervants from the Earl of——

"They were out, it ſeems, watching for people who ſhould moleſt the

game of their maſter, and, ſeeing my poor friend with a gun and a hare, immediately ſeized him, and commanded him to deliver them up, and be led a priſoner to their lord. The poor man, unwilling his wife ſhould be deprived of the hare, begged very earneſtly to go home firſt, and then he would accompany them; and making ſome ſlight effort to effect it, one of theſe wretches, without more ceremony, levelled his fowling-piece at poor William, and lodged the contents of it in his ſide. He fell immediately, and lay weltering in his blood. Yet, not content with this piece of barbarity (perceiving that he was not quite dead), they inſiſted on his walking before them, and conducting him in triumph to their maſter's houſe, about a mile off. For this purpoſe they ſet him on his legs; but being weak through loſs of blood, and not being able to walk ſo faſt as they would have him, they pricked him along with the points of their knives, and uſed other barbarous means to quicken his pace. My poor friend William had no ſooner reached this manſion of *Benevolence*, but, being quite exhauſted, he dropped down dead in the lord's houſe.

"When the news reached Sally, I was ſitting with her, ſmoking my early pipe, and endeavoured all in my power to comfort her: but the loſs was too great: the news overwhelmed her; ſhe became frantic, and periſhed with her unborn infant.

"Theſe ſervants, Bukar, thou wilt imagine, were puniſhed in a moſt exemplary manner; on the contrary, they diſappeared, and were ſuppoſed to be rewarded with money, to live in a diſtant country, and eſcape the chaſtiſement their wanton barbarity merited."

[The above melancholy ſtory is literally fact.]

EDIT.

*On the* PRESERVATION *of the* HEALTH *of* PERSONS *employed in* AGRICULTURE.

(Continued from page 654.)

THE danger of exceſs in liquids is greater than in ſolid food. Fermented liquors, taken in moderate quantity, are both proper and neceſſary for thoſe who perform laborious work; but this healthy proportion is apt, when opportunity offers, to be exceeded by people whoſe gratifications are few in number and of rare occurrence. As it is impracticable to prevent ſuch exceſſes altogether, I would wiſh to ſuggeſt, that, if they muſt take place, malt liquor is found by experience to be much leſs injurious to the health and conſtitution than diſtilled ſpirits, however diluted with water. I have been informed, that a principle of œconomy has induced many farmers to treat their ſervants, and thoſe with whom they are connected, with ſpirits and water, inſtead of malt liquor; but ſuch a practice is by all means to be diſcouraged, as ſpirits are much more inflammatory than malt drinks, and produce more readily obſtructions and inflammatory diſorders, eſpecially of the liver and meſentery. The temporary delirium of intoxication that they produce, is ſaid to be much more violent and outrageous, and of courſe more dangerous, than what follows from taking too large a quantity of malt liquor. The deſtructive effects of ſpirituous liquors were ſo obſervable ſome years ago, as to produce the moſt ſerious apprehenſions in a national view, and to attract the notice of the legiſlature.—The baptiſms of London alone are ſaid to have been reduced from twenty thouſand annually to fourteen thouſand,

ſand, which was with reaſon aſcribed to the uſe of this pernicious beverage:—This fact is equivalent to a thouſand arguments!

In the former part of this eſſay, I have mentioned ſome of the ill effects that follow violent exertions of labour or exerciſe, which I truſt are ſufficient to ſhew the imprudence of ſuch ſtrained efforts. I ſhall only add here, that ſuch trials ſhould not be encouraged by premiums or other means, either by private perſons or public ſocieties. It would be far preferable to encourage conſtant and perſevering induſtry and good execution of work, than exceſſive labour and fatiguing exertions of ſtrength.—I ſhall conclude this chapter with ſome pieces of general advice.

Thoſe who employ ſervants in agriculture ſhould encourage them to be careful of their health, and to make it a point of conſideration. A proper prudence in this reſpect is perfectly conſiſtent with induſtry, and is indeed the moſt neceſſary circumſtance towards the execution of a great quantity of work.—It is common with agricultural ſocieties to give premiums for the greateſt number of children; but this ſhould always be conjoined with another condition, that the children ſhould be healthy, and this laſt circumſtance ſhould preponderate againſt the other.

The ſituation of farm-houſes is a matter of great conſequence as it regards health. The greateſt care ſhould be taken to place them in dry ſituations, with a deſcent from them every way, and upon a gravelly ſpot, or at leaſt ſuch a one as is free from ſprings that riſe to, or near to, the ſurface of the earth. Care alſo ſhould be taken to place the repoſitories for dung and other manure at ſome diſtance from the houſe, and this caution ſhould be alſo extended to the hog-ſtyes and poultry-yards. The neceſſary attention to the feeding theſe animals does not allow the diſtance to be conſiderable, but ſtill does not require their being ſo near as we generally ſee them placed. It is needleſs to expatiate on ſuch a ſubject, or to attempt to prove that air impregnated with ſuch filthy exhalations muſt be injurious to health.

Even good plans for farm-houſes of different ſizes, according to the number of inhabitants, would contribute in no ſmall degree to general welfare. The bed-chambers in farm-houſes are in general too low and confined, and the whole building too ſmall; this occaſions too many people to be crouded together, a circumſtance always very unfavourable to health, and the moſt common ſource of contagious diſorders. Good water is alſo a circumſtance of great moment. If this can be had from any ſpring that riſes to the ſurface of the earth, it is commonly preferable to ſuch as is drawn from a conſiderable depth; but ſuch a choice is not always in our power. If pond-water be uſed through neceſſity, it ſhould be previouſly put into ciſterns or reſervoirs, covered at the top, and there ſuffered to ſettle. Care ſhould be had that the water be taken from a large pond, with a ſtony or gravelly bottom, and not ſubject to become putrid. Thoſe who drink water of this kind ſhould beware of ſwallowing the eggs or ſpawn of animals, leeches particularly, which ſometimes have produced, it is ſaid, diſagreeable ſymptoms.

Cleanlineſs of the perſon is of greater importance to health than is generally imagined, and ought to be particularly encouraged among the lower ranks of people, eſpecially thoſe employed in this way. Nothing ſeems more likely to contribute to this ſalutary purpoſe than a due obſervation of Sunday; this precept is not only conducive to religion, morals, and civilization, but alſo to health.—It is well obſerved by Mr Addiſon, that

that Sunday clears away the ruſt of the whole week:—an expreſſion which may be underſtood to extend to cleanlineſs as well as other conſiderations, and indeed appears to have been ſo intended by the amiable author in the paſſage referred to.

(To be continued.)

## MEMOIRS
### OF THE LATE
## DOCTOR JOHN BERKENHOUT.

DOCTOR JOHN BERKENHOUT was born, about the year 1730, at Leeds in Yorkſhire, and educated at the grammar ſchool in that town. His father, who was a merchant, and a native of Holland, intended him for trade; and, with that view, ſent him, at an early age, to Germany, in order to learn foreign languages. After continuing a few years in that country, he made the tour of Europe in company with one or more Engliſh noblemen. On their return to Germany they viſited Berlin, where Mr Berkenhout met with a near relation of his father's, the Baron de Bielfeldt, a nobleman then in high eſtimation with the late King of Pruſſia; diſtinguiſhed as one of the founders of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, and univerſally known as a politician and a man of letters. With this relation our young traveller fixed his abode for ſome time, and, regardleſs of his original deſtination, became a cadet in a Pruſſian regiment of foot. He ſoon obtained an Enſign's commiſſion, and, in the ſpace of a few years, was advanced to the rank of Captain.—He quitted the Pruſſian ſervice on the declaration of war between England and France in 1756, and was honoured with the command of a company in the ſervice of his native country. When peace was concluded in 1760, not chuſing, we ſuppoſe, to lead a life of inactivity on half-pay, he went down to Edinburgh, and commenced ſtudent of phyſic. During his reſidence at that Univerſity he publiſhed his *Clavis Anglica Linguæ Botanicæ*; a book of ſingular utility to all ſtudents of botany. This book has been long out of print. It is the only botanical Lexicon in our language, and particularly expletive of the Linnæan ſyſtem; we are therefore happy to learn that the author is preparing a new edition.

Having continued ſome years at Edinburgh, Mr Berkenhout went to the Univerſity of Leyden, where he took the degree of Doctor of Phyſic. This was in the year 1765, as we learn from the date of his *Theſis*, which we have ſeen. It is entitled, *Diſſertatio medica inauguralis de Podagra*, and dedicated to his relation Baron de Bielfeldt. Returning to England, Dr Berkenhout ſettled at Iſleworth in Middleſex (where he now reſides,) and ſoon after publiſhed his *Pharmacopœia Medici*, the third edition of which was printed in 1782.—In 1778, he was ſent by Government with the Commiſſioners to America. Neither the Commiſſioners nor their Secretary were ſuffered by the Congreſs to proceed further than New York. Dr Berkenhout however, found means to penetrate as far as Philadelphia, where the Congreſs was then aſſembled. He appears to have remained in that city for ſome time without moleſtation: but at laſt they began to ſuſpect that he was ſent by Lord North for the purpoſe of tampering with ſome of their leading members. The Doctor was immediately ſeized and committed to priſon.

How long he remained a ſtate priſoner, or by what means he obtained his liberty, we are not informed; but we find from the publick prints, that he

he re-joined the Commiſſioners at New-York, and returned with them to England.—For this temporary ſacrifice of the emoluments of his profeſſion, and in conſideration of his having, in the ſervice of his ſovereign, committed himſelf to the mercy of a Congreſs of enraged Republicans, he obtained a penſion: we hope, for the credit of the miniſtry, it is a good one.

He was originally intended for a merchant: thence his knowledge of the principles of Commerce.

He was ſome years in one of the beſt diſciplined armies in Europe; thence his knowledge of the art of War.

His tranſlation of *Count Teſſin's Letters* ſhew him to be well acquainted with the Swediſh Language, and that he is a good Poet.

His *Pharmacopoeia Medici*, &c. demonſtrate his ſkill in his profeſſion.

His *Outlines of Natural Hiſtory* and his *Botanical Lexicon* prove his knowledge in every branch of Natural Hiſtory.

His *Firſt lines of Philoſophical Chemiſtry* have convinced the world of his intimate acquaintance with that ſcience.

His *Eſſay on Ways and Means* proves him to be better acquainted with the Syſtem of Taxation than any other writer on the ſubject.

All his writings prove him to be a claſſical ſcholar, and the Italian, French, German and Dutch languages are familiar to him.

His biographical knowledge is evident from his *Biographia Literaria.*

He is moreover a painter; and plays well on various muſical inſtruments. To theſe acquirements may be added a conſiderable degree of Mathematical knowledge, which he attained in the courſe of his military ſtudies.

We have formerly heard of an Univerſal Crichton; we have lately been told of an Omniſcient Jackſon; but we doubt whether hiſtory ancient or modern can produce a ſingle example of an individual ſo univerſally informed as this gentleman.

## *Wholeſome Advice on the Approach of* WINTER.

AS the winter approaches, thoſe who regard their health, ſhould be properly prepared to meet the viciſſitudes of climate, and keep a conſtant guard againſt colds, which are the ſources of the moſt dangerous and violent diſorders. Thoſe generally proceed from ſome external check of the natural perſpiration, whereby the pores of the ſkin are ſuddenly locked, and a conſiderable portion of an excretory fluid, whoſe ſeparation from the blood being abſolutely requiſite to health, thus checked in its egreſs, is ſuddenly thrown back into the circulation, and cauſes inflammatory complaints of the bowels, putrid fevers, and other painful and dangerous diſorders.

All ſudden tranſitions from heat to cold, are therefore to be cautiouſly avoided—all unneceſſary expoſures to wet weather—and moſt particularly wet in the feet ſhould be ſhunned;—the perſpiration there, with thoſe who walk much, has a very conſiderable diſcharge in the coldeſt weather, as being powerfully checked on all other ſurfaces of the body. The ſudorial diſcharge in many conſtitutions is conſiderably acrid and fœtid, which ſtill more ſtrongly proves the neceſſity of its ſeparation from the blood.——Wet in the feet while walking, meets perſpiration in the moſt dangerous paſſage, and has often been productive of diſorders too rapid for medical ſkill.—Men then who walk or ride, ſhould be provided with both ſhoes and boots, water proof,

proof, and wear woolen ſocks inſide their ſtockings, ſhould they be of any other material.

## *On the* SCOTCH FISHERIES.

### LETTER XVII.

SINCE theſe letters were begun, I have got a copy of the new fiſhery bill—With humble deference, I will beg leave to make a few remarks upon it.

The alteration in the mode of bounty is undoubtedly a good one, properly enough adapted for promoting induſtry; and that of allowing a ſhilling per barrel of herrings to boat fiſhers, extremely proper indeed. Had it been a little more explicit, how the quantity is to be aſcertained, it had been well, and perhaps have ſaved ſome trouble: But vain would it have been to expect to ſee a perfect bill; for, in the preſent, which, however old, may only be termed infantine ſtate of the fiſheries, who can ſay what clauſes would make a perfect one? however, if the gentlemen who have ſo warmly and worthily intereſted themſelves in the cauſe, ſhall continue their enquiries, endeavour to introduce improvements, and ſtudy the effects they gradually produce, it may, and I hope will, in the courſe of a few years, bring matters much nearer to perfection than they are at preſent.

The additional trouble or expence, to have included the whole of the unrepealed clauſes of former bills, would have been ſo trifling, that it is a pity it was not done; for there are many perſons who will wiſh, and are intereſted to know the full import of the law, that perhaps have not an opportunity of procuring thoſe referred to.

It is ſurpriſing to think upon what principles the framer of the bill (for I cannot think it could be the meaning of the Legiſlature) could ſuppoſe that veſſels built in 1779, or a few years prior to 1780, ſhould be ſo worn out in the courſe of theſe few years, as to be deemed unworthy of being admitted upon the bounty. This is too tantalizing to be taken for the real intent of a Britiſh Parliament, as it throws ſuch an extraordinary impediment in the way of a numerous body of people, whom the bill was expreſsly meant to ſerve, as being conſiderable adventurers in the trade, having inveſted a conſiderable part of their property, many of them their all, and perhaps ſome of them much more, in building and purchaſing for the fiſhery ſuch veſſels as were thought fit for the purpoſe. If Government is really ſerious in their intention of encouraging adventurers in the fiſhery, what is it to them although the veſſels are twice ſix years old, if they are Britiſh built, and if they are properly equipped. The premium upon the deep ſea fiſhery is a very good mode of encouraging that practice: There might have been another ſet inſtituted for the north-weſt coaſt; for there, it is certain, that method of fiſhing well may, and certainly will, be carried on ſome time or other.

The ſalt laws relating to the fiſhery have met with conſiderable improvement, but they are ſtill very deficient to what they ſhould be, to give full freedom, nor will perhaps the ſecurity of collecting the revenue from the article permit of their being ſo, until they are totally altered. It would be much for the advantage of the public, that Lord Dundonald's plan of commuting the duty were adopted: This would ſave much expence in the collection, as well as trouble, and completely relieve the fiſheries.

Salt may now be imported from England for the fiſheries, whereby they will be ſerved rather lower than uſual; and it is ſaid Liverpool ſalt is

of

of a better quality; there they no doubt can afford to manufacture it cheaper than it can be done in Scotland, on account of having the rock ſalt; but that it ſhould be allowed to be charged 1s 6d. per buſhel in the frith of Forth, when it ſells for 10d. at Shields, is a paradox not altogether unworthy of public notice: True it is, that what is bought for the Iceland fiſhery is only charged 8d. in the Forth; but all that is bought for the conſumpt of the country, and the home fiſheries, is invariably charged 1s. 6d.; and on this account and the duty, the poor fiſhers along all the north-eaſt coaſt, and who uſe ſeveral thouſands annually, cannot buy a buſhel under the extravagant price of 3s. 4d. or 3s. 6d. each; of this I am certain, having had occaſion to pay it very lately, in a ſmall fiſhing adventure I happened to be concerned in.

Salt is only allowed duty free for the herring and Iceland cod fiſhery, or the cure of what cod is taken during the herring fiſhing ſeaſon. The duty muſt be paid for all ſalt uſed in curing cod, ling, tuſk, &c. that are taken upon the coaſt before and after the herring ſeaſon, or at all times, if taken by boats or veſſels not employed in the herring fiſhery. A debenture is indeed drawn for ſuch fiſh, when exported; but nothing is recovered for what is uſed at home. Why this diſcrimination in favour of the Iceland fiſhery, and why is the Newfoundland fiſhery ſtill more favoured than the Iceland, while our own home fiſheries are ſo oppreſſed?

It is to be obſerved, that ſalt is only uſed in cure of ſuch fiſh as are to be kept for ſome time, or ſent to diſtant corners or countries not ſo happily ſituated for the ſupply of this valuable article of food: Therefore humanity points out the propriety of relieving this one, taken from the ocean at the hazard of ſo many lives, from every reſtraint, ſo as it may be furniſhed at the loweſt expence. Were even the free importation of ſalt from Liverpool, upon payment of the Scots duty, permitted, the poor fiſhers might be ſupplied much cheaper than they are at preſent, the price there being only 6d. per buſhel, allowing 10s. freight per ton or 40 buſhels, which is 3d. the buſhel—at this freight I know it could be landed upon the eaſt coaſt, and it would ſtand only half the prime coſt at the ſalt-works in the frith of Forth.

The bounty veſſels are now very properly allowed to enter upon the fiſhery as early as the firſt of June. It is a certain fact, that, for theſe ſeveral years bypaſt, herrings have been ſeen in very large bodies upon the eaſt coaſt, in May, and even ſometimes in April. It is well known, that thoſe taken in June are ſo very fat, rich, and tender, that the Dutch, Hamburghers, &c. encourage bringing them as ſoon to market as poſſible, as they eſteem them a great delicacy, and pay a high price for them: Therefore ſmall veſſels, called yaugers, attend the Dutch fleet, to carry all taken prior to the middle of July directly home for immediate uſe, before they are long in the ſalt, as they are reckoned too tender for curing and repacking.

By keeping theſe rich tender fiſh three months in ſalt, and that in their bloody pickle too, as our veſſels are obliged to do, unleſs they make full cargoes ſooner, it is obvious, their flavour muſt be injured, and their value leſſened. When we have more knowledge of the trade, encouragement will be held out to ſend theſe fiſh to market as ſoon as it can be done; for inſtance, it will be recommended to thoſe fiſhing on the north eaſt coaſt to land their firſt taken fiſh, from time to time, either at Shetland, Orkney, Peterhead, Aberdeen, &c. ſo as they may be ſent to the ſouthward without loſs of time;

and it is probable, that, in proceſs of time, the manufacturing towns both of Scotland and England may offer annual premiums for the firſt certain quantity of herrings ſent for their ſupply.

## Obituary of remarkable Perſons.

LATELY, in France, the Duke d'Augillon, who was ſecretary of ſtate at the death of Louis XV.

At Kieſby, near Falkingham, co. Lincoln, aged 107, Mary Ram, widow. She retained all her faculties till within a few weeks of her death.

At Nunney, in her 80th year, Mary Biſhop, who was mother to 21, grandmother to 60, and great-grandmother to 19 children; in all, 100. She never had a child die.

AUGUST 15. At Catall, near Green Hammerton, co. York, aged 97, Mr Stephen Leak. This truly venerable, becauſe worthy, character, had but one brother and ſiſter, whoſe ages, joined to his, amount to 283 years; and it is remarkable that they ſpent all their long lives in their native village.

24. In Glaſgow town hoſpital, after 8 days illneſs, aged 105, John Young, weaver, born in Cumbernauld. He wrought for his own ſupport till the age of 92, when he was received into the hoſpital, and has ſince been employed in winding yarn. On the 15th inſt. the day allowed the poor of the hoſpital to ſee their friends, he went out with the reſt. He retained his memory to the laſt: remembred the battle of the Boyne, and the maſſacre of Glencoe.

30. In conſequence of the bruiſes he received a few days before, when thrown from his chaiſe, Avery Jebb, Eſq; brother to the late Sir Richard Jebb bart. He had been in trade, but meeting with misfortunes, was, by the preſent Chairman of the Eaſt India Company, in gratitude for aſſiſtance from Sir Richard's medical ſkill, preſented with a place of 400l. per annum in the Eaſt India warehouſes.

SEPTEMBER 2. At Brighthelmſtone, in his 52d year, George Montagu, Duke and Earl of Mancheſter, Viſcount Mandeville, Baron Montagu of Kimbolton, knight of the garter, lord-lieutenant, cuſtos rotulorum, and colonel of the militia of Huntingdonſhire, high ſteward of Godmancheſter, collector of the cuſtoms outwards in the port of London, preſident of the Lock Hoſpital, and LL.D. His Grace was one of the ſix Lords, eldeſt ſons of Peers, who ſupported his preſent Majeſty's train at his coronation. He was born April 6, 1737; married, Oct. 23, 1762, to Elizabeth, eldeſt daughter of Sir James Daſhwood, bart. of Kirtlington, co. Oxford; by whom he had four ſons and two daughters. He is ſucceeded by his eldeſt ſon, Lord Viſcount Mandeville, now on his travels, who was born Nov. 11, 1763. His Grace was the fourth Duke, and the eighth Earl, of Mancheſter; and was elected one of the knights for the county of Huntingdon in 1761, and ſucceeded his father as Duke, May 10, 1762. He was ambaſſador at the court of France during the negociation of the late peace. —His death is ſuppoſed to have been occaſioned by a cold he contracted a few days before, by lying upon the graſs after being heated by the play of a match at cricket. His Grace was one of thoſe characters whoſe political conduct ſhould operate as an example to all men who interfere in public concerns. He was firm, but temperate; and though his opinions were rather favourable to the ſide of oppoſition, he never was a party zealot, or made an indiſcriminate hoſtility

hoſtility to miniſters the motive of his parliamentary exertions. This manly and reaſonable deportment, while it ſecured him the eſteem of the people, did not deprive him of his Sovereign's reſpect; and he was conſidered as a man who was guided by virtuous principles, and a diſintereſted wiſh to promote the honour and happineſs of his country. During the adminiſtration of his friend the Duke of Portland, it was requeſted that he might have a new patent, containing a grant of his place of collector of the cuſtoms outwards, during the joint lives of himſelf and his two ſons. This was not objected to; but the Miniſter thought it would not be improper to ſettle a part of the revenue upon the Ducheſs during her life. While this was under conſideration, the face of affairs changed, and all that adminiſtration loſt their power. Ever ſince that time, the buſineſs lay upon the ſhelf, neglected, till the unexpected death of the Duke; ſince which, Mr. Pitt has, in a very handſome manner, given a freſh grant to the family, and ſettled the income of the place juſt in the way that the Duke of Portland wiſhed it ſhould have been.

6. In Arlington-ſtreet, in her 100th year, the Lady of the late Baron Hop, formerly ambaſſador from Holland.

11. At four o'clock in the afternoon, at Liſbon, of the ſmall-pox, Joſeph-Francis Xavier, Prince of Brazil, and heir apparent to the crown of Portugal. He was born Auguſt 21, 1761; married Feb. 21, 1771, to his aunt, Maria Franciſca Benedicta, who was born July 24, 1748.

15. At Richmond, Sir Charles Aſgil, bart. banker.—He was a ſtrong inſtance of what may be effected even by moderate abilities, when united with ſtrict integrity, induſtry, and irreproachable character. His firſt ſetting out in life was at a banking-houſe in Lombard-ſtreet, as out-door collecting clerk. From this inferior ſituation he progreſſively roſe by his merit to the firſt department in the houſe; and ſoon after marrying an amiable woman, with a fortune of 25,000l. immediately joined his name to the firm. This lady dying without iſſue, Sir Charles married the preſent Lady Aſgill, by whom he had ſeveral children. In 1749, he was choſen alderman of Candlewick ward, and ſerved the office of ſheriff in 1756 (in which year he received the honour of knighthood), and that of lord-mayor in 1758. He reſigned his alderman's gown, July 1, 1777.—It is ſaid he has died worth upwards of 160,000l. the principal part of which devolves to his ſon, Capt. Aſgill, of the firſt regiment of guards, who ſerved with much reputation during the American war, and only by the interceſſion of maternal tenderneſs with the French Court eſcaped the vindictive juſtice of the Coloniſts.

19. At Buxton-wells, aged 55, the Hon. and Rev. William Digby, dean of Durham. He was fourth grandſon of William, fifth Lord Digby, who died 1752.—This preferment is in the gift of the Crown, and worth about 2200l. per ann and has been conferred on Dr Hinchcliffe, Biſhop of Peterborough.

## ON CONVERSATION.

THAT converſation may anſwer the ends for which it was deſigned, the parties who are to join in it muſt come together with a determined reſolution to pleaſe, and to be pleaſed. If a man feels that an eaſt wind has rendered him dull and ſulky, he ſhould by all means ſtay at home till the wind changes, and not be troubleſome to his friends; for

dulneſs is infectious, and one ſour face will make many, as one cheerful countenance is ſoon productive of others. If two gentlemen deſire to quarrel, it ſhould not be done in a company met to enjoy the pleaſures of converſation. Let a ſtage be erected for the purpoſe in a proper place, to which the juriſdiction of the Middleſex Magiſtrates doth not reach. There let Martin and Mendoza mount, accompanied by Ben and Johnſon, and attended by the amateurs who delight to behold blows neatly laid in, ribs and jaw bones elegantly broken, and eyes ſealed up with delicacy and addreſs. It is obvious, for theſe reaſons, that he who is about to form a converſation party, ſhould be careful to invite men of congenial minds, and of ſimilar ideas reſpecting the entertainment of which they are to partake, and to which they muſt contribute.

With gloomy perſons, gloomy topics likewiſe ſhould be (as indeed they will be) excluded, ſuch as ill health, bad weather, bad news, or forebodings of ſuch, &c. &c. To preſerve the temper calm and pleaſant, it is of unſpeakable importance that we always accuſtom ourſelves through life to make the beſt of things, to view them on their bright ſide, and ſo repreſent them to others, for our mutual comfort and encouragement. Few things (eſpeciallv if, as Chriſtians, we take the other world into the account) but have a bright ſide; diligence and practice will eaſily find it. Perhaps there is no circumſtance better calculated than this to render converſation equally pleaſing and profitable.

In the conduct of it, be not eager to interrupt others, or uneaſy at being yourſelf interrupted: ſince you ſpeak either to amuſe or inſtruct the company, or to receive thoſe benefits from it. Give all, therefore, leave to ſpeak in turn. Hear with patience, and anſwer with preciſion. Inattention is ill manners; it ſhows contempt; contempt is never forgiven.

Trouble not the company with your own private concerns, as you do not love to be troubled with thoſe of others. Yours are as little to them, as theirs are to you. You will need no other rule whereby to judge of this matter.

Contrive, but with dexterity and propriety, that each perſon may have an opportunity of diſcourſing on the ſubject with which he is beſt acquainted. He will be pleaſed, and you will be informed. By obſerving this rule, every one has it in his power to aſſiſt in rendering converſation agreeable; ſince, though he may not chooſe, or be qualified, to ſay much himſelf, he can propoſe queſtions to thoſe who are able to anſwer them.

Avoid ſtories, unleſs ſhort, pointed, and quite *a propos*. He who deals in them, ſays Swift, muſt either have a very large ſtock, or a good memory, or muſt often change his company. Some have a ſet of them ſtrung together like onions; they take poſſeſſion of the converſation by an early introduction of one; and then you muſt have the whole ſtring; ſo there is an end of every thing elſe, perhaps, for that meeting, though you may have heard all twenty times before.

Talk *often*, but not *long*. The talent of haranguing in private company is inſupportable. Senators and Barriſters are apt to be guilty of this fault; and Members, who never harangue in the Houſe, will often do it out of the Houſe. If the majority of the company be naturally ſilent, or cautious, the converſation will flag, unleſs it be often renewed by one among them who can ſtart new ſubjects. Forbear, however, if poſſible, to broach a ſecond before the firſt is out, leſt your ſtock ſhould not laſt, and you ſhould be obliged to come back to the old barrel. There are

thoſe who will repeatedly croſs upon, and break into the converſation with a freſh topic, till they have touched upon all, and exhauſted none. Oeconomy here is neceſſary for moſt people.

Laugh not at your own wit and humour; but leave that to the company.

When the converſation is flowing in a ſerious and uſeful channel, never interrupt it by an ill-timed jeſt. The ſtream is ſcattered, and cannot be again collected.

Diſcourſe not in a whiſper, or half voice, to your next neighbour. It is ill breeding, and, in ſome degree, a fraud; converſation-ſtock being, as one has well obſerved, a joint and common property.

In reflections on abſent people go no farther than you would go if they were preſent. "I reſolve," ſays Biſhop Beveridge, "never to ſpeak of a man's virtues to his face, nor of his faults behind his back;" a golden rule! the obſervation of which would, at one ſtroke, baniſh flattery and defamation from the earth.

Converſation is affected by circumſtances which, at firſt ſight, appear trifling, but really are not ſo. Some, who continue dumb while ſeated, become at once loquacious when they are (as the ſenatorial phraſe is) *upon their legs*. Others, whoſe powers languiſh in a cloſe room, recover themſelves on putting their head into freſh air, as a Shrovetide cock does when his head is put into freſh earth. A turn or two in the garden makes them good company. There is a magic ſometimes in a large circle which faſcinates thoſe who compoſe it into ſilence; and nothing can be done, or rather nothing can be ſaid, till the introduction of a card-table breaks up the ſpell, and releaſes the valiant knights and fair damſels from their captivity. A table, indeed, of any kind, conſidered as a centre of union, is of eminent ſervice to converſation at all times; and never do we more ſenſibly feel the truth of that old philoſophical axiom, that nature *abhors a vacuum*, than upon its removal. I have been told that, even in the *Blue-ſtocking* Society, formed ſolely for the purpoſe of converſation, it was found, after repeated trials, impoſſible to *get on* without *one* card-table. In that ſame venerable ſociety, when the company is too widely extended to engage in the ſame converſation, a cuſtom is ſaid to prevail (and a very excellent one it is), that every gentleman, upon his entrance, ſelects his partner, as he would do at a ball; and when the converſation is *gone down*, the company change partners, and begin afreſh. Whether theſe things be ſo or not, moſt certain it is that the lady or the gentleman deſerves well of the ſociety who can deviſe any method whereby ſo valuable an amuſement can be heightened and improved.

# MEMOIRS
## OF THE LATE
# Doctor JOHN BROWN.

DR. JOHN BROWN was a memorable example of oppreſſed and neglected genius. The natural powers of his mind were ſufficient to have raiſed him to eminence in any province of intellectual diſtinction. In the earlier part of his life, he was no leſs aſſiduous in purſuit of knowledge, than rapid in the acquiſition of it; inſomuch that he obtained a deep and comprehenſive acquaintance with ſcientific and claſſical literature at a very juvenile period.

If there was any ſphere of action to which nature ſeemed peculiarly to have directed his genius, it was certainly the *medical profeſſion*, in which

which, by the force of a vigorous mind, that diſdained the trammels of traditional prejudice, he made ſuch original and important diſcoveries, as cannot but raiſe him to a level with the firſt characters who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in this uſeful and valuable department.

It is ſaid, that he was originally a teacher of languages in Edinburgh, and was afterwards employed by Dr Cullen as an amanuenſis. It is a common remark, that the direction which genius takes in life is frequently determined by accident, rather than propelled by nature. Such, however, appears to have been the caſe with reſpect to Dr. Brown: for, labouring under a chronic diſorder, in which he was attended by Dr. Cullen without effect, he employed this involuntary retirement in examining the ſyſtem upon which Dr Cullen proceeded; and the reſult of his reflection was, that the practice in general adoption was founded in deluſion and miſtake.

This diſpoſed him to purſue a plan of his own, which being productive of beneficial conſequences as to himſelf, and therefore of important effects in regard to general doctrine, he applied his faculties to an intenſe purſuit of medical knowledge.

His abilities were ſo great, and his ſyſtem ſo reaſonable, that medical ſtudents followed him in abundance; in conſequence of which, the profeſſors and practitioners were alarmed, becauſe, if Brown's plan was admitted, it would convict them of ignorance and error. The torrent of prejudice was therefore ſo high and ſtrong againſt him, that it is ſaid it was ſufficient to preclude a ſtudent from obtaining a degree, if, on enquiry, it was found he had been a pupil of Brown.

The effect of this profeſſional reſentment, as he was without connection or intereſt ſufficient to withſtand it, at length drove him from Edinburgh to London, where he expected that his ſyſtem would meet with a more enlightened and liberal protection, and thereby enable him to ſupport the very large family with whoſe maintenance he was involved. And here, while we feel ourſelves anxious to celebrate the talents and ingenuity of this extraordinary man, we are compelled to lament, that his genius was not ſeconded by thoſe prudential maxims which alone could procure it ſplendour and effect.

The reſult of his diſcoveries was a demonſtration that moſt of the diſeaſes which affect the animal ſyſtem, particularly thoſe of the chronic kind, which form the bulk of human diſeaſes, did not owe their exiſtence to any other cauſe than debility, or a deficiency of what he termed *excitability* to the proper exerciſe of the animal functions. His curative plan was on ſtimulative or exciting principles. This ſyſtem, and his mode of practice, were illuſtrated, at his lectures, with equal learning, acumen, and philoſophical profundity.

In private life, his ſociable and companionable qualities were too well calculated to procure him that reception which frequently leads the ſoundeſt judgment, and the beſt hearts, from the proper boundaries of œconomy and diſcretion.

Such was this man; and if talents of the firſt order, operating with deep learning in uſeful and important diſcovery, deſerve the admiration and gratitude of mankind, let an unprovided widow, with nine helpleſs children, experience from the Public that protection and ſympathy, of which his early departure has involved them in ſuch lamentable need.

## SINGULAR WAGER.

AS two gentlemen the other day were ſettling an account at a coffee-

coffee-houſe, one of them drew out of his pocket-book a great number of Bank-notes, which induced a gentleman, who ſat in the next box, to exclaim, that he wiſhed to have as many as he could carry of them: "Then Sir," replied the other, "how many, and to what amount do you think you could carry, for all mine are in ten pound notes?" "Why Sir," ſaid the other in reply, "I do not mind that, but I think I could carry more than the Bank of England could ſupply me with; for I think I could carry in ten pound Bank notes as much as the national debt amounts to:" upon which the other gentleman offered to lay him a wager of five guineas, that he and ninety-nine more of the ſtrongeſt men that he could ſelect, could not carry the weight of the amount of the national debt in ten pound notes, for the diſtance of one mile without pitching; the wager was immediately accepted, and a calculation took place, when it was found that 512 Bank notes weighed exactly one pound weight; and two hundred and forty-two millions, which is computed to be the national debt, weighs forty-ſeven thouſand two hundred and ſixty-five pounds; when divided among a hundred people, the weight that every one would have to carry, would be four hundred and ſeventy-two pounds ſix ounces per man. The gentleman, who had accepted the wager, was ſtruck with aſtoniſhment, and immediately paid the money without having recourſe to a trial.

*Anecdote of* AMBROSE PHILLIPS *and Doctor* ARBUTHNOT.

PHILLIPS was in his converſation ſolemn, pompous, ſententious; being once in a public coffee-houſe declaiming againſt Engliſh painters, he ſaid they had no diſcrimination of character in their hiſtorical pictures, for they gave Turk, Jew, or European, the ſame countenance; and in their landſcapes they were equally ignorant and abſurd, for let the ſcene be in what country it would, they invariably gave the ſame ſort of ſky. They ſhould travel, continued Ambroſe, and then they would ſee that there is in England, France, Italy, and indeed in every other country, a different ſky. Your remark is juſt, replied a grave old gentleman, I have travelled, and can confirm its truth; but the greateſt variety of *ſkies* that I ever obſerved, was in Poland. In Poland, Sir, ſaid Philips. Yes, in Poland, replied the other, for there is Poniatow-*ſky*, Sobie-*ſky*, Jablon-*ſky*, Podebea-*ſky*, and many more ſkies than are to be found in all the world beſide. When the name of the grave old gentleman, ſo well verſed in the ſky family was enquired, it proved to be Dr. Arbuthnot, who ſeems to have poſſeſſed more of the true *Cervantic* humour, which ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed the writer of Don Quixote, than any other man of this, or perhaps any other conntry.

*Miſeries of a deſerted Infant.*

IT is impoſſible to bear about one the common ſentiments of humanity, and not be moved at the diſtreſs of the unfortunate: of ſuch, eſpecially, as are unhappy from cauſes intirely out of their own power.

Going the other day into the Court of Requeſts, there came about me a number of thoſe dirty abject creatures, who have taken up the buſineſs of cleaning ſhoes; each of them deſiring to qualify my feet (as they termed it) for entering that polite place.

But being upon buſineſs ſomewhat in haſte, and too old withal to ſtand much upon nicety, I took no notice

of

of their clamorous ſolicitations; till one, about eighteen, of a much better aſpect than the reſt, bowing very low and reſpectfully, ſurprized me with theſe words:——"Tho' *ſays he*, your dreſs informs me, you are no friend to foppery, yet it likewiſe tells me you have ſome regard for decency: I therefore humbly hope, ſince laying out one halfpenny will be the means of your appearing like other people, and likewiſe give bread to one almoſt ſtarved for want of it, you will be prevailed upon to employ me."——This unexpected ſalutation ſtruck me with much amazement, and immediately beckoning the lad to follow me into the coffee-houſe adjoining, I viewed him with great attention; and if his meagre looks had not ſufficiently teſtified his poverty to be real, I ſhould have imagined, from his genteel mien, and uncommon manner of addreſs, that he had been ſome young gentleman of faſhion, who, for the ſake of a frolic, had put on this dark diſguiſe.

The room being clear of company afforded me a favourable opportunity, not only of obſerving thoroughly this wonder of civility, but of enquiring into his birth, and the reaſon of his unhappy ſituation in an employment ſeemingly ſo much unſuitable to himſelf. He anſwered all my queſtions pertinently, and with a graceful modeſty: and upon my urging him to ſpeak more freely, and lay aſide that awe I perceived him under; he replied, That tho' he was truly ſenſible of the honour I did him, and was greatly encouraged by the liberty I permitted, yet it was impoſſible for him to ſhake off the conſideration of his own meanneſs, and break through the diſtance between himſelf and me.—In ſhort, every thing he ſaid increaſed my admiration, and excited my curioſity, in ſuch a manner, that beſtowing half a crown on him for the buſineſs he had performed, I very much preſſed him to give me the whole ſtory of his life. At this demand, (which he could not well refuſe, and yet appeared unwilling to comply with) he bowed again ſubmiſſively, and, with an expreſſive look, ſeemed to tell me, that prying into other peoples ſecrets was an inexcuſable impertinence. "My ſtory, Sir, *ſaid he*, is too melancholy to be entertaining, and will not only hinder time you can employ much better, but renew that uneaſineſs which reflection always gives me; however, I am obliged in gratitude to ſubmit to any thing you ſhall think proper to command."—— Though this reply was a reproof, it only ſerved to make me the more curious: in order therefore to put him under a neceſſity of giving me ſatisfaction, I told him, that without doubt, ſome wickedneſs or extravagance muſt be the cauſe he was reduced to ſuch an ebb of fortune.—Here conſcious virtue diſplayed itſelf, and warmed the lad with ſome reſentment, at ſuſpecting him of guilt, without any real ground for ſuch ſuſpicion. "You are miſtaken, Sir, *anſwered he with great earneſtneſs*, 'tis to the commiſſion of no crime I owe my preſent misfortunes: and now I am doubly bound to relate my unhappy ſtory, not only through a ſtrong deſire of obliging you, but alſo to acquit myſelf of an imputation I do not at all deſerve.

"The firſt thing I can remember, is my living with a woman they call a pariſh-nurſe, with whom, in the tendereſt years of infancy, I endured the moſt ſevere effects of poverty, reduced to the bitter extremities of hunger, cold, and nakedneſs, and the want of every common neceſſary of life. No friend had I to complain to, for I was owned by nobody, and could only tell that I had a father, by the reproachful taunts of my barbarous landlady, who, upon my refuſing

ſome-

ſometimes any ſuſtenance, rather than the unwholeſome filthy ſtuff ſhe provided, uſed to call me a proud brat, and ſwear ſhe would never again be troubled with a gentleman's baſtard. This name, which then I knew not what to make of, I found afterwards, upon enquiry, to mean a perſon born out of the common courſe of wedlock, and therefore expoſed to infamy and contempt: and what ſtill added to my ſurprize and affliction, I alſo learned that ſuch a miſerable creature, tho' guilty of no crime, is, by the law, debarred of all inheritance, and can claim no right to any thing that is his father's. I could not forbear reflecting often with myſelf, how unreaſonable and unjuſt it is, that the offence of a ſinful parent ſhould be thus puniſhed on the poor harmleſs child, who, as he is incapable of accounting for, ought not, I thought, to be reproached with the tranſgreſſion. I endeavoured, as much as poſſible, to make myſelf eaſy under this unhappy circumſtance, and being fully ſenſible that ſome gentleman was my father, I thought myſelf obliged in duty to get all the learning I was able at the ſchool the pariſh put me to, and avoid every vicious and guilty action; that if nature ſhould ever exert itſelf in my behalf, and make my parents think of me, I might be found in ſome meaſure qualified for the reception of their favour. For this purpoſe I uſed to follow gentlemen in the ſtreets, and liſten to their diſcourſe, to fit me for converſation, and did every thing in my power to improve my knowledge. But nobody making enquiry after me, and being judged big enough to get my bread, I was turned out into the wide world, to find it where I could. The many hardſhips I underwent had almoſt caſt me down, and being without friends, or money, or any recommendation for a better employment, neceſſity forced me into this; wherein for want of that lewdneſs and pert impudence, which ſome gentlemen think diverting qualities in low life, I am not only ſcoffed at amongſt my fellows, but can hardly get ſufficient to ſatisfy the demands of nature."

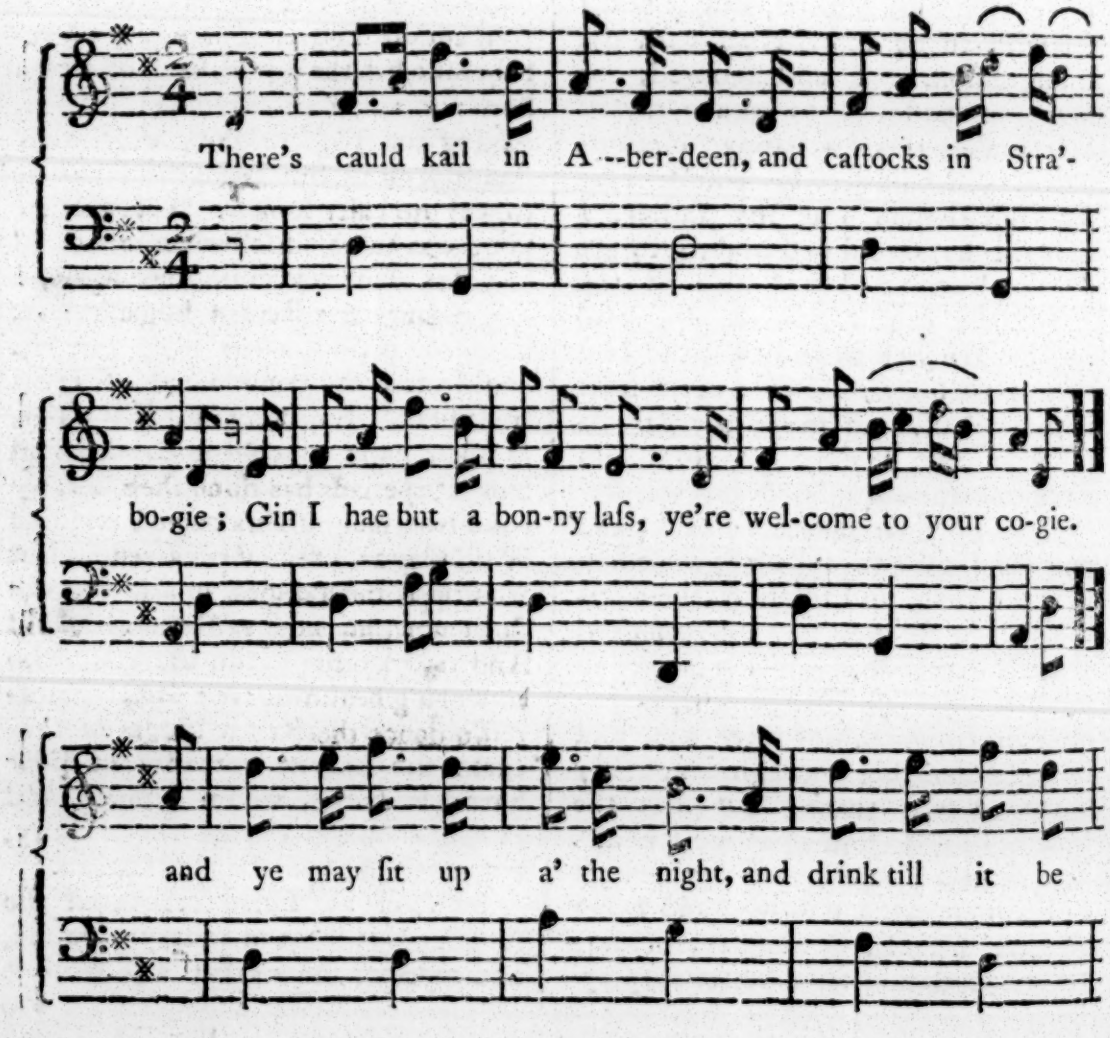
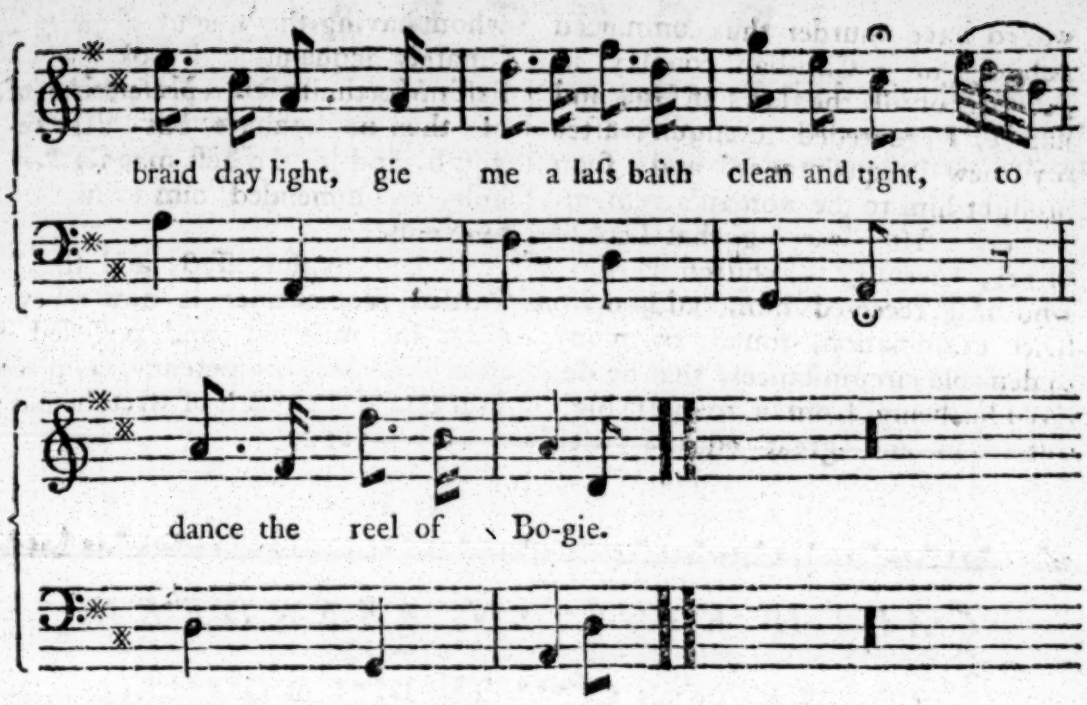
This moving ſtory much affected me; I conſidered him as a worthy object of compaſſion, and giving him ſome more money, ordered him to come to me in a week's time, and promiſed him my aſſiſtance to find out his parents.—At the appointed time he came: I went with him to the place where he was nurſed, and found every thing according to his deſcription. The woman ſcarcely appeared human; for her natural perverſeneſs, added to old age, had ſo wrinkled and diſtorted her countenance, that I never beheld ſuch a tremendous figure. There were ſeveral cradles in the room, each of which had in it a pair of wretched infants, gaping for food in vain, which they had not ſufficient ſtrength of nature to cry for any longer. I ſaw other poor creatures, ſomewhat advanced in years, but not in ſtature, through the want of common nouriſhment, who, as plain as their little tongues could utter it, complained of cruel treatment. Some again, ſtill older, by their pale pinch'd-in cheeks, and hollow eyes, declared their miſerable condition, though beat and terrified into ſilence and ſubmiſſion. But what ſhocked me moſt of all, was the ſight of three or four ſtern ill-look'd fellows, called Pariſh-bearers, who came to fetch away her dead children, and carry to their kinder mother earth the ſtarved carcaſſes of poor harmleſs babes, whom hunger and ill uſage had prepared for a duſty, but much leſs wretched habitation.

So ſoon as I had recovered the ſurprize this ſcene of miſery gave me, and reflected how great a ſcandal it

was to have murder thus committed publicly in a Chriſtian country, in defiance of all the laws of God and nature, I proceeded to enquire after my new acquaintance, and ſoon brought him to the woman's remembrance. After learning what I could of her, I went to the church-wardens who firſt received him, and, upon ſtrict examination, found, by many undeniable circumſtances, that he derived his being from a man of high diſtinction and great eſtate; with whom having the honour of being intimately acquainted, I took the earlieſt opportunity to repreſent the caſe of this unfortunate but deſerving youth, and in the beſt manner I was able, recommended him to his care and notice.

It had its due effect, and the diſcarded ſhoe cleaner is now relieved from his miſeries, and poſſeſſed of ſuch a genteel competency, as places him out of the reach of wretchedneſs.

## *CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.*

(The Words by his G**** The D*** of G*****.)

II.

In cotillons the French excel;
John Bull in countra dances;
The Spaniards dance fandangos well,
Mynheer an all'mande prances:
In fourſome reels the Scots delight,
The threeſome maiſt dance wondrous light;
But twaſome ding a' out o' ſight,
Danc'd to the Reel of Bogie.

III.

Come, lads, and view your partners well,
Wale each a blythſome rogie;
I'll tak this laſſie to myſel,
She ſeems ſae keen and vogie:
Now, piper lad, bang up the ſpring;
The countra faſhion is the thing,
To prie their mou's e're we begin
To dance the Reel of Bogie.

IV.

Now ilka lad has got a laſs,
Save yon auld doited fogie,
And ta'en a fling upo' the graſs,
As they do in Stra'bogie.
But a' the laſſes look ſae fain,
We canna think ourſel's to hain:
For they maun hae their come-again,
To dance the Reel of Bogie.

V.

Now a' the lads has done their beſt,
Like true men of Stra'bogie;
We'll ſtop a while and tak a reſt,
And tipple out a cogie:
Come now, my lads, and tak your glaſs,
And try ilk other to ſurpaſs,
In wiſhing health to every laſs,
To dance the Reel of Bogie.

# POETRY.

The following little Poem was written 9th March 1786. No period of time will eraſe the memory of that gratitude then felt by the author to the reſpected character for whom it was intended. [Ed. Ev. Cour.

*To* LORD G—D—N—N.

THE poet's ſacred pen, in ancient days,
Could crown the victor's head with hallow'd bays;
Nay, deify the man who fearleſs trode
The paths of virtue—Now he ſhines a god.
Whole nations bow, and Fame's immortal tongue
Proclaims his worth, as erſt by poets ſung.
Shall latter times, ſhall Gratitude neglect
To pay the tribute of ſincere reſpect
To godlike worth? whoſe generous ſoul could raiſe
The drooping mind; and thus inſpire with lays
A maiden muſe, untaught in ſchools of art,
To ſing the dictates of a grateful heart.
Too proud to fawn to power, whoſe ears are deaf
To meek-ey'd Pity—cautious of relief;
Hearts chill'd by ſordid Intereſt's biting froſt,
A winter where each generous virtue's loſt.
But, to the man of rectitude divine,
Whoſe virtues, like his ſenſe, ſuperior ſhine,
Can tribute bring of praiſe—can willing own
Favours receiv'd, and tender pity ſhewn;
Favours conferr'd, with gentleneſs ſo kind,
As raiſes—not degrades the human mind.
To G—d—n—n, kind, generous, and juſt,
Friend to the fatherleſs—the widow's truſt;
Feet to the lame and halt—eyes to the blind;
Life to the ag'd—balm to the wounded mind.
Juſtice, with mercy temper'd, publiſh wide
The upright Judge—his country's boaſt and pride.
The widow'd dame, now bent with age and care,
To Heav'n ſpreads forth her feeble hands in prayer;
Pours bleſſings on the friend—the generous friend—
Whom God in pity to her woes could ſend.
—Seraphs attend! 'tis regiſter'd on high!
"Well done, thou good and faithful," fills the ſky.
Each venal fault, wip'd out, now diſappears,
Such power th' Almighty gives to widows tears;
And now, with joy, the great, th' exalted name
Of G—d—n—n, angels aloud proclaim.
Reſpected matron! blameleſs was thy life!
A tender mother, a moſt faithful wife!
Thy ſpotleſs mind, mild, gentle, and humane,
From youth to lengthen'd age knew not a ſtain.
But happier days her earlier life had ſeen;

Age

Age came replete with woes, corroding, keen;
She heard the direful* tale, long, long, conceal'd,
And now from dread neceſſity reveal'd.
Sighs rend that heart which never thought a wrong,
Tears fill her eyes, words tremble on her tongue;
A ſecond Niobe, in pining grief,
She mourns her offspring's woes without relief:
Her ſpirits fail, ſhe ſinks beneath the ſting;
A fever rages, life ſeems on the wing.
That life! her childrens only beſt ſupport!
Their parent, benefactreſs, laſt reſort!
The danger view'd, their wonted ſpirits fail,
Fear chills their blood, their tear-worn cheeks grow pale.
Rais'd on her pillow, faintly thus ſhe ſaid,
Be my laſt wiſh to G—d—n—n convey'd;
He's good, and will not the requeſt deny;
Then peace ſhall ſmoothe my bed, and cloſe my eye.
'Tis done! he reads, compaſſion fills his mind,
The boon is granted with expreſſions kind.
Now health with peace returns; thro' ev'ry vein
Freſh ſpirits glow, now cheerful and ſerene:
Returning hopes each former fear beguile,
With gratitude her children round her ſmile.
Bleſt be the man who thus can joy impart,
Rever'd his name, who glads the human heart:
Health, honour, peace, attend in ſmiling throng,
Hilarity, convivial mirth, and ſong
Surround his board, and pleaſures, ever new,
Attend his ſteps; with garlands bind his brow.
May he be bleſs'd with all this world can lend,
Health, wealth, long life, with pleaſure and a friend;
And may his virtues, ſafe from Time's decay,
Recorded by the Muſes, live for aye.

* The total failure of her family's circumſtances, which made the ſale of her jointure the only means poſſible for the ſupport of her younger children.

## On BEN-LOMOND.

A CELEBRATED MOUNTAIN IN SCOTLAND.

(Written on a Pane of Glaſs in an Inn.)

STRANGER, if o'er this pane of glaſs, perchance,
Thy roving eye ſhall caſt a caſual glance,
If taſte for grandeur and the dread ſublime
Prompt thee *Ben-Lomond's* fearful height to climb,
Here gaze attentive; nor with ſcorn refuſe,
The friendly rhymings of a tavern muſe.
For thee that muſe this rude inſcription plann'd,
Prompted for thee her humble poet's hand.
Heed thou the poet, he thy ſteps ſhall lead
Safe o'er yon towering hill's aſpiring head;

Attentive

Attentive, then, to this informing lay,
Read how he dictates, as he points the way.
Truſt not at firſt a quick advent'rous pace,
Six miles its top points gradual from the baſe.
Up the high riſe with panting haſte I paſs'd,
And gain'd the long laborious ſteep at laſt.
More prudent thou, when once thou'ſt paſt the deep,
With meaſur'd pace, aſcend the lengthen'd ſteep,
Oft ſtay thy ſteps, oft taſte the cordial drop,
And reſt, O! reſt, long, long, upon the top.
There hail the breezes, nor with toilſome haſte
Down the rough ſlope thy precious vigour waſte.
So ſhall thy wondering ſight at once ſurvey
Vales, lakes, woods, mountains, iſlands, rocks, and ſea;
Huge hills that heap'd in crowded order ſtand,
Stretch'd o'er the northern and the weſtern land;
Vaſt lumpy groups, while *Ben*, who often ſhrouds
His loftier ſummit in a veil of clouds,
High o'er the reſt diſplays ſuperior ſtate,
In proud pre-eminence ſublimely great.
One ſide all awful to the gazing eye,
Preſents a ſteep three hundred fathoms high.
The ſcene tremendous, ſhocks the ſtartled ſenſe,
With all the pomp of dread magnificence:
All theſe, and more ſhalt thou tranſported ſee,
And own a faithful monitor in me.

LINES, ſuppoſed to have been written by the late LAURENCE STERNE.

To Mr. HALL.

COLUMNS and labour'd urns but vainly ſhow
An idle ſcene of fabricated woe:
The ſweet companion, and the friend ſincere,
Need no mechanic arts to force the tear.
In heart felt numbers never meant to ſhine,
'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearſe like thine;
'Twill flow while gentle goodneſs has one friend,
Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

To a COUNTRY FRIEND,

On the Approach of WINTER.

STAY, ſylvan friend, with plenty bleſt,
Who ſcorn'ſt the niggard's icy breaſt;
And, as alone, at early morn,
You bruſh the thicket, trace the lawn,
Liſt to what ſings Amintor:
To thee the friendly hint is ſent,
Where more than meets the ear is meant;
The while, with dog and gun, you roam,
Think on your townſman, far from home,
Deny'd the ſports of Winter.

When Eaſter chicks begin to crow,
And azure decks the mountain ſloe;
When foreſt-trees wear ſickly hues,
And agues wait on ev'ning dews,
Lay up for health, nor ſtint her:
Prepare the ham, the chick, the chine,
Nor ſpare the produce of the vine;
Fill, fill thy ſtores with glowing coal,

To

And ſomething for the Chriſtmas bowl,
To cheer thy friend in Winter.

The reaper's moon and harveſt paſt,
Rude blows the equinoctial blaſt;
Ah! now, my rural friend, beware,
This ſeaſon claims thy utmoſt care;
Health bids thee ſtore, not ſtint her:
Survey thy cot, ſecure thy roof,
Soon make it rain and tempeſt proof;
So when the ſable cloud falls low,
Thy hearth ſhall yield the pleaſing glow,
That ſoothes the rage of Winter.

Refurbiſh up thy warm ſurtout,
The buckſkin glove and friendly boot;
And let the hat that ſhields thy head
Around in ample cover ſpread;
This do for health, nor ſtint her:
Above the reſt, be this your care,
Uſe exerciſe and morning air;
And this thou'lt find of ſuch avail,
While city fops look thin and pale,
You'll wear the roſe in Winter.

And now farewell, till Flora ſpreads
Her vernal mantle o'er our heads;
May peace o'er Britain ſtill preſide,
And Juſtice ſword and balance guide,
Nor partial pow'r e'er ſtint her:
And may you midſt your ſtock of cheer,
When old and dreary ſinks the year,
Think on thy Poet's friendly wiſh,
Nor hold thoſe comforts from his diſh,
Which ſmooth the frowns of Winter.

T. N.

PORTRAIT of a Provincial Poet, drawn from the Life, above forty Years ago.

HOW happy the Poet, how void of all care,
Who wiſhes for nought, who has nothing to fear,
Who has nothing to loſe—money, houſes, or lands,
Nor a foot of the earth, but the ground where he ſtands!
Whilſt madmen are fighting, and bluſtering for fame,
And deſolate worlds to purchaſe a name;
Whilſt the beggarly miſer is watching his ſtore,
And never content, ſtill wide graſping for more;
His ſoul far ſuperior, ne'er cent'ring in ſelf,
Laughs at folly's wild rage, and deſpiſes the pelf.
In friendſhip ſtill true, and in love ſtill refin'd,
His friend and his miſtreſs poſſeſs his full mind;
But wayward in conduct, averſe to all rule,
By fools deem'd a madman, by wiſe men a fool,
He flies from their ſtrife to the brook or the grove,
And knows no deſires but his muſe and his love.

LINES, addreſſed to a LADY, with a preſent of a SEAL.

TH' impreſſion which this *Seal* ſhall make,
The rougher hand of force may break,
Or jealous Time, with ſlow delay,
May all its traces wear away;
But neither Time, nor force combin'd,
Shall tear thy *image* from my mind;
Nor ſhall the ſweet *impreſſion* fade,
Which Delia's thouſand charms have made;
For ſpite of Time, or force, or art,
'Tis *ſeal'd* for ever on my heart!

The

## The Autumnal Morning.

THE lazy miſt now leaves the vallies low,
And to the landſcape adds the diſtant tide,
O'er-tops the mountains in progreſſion ſlow,
And ſhrinks reluctant from the proſpect wide.

The amber'd treſſes of the riſing morn
Soon in the orient ſpread a brighter ray;
While the ſhrill accents of the winding horn
Ring from the woodland to the fallows grey.

From giant oak, nor elm, nor poplar tall,
No ſofter ſound the liſt'ning ear invites;
Save the lone red-breaſt on th' unmantled wall,
Save Echo's voice upon the diſtant heights.

But oft abrupt on Quiet's ſtudious eye
The ſtartling flaſh from tube deſtructive ſprings;
Flutt'ring on earth th' aerial victims lie,
The leafy fall their mournful requiem ſings.

W. H. Reid.

## ANACREONTIQUE,

Addreſſed, in a far Country, to a once New Year.

ARE the white hours for ever fled,
That us'd to mark the chearful day?
And every killing pleaſure dead,
That led th' enraptur'd ſoul aſtray?
Too faſt the roſy-footed train
The bleſt delicious moments paſs'd;
Pleaſure muſt now give way to pain,
And grief ſucceeds to joy at laſt.
O, daughters of eternal Jove!
Return with the returning year,
Bring pleaſure back again, and love,
With heavenly ſmiles again appear;
O, bring my H——y to my ſight!
What happy hour will then be by?
And while I'm dying with delight,
Her ſoul ſhall ſpeak through either eye.
Let ſacred friendſhip too attend,
The man whoſe ſoul is moſt like mine,
Bring B——, my ever-deareſt friend,
And fill the bowl with roſy wine:
We'll graſp the minutes as they paſs,
Unconſcious of all future woes:
Mirth, love, and joy, ſhall crown each glaſs,
And caſt our ſorrows to our foes.
Let every white and happy hour
Which fate has to my life decreed,
With roſy wings its bleſſings ſhower,
And each in order ſtill ſucceed:
But when the ſhort-liv'd ſmiling ſtore
No longer can my bliſs engage,
Cut off the uſeleſs thouſands more,
And add them to ſome coward's age.

## SONNET.

FArewell, ye halcyon days of mirth and eaſe,
Given by Hygeia, free from cares and pain;
When beauty's goddeſs gave the power to pleaſe,
And blooming Hebe ſported in my train.
How evaneſcent now my hopes all prove!
No youthful dream plays brilliant to the view!
Death's iron graſp will break the ſhafts of Love,
And chill the trembling heart that bleeds for you.

THE

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## THE TRIFLER,

NUMBER XXIII.

*Thurſday, Nov.* 20. 1788.

" *Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi*
" *Stultus ego huic noſtræ ſimilem.*"
VIRGIL.

### *To the* AUTHOR *of the* TRIFLER.

SIR,

WITHOUT offering you any fulſome flattery, or even merely complimenting you on your plan, its execution, utility, &c. I proceed at once to enliſt myſelf among your correſpondents.

" There is an evil under the Sun" which has been often alluded to by periodical writers, although but ſeldom, as far as I know, profeſſedly diſcuſſed, which I wiſh to introduce into the catalogue of your ſubjects. It in ſome meaſure concerns our countrymen, but may apply generally; for although in Scotland we may boaſt of having every thing *good in its kind*, yet we do not wiſh to monopolize any thing, good or bad.

My hiſtory, as far as concerns my introduction into life, will explain the full intention of this letter.

In early life I was ſent from my native place, where I had been previouſly employed chiefly in Study, where I was allowed to ſee very little company, and never the colour of a pack of cards, or the inſide of a tavern—to London, where my parents were aſſured I ſhould ſoon make my fortune. Their reaſons for ſuppoſing ſo were as follow;

FIRST, becauſe I was a good, clever boy, and minded my book.

SECONDLY, Becauſe ſo many of my countrymen, and from the ſame place too, had made great fortunes, and ſome were even parliament-men.

THIRDLY—which is a ſort of logical deduction—becauſe *I* was a good boy, and *others* had made their fortunes.

ERGO *I* muſt undoubtedly make a fortune too.

Up then, Sir, I came to London, with a volume of good inſtructions from my father and mother, and a bundle of letters of recommendation to great

men who had once been little men, and who were diſtant relations of diſtant relations of my parents—" Means, I grant ye, rather ſcanty," as the ſong ſays, for I had juſt as much money as would ſerve for about a month, at the expiration of which, if not much ſooner, my friends were certain I ſhould be provided for. Gold, I was informed, grew in the ſtreets of London; even the very houſes were plated with the gold of Ophir—and as to proviſions, " ariſe, kill and eat," was all I had to do. With regard to temptations which curioſity, or paſſion might throw in my way, of ſuch matters I heard nothing, for it would have been very diſcouraging to tell a young man that London " was a naughty place."

After a tedious voyage of about three weeks, during which time ſtreſs of weather obliged the ſhip to put in as many times into harbours, I at length ſet my foot on that ſpot of Engliſh ground, known all the world over by the name of Wapping, and that preciſe ſpot in Wapping called Glaſgow-Wharff——Next day I removed my goods to a cheap lodging houſe—and as I conſidered that my buſineſs would admit of no delay, I, like an experienced general, ſat down before the town, meditating whether I ſhould take it by ſap, or by ſtorm—the latter ſeemed preferable, as my ammunition could not laſt very long, and I had no abſolute certainty of any ſupplies, the government from which I was deputed having, as I obſerved before, given me juſt as much as would laſt a month, and no more.

But, to drop my military alluſions, I began to look into my budget of recommendations, ſome of which were ſealed up, and ſome not——I determined firſt to viſit a very great man, ſecond couſin by the father's ſide to my mother's ſecond couſin—a degree of kindred not near enough to be ſpecified in the eccleſiaſtical Court—I judged that *after dinner* was the proper time to wait upon him, and therefore at five o'clock *poſt meridiem* ſet out; but what was my aſtoniſhment to find that I had almoſt three miles to walk before I reached his houſe!—and when I had got within ſight of it, the clock ſtruck ſix! It occurred then to me that this was a very improper time, as he would be at *tea*, and perhaps might have company—— However I ventured to knock at the door, and on enquiring for the great man was told he could not be *ſpoke with*, as he was juſt *ſat down* to DINNER. The footman, however, informed me I might be ſure to find him any morning about eleven o'clock.

" Dinner at ſix o'clock!" This was an unexpected ſtroke—but ſubmiſſion was my duty—not however, without a meditation, ſilly enough, you'll ſay, but to this purpoſe, " that although a man might dine at ſix o'clock, yet he might ſee a body that came with a letter to him."

Next morning, I ſet out again, and recollecting ſome part of my way, performed my journey with much more eaſe—I was deſired to ſtep into a *room*, as the ſervant called it—but it appeared to me to be, from its ſize, proper for a chapel of eaſe——in two minutes in came the great man! I accoſted him with " your moſt obedient" and he enquired my buſineſs—I " hoped he was well," and he aſked my name! with tottering knees and trembling hand I delivered my letter, certain that it would do my buſineſs—He read it with great compoſure—— then, with a voice and manner that completed the petrifaction already begun in my whole body, ſaid, " So, " Sir, you are come to London, are " you?——D—n it, ſo many of your " countrymen are always coming up— " Well—and pray how do you mean " to do?"

Had this ſpeech been the ſentence of the law, a jury would have pitied me and recommended me to mercy—I told him, that I had received a regular education, and would be glad of any em-

employment my abilities could execute.

"Education! O yes—you have all "got education——better ha' been "brought up to trade—made cloaths "—or mended ſhoes—But, however, "now you are here—where do you "lodge?"

I told him, and how much my lodging coſt me, which I thought would accelerate my buſineſs.

"Ten ſhillings a week, bed and "board! Zounds! Sir, what do you "mean? do you think you are to live "like a gentleman"——Sir, when I "was like you, I have often dined "for two-pence——Why, you'll be "ruined in a month—and be caſt into "a jail—this is no place for you to "live like a gentleman."

What my ſituation was now, it is impoſſible to tell. The famous deaf and dumb man was not more bereft of the neceſſary ſenſes than I was at this moment. Taking the advantage of my ſilence, he went on, giving me a long lecture on the folly and abſurdity of my parents in breeding me up like a gentleman, &c. in the midſt of which another great man calling on him, procured me a reſpite; he told me to *call another time*. This reſpite, however, I determined ſhould be a full pardon, and left his houſe with a determined reſolution never to enter it again.

On leaving the ſtreet I found my heart heavy and my eyes full of tears, and was about to wipe them with my handkerchief, when lo! my pocket had been picked; a misfortune that perhaps at any other time might have occaſioned a momentary uneaſineſs; but at preſent I could have ſubmitted to be robbed of all, rather than again inſulted by one who in my *then* opinion, had outlived his feelings, and parted with advice with as cruel reluctance as with money.

In my way, I recovered my ſpirits ſo far as to determine to make another viſit, for what, ſaid I inwardly, needs afflict me? I have done no wrong, and *will* feel no anguiſh. My ſecond PATRON (in the *paulo-poſt-futurum* tenſe) was more acceſſible; he received me with politeneſs, kindly enquired after my father and many old friends, and told me, that as he was then very buſy, which from the quantity of papers before him I judged was the caſe, he would be glad to ſee me at dinner. This cheared my ſpirits, and as it wanted ſome hours to dinner, I briſkly footed it to another perſon to whom I was recommended.

Here again I was doomed to diſappointment. He read my letter, then aſked my name and buſineſs, and told me coolly, that there was nothing in his way at preſent that would ſuit me, enquired where I lived, and ſaid he would ſend to me. It is now ſixteen years, and I have not heard from the gentleman on the buſineſs.

Another told me he was very buſy, and could not ſpeak to me *now*, but I might call *another time*. One gentleman, indeed, candidly told me, he had no intereſt, but I ſhould be welcome to a dinner at any time. Had he not laid an emphaſis on his *dinner*, I would have accepted it, but a dinner is too little to be obliged for.

But the dinner hour approaching, I waited on the only perſon I had yet met with, and not met with a repulſe. Here my welcome was ſuch as I could wiſh; he enquired into every particular of my ſituation, but deſtroyed all my hopes, by lamenting that the town was at preſent ſo full of young men like me, unprovided for, many of whom had taken to evil courſes; and by way of proving what he ſaid, he informed me of one of my countrymen who was lately hanged for a forgery——"a lad," ſaid he, "of good parents and "good education, but no proviſion "made for him, &c. &c." He was pleaſed, however, to add that he had a good opinion of me, and hoped *I had ſome friends*. I told him of my reception with the great man in the morning,

and that I was determined never to ſee him again. "Pooh! pooh! you are "wrong; you are like all your country-"men when they come to town, full "of pride, full of pride, young man— "why, it is M——'s way; he is a "very great man, and has it in his "power to ſerve you, if you will give "him his way. You muſt throw off "all your fooliſh notions of dignity "here, and comply with people's "humours, or you'll never ſucceed— "Talk, indeed, of being *inſulted!* "Lord! you muſt put up with a great "deal more if you live here much "longer—no, no—you muſt go to him "again, and ſee what he will do for "you—he is vaſtly rich, and worth "attending to"——A great deal more he added to the ſame purpoſe, which to my loſs had no effect on me, and I left him much more diſpirited than before. But as I perceive I have taken up a great deal of paper, which I am afraid you will refuſe, I muſt defer the remainder of my ſtory; my next letter, if you inſert this, ſhall conclude the *Primæ Lineæ* of my Hiſtory.

Mean time I am, Sir, yours &c.

GEORGE MANLY.

*To the Author of The Gallant.*

SIR,

I THINK there is one ſubject pertaining to the inferior duties of life, which none of you periodical writers, as far as I remember, have expreſsly treated upon—which is the whole theory and ſyſtem of INVITATIONS. What may have been the cuſtom formerly in ſuch caſes, I am too young to know, and too indolent to enquire, but having been led into many miſtakes by the preſent mode of giving *invitations*, I am induced to communicate a few things to you on the ſubject, not doubting that you will make a better uſe of the hint than I can.

The firſt, and moſt common of all invitations, are your *general* ones—— "We ſhall be glad to ſee you, Mr. ———, to take a dinner with us;" or———

"When you paſs this way, ſhall be happy if you will ſtep in, and eat a bit of mutton"—or———

"Why do we never ſee you? we are *always at home*, and ſhall be happy if you will ſpend a day with us."—or———

"Well—when am I to ſee you? Will you dine with me *ſoon?*"—or———

"So!—you never *will* come and dine with us"—or——

"Before you go out of town, I poſitively inſiſt, that you come and dine with us"—or—

"I am engaged to-morrow, but *any time elſe*, I ſhall be very happy if you will take pot-luck with us."—— or———

"Now, *do* come and dine with us —juſt in the *family way*"—&c. &c. &c. &c.

With many other forms, which it were endleſs to mention. A man who has but a dozen of ſuch kind of friends, has no occaſion to keep a table of his own above once in a fortnight—and yet, Sir, ſomehow or other, I have met with various diſappointments in accepting ſuch invitations.

It was but t'other day I walked four miles from my houſe to dine with a friend, who "was always at home," and who had aſked me ſo often, that I began to be aſhamed of my rudeneſs—but he had *juſt dined*, although I was at his houſe half an hour before the time which he told me he always kept—I concealed that I had not dined, and making my bow precipitately, went to a neighbouring public houſe, and dined on a beef-ſteak.

Thoſe

Thoſe who "are always at home," I have found are very ſeldom in the humour of ſeeing company—and of thoſe who are "moſt glad to ſee one," the greater part are engaged abroad. Some are very glad to ſee me, but, "it happens ſo unfortunately, that the miſtreſs of the houſe is gone a little way out of town, and taken the keys of the cellar with her, and the maſter is to take a family dinner with a friend."

In ſhort, Sir, after a variety of rebuffs and cuffs, I am come to this reſolution, that *general* invitations rarely mean any thing, and are mere words of courſe—If it be ſaid, and I will allow it, that they are not always ſo, yet how are we to know when they are not?

My rule is this; *never to accept of them;* for in that caſe, if my company is really wanted, it will be aſked more particularly: if not, and repeated experience convinces me of it, I account ſuch invitations to be only "a civil way of ſpeaking."

Another kind of invitation I am nearly equally averſe to accept—— thoſe which depend on accident—— You ſtep to a friend's on buſineſs, near his dinner hour: he thinks that politeneſs obliges him to aſk you—— nay, perhaps, he thinks that you come to be aſked—My rule, in theſe caſes, is to refuſe the invitation, unleſs, which cannot always happen, the perſon be one with whom I live in habits of the cloſeſt friendſhip and intimacy—but of ſuch friends, the number cannot be very great to any one.

It is a great meanneſs to put oneſelf in the way of a man, on purpoſe to be aſked to dine—but it is a greater meanneſs to aſk a man who is not welcome. Diſtreſs may prompt the former, but for the latter I know no excuſe, unleſs a compliance with the hypocriſy of modern politeneſs can be an excuſe. For my part, I have ſo much ſelfiſhneſs in me, that I never did, nor ever would aſk a man into my company who is diſagreeable to me. I am, I ſay, Sir, too ſelfiſh to puniſh myſelf in this manner.

But fearing, Sir, I may intrude too much on your time, I haſten to aſſure you that I am,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,
SOLOMON STEADY.

There is ſomething to be learned from my correſpondent's letter. Men of delicacy are the beſt of men, and cannot eaſily ſubmit to be obliged by ſuch a trifling favour as an invitation to dinner, and are conſequently very much at a loſs how to underſtand the common cant of invitations. He that complies with every verbal and general invitation, cannot fail to be often a very unwelcome gueſt—while he who accepts only that kind of invitation which cannot be miſunderſtood—a formal and written invitation——will rarely fail of being acceptable. *Politeneſs*, or what is called politeneſs, may induce a man to invite any one to dinner whom he may meet with, in hopes of a refuſal, but the man who ſends for his friend, generally wants to ſee him. [Pub. Ledger.

## *On the* SCOTCH FISHERIES.

### LETTER XVIII. AND LAST.

THE clauſe permitting the bounty veſſels to buy herrings of the country boats has been ſlightly touched upon already; they are however prohibited from returning to their own ports within leſs than three months, if they have purchaſed any part of their fiſh, although their cargoes were completed much ſooner. Now, I will beg leave to make a ſuppoſition, that, for the firſt three weeks

weeks after the fiſhing veſſels arrive at the ground, the fiſhery has but an indifferent appearance, yet one of them happens to fall into a loch where a good many of the country boats are employed, from whom the maſter purchaſes, in the courſe of this time, 20 or 30 barrels of herings; the next week the fiſh ſet into this loch ſo abundantly, that their own boats complete their cargo, and they might go home, but they muſt loſe two months time, and retard their ſales, for they dare not return untill the three months are expired, but at the certain loſs of their bounty money, unleſs they perjure themſelves by taking a falſe oath, ſaying the whole was caught by themſelves.

Were the ciſterns recommended in theſe letters built, and a proper ſtock of ſalt kept in them, there the fiſh taken by the country boats may be depoſited and cured; and if the bounty veſſels have not compleated their cargoes within their time, they may buy them here at the end of it.

If, on the other hand, the fiſhery ſhall at any time prove a very abundant one, as ſometimes has happened, and if the ciſterns were many and large, with a plentiful ſtock of ſalt in them, the veſſels, after compleating their cargoes, may remain fiſhing while the herring continue in the lochs or upon the coaſt, depoſiting them in the ciſterns until they are filled, whereby they might perhaps have one or two extra cargoes each to return with caſks for; and it is poſſible that, by this means, all the three cargoes might be landed in the Firth of Clyde, or other diſtant ports, in little more than three months, even by the preſent practice of fiſhing, although it is far from being the beſt.

At preſent, the real value of herrings is but little known in many ſea-port towns of the iſland, and far leſs in the interior parts of it. Of this, the author of a very ſenſible pamphlet, entitled the *Fiſheries Revived*, wrote about the year 1749, ſeemed well convinced, when, in his ſcheme for carrying on the *Free Britiſh fiſhery*, he ſaid; "And whereas encouraging the conſumpt of fiſh in Great Britain would be of as great benefit to the undertakers of this trade, as to the nation in general, therefore, if the Commiſſioners for granting wine and ale licences, were to be empowered to grant to every perſon that comes for ſuch licences, the ſaid licence for 5s. leſs, upon condition that they take one barrel of herrings; if two barrels 7s 6d. and if three at 10s. leſs, if the ſaid perſons make oath that the ſaid herrings are for their own uſe only." Were the fiſheries proſecuted with ſpirit, ſo as quantities could be furniſhed upon reaſonable terms, and if ſuch a meaſure as the foregoing was adopted, and taking a certain quantity of herrings enjoined, or even recommended, although the bounty granted to vintners and beerhouſe keepers were much leſs than the foregoing, and only the export debenture at 2s. 8d. it might be the happy means of ſpreading a reliſh for them among all claſſes of people, and thereby contribute, in part, to keep down the price of proviſions: Of how much conſequence this is in any, but particularly in a populous manufacturing country, is too obvious to need illuſtration.

But it is not ſo much the importance of the fiſheries that I meant to have inſiſted upon, as that has often well diſplayed by much abler hands than I would preſume to be thought, and the propriety of the meaſure ſeems pretty well admitted: But I am ſorry to ſay, that the practicability of making it a profitable buſineſs is not ſo well believed; for our many blundering diſappointments have fixed

ed a rooted belief in the minds of the generality of prudent people, that it cannot ſucceed in our hands, nor do I think that the proper method of making it ſo ſeems to be well underſtood.

It was a ſuppoſition of this being the caſe, that induced the writer of theſe letters humbly to offer a few ſentiments upon the ſubject, to contribute his poor mite towards the accompliſhment of the deſirable object. This he conceives to be the duty of every friend of his country. He has done it with a freedom for which he begs to be excuſed, as it muſt ſometimes claſh with the opinions of many very reſpectable names.

Whatever judgment the public may think proper to allow them done with, it may be depended upon, that, however imperfectly they are thrown together, as being a plan haſtily formed, and hurriedly gone into, the hints given are in general the reſult of many years deliberate attention to the ſubject. It is true, there are many of them preſently in the true ſtate of ſpeculation; but the grandeſt intentions, or greateſt diſcoveries, ever made in arts and ſciences, could at firſt be viewed in no other light than barely ſpeculative, until reduced to practice, nor can it be ſuppoſed poſſible that new improvements can be introduced by other means It is hoped thoſe ſuggeſted here will not be thought irrational: If they are attended to, there are others in reſerve, that will perhaps be brought forward; if they are not, as moſt likely will be the caſe, there is, it is alſo hoped, no harm done, nor will it leſſen the conſolation of having meant well.

Had a certain propoſal that was made to an Honourable Board ſucceeded, although it muſt unavoidably have been attended with expence at firſt, that would have been amply compenſated afterwards: The whole of theſe experiments, and many other modes of fiſhing, had been fairly tried, and their merits fully aſcertained; the fiſhing ground within 20 or 30 leagues round all our coaſts had in time been examined, the quality of ground upon all the banks, as well as hollows, with the nature of the fiſh frequenting each, as far as poſſible diſcovered, and plain diſtinct directions for finding the one, and catching the other, publiſhed for the information of the public and all adventurers.

Had even an after-application been attended to, that would not have put the public to the advance of one penny, nor injured the property of private individuals to that amount, by only ſaving from deſtruction that which might be preſerved and uſefully employed; all theſe had in part been accompliſhed, the author of this had devoted his whole attention to them, and his utmoſt abilities (ſuch as they are) had been exerted in the cauſe, not with the confined view of ſolely promoting his own intereſt, for it would have given him infinite pleaſure to have contributed what he could to have rendered the profeſſion of a *Caledonian Fiſher* both profitable and reſpectable.

As they were not, and as it is probable other objects muſt occupy his attention, this view was his ſole inducement for writing the letters, and offering theſe ſentiments, while they are yet freſh upon his mind. If they are found of no moment, or little utility, there is this peculiar pleaſure attends his labour, that the public is put to no expence.

## View of the Genius, Character, and Manners of the DUTCH.

TO the unthinking and vacant part of mankind no people prove

prove more unacceptable than the Dutch, who of all nations, poſſeſs the leaſt of thoſe ſuperficial attractions, the acquiſition of which is ſo ſtudiouſly ſought, and ſo highly prized in other countries. Their diſpoſitions are too ſerious to loſe any time in attaining them; and their continual attention to matters of moment, will not permit them to ſet any value upon, or to conſider them in any other light, than of agreeable trifles at beſt.

Unceaſing complaints are made on this account by ſome travellers. Elate with thoſe frivolous qualifications which their time and money have been laviſhed to obtain, they are no leſs piqued than ſurpriſed to find how little credit they procure in this blunt, uncomplaiſant nation; where the weight of a man's real importance is the only conſideration that produces any regard.

The reaſons of this harſh, uncouth diſpoſition are obvious; and may be deduced from their natural and political ſituation. As it is through dint of wealth alone they ſupport their country and make a reſpectable figure, they are apt to build too much on that foundation of their grandeur: of conſequence they entertain too exceſſive a reverence for the poſſeſſors, and too advantageous an opinion of the acquirers of great property. Such alone they account men worthy of note. Their perſonal qualifications, whether deſerving of praiſe or of cenſure, are paſſed over little noticed, and become in a manner totally eclipſed by the ſuperior blaze of their riches; an object which, the moſt partial admirers of the Dutch will readily allow, engroſſes their attention and eſteem, and preponderates among them far beyond its intrinſic merit.

An individual in other countries, though reſtrained to a mediocrity of fortune, may ſtill appear amidſt the wealthy without yielding them precedence on that ſcore. If his genius and parts have rendered him otherwiſe conſpicuous, he will uſually meet not only with civility, but even deference; and find himſelf on a level with perſons of importance by their rank and ſtation.

But this is by no means the caſe in Holland; where money, however highly it may be valued in other countries, is of much greater conſequence and eſtimation than in any of them. He that has it not, will make but a vain diſplay of his talents and capacity. Theſe, in ſuch a caſe, will rather become a matter of reproach to him, for not employing them to procure himſelf conſideration from thoſe motives, of which the influence is ſo univerſally acknowledged and felt by all claſſes of men.

This careleſſneſs and ſlight of intellectual accompliſhments is unfortunately very diffuſive; and is doubtleſs the ſource from whence flows that contempt for all pretences to conſequence, that are not founded on a pecuniary baſis. This renders their deportment ſo frequently ſupercilious and offenſive to thoſe, whom they imagine to be on no parity with them in that ſubſtantial article.

This haughtineſs reſulting from opulence is truly the national vice of the Dutch; and prevails ſometimes too viſibly among the firſt men in the land. Elated with thoſe endleſs gains, which an extenſive commerce is pouring into their country from all quarters, and of which the diſpenſation is veſted in their hands, they cannot occaſionally forbear manifeſting a mortifying conſciouſneſs how much their patronage is needed by thoſe numerous mercenaries of all denominations, who reſort hither in want and expectation of employment.

Theſe airs of importance are by none more frequently experienced, than by their military dependants; in

many of whom the Germanic pride of extraction undergoes the moſt trying mortifications, from the little account that is made of it, and the rigorous exaction of every ſpecies of duty incident to the profeſſion of a ſoldier. This rigid conformity to the ſevereſt obedience is expected from all who enter into their ſervice. Nobility of blood is ſo far from pleading an exemption, that it often ſeems to be ſingled out as an object of animadverſion, and deſerving of the ſevereſt checks.

It has been aſſerted, that in conſequence of ſome commiſſion in their army, which either was deſigned to be conferred on, or was actually enjoyed by the late Stadtholder in his younger days, a celebrated Burgomaſter of the party in oppoſition to the Houſe of Orange, had the confidence to propoſe the ſending that young prince to Batavia.

The ſame arrogance and preſumption found its way into the deputation of members appointed to preſide over their armies in Flanders, while under the command of the Duke of Marlborough. That great general often lamented the unſeaſonable exertion of their diſcretionary powers, in thwarting the beſt concerted operations, and inſolently propoſing the execution of their own ſchemes. It is well known that Prince Eugene deteſted the ſight and admiſſion of them into council; and uſed to ſay, that Alexander and Cæſar owed their triumphs to the abſence of Dutch deputies.

Noleſs remarkable was their haughty treatment of thoſe princes of the empire, whoſe troops and perſons were in their pay. When buſineſs required their preſence, they were wont to ſend ſummons of attendance to them, with the ſame peremptorineſs, and as little formality, as a general might aſſume with a ſubaltern.

This knowledge and experimental conviction of the aſcendency of riches over the human mind, ſeems never to depart from the reflection of the Dutch grandees; and is the root of that ſelf-importance which betrays itſelf in their proceedings, and renders them at beſt rather civil than engaging.

Hence that ſociable intimacy which excludes all conſiderations, but ſuch as are founded on agreeableneſs of converſation, and on perſonal merit, is very rare in Holland. Monteſquieu's obſervation of the ties and connections between individuals in England, being rather confederacies than friendſhips, is ſtill more applicable to the Dutch, as their aſſociations are evidently much more regulated by the reciprocal proportion of pecuniary circumſtances.

From this motive proceeds that indiſcriminate mixture of ſo many of the higher and lower ſort. A ſympathy ſubſiſts between them in Holland, unknown elſewhere among the members of theſe oppoſite ſtations in ſociety. It ariſes here from that approximation of all degrees, which a parity of wealth operates in a nation where all mere nominal diſtinctions of rank are ſlighted, and no titles but ſuch as are annexed to magiſtracy, and official employments, are acceptable. Theſe excepted, opulence alone ſettles the precedency; and any other pretenſions are little minded.

Of this grandeur and conſequence reſulting from the poſſeſſion of riches, as no mortals are fonder than the Dutch, ſo none exceed them in the eagerneſs of their endeavours to obtain it. Whatever truth there may be in the imputation of their heavy phlegmatic temper in other matters, in the purſuit of money they are not inferior in activity and warmth to the moſt mercurial nations. When animated by this, their ruling paſſion, they become abſolutely other men, and exhibit an alertneſs and vivacity, to which they are utter ſtrangers on other occaſions.

Intent wholly upon amaſſing, they ſuffer but little interruption from any tranſitory gratifications; and purſue without remiſſneſs the laborious taſk they have undertaken. Watchful of all opportunities, and embracing all methods that ſeem promiſſory of ſucceſs, they are ſupremely induſtrious in rendering all things ſubſervient to this main purpoſe, and far from delicate in their choice of means.

A moderate ſhare of relaxation and indulgence in the paſtimes uſual among the genteel claſſes abroad, was, till lately, looked upon with an evil eye by the majority of the ſenior members of the ſtate: their opinion was, that theſe outlandiſh cuſtoms were ſubverſive of that diſpoſition to care and œconomy to which their wealth and their very exiſtence were owing. For this reaſon, they long remained averſe to their introduction, and were at laſt with difficulty prevailed upon to allow them a very reſtricted toleration.

This ſeverity and ſtrictneſs, even in thoſe who are poſſeſſed of authority, have, however, produced the ſalutary effect of reſtraining the propenſity to expenſive diverſions; and confining them in a manner, to the only ſpot where they cannot prove pernicious to the generality. The Hague, where alone they can be ſaid to flouriſh, is a place of reſidence only for thoſe who beſt can afford to dedicate any of their time to purſuits of this nature.

Theſe purſuits ſeem indeed ſo far from congenial to the temper of the natives, that, were it not for the concurrence of foreigners, they would be very little known. In this land of gravity and parſimony, few recreations are ſet on foot that are not perfectly conſiſtent with the ſtricteſt frugality; ſuch as a Sunday receſs from the occupations of the week, a ſober family viſit, an afternoon country walk and refreſhment, or, perhaps, ſome game calculated for exerciſe and health.

A certain habit of orderlineſs accompanies them in their ſchemes of pleaſure and merriment. No people are ſo expert in forecaſting their amount, and ſuiting them to their circumſtances: hence they are enabled to allow themſelves, with impunity, thoſe indulgences which, through careleſſneſs and want of arrangement, cut ſo deep into the finances of individuals in other countries, and draw after them ſuch a coſtly train of unforeſeen expences.

Their excellent diſcernment in managing, with the utmoſt propriety and decorum, all concerns of this kind, is the more admirable, as they poſſeſs the art of doing it at once with œconomy, and yet with ſplendour.

By this conduct they never fail to engage the approbation of even the greateſt connoiſſeurs in magnificence; who, notwithſtanding their conviction of the indifference of the Dutch for external grandeur, any farther than policy adviſes it, univerſally agree in pronouncing them as expert in their notions of ſhew and parade, when occaſion requires, as if they acted from inclination and attachment to ſuch things.

(To be continued.)

## Biography.

### MEMOIRS

OF THE LATE

### DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

(Continued from page 678.)

ON the 15th day of April 1776 the buſineſs came on in Weſtminſter Hall. It was of five days continuance, and the principal object argued was, the admiſſion, or not, of a ſentence of the Spiritual Court, in a ſuit for jactitation of marriage, ſo as to

to ſtop the proof of a marriage, in an indictment for polygamy. The Judges deciding againſt the admiſſion of ſuch a ſentence in bar of evidence, the fact of the two marriages was moſt clearly proved, and a conviction of courſe followed.

The Ducheſs was on her trial attended by Mrs. Egerton, whoſe huſband was of the Bridgewater family; Mrs. Barrington, widow of General Barrington, a brother of the Peer of that name; the late Dr. Iſaac Schomberg, and the preſent Dr. Warren. One extraordinary method the Ducheſs took to ſuſtain her ſpirits, was to loſe a certain quantity of blood after every time in which ſhe was ordered to withdraw from the Bar.

The ſolemn buſineſs being concluded, the proſecutors had a plan in embryo to confine the Counteſs of Briſtol (for ſo, after conviction, ſhe in reality was) to this country; and to have her deprived of her perſonal property. A writ of "*Ne exeat regno*" was preparing, of which the Lady received private notice, and being adviſed inſtantaneouſly to leave the kingdom, ſhe cauſed her carriage to be driven about the moſt public ſtreets of the metropolis, invited a ſelect party to dine at Kingſton-houſe, the better to cover her deſign, while in an hired poſt chaiſe ſhe travelled to Dover. Mr. Harding, the Captain of her yacht, was there, and he conveyed her, in the firſt open boat that could be hired, to Calais.

Monſ. Cocove had formerly held a commanding poſt at Calais; he was in conſtitution, habits, and appearance, an Engliſhman. The habits of our country he had acquired by reſiding ſome time among us, and during that reſidence he had mixed with the firſt circles. The old Marquis of Granby had been his intimate friend and aſſociate. When the Ducheſs fled to Calais, Cocove was ſequeſtered at a little paternal ſeat within a few miles; reſtricted to that, as his place of reſidence, conformable to the uſage of France with reſpect to perſons of landed property who are involved. Cocove had an houſe in Calais, which his wife and family, amounting to three ſons and as many daughters, occupied. The Ducheſs treated for the purchaſe of this houſe, and it was agreed to be ſold her for 1000l. with permiſſion to the family to occupy one ſide of the quadrangle. The Cocove family engaged her attention, and before ſhe had ſeen the half of them ſhe promiſed to make them all happy. The girls ſhe aſtoniſhed with a ſight of her diamonds and her wardrobe; with the boys ſhe converſed about the heroic deeds of her great grandfather, throwing in occaſional hints, that "commiſſions in the army would be comfortable things, and particularly in the French ſervice, which was ſo highly honourable under the reigning monarch, for whom ſhe had a prodigious regard."

As it was the lot of the Ducheſs to be perpetually on the remove, ſome incidents had happened at Rome, of which ſhe received advice, which rendered it neceſſary for her once more to viſit that renowned city. In the public bank ſhe had depoſited her plate for ſafety, when ſhe ſet out for England, and in her palace ſhe had left a renegade Spaniſh Friar, and an Engliſh girl whom ſhe had carried to Italy, on her laſt expedition. The girl was handſome, and had a ſenſe of prudence, aided by that prejudice againſt foreigners, which the lower orders of this, and of moſt other countries, poſſeſs. She attracted however the particular notice of a Cardinal, who, for the honour of the Holy See, ſhall be nameleſs. His viſits to the palace of the Ducheſs were frequent; the pretence always was, ſomething particular to communicate to her Grace, and a conſequent inquiſitiveneſs about her return. The Friar

ſmoked the Cardinal, and the Cardinal, in return, was jealous of the Friar. The poor girl, who underſtood not a ſyllable of any other language than that of her country, found herſelf extremely embarraſſed. The Friar knew Engliſh enough for an ordinary converſation, and, in the true ſtyle of a ghoſtly adviſer, he cautioned the girl againſt the deſigns of the Cardinal. Whether from real diſlike, or from the not being able to have a verbal intercourſe, the overtures of the Cardinal were rejected, and whenever he came to the palace, ſhe left him, if his eminence ſo pleaſed, to make love to the Friar. Thus getting rid of a rival, the Friar plied his arts ſo ſucceſsfully, as to occaſion one bed to be the only neceſſary convenience for the two inmates of the palace to ſleep in. Having accompliſhed this end, the Friar deemed it a pity that ſuch of the moveables as were eaſily portable ſhould remain in an uſeleſs ſtate; converted into caſh, they might circulate for the benefit of ſociety. Under an impreſſion ſo charitable to the world, he walked off with what he could carry, beſides diſpoſing of quantities of articles to different purchaſers; and left the poor girl pregnant. It was of theſe tranſactions the Ducheſs was informed by letters. The neceſſity of her immediate journeying to Rome was urgent, and ſhe ſet out as ſoon as ſhe could expedite the neceſſary preparations.

During her travel, an illneſs excepted, not any particular occurrence happened. On her arrival being known, Cardinal Albani waited on her, to whom ſhe communicated the particulars of the behaviour of the Friar, prudently reſerving the circumſtance of the attack made by one of the Cardinal's brotherhood on the chaſtity of the girl. Her ſituation was not the preſent object of thought. The queſtion was, how the property embezzled by the Friar could be recovered? The girl ſobbed, ſhed tears in abundance, and on her knees intreated forgiveneſs; but, with all this ſubmiſſive penitence, ſhe could ſcarcely obtain the attention of a moment.—All hope of re-obtaining the valuables becoming viſionary, to get the plate out of the public bank, and tranſport it ſafely from Italy, was the ſole object of negociation, in which the Ducheſs proving ſucceſsful, ſhe returned to Calais, and the robbery of the Friar became one of her ordinary tales.

On the return of the Ducheſs from Rome, the expeditious communication between Calais and England afforded the earlieſt intelligence ſhe could wiſh relative to the proceedings of her opponents. Their buſineſs was now, if poſſible, to ſet aſide the will of the Duke of Kingſton. There was not a probability of their ſucceeding in the attempt, but ſtill the attempt was to be made. This kept alive the apprehenſion of danger in the mind of the Ducheſs; and ſo long as that apprehenſion ſubſiſted, it was neceſſary, in policy, to affect a particular regard for certain perſons in England, who had the apparent power of rendering her a ſervice. The late Sir George Haye was at that time Dean of the Arches. Not more from the eminence of his ſituation than from the ſplendour of his abilities, his rank was high in the public eſteem. Doctor Iſaac Schomberg had been a cotemporary with Sir George at Merchant Taylor's ſeminary. Through life they loved each other. The opinion of Sir George, as to the impeachability of the Duke of Kingſton's will, was frequently wanted; and through the intermediation of Doctor Schomberg, this was obtained. Sir George Haye from the firſt ridiculed the attempt to ſet aſide the will, as a futility. Schomberg, however, deſirous of obtaining the fulleſt confirmation of the caſe, preſſed Sir George to dictate a few lines

lines on the ſubject in a letter which he propoſed to ſend to the Ducheſs. Schomberg on this cauſed every conſolatory aſſurance to be tranſmitted to the Ducheſs. She received it, and profeſſed every feeling which gratitude could inſpire. As a ſplendid return for his real anxiety to have her mind at eaſe, this was the gracious manner of her procedure:

One morning Doctor Schomberg was waited on at his apartments in Conduit-ſtreet, and a preſent from the Ducheſs of Kingſton was preſented to him. This preſent was a ring, brilliantly encircled, the ſtone a deep blue, and the words *pour l'Amitie*, on the ſtone. The intrinſic value was never once conſidered by Schomberg; it was the preſumable tribute of gratitude which affected his mind. He wore the ring, and in almoſt every company proclaimed the donor. But a ſhort portion of time elapſed before one of the encircling brilliants fell out, and to have a ſubſtitute replaced, a jeweller was ſent for. When he came, he looked firſt at the ring, then at Doctor Schomberg, and, on being aſked, "When he could do what was neceſſary?" the jeweller anſwered, I hope you will not be offended, Sir, but it is really not worth your while to have any thing done; the middle ſtone is a compoſition, and the whole did not coſt more in Paris than ſix and thirty ſhillings.' 'Is that the caſe?' (ſaid the Doctor) 'then I will ſoon diſpoſe of it.' He firſt trampled the contemptible bauble under his feet, then flung it out of the window.

Previous to her trial, the Ducheſs had formed a deſign to viſit Peterſburgh. A ſhip had been built for her, containing every ſplendid accommodation. There was a drawing-room, a dining parlour, kitchen, and all other conveniences. This ſhip attracted, as may be ſuppoſed, general obſervation—and the Ruſſian Ambaſſador being given to underſtand that the whole had been intended as a conveyance of the Ducheſs, on a viſit to ſo auguſt a ſovereign as the Empreſs of Ruſſia, the politeſſe of Courts compelled an acknowledgment, on his part, that the compliment would be graciouſly received. But there was ſomething more than the mere compliment of a viſit. Her Grace had ſome pictures of conſiderable value, which devolved to her on the demiſe of the Duke. Theſe ſhe had offered as a preſent to the Empreſs, who had deigned to accept them. The ſhipping them for Peterſburgh, that they might be conveyed from where they ought to have remained, to whither they ſhould not have been ſent, had occaſioned as many conferences between the Ducheſs and the Ruſſian Ambaſſador, as would have been requiſite to adjuſt the differences of Europe. At laſt, however, a cargo of pictures, and other valuable articles, cleared the river, and arrived ſafe at Peterſburgh. The Empreſs diſpoſed of them as accorded with her fancy, and her Ambaſſador was charged in her name to notify her pleaſure. The Ducheſs, in this, was a copyiſt of the Eaſtern cuſtoms. Her preſence was accompanied by a preſent, the better to enſure a favourable reception.

(To be continued.)

## BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF MR. POIVRE.

MR. Poivre, who firſt introduced the nutmeg and clove trees into the iſles of Bourbon and Mauritius, was born in the year 1715, at Lyons, where his family for ſome time had been engaged in commerce. After having ſtudied at the College of the Miſſionaries of St. Joſeph, at that place, he went to Paris to finiſh his education, in the Congregation of foreign Miſſions.

Being

Being deſirous of getting admitted into that ſociety, he was firſt ſent to China. Having ſtopped before his arrival at Canton, he received from ſome perfidious perſon who intended to deceive him, a Chineſe letter, ſaid to be a letter of recommendation; in which, on the contrary, a Chineſe who had been offended by an European, deſcribed this perſon, whom he imagined to be the bearer of the letter, as an enemy to the Chineſe nation, who deſerved death.

Mr. Poivre, full of confidence, haſtened to preſent his letter to the firſt Mandarin he could find; the conſequence of which was, that he was apprehended and thrown into priſon. Impriſonment in China is not very ſevere; he there learned the Chineſe language. The Viceroy of Canton, ſtruck with his noble, patient, and mild looks, and with his countenance, which had a great reſemblance to thoſe of the Aſiatics, touched by his ingenuouſneſs, and incenſed at the treachery which had been exerciſed againſt him, became his protector, and procured him eaſy acceſs to ſee the country, which is generally refuſed to Europeans. After remaining two years in China, he went to Cochin-China, where he ſtaid alſo two years, and again returned to China.

In 1745, Mr. Poivre came back to France, with a deſign of viſiting his family, fixing himſelf irrevocably in his religious bonds, and of returning afterwards to thoſe remote regions, to which his zeal ſeemed to invite him. The veſſel in which he embarked was attacked in the ſtraits of Bama, by an Engliſh ſhip of ſuperior force. In exalted minds, even thoſe of the mildeſt diſpoſition, there is a natural repugnance to ſhun danger. During the whole action, Mr. Poivre expoſed himſelf wherever he thought he could be moſt uſeful, aſſiſting to work the ſhip, encouraging the ſoldiers and ſailors, and above all, taking care of the wounded, till a cannon bullet carried off his hand at the wriſt.

To give ſome idea of the ſerenity of his mind, it will be ſufficient to obſerve, that the firſt words which he pronounced, after he ſaw himſelf deprived of one of his hands, were, "I "can draw no longer." He was exceedingly fond of this amuſement, and he had employed his art in making curious deſigns of the moſt important and intereſting objects which he had met with in the courſe of his voyages. Some moments after Mr. Poivre was wounded, the ſhip ſtruck. He was thrown into the bottom of the hold, and remained twenty-four hours before his arm was dreſſed, a gangrene took place, and it was found neceſſary to make an amputation a little higher.

This fatal accident changed the deſtiny of Mr. Poivre, and he perceived that he muſt for ever renounce the labours of a miſſionary. Being conducted by the Engliſh to Batavia, he there had an opportunity of acquiring ſome knowledge reſpecting the culture of thoſe valuable ſpices which the Dutch then poſſeſſed excluſively, and of the iſland in which they are indigenous. He then formed that project, which he afterwards realized, of one day enriching his own country by them.

In his way to Pondicherry, he remained ſome time among the Malays, and viſited ſeveral parts of the kingdom of Siam. Having embarked in a Dutch veſſel in order to return, he was taken at the entrance of the channel, by a privateer of St. Malo, four days after he was retaken by an Engliſh frigate, conducted to Guernſey, and ſet at liberty in eight days, on peace being ſigned.

In 1749, he was choſen by the King to go as Ambaſſador to Cochin-China, to form a treaty of friendſhip, and eſtabliſh a new branch of commerce. In executing this commiſſion,

Mr.

Mr. Poivre diſplayed ſuperior talents, the moſt ſcrupulous probity, remarkable activity, a prudent dignity, and in the account which gave of it, a modeſty almoſt inconceivable. On his return to the Iſle of France, he depoſited in the warehouſes of the Eaſt-India Company, even the private preſents which he had received from the King of Cochin-China.

The following anecdote may afford a proof of his ſtrict honeſty and open diſintereſtedneſs.

When he wrote to the Eaſt-India Company, he informed them that he had made good certain ſums out of his own money, becauſe he had ſuffered himſelf to be robbed through his own fault, and that it was not juſt that they ſhould ſuſtain the loſs.

Soon after his return he was ſent by the Eaſt-India Company to Manilla, with a ſecret commiſſion, the principal object of which was, to procure ſeeds and plants of the ſpice trees, and to naturalize them in the Iſle of France. This was his favorite ſcheme, and he did not loſe a moment to put it in execution. In 1754, he obtained a ſmall veſſel, in which he embarked to return to Manilla, from whence he proceeded to the Moluccas, and brought back ſome valuable plants of thoſe trees which produce the fine ſpices. Not being able, however, to obtain from adminiſtration the means of making a more conſiderable expedition, in order to carry his enterprize to that extent, and to give it that effect which it required, he returned to France, where Mr. Bertin, who was then Comptroller General, and who knew how to appreciate the ſervices of Mr. Poivre, procured for him from the King, a preſent of twenty thouſand livres, for which he had not ſolicited. Satisfied with this moderate recompence, Mr. Poivre eſtabliſhed himſelf at Lyons, in an agreeable retreat, where he gave himſelf up to letters, and to the cultivation of the moſt curious plants from all parts of the world. He was on the point of marrying an amiable and virtuous young woman, when he was offered the ſuperintendency of the Iſles of France and Bourbon. The deſire alone of being ſerviceable to his country, made him accept this offer, and renounce all the enjoyments of his calm retreat.

His adminiſtration was equally active and prudent; he employed every method, and with ſucceſs, to meliorate the ſtate of theſe Iſlands, to repair the faults of his predeceſſors, and to form uſeful eſtabliſhments. But what has rendered his name celebrated, and will endear his memory to his countrymen, is the ſucceſs with which his care and attention were at length crowned, in tranſporting from the Moluccas to the iſle of France, plants of the nutmeg and clove tree, and in ſufficient numbers to enſure their naturalization.

A corvette, called the Vigilant, commanded by Mr. Tremigon, and another ſmall veſſel, named the Morning Star, commanded by Mr. D'Etcheveri, were equipped for this purpoſe, and ſailed from the Iſle of France in the year 1769. On the 18th of September, this little ſquadron arrived at Manilla, where Mr. D'Etcheveri was confined two months to his veſſel by ſickneſs. Having ordered himſelf to be carried on ſhore, he recovered his health by the uſe of the mineral waters of that country, which are ſaid to be ſo corroſive, and to poſſeſs ſuch a degree of heat, that if a fowl be dipped in them for only ſix minutes, nothing will be left of it but the bones.

On the 16th of January, 1770, our travellers ſet ſail, and approached the Iſles of Mian and Taffouri. The Vigilant directed her courſe to Timor, and the Morning Star had orders to cruiſe off the Molucca iſlands towards the eaſt.

On the 15th of March, Mr. D'Etche-

cheveri came in ſight of Ceram, and obſerving a bay next morning, acceſs to which ſeemed eaſy and ſafe, went on ſhore alone. Here he found a Dutchman employed in conſtructing a bark. This perſon, who had taken ſome umbrage againſt his own nation, received the preſents which Mr. D'Etcheveri offered him, and in return, promiſed to afford him ſhelter during the night. Mr D'Etcheveri obtained much uſeful information from him, and he was particularly cautioned to avoid the iſland of Amboyna, which is the grand magazine of the Dutch commerce. He learnt alſo that the Iſle of Gueby produced clove and nutmeg trees equal in quality to thoſe of Amboyna; that it was inhabited only by Malays, who were enemies to the Dutch nation; but that it was greatly to be feared leſt theſe iſlanders, who were acquainted with no other Europeans except the Dutch, might treat him in a hoſtile manner. This conſideration did not ſtop M. D'Etcheveri, who was reſolved to accompliſh the end of his expedition, even at the hazard of his life.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## *An Account of the* Scots Society *in* Norwich, *from its Riſe in* 1775, *until it received the additional Name of* The Society of Univerſal Good Will, *in* 1784.

IN the year 1774 ſeveral natives of Scotland, reſiding in and about Norwich, met to celebrate the feſtival of St. Andrew with ſome degree of chearfulneſs and merriment. At the breaking up of the meeting, the company being pretty large, and in good-humour, an overplus of three ſhillings and ſixpence was found in the hands of the perſon who collected the reckoning. To theſe ten ſhillings were added, to relieve any poor Scotſman who might come to Norwich in diſtreſs. The year paſſed without any claim; and the ſame idea being purſued the next year, there was collected three pounds. It was at this meeting propoſed, and agreed, to form a ſociety, to be called *The Scots Society in Norwich;* for which a ſet of articles were prepared, and approved of at the annual meeting in 1776, a preſident and ſteward elected, and natives of England admitted as honorary members.

In thoſe articles the motives and purpoſes of the Society were explained; the chief of which were to ſupply the defect in the Engliſh law with regard to the natives of Scotland, who are deemed foreigners, or ſtrangers; and Lord Chief Juſtice Holt ſaid, that "he did not know that a foreigner had a right to be maintained in any place to which he came, but that they might let him ſtarve." Burn's Juſtice, vol. III.

In 1777, a letter and a copy of the articles were ſent to the Right Hon. the Earl of Roſeberry, who has a ſeat at Bixley near Norwich, but was then in Scotland; when his Lordſhip acknowledged the letter, warmly approved the inſtitution, and promiſed to aſſiſt it to the utmoſt of his power.

At the next annual meeting it was propoſed, when the fund amounted to 100l. to put the natives of Ireland, and of all foreign nations*, upon the ſame footing with thoſe of Scotland, and that they ſhould be entitled to the benefit of the Society; but the Scotch might be relieved whenever the fund amounted to 20l.

A regular ſyſtem of government for the Society being now eſtabliſhed, the Earl of Roſeberry was elected the firſt Governor, John Murray, M. D. Preſident, John Dalrymple, Steward, and Meſſrs. Gurneys, Bankers.

In 1778, his Lordſhip arrived at his ſeat at Bixley, was waited upon by the Preſident, and Steward, and

* An interpreter is particularly provided for foreigners.

made

made the Society a preſent of 20l. to enable it to begin the exerciſe of its charity.

No ſooner had this event taken place, than Alexander Geddes, a native of Scotland, being dangerouſly ill in a putrid fever, applied as the firſt proper object of the Society's charity, was relieved, and recovered.

This year the ſubſcription was increaſed, and the fund raiſed to 53l. five natives of Scotland had been relieved; and ſome new regulations being made, a copy of the new articles was communicated in 1779 to the Governor the Earl of Roſeberry, who was pleaſed immediately to make a further preſent of 50l. to the Society, in order to enable it to extend its charity to the natives of all foreign nations.

The Society, being now eſtabliſhed beyond its warmeſt expectations, thought proper, by advertiſement and circular-letters, to inform the publick thereof, and ſolicit their aſſiſtance; and in conſequence thereof, Mr. Edward Cairns, of Birmingham, made a preſent to the Society of a ſeal, repreſenting St. Andrew upon the croſs, with a glory round his head, and a motto, "Love ye the ſtranger."

The Society meet annually; and ever ſince the year 1779, the Preſident delivers an addreſs. The firſt of theſe addreſſes is inſerted at length in the Account of this Society, lately printed, 1784, with articles and regulations for the good government of the Society; and the fourth addreſs, delivered in the year 1782. An account of the Society's proceedings, from 1784 to 1787, has been ſince printed.

The officers belonging to the Society conſiſt of a governor, guardian, deputy governor, preſident, deputy-preſident, ſteward, chaplain, bankers, and a clerk.

It appears, by the accounts of the Society for ten years ſince its firſt eſtabliſhment, that it has expended the ſum of 805l. 4s. which has relieved 1085 perſons, natives of different countries, who would have been doomed (according to Lord Chief Juſtice Holt's deciſion) to *ſtarve*. And upon the whole, we think we cannot conclude this article better than with the following addreſs to the publick;

"The favour and aſſiſtance of civil magiſtrates, miniſters, and all others, are moſt reſpectfully and earneſtly requeſted, to forward the deſigns and views of this inſtitution; not only by protecting the wandering foreigner in diſtreſs, who humbly implores relief from his fellow-creatures, but by diſcountenancing and checking thoſe who have ſquandered the relief granted them by this Society, and by puniſhing, as the law directs, all impoſtors who endeavour to ſucceed, or have ſucceeded, in exciting the pity of the humane and charitable, by feigned tales of misfortune and wretchedneſs."

*From the* GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

*Eaſt Barnet, Oct.* 13.

IF you think the incloſed affecting letter, written ſome years ſince by a diſtreſſed curate in the dioceſe of Cheſter, deſerving a place, you will inſert it. Yours, &c. B. U.

"Good Sir, *Cheſh. Dec.* 20, 1757.

"I know you will be ſurpriſed when you firſt glance an eye over the enormous ſize of my letter; and, I can aſſure you, it is with the utmoſt reluctance that I preſume to hold you ſo long in peruſing it. It has never been my cuſtom to complain without a cauſe; nor can I endure, if I could help it, to grate my ſuperiors with whining remonſtrances. However, my racking diſtreſs has got the maſtery of my long-reſolved patience, and extorted a confeſſion of my

caſe to you and Mr. H—t-r only, whoſe characters are dear and ſacred to me above all others.

" I know the perſon I now write to will entertain no bad ſuſpicions of me for telling him the truth, nor add inſult to my afflictions. Be pleaſed to know then, Sir, that I have long ſtruggled under a heavy load of poverty which I have hitherto borne with a Chriſtian, maſculine fortitude. This diſtreſs has not been owing to my own extravagance or miſconduct. No; my family is very numerous, and my debt contracted to bring them up balances, if not preponderates, all my effects put together; and I cannot, in conſequence, go any greater length, for fear of dying a rogue; and what the conſequence may be, I ſhudder to think. In the mean time, I cannot live up, in any tolerable degree, to the dignity of my function. No; I find myſelf gradually ſinking into contempt [if poverty be really contemptible], notwithſtanding my beſt œconomy. I am compelled to drag along a wretched life, in want of every thing which contributes, as the world ſays, to make a perſon happy. A decent dreſs and table I cannot keep up in my family; viſits I can neither pay nor receive with any decorum: nay, I bluſh to attend the ſervice of the church in my mean canonicals (eſpecially as, in my ſituation, I am under the eye of a ſwarm of Papiſts). I have but one gown, which I had given me 18 years ago; and I leave you to gueſs its condition. And what renders my caſe worſe, I find myſelf leſs qualified than formerly to bear difficulties. Length of time and extreme hardſhips have almoſt worn out my ſpirits; and the proſpect of their continuance is the moſt bitter reflection of all, and has extinguiſhed every ſpark of chearfulneſs in my frame. In ſhort, I feel my anxieties preying every day ſtronger upon my vitals; and were it not for religious reflections, I ſhould doubtleſs ſoon be wretchedly miſerable. I pray God keep me from diſtraction!

" Thus, Sir, I have drawn a picture of my condition. It is full of the ſhade, I confeſs; however, it is a true one: and, though this hideous detail of my miſery may ſhock your tender, ſympathiſing compoſition, yet pardon my ſelfiſhneſs in laying it open. It gives vent to my grief. Beſides, God is my witneſs, this is nothing but the truth; nor do I aggravate matters with a ſiniſter view to any advantage. I am ſo far from being fond of the world, that I even deſpiſe it. All that I could wiſh, were I allowed to chuſe my fortune is, that I might not be wretchedly poor.

" I foreſee you will wonder all this while where the fault lies that I never advanced myſelf, eſpecially when I tell you (and I do it without vanity, for God forbid that I ſhould glory!) that I was always a diſtinguiſhed lad both at ſchool and college. Why!

Haud facile emergunt, quorum
virtutibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi.

" But I cannot ſay but I had once an offer of moderate preferment. But [I think I am the oddeſt mortal upon earth] I could not embrace it, upon conſiderations that I have not room to mention.

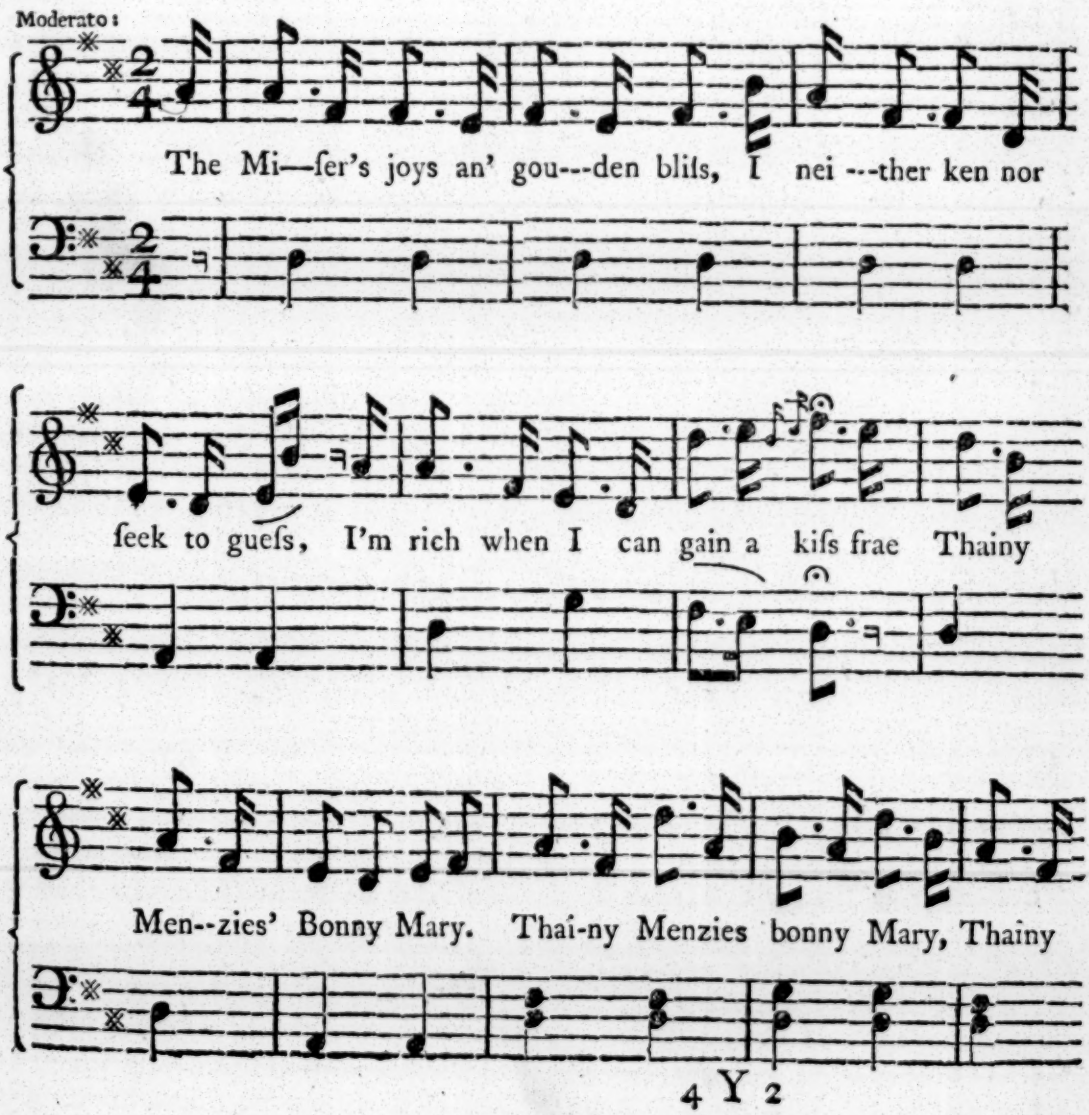
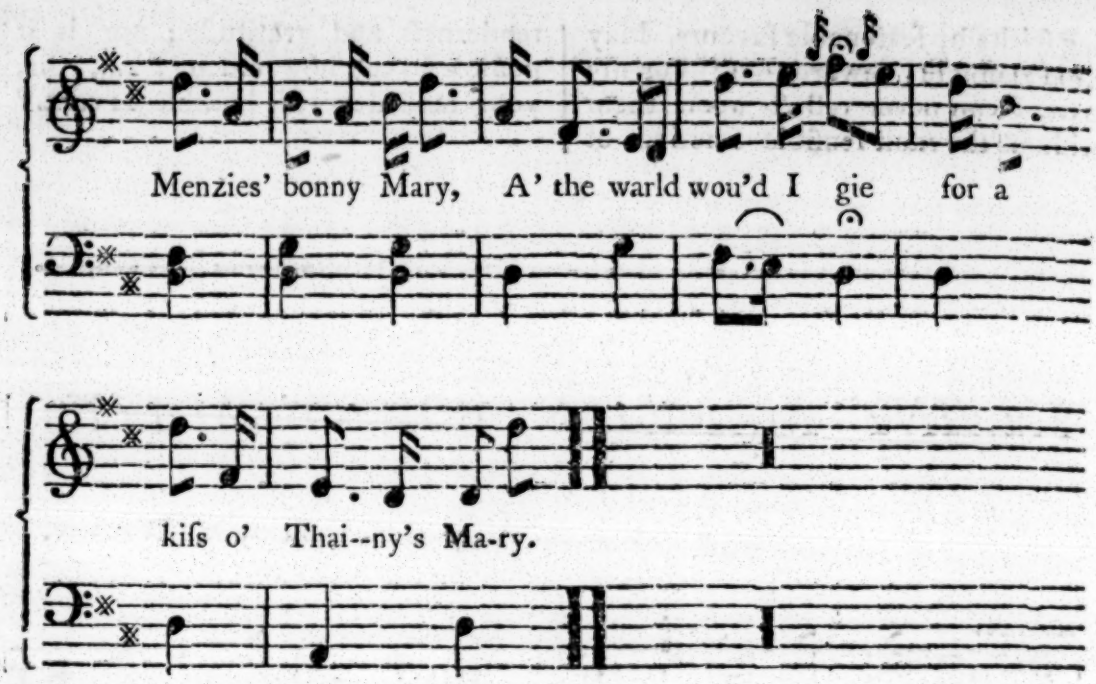
" After all, worthy Sir, if this account be true; I need not remind you, that I am a proper object of your compaſſion—proper, did I ſay? I might ſafely ſay the propereſt; for I ſolemnly believe, upon calculation, and can write it without a trembling hand, though not without tears, that I am not worth one farthing. My good old father, who uſed to help me out at a dead liſt, is dead, and has left me to ſtruggle for myſelf. I have no other hope in this world but in you. You have the direction and management of great charities at command. You have actually often revived my drooping

ing ſpirits by ſeaſonable favours. May God Almighty reward you! For my part, I can never reflect upon them without the moſt ſenſible emotions of tenderneſs and gratitude; nor is it poſſible to tell how much I am, Sir, your moſt devoted, humble ſervant."

# *THAINY MENZIES' BONNY MARY.*

John Marshall

The Words by a Gentleman of Aberdeen. Adapted to Muſic by Mr WILSON.



II.

In Scotland braid, or far awa',
Where maidens paint and buſk them bra',
Sae ſweet a laſs I never ſaw,
As Thainy Menzies' bonny Mary.
Thainy Menzies' bonny Mary, &c.

III.

Some dozen'd lowns, ſae douff and aul',
Had liv'd till they were growin' caul,'
An' ſcarcely kent they had a ſaul,
Till they ſaw Thainy's bonny Mary.
Thainy Menzies' bonny Mary, &c.

IV.

Her milk-white hand, ſae ſaft an' ſleek,
Her lovely lips and roſy cheek,
Her twa bright een that ſeem to ſpeak,
Have ty'd my heart to Thainy's Mary.
Thainy Menzies' bonny Mary, &c.

# Elegant EXTRACTS
## FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

### *Character of* SULTAN SALADIN.

*(From* Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.)*

THE youth of Saladin was addicted to wine and women; but his aſpiring ſpirit ſoon renounced the temptations of pleaſure, for the graver follies of fame and dominion: the garment of Saladin was a coarſe woollen; water was his only drink; and while he emulated the temperance, he ſurpaſſed the chaſtity, of his Arabian prophet. Both in faith and practice he was a rigid Muſſulman; he ever deplored that the defence of his religion had not allowed him to accompliſh the pilgrimage of Mecca; but at the ſtated hours, five times each day, the ſultan devoutly prayed with his brethren; the in-

vo-

voluntary omiſſion of faſting was ſcrupulouſly repaid; and his peruſal of the Koran, on horſeback between the approaching armies, may be quoted as a proof, however oſtentatious, of piety and courage. The ſuperſtitious doctrine of the ſect of Shaſci was the only ſtudy that he deigned to encourage: the poets were ſafe in his contempt; but all profane ſcience was the object of his averſion; and a philoſopher, who had vented ſome ſpeculative novelties, was ſeized and ſtrangled by the command of the royal ſaint. The juſtice of his divan was acceſſible to the meaneſt ſuppliant againſt himſelf and his miniſters; and it was only for a kingdom that Saladin would deviate from the rule of equity. While the deſcendants of Seljuk and Zenghi held his ſtirrup and ſmoothed his garments, he was affable and patient with the meaneſt of his ſervants. So boundleſs was his liberality, that he diſtributed twelve thouſand horſes at the ſiege of Acre; and, at the time of his death, no more than forty-ſeven drams of ſilver and one piece of gold coin were found in the treaſury; yet in a martial reign, the tributes were diminiſhed, and the wealthy citizens enjoyed without fear or danger the fruits of their induſtry. Egypt, Syria and Arabia, were adorned by the royal foundations of hoſpitals, colleges, and moſchs; and Cairo was fortified with a wall and citadel; but all his works were conſecrated to the public uſe, nor did the ſultan indulge himſelf in a garden or palace of private luxury. In a fanatic age, himſelf a fanatic, the genuine virtues of Saladin commanded the eſteem of the Chriſtians: the emperor of Germany gloried in his friendſhip: the Greek emperor ſolicited his alliance; and the conqueſt of Jeruſalem diffuſed, and perhaps magnified his fame both in the Eaſt and Weſt.

## CONTRAST BETWEEN SAMPSON AND CHRIST.

*(From Sermons by Edward Hall.)*

SAMPSON was the avowed enemy of the Philiſtines, who did him no injury. Jeſus was the beſt friend of the Jews, who evil intreated him. Sampſon went about committing all ſorts of outrages, killing and deſtroying. Jeſus Chriſt healing all manner of diſeaſes, and bringing to life ſuch as were dead. Sampſon's prayer previous to his exit, was for ſtrength to cruſh his perſecutors; Jeſus Chriſt's for pardon for his, at the hands of his Merciful Father. Sampſon died in the complicated act of ſuicide and revenge; Jeſus Chriſt, with all the patience and meekneſs of a lamb, led to the ſlaughter. Sampſon at his death ſlew more than he did in his life; Jeſus Chriſt at his, ſaved an univerſe from deſtruction.

*The following anecdote of the diſcovery of a murder, is publiſhed by a gentleman who found it among ſome papers of a counſellor of the Middle Temple, a relation, whoſe library came lately into his hands.*

IN the year 1668, a young gentleman of the Weſt Country came to London, and ſoon after, as ill luck would have it, he wedded a wife of Wapping, the youngeſt daughter of Mrs. Aliceald. In the ſpace of fifteen months, the providence of God ſent the huſband a daughter, which was left under the care of the grandmother, the huſband and his wife retiring to their houſe in the country. By the time the daughter came to the age of ſix years, the grandmother died, and the daughter was taken home. After a ſtay of about three years, Mrs. Myltyſtre,

Mylty re, a widow, Mrs. Aliceald's eldeſt daughter, having greatly increaſed her means, forſook the canaille and low habitations of Wapping, came into a polite part of the town, took a houſe amongſt people of quality, and ſet up for a woman of faſhion. Thither, in the year 1679 did ſhe invite her ſiſter, her daughter, and the huſband, to come and paſs the winter. This Mrs Myltyſtre had a huſband's brother, who, under the cloak of a captain, covered a notorious gameſter: ſhe had alſo a relation that was an apothecary. It happened that theſe all dined together at Mrs. Myltyſtre's on a certain day, the birth-day of the daughter; and after dinner, retiring into the parlour, and paſſing the time in common chit-chat, the little daughter took up a ſword that was in the room, and pointing it directly at the huſband, cry'd, Stick him! ſtick him! ſtick him! What, ſays the huſband, would you ſtick your father? The child replied, You are not my father!—Capt. Myltyſtre is my father! Upon which the huſband gave her a good box on the ear. Upon that the captain drew the ſword, and thruſt it thro' his body.—Down he dropped, and the wife, ſiſter, and apothecary, in order to make ſure work, all of them trampled upon him till he was quite dead. They huddled up this horrid affair, and buried him privately; and it was given out that he was gone into the country. Some time after, a relation of the murdered came to ſee him, and was told that he was gone into the country. He then aſked for the wife: Mrs. Myltyſtre told him, ſhe was very much out of ſorts—what with the grief for her huſband's abſence, and the melancholy accident of the houſe being lately burnt; but, ſays ſhe, I do what I can to comfort her——I intend to give my brother 2000l. or 3000l. to enable him to rebuild his houſe. The relation applauded her kindneſs, and ſo departed. Some time paſſed away, no appearance, no tidings of Mr Stobbine; for that was his name. Meſſengers were ſent to enquire after him—not the leaſt intelligence could be procured concerning him——he had never come into the weſt. The wife pretended to go diſtracted, and was ſent to a village, a few miles out of town, where the captain had a little box for his convenience. There they took their full ſwing uninterrupted. Some time after the daughter was ſent to ſchool; but ſhe had not been there long, before the remembrance of what ſhe had been a witneſs of awoke her conſcience in moſt horrible frights and dreams. Says the young lady that was her bedfellow, What is the reaſon that you ſtart and ſcream ſo? She cried out. "There's a ſpirit in the room!—— "There's Mr. Stobbine's ſpirit!—— "See how dreadful it looks!"—— In the morning, the young lady acquainted the ſchool-miſtreſs with the accident of the preceding night. She ſent for a clergyman to talk with the young miſs, to whom ſhe diſcovered the whole affair. It was communicated to a diligent juſtice of the peace in the neighbourhood, who diſpatched proper warrants, and he ſoon had the parties concerned in his power, who were all brought before him, without any knowledge of one another's being taken up, till they all met together in the greateſt confuſion and diſmay, which evidenced their guilt. They were committed to the Gatehouſe, and were brought the next ſeſſions to the Old Bailey, tried and condemned upon the evidence of the child, to the entire ſatisfaction of the court and country, and all preſent. The captain was condemned to the gibbet; Mrs Myltyſtre was hanged, and thrown into the gully hole that ran near the houſe

houſe in Wapping, where ſhe had formerly lived; the apothecary was anatomized; and the wife was ſtrangled and burnt, according to cuſtom in ſuch like caſes. They were attended at Tyburn by an Iriſh prieſt of the Romiſh church, called Mac Arthy, who gave them abſolution, and they all died negative.

# Poetry.

## *The* REVOLUTION ANTHEM,

*For the* FOURTH *of* NOVEMBER.

Tune of the Vicar of Bray.

I.

WHEN James aſſuming right from God,
Enſlav'd this free-born nation,
His ſceptre was an iron rod,
His reign a viſitation.
High-churchmen cry'd, Obey, obey,
Let none reſiſt a crown'd head;
He who gainſays what tyrants ſay,
Is a rebellious round-head.

CHORUS.

Then let us ſing, whilſt echoes ring,
The glorious Revolution;
Your voices raiſe to William's praiſe,
Who ſav'd our Conſtitution.

II.

The Bible was no longer read,
But tales of ſinners ſainted—
The Gods adored, were Gods of bread,
And ſign-poſts carved and painted—
Now prieſts and monks, with cowls and copes,
Arriv'd here without number,
With racks and daggers, bleſt by Popes,
And loads of holy lumber.
CHORUS.——Then let us ſing, &c.

III.

By cruel popiſh politics,
Were proteſtants affrighted,
When to convert poor heretics,
New Smithfield fires were lighted;
But hope ſoon ſprung out of deſpair,
So Providence commanded;
Our fears were all diſpers'd in air
When god-like William landed.
CHORUS——Then let us ſing, &c.

IV.

Our church and ſtate ſhook off the yoke,
And lawleſs pow'r was baniſh'd;
The ſnares of prieſtcraft too were broke,
And ſuperſtition vaniſh'd;
The Tyrant with his black-guard fled,
By flight his guilt confeſſing,
To beg of France his daily bread,
Of Rome a worthleſs bleſſing.
CHORUS.——Then let us ſing, &c.

V.

From all who dare to tyranniſe,
May Heaven ſtill defend us!
And ſhould another James ariſe,
Another William ſend us:—
May Kings, like George, for ever reign,
With higheſt worth diſtinguiſh'd;
But Stuarts, who our annals ſtain,
May they be quite extinguiſh'd.

CHORUS.

Then let us ſing, while echoes ring,
The glorious Revolution;—
Your voices raiſe to William's praiſe,
Who ſav'd our Conſtitution.

## ON PRAISE.

[From Peter Pindar's Odes.]

SWEET is the voice of *praiſe*!—from eve to morn;
From bluſhing morn, to darkling eve again,
My muſe the brows of merit could adorn,
And lark-like ſweil the panegyric ſtrain.

PRAISE, like the balm that evening's dewy ſtar

Sheds

Sheds on the drooping herb and
fainting flower,
Liſts modeſt, pining merit from
deſpair,
And gives her clouded eye a
golden hour.

## VERSES,

By Mr CUNNINGHAM.

Written about Three Weeks before his Death.

DEAR lad, as you run o'er my
rhyme,
And ſee my long name at the end,
You'll cry—" And has CUNNINGHAM
time
" To give ſo much verſe to his
friend?

'Tis true, the reproof (tho' ſevere)
Is juſt from the letters I owe;
But blameleſs I ſtill may appear,
For nonſenſe is all I beſtow.

However, for better for worſe,
As *Damons* their *Cloes* receive,
Ev'n take the dull lines I rehearſe—
They're all a poor friend has to
give.

The *Drama* and I have ſhook hands,
We've parted, no more to en-
gage;
Submiſſive I met her commands——
For nothing can cure me of age.

My ſunſhine of youth is no more!
My mornings of pleaſure are fled!
'Tis painful my fate to endure——
A penſion ſupplies me with bread!

Dependent at length on the man
Whoſe fortunes I ſtruggled to
raiſe!
I conquer my pride as I can—
His charity merits my praiſe!

His bounty proceeds from his heart;
'Tis principle prompts the ſupply;
His kindneſs exceeds my deſert,
And often ſuppreſſes a ſigh.

But, like the old horſe in the ſong,
I'm turn'd on the common to
graze——
To *Fortune* theſe changes belong,
And contented I yield to her ways!

She ne'er was my friend; thro' the
day
Her ſmiles were the ſmiles of de-
ceit—
At noon ſhe'd her favours diſplay,
And at night let me pine at her
feet.

No longer her preſence I court,
No longer I ſhrink at her frowns!
Her whimſies ſupply me with ſport,
And her ſmiles I reſign to the
clowns!

Thus loſt to each worldly deſire,
And ſcorning all riches—all fame,
I quietly hope to retire,
When time ſhall the ſummons pro-
claim.

I've nothing to weep for behind!
To part with my friends is the
worſt!
Their numbers, I grant, are con-
fin'd;
But you are, ſtill, one of the firſt.

## SONNET,

To a LADY, in a Quaker's Dreſs,

TIR'D with the dazzling glare the raſh diſplay,
Which beauty ſuffers from the pride of art,
I felt no joy from faſhion's gaudy ray,
My ſenſe diſguſted, and unmov'd my heart:

When to my ſight a female form ap-
pear'd,
Where decent Nature holds her
ſimple reign,
Once more the pow'r of beauty I re-
ver'd,

And

And my heart own'd its long-remitted chain.
Thus, when the gariſh ſun with noontide beam
Darts o'er the mountain his oppreſſive gleam,
In languid ſilence the faint ſhepherd lies;
But when at eve the ſolemn queen of night,
Sheds o'er the groves her mitigated light,
Again the valley to his pipe replies.

# Monthly Chronicle, and Review of Politics.

## NOVEMBER, 1788.

### SWEDEN.

THE Daniſh troops which entered the Swediſh territories, marched towards Gottenburgh, and had advanced very near to that city, when the King of Sweden, juſtly alarmed for the ſafety of that emporium of his kingdom, threw in powerful ſuccours, and went in perſon to animate the troops to a vigorous defence. A negociation, however, was ſet on foot, under the mediation of the Britiſh and Pruſſian miniſters, and the Daniſh troops have marched back to their own frontiers.

### GERMANY.

The Emperor's progreſs continues rather retrograde—the Turks on every occaſion out-general him; poſt after poſt is forced, and the Imperial army, reduced by ſickneſs, and diſpirited, acts only on the defenſive.

### IRELAND.

*Extract of a letter from Dublin, Oct.* 30.

On Tueſday, Frederick Lambert was indicted for wantonly, wilfully, maliciouſly, and felonioufly cutting Francis Bathurſt with a razor, with an intent to maim or diſfigure the ſaid Fras Bathurſt, at the New Priſon, in the city of Dublin, on the 17th day of Auguſt laſt.

Bathurſt confirmed the charges in the indictment, and gave a dreadful repreſentation of the wound he had received, by which he was laid open from the breaſt to the lower abdomen.

Two witneſſes then in court corroborated the depoſition of Bathurſt, and three more were ſent for to the New Priſon, who all agreed in the action being perpetrated.

Mr Johnſon, one of the priſoner's counſel, endeavoured to ſhew, that the crime laid in the indictment, did not come within the expreſs meaning of the ſtatute of the 17th and 18th of the preſent King, commonly called the chalking act, which made it a capital offence.

On the jury bringing their verdict, Lambert was put to the bar, and the Judge in the moſt pathetic manner, which affected every perſon preſent, proceeded to paſs judgment, when he ſentenced him (purſuant to the words of the act of Parliament, which particularly directed it) to be hanged on Thurſday, October 30, and that his body ſhould afterwards be given to the College of Surgeons for diſſection.

The ill-fated F. Lambert, who this day made his laſt exit, a juſt example to divine and human juſtice, was the younger ſon of the late Counſellor Lambert, a gentleman of reſpectable rank at the bar, and poſſeſſed of a clear eſtate of about eight hundred pounds per annum. He was never poſſeſſed of a clearneſs of intellect, being what is generally called half-witted—but the little ſenſe he had, was directed to the annoyance of his fellow-creatures. He was no more than ten years of age when his father died—prior to this, every pains had been taken with his education, but a family quarrel ariſing relative to the diviſion of his father's property, he experienced an unavoidable neglect.

He afterwards came under the care of his mother, a lady diſtinguiſhed for benevolence of heart and gentility of manners, who has taken leave of this country never to return, in order to avoid the diſgraceful conduct of the child to whom ſhe had the misfortune of

giving birth. Engaged in a litigation with her eldeſt ſon, her reſources were contracted, but ſhe always afforded the preſent unfortunate youth ſufficient to enable him to appear as a gentleman, until ſhaking off all reſtraint, and maternal influence, he aſſociated with the very dregs of human nature——reputed thieves——robbers and low proſtitutes. His time was ſpent in night houſes, and his favourite amuſements were ſwearing—ſmoaking—and drinking whiſky—the whole expences of which were defrayed out of the contributions levied on the public. His mother with concern, was informed of his horrid courſe of life, and made many efforts to reclaim him; once in particular, when after a ſevere complaint, he for the only time of his life, ſeemed ſtruck with a ſenſe of his crimes, and the danger of his ſituation, and conſented to go to India. A ſtock of cloaths and every neceſſary were purchaſed for him, but he had not been away more than three weeks, when he contrived to return in a ſtate of raggedneſs, having ſquandered all the property he brought with him, to the amount of about ſixty pounds, in profligacy and diſſipation. Shortly after this he was apprehended for the robbery of Mr Paul Ham, of Pill-lane, proſecuted to conviction, and received ſentence of death. Being the ſon of a gentleman, his trial excited much curioſity, and the Court was crowded in hopes of having an intereſting defence; but on being aſked, why ſentence of death and judgment of execution ſhould not be pronounced upon him? Lambert only replied, in the low ſtile of Newgate vulgarity, "A long day, my Lord!"

His behaviour afterwards in priſon was really ſhocking—he ſeemed to be in a ſtate of total exemption from thought—unconcerned at his tremendous ſituation, he indulged himſelf in every vice that the nature of the place and his finances would admit. The ſtories reported of him are innumerable—ſuch as having had the hardihood to play five and ten upon his own coffin, a few days before his intended execution, all corroborating the idea of his incorrigible guilt. Three ſeveral times the rope was thrown out at the New Priſon for his execution—and once the dreadful operation was delayed on his fellow criminals till three o'clock, before his reprieve was ſent from the Secretary's office; but all this was inſufficient to ſubdue his inflexible infamy.

On the obtainment of his pardon, he was removed to the City Marſhalſea, but he had not been long there, when he fractured one of the debtor's ſculls, and was again brought to his old lodgings in Green-ſtreet. Along with the other convicts he was put on ſhip board for tranſportation purſuant to his ſentence, but procured his releaſe from the captain of the veſſel, and going amongſt his brother's tenants to demand money, to which he was not entitled, he was again apprehended, and ſent up to Dublin.— On being brought up to the Court of King's Bench, in order to be identified, and ordered for execution, he pleaded ſhipwreck—but the plea would have been over ruled, were it not for the mercy of the Attorney General. One Bathurſt being ordered into the ſame cell with him, a man who for throwing a child out of a window three ſtories high, and breaking its legs, was ſentenced to three years impriſonment, and to pay a fine of 100l. took offence at being confined with ſuch a reprobate as Lambert, and plainly telling him ſo, a ſcuffle enſued, in which Lambert drew a razor, and gave him a wound in the lower part of his belly. The wound, though healed, was exhibited in Court, and it is for this he has received ſentence of death. We are ſorry to ſay, that ſince, his awful ſituation was not ſufficient to inſpire him with a ſenſe of his crimes, or a fear of eternity:—when Mr Gamble, the ordinary of the priſon, left him yeſterday, he returned to drink whiſky with his companions—as he lived ſo he died—a dreadful inſtance of human corruption and utter depravity.

It muſt be admitted, that Lambert in all his tranſactions appeared to be a precipitate rather than a cool villain, as no plan of deliberate miſchief has ever yet been imputed to him.

His conviction was principally owing to the exertions of the Rev. Mr Gamble.

When the Sheriffs attended this morning, and approached him, he appeared perfectly reſigned to his fate. He converſed with the people around him with the moſt unſhaken fortitude, and it is but

but juſtice to mention that he prayed with the moſt fervent zeal. He did not expreſs a wiſh for procraſtination, and when the time arrived for execution, on his bolts being knocked off, he found he could not walk without aſſiſtance Having loſt the uſe of one ſide, the bolts it ſeems had ſerved him for a balance, and without them he loſt his equilibrium. In aſcending the ſteps to the faral board, he was therefore aſſiſted, which made the ſpectators imagine that he was obliged to be puſhed out; but that was not the caſe His laſt words, except in prayer, were, "and here, Mr Sheriff, I ſolemnly declare, that I had neither act, part, or knowledge of the robbery of Mr Ham, for which I was originally ſentenced to death!" At about eighteen minutes paſt 12 he was placed on the board——which inſtantly falling from under him—he was then launched into eternity—dying after a few ſtruggles. There was ſome difficulty in letting him down, as the rope had got out of its ſituation in the ſtruggle His body was then taken into the priſon. He was in his ſhirt, black ſmall cloaths, with knots of black ribband on the ſleeves of his ſhirt.

## *GREAT BRITAIN.*

### LONDON, Nov. 4.

The Centenary, or Hundredth Anniverſary of this important event was this day celebrated by all true friends to Revolution principles—to thoſe principles which expelled a tyrant from the throne, and placed on it a Prince who reſtored the purity of the conſtitution, and executed the truſt repoſed in him with fidelity

The *Revolution Society* (who have been uſed to celebrate this anniverſary) took the lead in the City of London—and having purpoſed that it ſhould be remembered with particular notice this year, fixed upon the London Tavern as the place where the friends to the Commemoration might moſt conveniently aſſemble.

A more reſpectable company we never remember to have ſeen on any public occaſion—in number not leſs than four hundred—in which were men of all *parties* (as the word is now commonly underſtood) but who were unanimous in their grateful remembrance of an event to which we owe our preſent happy freedom.

Lord Viſcount Stanhope took the Chair about four o'clock. He was preceded in walking up the room by one of the Stewards, bearing the identical colours which King William diſplayed in his march from Torbay—Lord Carmarthen, Lord Hood, and ſome other perſons of diſtinction followed—when the company ſat down to a moſt plentiful dinner, ſerved up with regularity, and in what an Epicure would call a *comfortable ſtile*.

After dinner, Dr Rees read the character of King William, as uſual on this anniverſary. Dr Towers followed with an oration ſuitable to the occaſion of the meeting An Ode, written by Mr Hayley, was recited by a Mr Jenkins. The Ode, as far as we heard, contained ſome good lines—but the ſpeaker gave no advantage to it.

Meſſrs Deeble, Sedgewick, Arrowſmith, Dignum, Burkett, &c. entertained the company between whiles with their vocal performances.

About an hour after dinner Lord Stanhope, in a pointed and nervous ſpeech, introduced the reſolutions of the Committee, the principal of which was, that a perpetual anniverſary of thankſgiving to Almighty God for the bleſſing of the Revolution, ſhould be inſtituted—and that it had been unanimouſly agreed that the day ſhould be changed; that the birth-day of King William, which happened on the 4th of November, or his landing, which happened on the 5th, were not incidents ſufficient to convey a proper ſentiment of the great æra of the Revolution—that the day on which the Bill of Rights paſſed, ſhould be the proper day for celebrating the Revolution—and that day was the 16th of December.

This reſolution was paſſed unanimouſly.

Another reſolution was, That Mr Beaufoy, one of the Stewards, ſhould be requeſted to bring in a bill into the Houſe of Commons, to render the 16th of December a perpetual anniverſary of thankſgiving. Paſſed unanimouſly.

This called up Mr Beaufoy, who expreſſed his thanks to the company for the honour they had done him, and entered on the ſubject of the Revolution, in a moſt eloquent ſpeech, every period of which was loudly applauded.

Other reſolutions were propoſed, and carried *nem. con.*

On the Marquis of Carmarthen's health being drank, which was occaſioned by his Lordſhip's propoſing an amendment to one of the noble Preſident's toaſts, "that the people might *do the buſineſs* of a bad Miniſter"—his Lordſhip aroſe, and delivered his ſentiments on the Revolution, and Revolution principles, in a ſtile and manner which called forth the warmeſt applauſe. They were principles, his Lordſhip ſaid, in which he had endeavoured to inſtruct his children, that they might hand them down to poſterity; and as a pledge of his aſſertion, he mentioned that his ſon, Lord Danby, who derived his title from his illuſtrious Revolution-anceſtor, was at that moment celebrating the Centenary in the very houſe, where, an hundred years ago, the plan of the Revolution was formed (in Nottinghamſhire). Other things, his Lordſhip added, with ſo much ſpirit, ſenſe, and elegant addreſs, that he was heard with the utmoſt eager attention, and loudly applauded by every hearer.

We left the company about ten o'clock, enjoying the moſt perfect harmony, and it is bur juſtice to ſay, that no meeting of the kind was ever conducted on better principles, or a more regular plan.

We muſt now mention, that at noon divine ſervice began at the Meeting-houſe in the Old Jewry, purſuant to public advertiſement. The Rev. Mr Jervis commenced with ſinging a pſalm, and reading a chapter applicable to the occaſion; Dr Rees engaged in prayer; after which Dr Kippis delivered an excellent ſermon from Pſalm cxliv. ver. 15. "Happy is that people that is in ſuch a caſe; yea, happy is that people whoſe God is the Lord." The Doctor entered fully into the hiſtory of this country, diſplayed the excellency of our conſtitution, delineated the characters of ſeveral of our Monarchs, and drew in ſtrong colours the tyrannic reign of James II. he congratulated his hearers on the comfortable and glorious reflection, that while the revolutions of Sparta, Athens, Syracuſe, &c. were not accompliſhed without infinite waſte of treaſure and human blood, the Britiſh Revolution which took place in November 1688, and which they that day had the happineſs to commemorate, was effected without loſs of property, and almoſt without ſhedding a drop of blood; he expatiated on the additional liberties granted by his Majeſty George III. to the Roman Catholicks and Proteſtant Diſſenters, and thought that it might be reſerved for the preſent reign, when every man might have the free and full exerciſe of his religious principles according to the dictates of his conſcience, providing he gave ſecurity for his civil allegiance; Dr Kippis concluded with pathetically exhorting his auditory, to teach and inſtruct the riſing generation in the nature and privileges of the Revolutional principles, and to enforce their adherence by their lives and converſation.

The Rev. Mr Worthington concluded the ſervice in prayer.

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But the joy rightly produced by the commemoration of the glorious Revolution, is much damped by the alarming ſtate of his Majeſty's health. The following is the moſt authentic ſtatement that could be procured of it, down to Tueſday the 11th.

*The* INDISPOSITION *of* HIS MAJESTY

Is a topic of ſuch magnitude and delicacy, that it ought to be mentioned with great caution; and we candidly confeſs, that, from the beſt motives, we have till now with-held from the public the real and alarming ſtate of his malady. To continue the deluſion, however, any longer, while the hopes of recovery are ſo faint, would be treating our readers with the utmoſt duplicity and ingratitude, on a ſubject which more nearly concerns their welfare, than perhaps all the wars in which Britain has been involved during the preſent reign.

Although we ſtill hope for the beſt, while the moſt lambent ſpark of the vital principle exiſts, we may now, both from the moſt precarious ſymptoms, and every medical opinion, fear the worſt. This unavoidable apprehenſion cannot effect any real injury. It will prepare the public mind to bear the greateſt misfortune with fortitude, if the diſaſtrous event ſhould happen. If not, which is very problematical, it will be the

the moſt delightful ſenſation that ever loyalty felt, ſhould the allwiſe hand of Providence ſnatch a beloved Sovereign from the verge of death, in order to continue his liberal diſpoſitions to a brave and free people.

His Majeſty, contrary to all advice, went to church on Sunday Nov. 3. He ſeemed there unuſually diſcompoſed. This holy viſit, by expoſing him to the air, did him much harm.

Until Thurſday, the fever approached gradually. It then ſeized his brain. This was the real cauſe of her Majeſty holding no drawing-room. Being unuſually fluent in ſpeech, the phyſicians ordered that his attendants ſhould not make him any replies. They, beſides, ordered that he ſhould be kept as quiet as poſſible, and no one, except the neceſſary attendants, ſhould be permitted to approach his perſon. In conſequence of which, her Majeſty has not ſeen him theſe three days.

On Friday, his pulſe was up at 120; and, by the efforts of his phyſicians, was reduced in a few hours to 90.

On Friday evening, and Saturday in the forenoon, in conſequence of bliſters being applied, he was ſomewhat more quiet, and inclined to ſleep. James's powders have been thrice given. The firſt took no effect. The ſecond doſe promoted perſpiration. This happened on the evening of Saturday. He ſlept three hours, and when he awoke, he was more collected in mind than he had been for ſome days.

Friday morning he appeared ſomewhat better—that is, more calm and collected. He drank ſome tea, and eat a ſlice of bread and butter. In the evening, however, he became worſe, and when the expreſs of laſt night left Windſor, which was at eleven o'clock, he was ſtill in that ſtate.

Medical art being nearly baffled, the phyſicians ſay that nature will effect the criſis this day.

All the attendants are in tears! Thoſe who approach the preſence, or are near the chamber, walk without ſhoes; and every precaution is taken to keep his Majeſty quiet.

The ſtock-broking agents are numerous, as well as many other mercenary ſpeculators.

Saturday at eleven o'clock, he continued in the ſame ſtate as in the preceding evening!

Mr Pitt and Lord Sydney ſet out for Windſor this morning at ten o'clock.

His Majeſty's diſorder, beſides the fever, is water in the head!

In conſequence of the phyſicians, apothecaries, &c. remaining in the houſe, there are many additional tables, which, with the heart-rending affliction, and the ſilence that muſt be obſerved, is a ſcene that, however heterogeneous it may appear, is very ſhocking to every one concerned.

No ſtranger is admitted. Even the centinels aſk the anxious and the intereſted their buſineſs, and order them to depart.

The drums of the military are muffled; and every face wears that melancholy aſpect which the alarming ſituation of ſo good a King ſo juſtly demands.

At two o'clock this afternoon, nothing more particular tranſpired.

*Windſor, November* 9.

On Friday night his Majeſty, after an inceſſant application of fomentations to his legs, enjoyed about three hours ſleep. The fever ſoon after returned with unabated fury, and continued without intermiſſion nearly the whole of Saturday. In this alarming and doubtful ſtate was our beloved Monarch many hours, when James's powders were adminiſtered, which promoted perſpiration, and afforded temporary relief.

Mr Pitt, Mr Villiers, the Marquis of Caermarthen, Lord North, and an innumerable train of the nobility of both ſexes, were on Saturday viſitors to the Prince of Wales, to enquire after his Majeſty's health.

The Duke of Cumberland arrived here from Bath laſt night.

Laſt night the fever continued; but by the conſtant attention and ſtrict perſeverance of the Gentlemen of the Faculty, under the bleſſing of Divine Providence, it has in ſome meaſure abated this morning.

About three o'clock this day, we have more favourable reports of his Majeſty's ſituation.

Late this evening, from the fluctuating nature of his Majeſty's diſorder, we are apprehenſive of a relapſe; as we cannot learn that his Majeſty is pronounced out of danger.

*Wind-*

*Windſor, Nov.* 10, *one o'clock.*

I wiſh I could mention the real ſtate of his Majeſty's malady; but the attendants conduct themſelves with ſuch ſecrecy, and the phyſicians with ſuch ſilence, that I apprehend the moment of deſpair is now arrived.

Laſt night (Saturday) our beloved Sovereign's illneſs had a very ſerious and alarming indication; but the application of muſtard poultices to his feet was attended with happy conſequences, and afforded him conſiderable relief.

This morning (Sunday) his Majeſty called for breakfaſt, eat ſome bread and butter, and drank three diſhes of tea.

Before ten o'clock laſt night his diſorder had returned with alarming violence.

At eleven o'clock, it is with heart felt ſorrow I mention it, that his Majeſty's relapſe has been more violent than at any period hitherto. It ſeems to have baffled the phyſicians ſkill. They have all departed in deſpair, and every perſon apprehends the moſt fatal effects from the criſis.

*Windſor, November* 11. His Majeſty reſted with a degree of compoſure laſt night rather unuſual, and from four o'clock to ſix this morning, enjoyed a profound ſleep.

The diſorder continues in his Majeſty's head, and at two o'clock this afternoon the ſymptoms were very alarming, though we may venture to aſſert, there are no appearances at preſent of an haſty diſſolution.

*Half paſt Nine o'Clock.*

The king has awoke, after ſleeping four hours and a half. The pulſe is quiet. But that calm comfort ſo anxiouſly wiſhed for by every body, it has not pleaſed the Almighty yet to grant.—His Majeſty ſtill remains in that unfortunate ſtate that has given every body ſo much uneaſineſs.

The following paragraph is ſaid to be authentic:—A Daniſh Eaſt Indiaman, homeward bound, which by contrary winds had been driven out of her courſe, fell in with the Botany Bay fleet about four months ago, the iſland of Deſolation bearing near 15 degrees eaſt, which was then in the utmoſt diſtreſs, having hardly a maſt ſtanding. It was then ſtanding towards the iſland of New Holland. The ſea ran ſo very high, that no boat could paſs between the Dane and the fleet, conſequently no aſſiſtance could be afforded them.

## *ABERDEEN.*

*Extract of a Letter from Kirkwall in Orkney, dated October* 11, 1788.

The viciſſitudes of the weather are perhaps nowhere greater than in Orkney. After a fine ſummer ſeaſon, and the proſpect of a good crop, part of which had happily been cut down and got in, it has pleaſed Providence to viſit us for ſeveral days with remarkable high winds, attended with thunder, lightning, hail, and rain, which continued, with little intermiſſion, till Monday laſt the 6th curt. ſo that the corns lying out, ſcrewed on the ground, or uncut down, muſt have ſuffered.

A moſt dreadful calamity has happened to this town. Owing to the heavy rains the preceding night, the two dam dykes adjoining to the town, on the Burn of Pabdale (which is dry in ſummer) broke down ſuddenly, about three o'clock on Sunday morning the 5th current, and the vaſt quantity of water contained in them burſt with ſuch amazing rapidity, carrying huge ſtones before it, that no human exertion could prevent its progreſs!

The dwelling houſe of Robert Drummond, an induſtrious weaver, was totally ſwept away, and himſelf, his wife, Elſpet Muir, and John Stocken, their ſon-in-law, were unfortunately drowned. Helen Hunto, a poor old woman, whoſe houſe was overtopped by the water, was found drowned in her bed. Many were reſcued by aſſiſtance, and ſeveral made their eſcape by ſwimming, at the peril of their lives.

The torrent, which run through a ſmall ſtone bridge croſs the ſtreet, was pent up in a narrow paſs, and it being at that time a pretty high tide, it regorged, and drove furiouſly through every part of the north end of the town. In many houſes, the inhabi-

tants

tants were obliged to aſcend to upper ſtories. Others clung to the couples, remaining in that deplorable ſituation ſeveral hours in total darkneſs, having nothing but immediate death in their view, and every aid and aſſiſtance impracticable, till the waters abated.

Thus they overflowed the largeſt, richeſt, and by far the moſt populous part of the town, containing above 1600 ſouls. The bridge was damaged greatly; ſtones torn out of the ſtreets, and above 200 houſes, ſhops, and apartments laid under water. Goods were waſhed out of them, and vaſt quantities of furniture, meal, malt, barrels, tubs, bed cloaths, &c. &c. totally deſtroyed. Every merchant's ſhop has ſuffered conſiderably; ſome of whom were newly entered into buſineſs. Garden dykes, doors, and walls of houſes, and cabbage ground waſhed away; and Drummond, the unfortunate weaver, who periſhed with his family, had his loom and a web in it, carried up almoſt to the Broadſtreet. Many of the ſufferers are reduced to great extremities, and the damage is computed to exceed 2000l. ſterl.

Owing to the fine ſeaſon this ſummer, the crop of potatoes is moſt plentiful, and much has been wrote and ſaid about the great ſize and weight of ſingle potatoes in the South country; but they fall very far ſhort of one dug up in a field belonging to Mr John Ewen, at the Rack-mill, near Banff; being weighed in the preſence of many, it turned out to be fifty two ounces: few in the field were under a pound weight.

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*Commemoration, at Aberdeen, of the*

## REVOLUTION.

IN conſequence of the appointment of laſt General Aſſembly, Wedneſday laſt the 5th current, the hundredth anniverſary of the memorable 5th of November, when our great deliverer, William Prince of Orange, landed in England, was moſt devoutly obſerved in this city, as a day of public and ſolemn thankſgiving, in commemoration of the glorious Revolution in 1688; on which occaſion, all the Churches and Chapels of this city were remarkably crowded. The clergymen delivered diſcourſes highly ſuitable to the occaſion. It would be impoſſible to enter into a detail of their ſeveral merits; in general, the bleſſings of the Revolution, and the grateful improvement that ought to be made of the ſignal deliverance thereby effected, were pointed out in the moſt animated language, and, if we may judge by the deep attention of the hearers, made a proper impreſſion on every mind.

And on Thurſday, the Secular Anniverſary of the ſame happy event was celebrated with the greateſt feſtivity and rejoicing, by all ranks of the inhabitants. Early in the morning, the flags from the Caſtle-hill and ſhips in the harbour were diſplayed, and at nine o'clock the whole bells in the town were ſet a ringing; at the ſame time, an advertiſement was publiſhed by direction of the Magiſtrates, recommending to all the inhabitants on this joyful occaſion, to illuminate in the evening all their windows to the high ſtreets. At ſix o'clock (the whole town being ſplendidly illuminated) the Magiſtrates and Council, accompanied by the principal inhabitants, and many other gentlemen of diſtinction, to the number of about two hundred, aſſembled in the Town Hall, where the Healths of their Majeſties and all the Royal Family—the Conſtitution of Great Britain, as ſettled by the Revolution—the Memories of King William and all the illuſtrious Characters who ſupported that glorious meaſure—and many other loyal and conſtitutional toaſts were drank, at each of which, a volley was fired by a party of the 35th regiment ſtationed in town, who were drawn up on the parade in front of the Town Houſe.

Same evening, the Corporations of this place conveened in their Hall, to celebrate the above moſt glorious event, when many loyal and patriotic toaſts were drunk. In the courſe of the evening, they had the honour of a viſit from the Lord Provoſt and Magiſtrates of the city, and concluded with every poſſible demonſtration of joy ſuitable to the occaſion.

To contribute to the general feſtivity

in

in commemoration of the Revolution, ſeveral gentlemen, Members of the Committee of Burgeſſes, gave a Ball laſt Thurſday evening, in the Merchant Hall, Broad-ſtreet. Cards, incloſing tickets, had been ſent to as many as could be conveniently accommodated, and as the entertainment was principally intended for the younger ladies and gentlemen, ſons and daughters of the citizens, the Room, a little paſt ſix, diſplayed a very beautiful aſſemblage of the youth of both ſexes, accompanied by their parents and relations. The country dances were begun by the younger members of the company, but in which, e'er the concluſion of the Ball, moſt who were preſent partook. After the Magiſtrates, who, with their families, were invited, left the Town Houſe, they joined the company in the Ball Room. The Hall was very ſplendidly lighted with Argand lamps, and refreſhments ſerved in the receſs on the ſide of the room. To the credit of the gentlemen who ſuperintended the entertainment of the evening, few things of the kind have been better conducted. It was over before twelve o'clock, when the company went home, in juſt commendation of the innocent pleaſures of an evening, to which each who was preſent had contributed a portion of the common happineſs.—The idea of intereſting the young folks in the commemoration of the Revolution, whoever ſuggeſted it, was certainly a good one; it was an expreſs obedience to the precept—"tell it to your children"—a precept which, in all probability, they will not be very ready to forget.

On the 25th Oct. the Elections of the Corporations in this place was completed, when the following perſon were duly returned:

ALEXANDER HUTCHEON, Shoemaker, Conveener.

JAMES RAMSAY, Taylor, Maſter of Hoſpital.

Charles Cooper, Deacon of the Hammermen; John Imray bakers; John Smith, wrights and coopers; Robert Leaſk, taylors; Geo Strachan, Shoemakers; John Milne, weavers; John Roſs, fleſhers.

October 27. Was married here, George Irvin Eſq; of Boyndlee, to Miſs Chriſtian Gordon, daughter of the late John Gordon Eſq; of Beldornie.

Mrs Leith of Leith-hall was delivered of a ſon, at Leith hall, the 22d October.

Wedneſday the 12th died here, in the 19th year of his age, William Burnett, ſon to Mr William Burnett advocate in Aberdeen.

Nov. 15. Was committed to priſon, James Stewart and Bathia Stobie in Hillhead of Foveran, accuſed of being concerned in robbing the ſhop of Alexander Laurence, in Cairnbulg, of 34 pieces of cloath, or of reſetting the goods ſtolen from thence. Stewart had a room in North-ſtreet, where upwards of twenty pieces of the cloth were found by the conſtables.

Nov. 14. Was committed to priſon, Alexr Brownie from Newmachar, for ſtealing meal from the girnel of a gentleman in the country. He had on Thurſday been married, and was juſt ſet down to his wedding dinner, when the conſtables entered and carried him off, leaving his diſconſolate bride and the gueſts to enjoy themſelves as they beſt could.

On Monday the 20th Oct. died here, in the 76th year of her age, Mrs Margaret Irvine, relict of James Ferguſon, Eſq; of Kinmundy, very juſtly and univerſally regretted.

Died laſt week, Francis Leys Eſq; of Glaſgoforreſt, merchant in Aberdeen.

Nov. 3. Died at his lodgings here, Robert Hogg, Eſq; of Ramoir, aged 72.

On Tueſday Nov. 4. during the hard gale, a young man belonging to this place was unfortunately loſt off a ſhip in the bay.

THE

# ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

## LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. XXIV.] Thurſday December 4, 1788. [Price 3d.

## THE TRIFLER,

NUMBER XXIV.

*Thurſday December* 4, 1788.

*Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi*
*Stultus ego, huic noſtræ ſimilem.*
VIRGIL.

*To the* AUTHOR *of The* TRIFLER.

SIR,

AS you have been pleaſed to inſert my firſt letter, I ſhall conclude my hiſtory in this, without any apology.

When I left off, I was informing you of my interview with the gentleman who had invited me to dine with him, and who had adviſed me, by all means, to pay court to the great man mentioned in my letter, if I wiſhed to ſucceed.—After preſenting all my recommendations, I had reaſon to conclude there was *policy* in this advice, but it was policy which I was reſolved not to adopt; for I was determined to be the ſervant of any man, but the ſlave of none.

It would take up too much of your time to relate all my mortifications. Suffice it to ſay, that my recommendatory letters were of as much uſe as the ſame quantity of blank paper, with only this difference, that from the latter neither good nor harm could come, whereas from the former I received refuſals where I had reaſon to expect kindneſs, and harſh language which I did not deſerve.

You may judge, Sir, from all this, that the golden dreams which diverted me on my voyage, were now changed into the real ſufferance of poverty and neglect. The gold that grew in the ſtreets of London, I had never yet been able to ſee, and of the gold I brought with me, a very little now remained. Providence, however, at a critical moment threw in my way a friend to whom I had had no recommendations, and from whom I had no reaſon to expect any favour. In his country houſe there was a vacancy which I was judged fit to ſupply. A ſmall ſalary provided me with neceſſaries; and plenty of buſineſs filled up the hours that I might otherwiſe have devoted to expenſive pleaſures.

Here I ſucceeded beyond my wiſhes, and in a few years acquired a competence which ſatisfied me, becauſe it was procured without the ſacrifice of any honeſt principle, and becauſe it gave me an opportunity to repay by aſſiduity and diligence what was conferred without ſolicitation and with munificence. The reſt of my hiſtory I ſhall omit, as not neceſſary to the intention of my letter, which was to point out ſome errors in the conduct of parents who wiſh that their children ſhould "puſh their fortune" in London.

To inſpire children with an idea of *making a fortune* is one of the moſt dangerous errors parents can fall into—and the maxims too often inculcated for this purpoſe are ſubverſive of principles which all the wealth of Crœſus cannot reſtore, or ſupply the place of. Among theſe a mean ſubmiſſion to upſtart greatneſs is never forgotten, and that ſubmiſſion is the forerunner to hypocriſy, hardneſs of heart, and diſhonour—vices that are imitated by the ſycophant in ſucceſſion, till he arrives at what he terms "a great fortune"——and are in courſe conveyed from generation to generation, until the character even of a *nation* ſuffers.

To make a fortune, and make it rapidly, it is too often neceſſary to depart from the ſtrictneſs of probity, and the openneſs of truth; and of many who, in my experience, have riſen quickly to opulence, it may with truth be ſaid, that their wealth is only an advantage, as it ſcreens them from that contempt and puniſhment which the ſame vices in inferior ſtations would have been accompanied with.

I am led alſo to obſerve another error in the conduct of parents whoſe families are too numerous to be provided for from the common ſtock; which is, that they are brought up to hopes which may never be fulfilled, and encouraged in expectations which may never be gratified. It is conſiſtent with common experience, that their diſappointment muſt be fatal. A few letters of recommendation may procure a dinner, or prolong the period of hope; but the expedience of induſtry, early imprinted on the mind, a mind taught to be independent by its own exertions, can only enſure ſucceſs. This, with ſuch habits of œconomy as accompany a juſt method of thinking, will ſoon lead to that comfortable proviſion with which an honeſt man will be ſatisfied. But preſs him hard to "make a fortune," and you make a fool or a rogue of him at once.

Let parents, then, who intend their children to go abroad, or to viſit the metropolis of England, beware how they place before their eyes, men who have rapidly made great fortunes; granting that ſuch were made honeſtly, which once in ten times is not the caſe, yet ſtill they are but the great prizes in a lottery. Any man may throw away a little money in a lottery; none but a gambler will embark his whole property on ſuch a riſk. In "making a fortune" the difference betwixt the rogue and the honeſt man is ſhortly this; the latter will employ only fair means; the former will not let ſlip any means. The latter will lay out what he has gained in honourable purpoſes—the former will be laviſh only of inſolence, and pride.

But it will be ſaid that parents *mean well*—Granted—but I am endeavouring to tell them of their miſtake. They imagine that making a fortune is the "chief end of man." Their catechiſm tells them otherwiſe, and let me in addition tell them, that there is no temptation of fleſh and blood that ſooner ſubverts good principles, than does a certain quantity of droſs, called money. There is nothing in the fabled metamorphoſes of ſtory equal to the changes "a fortune" makes

makes on a man's principles and conduct. The operations of the magic wand and the Taliſmans in the Arabian tales, are common and daily occurrences, compared to the ſtrange transformations riches occaſion.

Dick Touchit, an old acquaintance of mine, was a very good boy in his youth, but he "muſt make a fortune"—nobody could ever find out how—*Dick*, however, made a great fortune very rapidly—and from being a mere plodding creature behind a counter, without a ſingle idea in his head beyond thoſe of which no man has reaſon to be aſhamed, was on a ſudden transformed into a complete beau—and a fine gentleman—talked familiarly of keeping company with Lords—viſited the moſt noted ladies of pleaſure—ſputtered infidelity—— and drank French wines. He ſoon forſook his old acquaintances—deſpiſed the poor in their poverty—— and was in every reſpect a "man of fortune"——Time, however, that diſcovers all ſecrets, unfolded the hiſtory of his fortune; and thoſe whom he deſerted as beneath his notice, now repay him with the ſame contempt, backed by juſtice.

It has been ſaid, Sir, in ſome of your former papers, that there is nothing ſo truly deſpicable as the pride of riches. It may with equal truth be aſſerted, that there is nothing ſo pernicious as the ambition of riches. Whoever poſſeſſes that ambition muſt be content to be conſidered as one who has reſigned the noble independence of a manly ſoul, and who is already enſlaved by that which curbs and confines all good principle.

To conclude—for I begin to be afraid I have uſurped your province of moralizing——let thoſe who are determined their ſons ſhall make fortunes in London, remember, that London is the beſt place on earth to *live* in, but the very worſt to *ſtarve* in. That induſtry will do much: but independence of ſpirit will do more; the former may be united with pernicious avarice, but the latter will preſerve integrity amidſt all the temptations of patronage, and all the ſolicitations of intereſt. Without that ſpirit, which in all our progreſs through life will be called forth, there is no ſetting bounds to improper ambition, and no guarding the principles of integrity. While he who poſſeſſes it enjoys comforts which opulence cannot take away, and finds a refuge from every inſult that upſtart greatneſs, the pride of rank, or of riches, may offer.

Another word or two I would add. In the country, and at home, we may be conſidered as cautiouſly plying near our own harbours, ſecure of a retreat, and certain of aſſiſtance in the time of danger. But the youth who ventures to London embarks on the great ocean, blown into the midſt of it by the flapping of ſheets of recommendatory writing——and left to make his way, often without a pilot, and unſkilled in the compaſs. Billows break, and tempeſts roar, and inſtant or lingering deſtruction is his portion, if he forgets thoſe inſtructions which were given him on his outſet, but which by perſeverance will at length land him in ſafety.

I am,

Sir,

Yours, &c.

*London.* GEORGE MANLY.

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My correſpondent has left me but little to ſay on the ſubject of his letters. It cannot unqueſtionably be too much inculcated, that the deſire of riches is dangerous; and to inſtill thoſe deſires into a young man, is to ſteel his heart againſt the generous paſſions of youth, and to prepare him for a ready acquieſcence in propoſals which virtue would reject, and a proper ſpirit conſider as inſults.

## Biography.

# MEMOIRS

### OF THE LATE

# DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

(Continued from page 678.)

TO convey her Grace to Peterſburgh, the ſhip which had been built for the purpoſe, was ordered to Calais. It arrived there, and Harding, the commander of her yacht, was conſidered as the Captain. In that capacity he ſuperintended the preparations, and did every thing requiſite in a man of honeſty. An obſtruction, however, aroſe, and that of a ſerious nature: the American war ſubſiſted. Under what colours ſhould the Ducheſs ſail, ſo as to be the ſureſt of protection? Cunningham, an American marine adventurer, had juſt taken one of the Holland packets. Dr. Franklin, then at Paris, was ſurrounded by a ſwarm of his countrymen, who only wiſhed for commiſſions to rove about the Channel. The intention of the Ducheſs to embark could not be ſecreted, nor the time of her ſailing. The capture of her ſhip was conſidered as an enterprize worthy adoption. It was ſuppoſed, that any ſum demanded would be paid for her ranſom. Appriſed that ſuch an idea prevailed, the Ducheſs applied, by letter, to the French Miniſter, ſoliciting protection under the colours of France. Her requeſt being granted, Capt. Harding was informed of her intentions to hoiſt the French flag, and have her ſhip manned by French ſailors. He had ſerved in the Britiſh navy, had diſtinguiſhed himſelf in action, and could not reliſh the meaſure. The Ducheſs ſoothed him, and he complied with reluctance. French ſailors were then procured; but no ſooner were they engaged for the voyage, than they threw an obſtacle in the way. They would only be commanded by a French Captain. There was not an alternative. One Le Fevre offered, and was accepted; but his acceptance and nomination rendered the ſituation of Harding too mortifying to be endured, in conſequence of which he reſigned his employ under the Ducheſs, quitted Calais for Dover where his family reſided, and did not long ſurvive what he felt as an inſult, conſidering the fidelity with which he had diſcharged his duty to the Ducheſs. He it was who had been entruſted to convey her perſonal property of the greateſt value out of England, and afterwards from Rome; his final reward was, to have the maſter of a fiſhing boat appointed his Captain.

On her propoſed voyage to Peterſburgh, the Ducheſs was to be accompanied by ſeveral perſons, beſides domeſtics, who were collectively to form a ſuite proper for an exalted perſonage, about to viſit a Sovereign power. The arrangement of this ſuite depending, of courſe, on the will of the Ducheſs, a whimſical aſſemblage of characters was blended. The Captain and ſailors of the ſhip being Frenchmen and Roman Catholics, a Chaplain of their language and perſuaſion was required to perform the pious offices neceſſary for the welfare of their ſouls. To be ſupplied in this particular, the Ducheſs diſpatched a letter to Paris, ſoliciting a Lady to recommend an eccleſiaſtic proper for the purpoſe. Among the different orders it was not a difficult matter to meet with a prieſt of the *Order of Neceſſity*; and it being probable that ſuch an one only would embark on ſo ſingular an expedition, the choice fell on Monſ. l'Abbe Sechand. Highly flattered by his appointment, a meſſenger was diſpatched to Calais, with information that the Abbe would ſet out for that place immediately. The Ducheſs, to whom a new face and a novel adventure afforded great delight, received the glad tidings with a joy-

joyful countenance; imparting to every viſitor the elevated ideas ſhe had formed of a perſon whom ſhe had never ſeen, and for whoſe tranſcendent abilities ſhe vouched in a moſt authoritative ſtyle, without being morally certain that his mental endowments exceeded thoſe of a common mechanic. At laſt Monſ. l'Abbe arrived; for the ſake of convenience, not much troubled with baggage, the diligence being his carriage, and a violin his travelling companion. As this gentleman had the care of the ſouls of the Captain and mariners committed to his charge; to Mr. Foſter was entruſted the direction of the Ducheſs in ſpirituals. Two women, as attendants, a coachman at ſea, and a footman in a cabin, completed the marine ſuite, with which the Ducheſs ſailed for Peterſburgh.

Favoured by a wind which blew as the wiſhes of the Ducheſs inclined, ſhe arrived at Elſineur in 12 days from the time of her leaving Calais; and delaying as little as circumſtances would permit on her paſſage, ſhe ſoon reached Peterſburgh. Her arrival being announced, her reception was certainly favourable (the Empreſs diſpenſing with public forms), the interview between her Majeſty and the Ducheſs being at the country palace appropriated to the purpoſes of ſecluſion. The novelty of an Engliſh lady braving the billows of the Baltic, and defying, as it were, the boiſterous elements of the North, to pay a compliment to the reigning ſovereigneſs excited admiration in many, curioſity in all. This very curioſity and admiration were ſufficient for the Ducheſs; gratifying her vanity, they compenſated her toils. Still more. The Empreſs aſſigned a manſion for her reſidence. Her ſhip was committed under the Government care; and an hurricane ariſing which occaſioned it to ſuffer conſiderable damage, it was repaired by expreſs order of the Empreſs. Here was happineſs, if happineſs for a mind at variance with itſelf could be found on earth. Yet this marked favour of the Empreſs could not entirely ſatisfy the Ducheſs. She was, and ſhe felt herſelf to be, an alien. The Engliſh Ambaſſador could only be complaiſant to her in private. She therefore began to inquire, whether poſſeſſion might not entitle her to command that reſpect, for which, at preſent, ſhe was merely an eleemoſynary debtor. There are Ladies at the Court of Peterſburgh who wear the picture of the Empreſs as the enſign of an order. The Ducheſs was flattered that landed property only was wanting to introduce her as one of this order. The Empreſs was her friend: what other intereſt could ſhe deſire? The hint was ſufficient. She purchaſed an eſtate on this ſide Peterſburgh for about 12,000l.; gave it the name of Chudleigh, and having executed her part of the agreement, which always was to pay and leave others to enjoy, ſhe puſhed her intereſt to be honoured with the order. The anſwer to her application for ever blaſted her hopes. It was an invariable rule that foreigners could not be admitted. What was to be done with the eſtate? Beſide catching fiſh, and cutting down wood, it promiſed not to turn to any advantageous account. The Ducheſs, however, always diſpoſed to be miſled when flattered by following her own inclination, was induced to believe, that a fortune, which ſhe did not want, might be obtained by a means which ſhe had not occaſion to uſe, which was, the erection of works for making brandy. This was a whimſical tranſition of ideas, and ſuch as could not eaſily be reconciled by an ordinary mind—a diſtiller of ſpirits, inſtead of the wearer of a pendent order of the picture of an Empreſs.

This diſappointment in ambition, and a final diſlike of diſtillery projects,

occaſioned a reſolution to return to Calais. Diſputes in the houſehold had alſo ariſen, which cauſed this reſolution to be more determined than ordinary. The ſalary of Mr. Foſter being only 100l. a year, was in arrears.—Years and merit pleaded in vain. A trifle was the ſubject of diſpute, and the Empreſs being informed of it, offered poor Foſter a retreat for life, and he quitted the Ducheſs with this ſarcaſm, in the Spartan ſtyle: "I am old, not mean."—Sechand next broke forth with vehemence. He had received more promiſes than there are numbers in the lottery, and not one of them had produced a prize. His ſalary was in arrears, and payment was formally demanded, agents on both ſides interfered, but without effecting any thing. The Abbe, therefore, was left to ſeek his redreſs in France, and to get thither as well as his fortunate ſtars would aſſiſt him.

The Ducheſs quitting Peterſburgh, left an Engliſh journeyman carpenter, whom ſhe had made the ſteward of her houſehold, to tranſact her affairs. At her brandy making eſtate in the country, another character, of ſimilar deſcription as to lowneſs, was ſtationed; and on her route to Calais ſhe picked up a travelling Colonel in the Imperial ſervice, who only wanted to get to his wife and children in Vienna; but not being in haſte to ſee them, took a French leave of the Ducheſs, borrowing one of her watches, merely that he might not be at a loſs as to the hour of the day, and taking a couple of rings, the brilliancy of which would remind him of the charms of the real owner.

(To be concluded in our next)

## View of the Genius, Character, and Manners of the DUTCH.

(Continued from page 741)

OUR Charles the Second, who was juſtly deemed a ſkilful *arbiter elegantiarum*, judge of what was elegant, uſed often to declare, that, of all the diſplays of pomp he had ever ſeen, (and he had been witneſs of many during the travels of his exile) none ever came up to the ſuperbneſs of his own reception in Holland.

The foreign miniſters who have reſided among them, and who certainly were men every way qualified to give a right deciſion, have unanimouſly borne teſtimony to their exquiſite rectitude of taſte on ſolemn occaſions. They concur in eſteeming the Hague as polite a place as any in Europe, and the Dutch people of figure who inhabit it, inferior to none of the faſhionable claſſes in any other country, whenever they think incumbent on themſelves to exert their talents in the ſame purſuits.

Some writers have thought proper to repreſent the Dutch in a very unfavourable light, and ſpeak of them as being, with very few exceptions, a rough, unpoliſhed, ill-bred people.

If we aſcend no higher than the vulgar claſſes, the aſſertion is altogether true enough. But nothing can be more falſe, if we apply it to the better ſort. They are, it muſt be confeſt, leſs inclinable to ſociety, and leſs tolerant of ſudden familiarity from perſons with whom they are unacquainted, than the French for inſtance; who, as Eraſmus in his *Diverſoria* well obſerves, behave with people at firſt ſight, *veluti cum olim notis et familiaribus*, as if they were old friends and acquaintance. But ſtill they are ſufficiently affable to ſatisfy a moderate man, who can be contented with plain good manners, and who ſeeks not in a vain flow of unmeaning phraſes, an opportunity of making a ſuitable return.

The truth is, the Dutch are in general a candid, down-right people. As application and induſtry are the only paths they ſeek to tread in, and the only

only helps they chuſe to depend on, they neither ſtudy nor ſtand in need of much refinement in their behaviour. It is uſually attended with much frankneſs and ſimplicity; an openneſs of thought, and freedom of ſpeech characteriſe moſt of them; and they ſeldom are converſant in fraud and deceit; for which indeed their native bluntneſs very happily diſqualifies them.

That the Dutch are of a friendly diſpoſition, and eaſy to live with, is evident beyond diſpute, from the number of ſtrangers who ſettle and proſper in Holland, without exciting any jealouſy among the natives. They are perhaps of all mankind the leaſt tinctured with the vice of nationality, and deal out their good will and favour indiſcriminately to all who deſerve them, without much inquiries about their religion or country. In theſe reſpects the Dutch, no leſs to their emolument than credit, ſeem to be the people moſt practically ſenſible of the rectitude of that maxim, which condemns to oblivion thoſe accidents in a man's character, which, as he cannot prevent them, he is not anſwerable for.

It has been alledged that they are deficient in perſonal generoſity, and very unwilling to grant pecuniary aſſiſtance. But this may be partly accounted for, by the perpetual uſe which their inceſſant vigilance is pointing out for their money, and by the experience moſt of them have had, that few perſons watchful of opportunities, need ever be driven to the neceſſity of applying to another's bounty. Theſe conſiderations, one may preſume, contribute to harden their hearts againſt the ſolicitations of thoſe individuals whoſe poverty ariſes from ſelf-neglect, and who therefore ſtand little or no chance of any countenance among the Dutch. The only recommendation to their patronage, is a manifeſt continuity of endeavours to thrive; in which caſe, they will readily extend their aſſiſtance to thoſe whoſe ill ſucceſs has been incurred through the unavoidable miſchances that will ſometimes befal the moſt provident. Diſtreſs of ſuch a nature is always ſure of meeting with comfort and relief; and none are abandoned to their evil deſtiny, but ſuch as are unfortunate thro' their own fault.

Their beneficence and charity have been of a comprehenſive and providential nature; and by obviating the introduction of want and miſery into their country, have proved as ſuperior to the humanity that relieves diſtreſs, as the ſcience which prevents diſorders is above that which cures them.

By a chain of regulations, inſpecting with the minuteſt preciſion into the internal ſituation of the ſtate, every component member, however obſcure and ſeemingly inſignificant, has been made equally ſubſervient to the public and to his own private good, by nipping the root of indolence in the bud, and compelling every one to exert himſelf according to his faculties.

In conformity to theſe maxims, their priſons, and houſes of correction, and even their hoſpitals are turned into ſeats of labour and induſtry: whoever is fated to make them his place of abode, has immediate employment provided for him according to the abilities or health he is found to poſſeſs.

Hence, in every corner of the land, occupation is in honour and requeſt, and idleneſs looked upon with abhorrence: the aged and infirm are not exempted from ſuch work as nature may have left them ſtrength to perform; it is expected and required from them; and no plea but that of utter incapacity is admitted for a diſpenſation.

From theſe cauſes ariſes a propenſity to buſineſs and action that calls forth all the ſeeds of ingenuity and invention. No country abounds with

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ſuch a number of uſeful contrivances for all the various purpoſes of civil or domeſtic life. Thoſe who tax the Dutch with heavineſs of genius, may ſoon be convinced of their miſtake by attending to the multiplicity of productions of every ſort, that are owing to the laborious fertility of their imaginations, and the wonderful indefatigableneſs of their toil. This is a praiſe which even their enemies have freely and explicitly confeſſed.

No people have diſplayed a keener attention than the Dutch, to every ſalutary meaſure purſued by other trading ſtates in all ages and countries, and a more expeditious imitation of every example that could be advantageouſly followed. They adopted and improved beyond compare, the ſyſtem of national banks firſt invented in Italy, the mother country of all commercial inſtitutions in modern times. That which they eſtabliſhed at Amſterdam, ſoon became in the north, what the model it was originally formed upon, that of Venice (once the moſt flouriſhing and powerful republic in Europe) had been ſo long in the ſouth.

Conſcious that integrity was the ſole baſis whereon ſo weighty a fabric could ſtand ſecure and permanent, they laid themſelves out to convince all nations of the inviolable fidelity with which a buſineſs of ſo public and important a nature was conducted. Anſwerably to their wiſhes and endeavours, the prodigious credit and reputation to which it ſhortly roſe, nobly rewarded their efforts to bring ſo vaſt an undertaking to ſtrength and maturity.

It has been the ſingular praiſe of the Dutch, that, as the Carthaginians were of old, they have been the only people in modern ages among whom riches have not wrought their uſual effect, that of introducing luxurioufneſs and prodigality.

This ſpirit of abſtemiouſneſs, ſo uncommon elſewhere, continues, with little exception, to this day. The modeſty of conduct and deportment among the firſt people of the land is yet in full force. Even the meetings of the ſtates at the Hague, are held with ſuch a ſtillneſs and abſence of pomp and oſtentation, as ſurpriſe thoſe foreigners who have ſeen the pageantry exhibited in their own, and other countries, on much leſs important emergencies.

It is this neglect of the decorations and trappings of ambition, that enables them to indulge in the enjoyment of a real and ſolid power. Of this, however, it cannot be denied their exerciſe is ſo equitable, that no burdens of any kind are impoſed, of which they bear not their full proportion, nor any ordinances enacted, to which they do not pay exemplary obedience. Whether in ancient or later times, hiſtory mentions no government where a more impartial equality of taxes, or a ſtricter diſtribution of juſtice among all claſſes, without any diſtinction of perſons, were ever more eminently known.

To the knowledge and clear perception of this conduct in their rulers, is owing the great authority and credit which the people of Holland have lodged in their hands; and not to a blind and ignorant prejudice in their favour.

Prepoſſeſſion is by no means the failing of the Dutch. When a man attains to popularity among them, it muſt be through actual ſervices. Oratorial declamations are little regarded, and the perſonal merit of the ſpeaker only can give weight to what he ſays. Hence, as their phlegmatic diſpoſition effectually prevents their ſubmiſſion to the undue influence of rhetorical artifice, inflammatory publications avail nothing to the party from whence they proceed, unleſs the aſſertions they contain are conſiſtent with ſtrict veracity, and univerſally avowed.

ed. As the people are too cool and wary to be led away by mere ſpecioufneſs of reaſoning, facts are the only objects of their conſideration. From theſe alone they form their judgment; nor even from theſe, until they are well verified.

The parſimony of the Dutch, tho' made ſo frequently an object of ridicule among other nations, is the real fund from whence they have drawn the moſt eſſential reſources. Thoſe ſtrangers who make ſo very free with their character, by a nearer acquaintance and examination, are taught at laſt to reverence what their ignorance led them at firſt to deſpiſe.

It was from that reſolute thriftineſs, which individuals impoſed upon themſelves the neceſſity of practiſing in their private concerns, the public derived that laſting and liberal ſupport which enabled the commonwealth to riſe ſuperior to all difficulties. Well might the Spaniſh miniſtry deſpair of reducing them to ſubjection, when they were informed of the homely fare of thoſe who were at the head of the ſtate, how plainly they were clad, how cheaply they travelled, and with what little coſt and ceremony they tranſacted the weightieſt affairs.

This ſalutary ſpirit of œconomy was at the ſame time ſeconded by an induſtry, for the patient and unremitting exerciſe of which, they are deſervedly celebrated beyond all the reſt of mankind. It is in truth their national character, which is compoſed of an equal admixture of labour, ingenuity and perſeverance; through the invincible co-operation of theſe three powerful qualifications, they ſucceeded in many an enterpriſe, to which the greateſt efforts would have proved inadequate without their united energy.

A manly fortitude in the encountering chearfully with difficulties, and in ſuffering diſtreſſes without deſpondency, is a particular characteriſtic of that people, not leſs in their private than in their public concerns.

Proofs of this are numberleſs; eſpecially in the multiplicity of their arduous endeavours to compaſs eſtabliſhments abroad, in places where leſs patient adventurers had failed; and where the laborious perſeverance of individuals againſt all obſtructions and diſappointments, was the only ground-work of ſucceſs.

No ways inferior to their unyielding firmneſs in purſuing reſolutely what they have once begun, is the calmneſs and reſignation with which perſons in buſineſs among the Dutch meet a reverſe of fortune.

This is a ſpecies of magnanimity for which they have been long and deſervedly celebrated. Strada was no friend to their cauſe. He wrote at no great diſtance from the foundation of the Republic, under the influence, and, it may be ſaid, the eye and direction of Spaniſh intereſts and councils; yet he could not refrain from doing them juſtice on this remarkable particularity. In his hiſtory of the wars in the Low Countries, he purpoſely employs a very circumſtantial paſſage to that effect.

This ſteadineſs and ſerenity of mind under preſſures, from whatever cauſe it may proceed, contributes to render them perhaps the eaſieſt and moſt contented of mortals. If they can ſubmit with ſo much tranquillity to the ſeverity of fortune upon trying occaſions, little of courſe muſt be her empire and influence over their diſpoſitions, in ordinary occurrences of life.

The truth is, that as they are conſtitutionally ſtrangers to thoſe tranſports of exhilaration ſo prevalent in more ſanguine and mercurial nations, they are alſo leſs liable to be oppreſſed by that more than equal counterpoiſe of heavineſs and gloom, which is ſo commonly the price of thoſe ſhort-lived enjoyments.

(To be concluded in our next)

## Indian Anecdotes.

THERE is nothing more reaſonable than to ſtile the diſpoſition of doing good to our fellow-creatures, merely becauſe they are ſo, humanity; and at the ſame time there is nothing ſo ſtrange as that the vice oppoſite to this ſhould be ſo common even amongſt the moſt civilized nations. The Egyptians were the firſt who ſtiled all the reſt of the world Barbarians, in which they were followed by the Greeks and Romans. It is indeed true, that at firſt this ſignified no more than that ſuch people ſpoke another language; and yet it is no leſs true, that in all theſe nations it gradually grew to be a term of reproach, and to imply that ſuch were inferior to them in point of virtue and of underſtanding.

This ſignification the word ſtill retains; and almoſt all nations who have been famous for diſcoveries, treat the inhabitants of thoſe countries which they diſcover with this opprobrious appellation; and in conſequence of that, ſet up a right of treating them as if they were little better than beaſts. Ariſtotle indeed ſays, that ſome men are of ſo brutiſh a diſpoſition, that they ſeem by nature born to be ſlaves, which however is giving a very bad reaſon for a worſe practice. All men, in all climates and of all colours, are alike the creatures of the ſame Supreme Being; and there cannot be a higher inſult to their Creator, than to treat them with contempt, unleſs what naturally follows from it, the treating them with cruelty.

In the frozen regions of the North, where they reckon daylight and darkneſs, not by hours but by months, the *Laplanders* roam thro' the deſerts deſtitute and incapable of culture, over mountains covered with moſs, or moraſſes that are without bounds, having ſcarce any other companions or comforts than their *Rein Deer*. Yet are not theſe men either miſerable or ſtupid. They prefer their bleak and barren wilderneſſes to thoſe which we eſteem the fineſt countries; and being content with what they have, bleſs their Creator for that ſituation which we judge inſupportable. Deſpicable in our ſight, happy in their own, *Scheffer* has preſerved in their language two odes, that for the beauty of their compoſition, and the noble ſimplicity of their ſentiments, have been tranſlated into moſt languages, particularly into ours, and juſtly admired in all. With what propriety do we then ſtile theſe *Barbarians*, or why reproach their Maker, who has ſo adjuſted their manners to their climate, that tho' reſtleſs curioſity has prompted the natives of the moſt poliſhed regions to viſit them, yet never *Laplander* forſook his own dreary waſtes, to ſeek thoſe pleaſures, the ſurfeiting on which has ſent ſo many to ſeek them?

The celebrated Don *Juan de Palafox*, Biſhop of *Puebla de los Angeles* (whom the Jeſuits perſecuted to death, whoſe virtues procured him Beatification, and whom his Catholic Majeſty is about to compel the Pope, to declare a Saint, wrote a folio volume to juſtify the poor Indians, from the groundleſs calumnies of their tyrannic maſters, and ſpent his whole life in endeavouring to mitigate both their temporal and ſpiritual ſlavery) has fully ſhewn, that with an innocence and ſimplicity to which in Europe we are ſtrangers, they want not any of thoſe mental powers, which, we vainly ſuppoſe, only a poliſhed people can poſſeſs. He tells us, in proof of the firſt, that a Spaniſh founder having caſt a bell, which upon trial proved defective in its ſound, a poor Indian, pitying his diſtreſs, attempted to conſole him,

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by telling him, 'that we did not ourſelves ſpeak when we were firſt born, and that in time his might learn to ſpeak like other bells.' This was want of knowledge, not ſtupidity; and hard muſt that heart be, that can contemn his ignorant humanity. Another Indian having caught a Spaniard ſtealing his horſe, and bringing him before a Magiſtrate immediately, the thief poſitively aſſerted it was his own, and found others to vouch it. The Indian, injured and friendleſs, whipt off the Spaniard's cloak, and throwing it over the horſe's head, deſired the judge would aſk him, of which eye his horſe was blind? The thief, being conſtrained to anſwer, ſaid, it was the right eye. The Indian taking off the cloak, and turning to the judge, ſaid, Your worſhip ſees this cannot be his horſe, for it is not blind of either eye.

Father Labat confeſſes, that at Senegal, though the French took great care in keeping their books, yet they were frequently obliged to have recourſe to the traditionary knowledge of the Negroes, who never failed to ſet them right, as to the periods in which their ſeveral Factors reſided in their reſpective ſtations; and whoever will conſult that writer, may find, that ſtrength of memory is not always attended with weakneſs of judgment.

Governor Dudley, as well acquainted as any man was with the diſpoſition of the Indians, who were then left in New-England; and who were not much improved in their morals, by their converſation with our people, would often tell the following ſtory, as a mark of their capacity. He was building a houſe at his plantation, and as he was looking upon his workmen, he took notice of a luſty Indian, who, though the weather was ſeverely cold, was a naked, as well as an idle, ſpectator. *Harkee you Indian*, ſaid the Governor, *why don't you work as theſe men do, and get cloaths to cover you? And why you no work, Governor?* replied the Indian? *I work*, returned the Governor, clapping his forefinger upon his forehead, *with my head, and therefore need not work with my hands. Well*, replied the Indian, *and if I would work, what have you for me to do? Go kill me a calf*, ſaid the Governor, *and I will give you a ſhilling.* The fellow did ſo; the Governor aſked him, why he did not ſkin and dreſs it? *Calf dead Governor*, ſaid the Indian, *give me my ſhilling; give me another, and I will ſkin and dreſs him.* This was complied with, and away went the Indian to an alehouſe, with his two ſhillings. He ſoon drank one in rum, and then returned to the Governor, *Your ſhilling bad; the man no take it.* The Governor believed him, and gave him another; but returning in the ſame manner with the ſecond, the Governor diſcerned that he was a rogue, but, however, he exchanged that too, reſerving his reſentment for another opportunity, which he thought he ſhould find no great difficulty in procuring.

To accompliſh this, the Governor wrote a letter to the keeper of *Bridewell* at *Boſton*, to take the bearer, and give him a ſound whipping. This letter he kept in his pocket, and in a few days, the Indian came again to ſtare at the workmen. The Governor took no notice of him for ſome time, but at laſt pulling the letter out of his pocket, *If you will carry this*, ſaid he, *to Boſton, I will give you half a crown.* The Indian cloſed with the propoſal, and ſet out upon his journey. He had not gone far, before he met another Indian, belonging to the Governor, to whom he gave the letter, and told him his maſter had ſent him to meet with him, and to bid him return with that letter to Boſton as ſoon as he could.

The poor Indian carried it with great diligence, and received a ſound whipping for his pains; at the news of which the Governor was not a little aſtoniſhed on his return. The other Indian came no more; but at the diſtance of ſome months, at a meeting with ſome of his nation, the Governor ſaw this fellow there amongſt the reſt, and aſked him, how he durſt ſerve him ſuch a trick? The Indian looking him full in his face, and clapping his fore-finger upon his forehead, *Head work! Governor*, ſaid he, *Head work!*

When Monſieur de Feriol was Ambaſſador from Lewis the fourteenth at the Ottoman Porte, he either was mad or acted like a mad man, which induced one of his domeſtics, for fear of being chaſtiſed in the Turkiſh manner for a very ſmall fault, to make his eſcape, and to travel with a Miſſionary who was going into Crim Tartary. After his arrival he left the Monk, and rambling about, took ſhelter, at laſt, with Thamas Mirza, who was chief of a Hord of Tartars, with whom he remained many months, and having acquired the language, entertained him like a true Frenchman with the magnificence that was every where to be ſeen in his own country, and the extreme miſery that reigned in Tartary. The Mirza ſmiled at his diſcourſes, which the Frenchman took for the higheſt approbation. The Mirza being at laſt grown weary of him, brought him to a place that was within two days journey of Caffa, where having pitched his tent, he ordered the Frenchman to attend him.

After regaling him plentifully, and treating him with coffee, he ſpoke to him thus: 'Stranger, our 'manners are ſo unlike, that thou 'art no doubt as much tired of me, 'as I am with thee. I found thee 'almoſt naked, now thou art well 'cloathed. I gave thee a horſe and 'arms; keep them, and return, if 'thou wilt, to that paradiſe of 'which thou talkeſt ſo much. There, 'it ſeems, the people are reſtleſs and 'uneaſy, which thou haſt never 'ſeen me. Take theſe (giving 'him a bag with a hundred double 'piſtoles) which the Franks call 'riches, and which I account ſigns 'of poverty, as they ſerve only to 'purchaſe what are the real neceſſaries of life, and which, as I have 'theſe without them, are uſeleſs to 'me. Return, I ſay, and report to 'thy countrymen, that *Health*, *Home* 'and *Happineſs*, flowing from hard 'fare with content, are all that the 'Tartars eſteem.' Was this man a *Barbarian?* or are not theſe ſufficient proofs, that the *Minds* of all men bear ſufficiently the *ſtamp* of their Maker? A leſſon worth remembering, as it will teach us Humanity and Humility at the ſame time.

## Siege *of* Conſtantinople.

*(From* Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.)*

THE nobleſt of the Greeks, and the braveſt of the allies, were ſummoned to the palace, to prepare them, on the evening of the twenty-eighth, for the duties and dangers of the general aſſault. The laſt ſpeech of Palæologus was the funeral oration of the Roman empire: he promiſed, he conjured, and he vainly attempted to infuſe the hope which was extinguiſhed in his own mind. In this world all was comfortleſs and gloomy; and neither the goſpel nor the church have propoſed any conſpicuous recompenſe to the heroes who fall in the ſervice of their country. But the example of their prince, and the confinement of a ſiege, had armed theſe war-

warriors with the courage of deſpair; and the pathetic ſcene is deſcribed by the feelings of the hiſtorian Phranza, who was himſelf preſent at this mournful aſſembly. They wept, they embraced; regardleſs of their families and fortunes, they devoted their lives; and each commander, departing to his ſtation, maintained all night a vigilant and anxious watch on the rampart. The emperor, and ſome faithful companions, entered the dome of St. Sophia, which in a few hours was to be converted into a moſch; and devoutly received with tears and prayers, the ſacrament of the holy communion. He repoſed ſome moments in the palace, which reſounded with cries and lamentations; ſolicited the pardon of all whom he might have injured; and mounted on horſeback to viſit the guards, and explore the motions of the enemy. The diſtreſs and fall of the laſt Conſtantine are more glorious than the long proſperity of the Byzantine Cæſars.

'In the confuſion of darkneſs an aſſailant may ſometimes ſucceed; but in this great and general attack, the military judgment and aſtrological knowledge of Mahomet adviſed him to expect the morning, the memorable twenty ninth of May, in the fourteen hundred and fifty-third year of the Chriſtian æra. The preceding night had been ſtrenuouſly employed; the troops, the cannon, and the faſcines, were advanced to the edge of the ditch, which in many parts preſented a ſmooth and level paſſage to the breach; and his fourſcore gallies almoſt touched with their prows and their ſcaling-ladders, the leſs defenſible walls of the harbour. Under pain of death, ſilence was enjoined: but the phyſical laws of motion and ſound are not obedient to diſcipline or fear; each individual might ſuppreſs his voice and meaſure his footſteps; but the march and labour of thouſands muſt inevitably produce a ſtrange confuſion of diſſonant clamours, which reached the ears of the watchmen of the towers. At daybreak, without the cuſtomary ſignal of the morning gun, the Turks aſſaulted the city by ſea and land; and the ſimilitude of a twined or twiſted thread has been applied to the cloſeneſs and continuity of their line of attack. The foremoſt ranks conſiſted of the refuſe of the hoſt, a voluntary crowd who fought without order or command; of the feebleneſs of age or childhood, of peaſants and vagrants, and of all who had joined the camp in the blind hope of plunder and martyrdom. The common impulſe drove them onwards to the wall: the moſt audacious to climb were inſtantly precipitated; and not a dart, not a bullet, of the Chriſtians, was idly waſted on the accumulated throng. But their ſtrength and ammunition were exhauſted in this laborious defence: the ditch was filled with the bodies of the ſlain; they ſupported the footſteps of their companions; and of this devoted vanguard the death was more ſerviceable than the life. Under their reſpective baſhaws and ſanjaks, the troops of Anatolia and Romania were ſucceſſively led to the charge: their progreſs was various and doubtful; but, after a conflict of two hours, the Greeks ſtill maintained, and improved, their advantage; and the voice of the emperor was heard, encouraging his ſoldiers to atchieve, by a laſt effort, the deliverance of their country. In that fatal moment, the Janizaries aroſe, freſh, vigorous, and invincible. The ſultan himſelf on horſeback, with an iron mace in his hand, was the ſpectator and judge of their valour: he was ſurrounded by ten thouſand of his domeſtic troops, whom he reſerved for the deciſive occaſion; and the tide of battle was directed and impelled by his voice and eye. His numerous miniſters of juſtice were poſted behind the line,

line, to urge, to reſtrain, and to puniſh; and if danger was in the front, ſhame and inevitable death were in the rear, of the fugitives. The cries of fear and of pain were drowned in the martial muſic of drums, trumpets, and attaballs; and experience has proved, that the mechanical operation of ſounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and ſpirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reaſon and honour. From the lines, the gallies, and the bridge, the Ottoman artillery thundered on all ſides; and the camp and city, the Greeks and the Turks, were involved in a cloud of ſmoke which could only be diſpelled by the final deliverance or deſtruction of the Roman empire. The ſingle combats of the heroes of hiſtory or fable, amuſe our fancy and engage our affections: the ſkilful evolutions of war may inform the mind, and improve a neceſſary, though pernicious, ſcience. But in the uniform and odious pictures of a general aſſault, all is blood, and horror, and confuſion; nor ſhall I ſtrive at the diſtance of three centuries and a thouſand miles, to delineate a ſcene, of which there could be no ſpectators, and of which the actors themſelves were incapable of forming any juſt or adequate idea.

The immediate loſs of Conſtantinople may be aſcribed to the bullet, or arrow, which pierced the gauntlet of John Juſtiniani. The ſight of his blood, and the exquiſite pain, appalled the courage of the chief, whoſe arms and counſels were the firmeſt rampart of the city. As he withdrew from his ſtation in queſt of a ſurgeon, his flight was perceived and ſtopped by the indefatigable emperor. "Your wound," exclaimed Palæologus, "is ſlight; the danger is preſſing; your preſence is neceſſary; and whither will you retire?" "I will retire," ſaid the trembling Genoeſe, "by the ſame road which God has opened to the Turks;" and at theſe words he haſtily paſſed through one of the breaches of the inner wall. By this puſillanimous act, he ſtained the honours of a military life; and the few days which he ſurvived in Galata, or the iſle of Chios, were embittered by his own and the public reproach. His example was imitated by the greateſt part of the Latin auxiliaries, and the defence began to ſlacken when the attack was preſſed with redoubled vigour. The number of the Ottomans was fifty, perhaps an hundred, times ſuperior to that of the Chriſtians: the double walls were reduced by the cannon to an heap of ruins: in a circuit of ſeveral miles, ſome places muſt be found more eaſy of acceſs, or more feebly guarded; and if the beſiegers could penetrate in a ſingle point, the whole city was irrecoverably loſt. The firſt who deſerved the ſultan's reward was Haſſan the Janizary, of gigantic ſtature and ſtrength. With his ſcymetar in one hand and his buckler in the other he aſcended the outward fortification: of the thirty Janizaries, who were emulous of his valour, eighteen periſhed in the bold adventure. Haſſan and his twelve companions had reached the ſummit: the giant was precipitated from the rampart; he roſe on one knee, and was again oppreſſed by a ſhower of darts and ſtones. But his ſucceſs had proved that the atchievement was poſſible: the walls and towers were inſtantly covered with a ſwarm of Turks; and the Greeks, now driven from the vantage ground, were overwhelmed by increaſing multitude. Amidſt theſe multitudes, the emperor, who accompliſhed all the duties of a general and a ſoldier, was long ſeen, and finally loſt. The nobles, who fought round his perſon, ſuſtained till their laſt breath the honourable names of Palæologus and Catacuzene: his mournful exclamation was heard, "Cannot there be found a Chriſtian to cut off my head?" and

and his laſt fear was that of falling alive into the hands of the infidels. The prudent deſpair of Conſtantine caſt away the purple; amidſt the tumult he fell by an unknown hand, and his body was buried under a mountain of the ſlain. After his death, reſiſtance and order were no more: the Greeks fled towards the city; and many were preſſed and ſtifled in the narrow paſs of the gate of St. Romanus. The victorious Turks ruſhed through the breaches of the inner wall; and as they advanced into the ſtreets, they were ſoon joined by their brethren, who had forced the gate Phenar on the ſide of the harbour. In the firſt heat of the purſuit, about two thouſand Chriſtians were put to the ſword; but avarice ſoon prevailed over cruelty; and the victors acknowledged, that they ſhould immediately have given quarter, if the valour of the emperor and his choſen bands had not prepared them for a ſimilar oppoſition in every part of the capital. It was thus, after a ſiege of fifty-three days, that Conſtantinople, which had defied the power of Choſroes, the Chagan, and the caliphs, was irretrievably ſubdued by the arms of Mahomet the ſecond. Her empire only had been ſubverted by the Latins: her religion was trampled in the duſt by the Moſlem conquerors.

## *Fine* Specimen *of* Indian Eloquence.

MR JEFFERSON, a gentleman of great eminence in America both in politics and literature, has remarked, that to form a juſt eſtimate of the genius and mental powers of the Indians, more facts are wanting, and great allowance is to be made for thoſe circumſtances of their ſituation which call for a diſplay of particular talents only. This done, we ſhall probably find that the American Indians are formed, in mind as well as in body, on the ſame model with the *homo ſapiens Europeus*. The principles of their ſociety forbidding all compulſion, they are to be led to duty and to enterpriſe by perſonal influence and perſuaſion. Hence eloquence in council, bravery and addreſs in war, become the foundations of all conſequence with them. To theſe acquirements all their faculties are directed. Of their bravery and addreſs in war we have multiplied proofs, becauſe we have been the ſubjects on which they were exerciſed. Of their eminence in oratory we have fewer examples, becauſe it is diſplayed chiefly in their own councils. Some, however, we have, of very ſuperior luſtre. We may challenge the whole orations of Demoſthenes and Cicero, and of any more eminent orators, if Europe has furniſhed more eminent, to produce a ſingle paſſage ſuperior to the ſpeech of Logan, a Mingo chief, to lord Dunmore, when governor of Virginia. The ſtory is as follows: of which, and of the ſpeech, the authenticity is unqueſtionable. In the ſpring of the year 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia, by two Indians of the Shawaneſe tribe. The neighbouring whites, according to their cuſtom, undertook to puniſh this outrage in a ſummary way. Colonel Creſap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on thoſe much-injured people, collected a party, and proceeded down the Kanhaway in queſt of vengeance. Unfortunately a canoe of women and children, with one man only, was ſeen coming from the oppoſite ſhore, unarmed, and unſuſpecting any hoſtile attack from the whites. Creſap and his party concealed themſelves on the bank of the river; and the mo-

moment the canoe reached the ſhore, ſingled out their objects, and at one fire killed every perſon in it. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been diſtinguiſhed as the friend of the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance. He accordingly ſignalized himſelf in the war which enſued. In the autumn of the ſame year a deciſive battle was fought at the mouth of the Great Kanhaway, between the collected forces of the Shawaneſe, Mingoes, and Delawares, and a detachment of the Virginia militia. The Indians were defeated, and ſued for peace. Logan, however, diſdained to be ſeen among the ſuppliants; but, leſt the ſincerity of a treaty ſhould be diſtruſted from which ſo diſtinguiſhed a chief abſented himſelf, he ſent by a meſſenger the following ſpeech, to be delivered to lord Dunmore:—'I appeal to any white man to ſay if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him no meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the courſe of the laſt long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they paſſed, and ſaid, *Logan is the friend of white men.* I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Creſap, the laſt ſpring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not ſparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have ſought it: I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never fears. He will not turn on his heel to ſave his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.'

To the preceding anecdote in favour of the American character, may be added the following by Dr Benjamin Franklin. The Indian men, when young, are hunters and warriors: when old, counſellors; for all their government is by the counſel or advice of the ſages. Hence they generally ſtudy oratory: the beſt ſpeaker having the moſt influence. The Indian women till the ground, dreſs the food, nurſe and bring up the children, and preſerve and hand down to poſterity the memory of public tranſactions. Theſe employments of men and women are accounted natural and honourable. Having few artificial wants, they have abundance of leiſure for improvement by converſation. Our laborious manner of life, compared with theirs, they eſteem ſlaviſh and baſe; and the learning on which we value ourſelves, they regard as frivolous and uſeleſs.

Having frequent occaſions to hold public councils, they have acquired great order and decency in conducting them. The old men ſit in the foremoſt ranks, the warriors in the next, and the women and children in the hindmoſt. The buſineſs of the women is to take exact notice of what paſſes; imprint it in their memories, (for they have no writing,) and communicate it to their children. They are the records of the council, and they preſerve traditions of the ſtipulations in treaties a hundred years back; which when we compare with our writings we always find exact. He that would ſpeak, riſes. The reſt obſerve profound ſilence. When he has finiſhed, and ſits down, they leave him five or ſix minutes to recollect, that if he has omitted any thing he intended to ſay, or has any thing to add, he may riſe again and de-

deliver it. To interrupt another, even in common converſation, is reckoned highly indecent.

The politeneſs of theſe ſavages in converſation is, indeed, carried to exceſs; ſince it does not permit them to contradict or deny the truth of what is aſſerted in their preſence. By this means they indeed avoid diſputes; but then it becomes difficult to know their minds, or what impreſſion you make upon them. The miſſionaries who have attempted to convert them to Chriſtianity, all complain of this as one of the great difficulties of their miſſion. The Indians hear with patience the truths of the goſpel explained to them, and give their uſual tokens of aſſent and approbation; but this by no means implies conviction; it is mere civility.

When any of them come into our towns, our people are apt to croud round them, gaze upon them, and incommode them where they deſire to be private; this they eſteem great rudeneſs, and the effect of the want of inſtruction in the rules of civility and good manners. 'We have,' ſay they, 'as much curioſity as you; and when you come into our towns, we wiſh for opportunities of looking at you; but for this purpoſe we hide ourſelves behind buſhes where you are to paſs, and never intrude ourſelves into your company.'

# MEMOIRS
## OF
# MONS. NECKER,
### PRIME MINISTER *of* FRANCE.

THE annals of mankind have ſeldom ſhewn what is to be found in this accompliſhed Miniſter of France, an union of politics and philoſophy; a mind adapted equally to the elevation of ſublime contemplation, and to the low drudgery of official buſineſs; a temper formed to bear proſperity without inſolence, and adverſity without diſcontent: in ſhort, that aſſemblage of qualities ſo rarely met with, which once were poſſeſſed by our great countryman Clarendon, and which have conferred renown on ſome of the greateſt men of antiquity.

Monſ. NECKER is a Swiſs by birth; his anceſtors originally from Cuſtrin. His father was a profeſſor at Geneva, who gave him an ordinary education. All that is known of his early years is, that he frequently obtained the prize for his performances at his college. In his youth he inclined to poetical purſuits; and, among other pieces, wrote three comedies, wherein one of his panegyriſts aſſerts may be found the wit and ſpirit of Moliere. Even at this time he ſometimes ſubmits to deſcend from his attention to the vaſt concerns with which he has been intruſted, and unbends his mind by poetical indulgences. A ſatirical eulogium, entitled "The Happineſs of Fools," in imitation of Eraſmus's Praiſe of Folly, exhibits ſtrong marks of a mind capable of very oppoſite purſuits. At the age of twenty years he wrote a comedy, after the manner of the *Femmes Savantes* of Moliere, which his friends highly applauded, but without being able to prevail with him to permit its repreſentation. He entered very young into the office of his uncle Monſ. Vernet at Paris, and in the courſe of a year was found ſufficiently qualified to take the direction of the houſe. When he was about twenty-five years of age, he became known to the Abbe Raynal, who ſoon diſcovered in him thoſe great powers of mind which promiſed to bring about an æra in the finances of France. He ſaw the intereſts of commerce with the eyes of a politician and a philoſopher, of which his en-

quiries into the affairs of the East-India Company may be adduced as a proof. Of his early writings we may mention his *Eloge on Colbert*, which obtained the prize at the Academy in 1773; his treatise on the trade of corn, of which four editions were printed in the space of one month; his collection of edicts, with notes, presented to the King; his treatise on the administration of provinces; and his *Compte rendu au Roi*. These laborious works, though sufficient to fill up the time of most men, have not so entirely occupied Mr Necker, as to prevent him from mixing in the world, where his deportment has been marked with those traits of politeness and good-breeding which were so much prized by the late Lord Chesterfield. At the time of a great scarcity, Geneva, the place of his education, was indebted to him for many beneficial advices. In 1776 he came to London, where he very speedily made himself master of the theory of the English funds. At the end of that year he was named Director of the Royal Treasury in France, and in the year after Director-general of the Finances. Removed from this elevated situation, he preserved in his retreat the general esteem of mankind, the nation which he had governed adored him for his integrity, and the Minister who succeeded him frequently asked his assistance. He constantly refused every gratification which his Sovereign was desirous of making him. His house was built according to his rank and fortune; but in the midst of his wealth he has preserved in his person the simplicity of a sage.

In 1765, he married Mad. Curchod, daughter of the Pastor of Crassy, in the country of Vaudois. She had joined to a learned education given by her father all the accomplishments of her sex. Employed like her husband in the service of humanity, she has contributed very greatly to the reformation of the hospitals. Her husband however, hath made the best eulogium on her in his *Compte rendu au Roi*.

During the time of his retirement he wrote a very excellent work on the Importance of Religious Opinions, calculated to stem the torrent of infidelity which so generally prevails in Europe. "It appears to me," says he in the introduction, "that there "are interests which may be consi-"dered as patriotic by intelligent "and feeling beings; and while the "inhabitants of the same country, "and the subjects of the same prince, "employ themselves diligently in one "common plan of defence, the citi-"zens of the world ought to be in-"cessantly anxious to give every new "and possible support to those exal-"ted opinions on which the true "greatness of their existence is foun-"ded; which preserves the imagina-"tion from that frightful spectacle of "an existence without origin, of ac-"tion without liberty, and futurity "without hope. Thus after having, "as I think, proved myself a citizen "of France by my administration, as "well as my writings, I wish to unite "myself to a fraternity still more "extended, that of the whole human "race: it is thus, without dispersing "our sentiments, we may be able, "nevertheless, to communicate our-"selves a great way off, and enlarge "in some measure the limits of our "circle: glory be to our thinking "faculties for it! to that spiritual por-"tion of ourselves which can take in "the past, dart into futurity, and in-"timately associate itself with the "destiny of men of all countries, and "of all ages. Without doubt a veil "is thrown over the greater part of "those truths to which our curiosity "would willingly attain; but those "which a beneficent God has per-"mitted us to see, are amply suffici-"ent for our guide and instruction;

"and

" and we cannot for a continuance " divert our attention without a " ſpecies of ſlothful negligence, and " a total indifference to the ſuperior " intereſts of man. How little is eve- " ry thing indeed, when put in com- " petition with thoſe meditations " which give to your exiſtence a new " extent, and which, in detaching us " from the duſt of the earth, ſeem to " unite our ſouls to an infinity of " ſpace, and our duration of a day to " the eternity of time! Above all, " it is for you to determine, who " feel the want of a Supreme Being, " and who ſeek to find in Him that " ſupport ſo neceſſary to your weak- " neſs; that defender, and that aſſur- " ance, without which painful inquie- " tude will be perpetually tormenting " you, and troubling thoſe ſoft ten- " der affections which conſtitute your " happineſs." The whole of this excellent work deſerves a very attentive peruſal.

Of the controverſy between M. Calonne and M. Necker we ſhall take no notice at preſent, as it may poſſibly be the object of a future article. Among the advantages which the European world is indebted to our ſtateſman for, we ought not to forget the pains he has taken to introduce foreign plants to our climate. Many experiments he has made to naturalize the bread-tree brought from Surinam. The produce of this vegetable may hereafter become a very valuable preſent to Europe, and future times may have cauſe to bleſs the perſon who introduced it.

M. Necker is entitled to the thanks of every Frenchman for his attention to the canal in Picardy, an enterprize by many ſuppoſed to be impracticable. By his perſuaſion artificers have been ſent to different places, and the ſcheme is now deemed poſſible to be executed. The work is again recommenced, and is expected to be finiſhed in two years. When this great work is compleated, the communication will be open by water from Amſterdam to Nantes; and when the Loire is joined to the Saone, as it is propoſed, it will extend to Beaucare.

## *To the* EDITOR.

SIR,

I REMEMBER it was one of the arguments againſt Mr. Madan's Thelypthora plan—that the proportion of men to women in the world, was nearly equal; and that if plurality of wives were permitted, plurality of huſbands would follow of courſe—and that it ſeemed to be the appointment of nature, that one man ſhould be content with one woman—*at a time*, I mean——

Now, good Sir, as your Paper contains many uſeful ſubjects, permit me to offer a few remarks on a ſubject of much importance to women kind.

The number of *Virgins*—or, to reconcile all parties, of *unmarried women* in this kingdom has of late very much increaſed, is increaſing, and ought to be diminiſhed—and to do this, Sir, I have a ſcheme to propoſe. Now, I have always been uſed to conſider an old maid as a great evil—a piece of waſte land—— a barren ſoil, &c.

And, ſecondly, Sir, as the number of old maids increaſes, the number of cenſorious goſſiping *cats* increaſes—and that, you will allow, is a very great evil alſo——

But, as I have reaſon to think that being an Old Maid is rather a matter of *compulſion* than *choice*, for who would be an old maid, or any maid at all, that could be otherwiſe in an honourable way? So I likewiſe do humbly preſume, that I have found out the cauſe why there are ſo many

old maids now more than formerly —and it is neither more nor less than

The WIDOWS—The *widows*, now-a-days, Sir, play the very Devil among the young fellows—Half my acquaintance have married widows, within these two years. "For my part," says *Miss Fanny Fidget* to me, t'other day—"for my part, *Mr Bounce*, I can't see, 'pon my *vord*, what the *fellers* see about them *viders*, that makes them take to 'em so."—And to be sure Fanny is a sensible girl, though not a Grammarian.

The truth is, Mr. Editor, the *widows* do really run away with all us pretty fellows—For my part, I have about seven or eight upon my list, and don't very well know what to do. However, for the benefit of all unmarried ladies, my scheme is this——

"IMPRIMIS: *Resolved*, That as the men and women in the world are nearly equal in number, no more than one man can fall to the share of one woman.

*Resolved*, That as the *widows* have had their share, they shall not be permitted to marry again."

There, Sir, what do you think of this plan?—An Act of Parliament to prevent widows from marrying! By this you see, Sir, the men would be obliged to go to the other market, where there has been a glut for a long time.——How do you like my scheme?

I am, Sir, your's,
BILLY BOUNCE.

Pub. Ledger, Nov. 4.

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YOUR correspondent, in yesterday's paper, *Billy Bounce* as he signs himself, is rather too severe against the WIDOWS; and, I think, with very little trouble, I can turn some of his arguments against himself.

He seems to compassionate the situation of *Old Maids*, who are such, as he says, by *compulsion* and not by *choice*. But are not the *widows* so too?—And, in this light, his fine argument falls to the ground.

But—a word in your ear, Mr. Editor—I'll tell you why young ladies do not got off quite so soon and so frequently as formerly—they are too nice and too proud.—I know a young lady—not very young now indeed—who to my certain knowledge has refused above fifteen offers—one, because the gentleman could not afford to keep a coach—another because he could not speak French—a third, because he knew nothing of Italian operas—a fourth because he stooped in the shoulders—a fifth because he had not fortune enough—a sixth because he was a tradesman.—The lady's own fortune is as follows:

| | £ | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *In Bank Stock* | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| *Three per cent. consols* | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| *Ditto, reduced* - | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| *New Five per cents* | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| *Four per cent Consols* | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| *Lottery Tickets* - | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| *India Stock* - | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| *Total* | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| *To which in cash, diamonds, &c. may be added* | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| *Making in all* - | 2 | 0 | 0 |

With a fortune like this, you may judge with what propriety a lady rejects a tradesman, or insists on keeping a coach.

But this is nothing to what I have known sometimes—and I generally observe, Sir, that when a worthy, plain man wishes to take to himself a wife, he selects some plain, honest girl from an obscure corner, who has never been heard of in the gay world—who has sense enough to acquit herself with propriety in the important relative duties of wife and mother—one who though she may not have

have learning enough to *count her game*, has prudence enough to manage her family; and although not aſpiring to ride in a coach, will always be provided with the decent neceſſaries of life by a proper œconomy.

While parents perſiſt in the abſurd plan they have been purſuing for ſome time, of educating their children in ſuch notions of expence and grandeur as do not become their ſituation, it muſt be the caſe that they are unfitted for being wives to perſons of their own rank—Nor is this an error of the head only—for if you have fully perſuaded a young creature that ſhe has beauty and accompliſhments to enrapture a Lord, the ſacrifice of her virtue will not be a very difficult matter.

I never ſee parents diſplaying their children in extravagant dreſs, and inviting the company of opulent bachelors above their rank, without conſidering the poor girls as brought to *ſale by the candle*, if I may borrow an expreſſion from the laſt page of the Public Ledger—and to be knocked down to the beſt bidder—Once in a thouſand times, a bargain may be ſtruck in this *way of buſineſs*—but much more generally, diſappointment and diſgrace are the conſequences.

I would not, Sir, perhaps, have expreſſed myſelf ſo freely on this ſubject, but that I conſider this error of parents as the proper object for the ſevereſt cenſure——and if this ſhort letter anſwers any good purpoſe, even in one inſtance, I ſhall be very happy.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

Nov. 5. CHERAPHILUS.

## *On Modern Amuſements.*

*To the* PRINTER.

SIR,

IT is very little to the credit of mankind, and is a ſubject that will afford ſcope for a much deeper diſcuſſion than it will at preſent receive, to find, that the amuſements moſt congenial to human taſte, terminate in acts of barbarity.

The love of miſchief may be traced from the cradle to the grave, without intermiſſion. The infant is no ſooner able to uſe its little limbs, than they are exerciſed in procuring diverſion by torturing every animal that comes within its reach, and which it is able to maſter: and the pleaſure it manifeſts in theſe malevolent employments is ſuch, that the tender parents generally provide the pretty innocent with a conſtant ſupply of inſects, birds, kittens, and puppies, to keep it in good humour. As years and ſtrength increaſe, tearing flies piecemeal, ſticking crooked pins through the tails of cock-chaffers, to make them ſpin to death; miſuſing, laming and killing all the animals they are ſupplied with for that expreſs purpoſe, give place to more extenſive plans of miſchief. Children then quarrel and fight with each other, and thoſe who gain the ſuperiority, cheat, plunder, and abuſe, all their inferiors in ſtrength and courage, in virtue of the rights of heroiſm. They then prowl about to rob innocent birds of their neſts, for the pleaſure of deſtroying their eggs, and killing the unfledged brood! Let no man tell me theſe are ſilly charges; they are evidences of our natural propenſities; and every animal that enjoys life feels pain,

——the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corp'ral ſuff'rance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Let no man plead that all things were made for his uſe, until he ſhews that he underſtands the true limits between uſe and abuſe; for a right founded on power, proves too much. But to proceed: they cut dogs, tie old

old lanthorns or faggot ſticks to their tails, and then drive them away with ſhouts, to be hunted to madneſs and death, by all who meet them. They ſet dogs upon ſtray cats with the utmoſt glee, and enjoy their ſtruggles while they are worried to death; and the hanging a dog or a cat collects all the children in the neighbourhood as eagerly, as the execution of a criminal, or a fire, draws together their fathers and mothers. They will tie two cats together by the tails, and then throw them over a line, for the luxury of ſeeing them tear each others eyes out. They will tie a ſtring to a rat's tail, pour ſpirit of wine over it, ſet fire to it, and betray the moſt rapturous joy, at ſeeing the unhappy animal run about covered with flame, till it expires under this refinement in barbarity. The moſt agreeable ſports of youth have for their common object a delight felt at the ſufferings of animals appropriated to our diverſion: thus, harmleſs fowls and pigeons are ſet up, to be knocked down with ſticks; ducks are hunted in ponds by dogs: an owl is tied on the back of a duck, and both thrown into the water; while this glory of the creation, with the ſtamp of divinity on his mind, is worked up to extacy in contemplating their mutual diſtreſſes! Human ingenuity improves upon inſtinctive animoſity, and arms the heels of game cocks with ſteel ſpurs, to render their encounters more bloody and deſtructive. How great is the joyful concourſe when two maſtiffs or two men go to fighting; when the patient ox is hunted, beat, and maimed, to madneſs, by drovers, and the mob; when a bull or bear is to be baited for public amuſement; or when a human monſter undertakes to eat a living cat!

All this hurts the feelings of ſpeculative individuals, who cannot help ſhuddering at the miſery they are frequently obliged to be witneſs to; but which, to ſhew the difference between cultivated and uncultivated minds, proves a fruitful ſource of high gratification to the illiterate and vulgar bulk of mankind.—Hunting, ſhooting, fiſhing, and horſe racing, are cruelties reduced to a ſyſtem, are deemed manly ſports, wholeſome exerciſe, and are rendered the more delicious, the more ingenuity we can exert to inflict pain on the diſtreſſed ſubjects of our licentious power, to heighten the cataſtrophe!

By the tame ſuffrage of their fellow creatures, Kings are elevated to the exerciſe of tyranny over the whole world of animated nature. Their ſerious buſineſs is the devaſtation of countries, and the reduction of the human ſpecies: their diverſions are deſtruction on a ſmaller ſcale, the purſuit and wanton ſlaughter of animals. Hunting is hence dignified by the appellation of a *Royal ſport*, and though an Emperor could condeſcend to amuſe himſelf with flies, yet even at this ſmall game, the regal prerogative was exerted, and their death was the object of his Imperial attention.

Boxing, which is ſetting the moſt worthleſs of the human ſpecies to batter each other to mummy, to break jaws, to force eye-balls out of their ſockets, to flatten the noſe, or to daſh each other on the ground with ſuch dexterity as that they ſhall never riſe again, if not a royal ſport, is at leaſt a princely entertainment, and manifeſts the exalted taſte of its patrons!

As to hunting indeed, in countries where the inhabitants are haraſſed by ferocious animals, there may be ſome plea for converting the deſtruction of them into a ſport, and a teſt of courage to accelerate their extirpation; but in this iſland hunting loſes all dignity, and degenerates into mean cruelty, becauſe it includes cowardice, as we have none but the moſt inoffenſive timid creatures to purſue. The fox

is

is the worſt animal we have, and is of courſe the leaſt exceptionable object of the chace; but even in this inſtance our ſportſmen cannot aſſume the vulgar merit of *vermin killers:* for though ſome thanks might be due for deſtroying them, yet what thanks are due to thoſe, who, when the end is accompliſhed to their eſtates, ſtock the country with them again, regardleſs of the welfare of their tenants, that they may renew their ſavage amuſement? I knew two hare-hunters, who, aſpiring to a fox-chace, turned out a bag-fox; but they were reported to have firſt heroically pared off the ſkin from the balls of his feet, to ſecure themſelves from the diſgrace of being thrown out by him. It is with heart-felt ſatisfaction I can add, that theſe miſcreants afterwards ſunk from the affluence in which they were left by their father, ſo low, that one of them, from riding in his own chariot, became afterward the common driver of a hackney poſt chaiſe!

Horſe-racing has been promoted by royal encouragement for a commercial purpoſe; and is followed by the Nobles of the land, and by profeſſional ſharpers, for the meaneſt of all purpoſes, that of picking the money out of each others pockets, according to a code of laws, which, as honeſty has no concern with, are called *laws of honour!* This ſport is as little connected with humanity as with honeſty. The horſe is a moſt uſeful, willing, noble animal; ſo tractable, that no one, under the influence of that peculiar characteriſtic of humanity, reaſon, can ever think of miſuſing a creature diſtinguiſhed by ſuch valuable properties. Yet, ſtrange to ſay, there is ſcarcely a man poſſeſſed of a good horſe, that fails, either for ſport or profit, to puſh its goodneſs to its deſtruction; inſtead of prudently huſbanding his good fortune. If a horſe can trot ten miles an hour, it is not long before a wager is laid that he performs twelve; if this ſhould be accompliſhed, ſo much the worſe for an excellent beaſt: higher wages ſucceed under an increaſe of taſk, till his ſpirit and powers ſink at length under the whip and ſpur! The ſavage owner, who perhaps goes to church now and then, but would certainly reſent the ſuſpicion of his not being a Chriſtian, only calculates the difference in his favour, between the bet and the price of his nag, if it ſhould be ſpoiled under the exertion required: for as to what out-of-the-way people call *feeling*, he is as totally deſtitute of it as a Hottentot; or to be better underſtood, as well as to come nearer the truth, as the only animal for which he feels a natural affection, his favourite hound! I ought to beg pardon both of the Hottentot and dog, for inſulting them by ſo degrading a compariſon.

I have been led into this train of reflections by a tranſaction that lately happened in my neighbourhood; it ſignifies little where that neighbourhood may be, for the ſtory may ſuit any place where gambling ſportſmen are to be found; and where is it that we are not peſtered with beings who, if properly diſpoſed of, ought to be ſhipped off to the wilds of Africa? A brother monſter having an excellent horſe that was deemed ſuperior to the one he wanted to match it with, conſented, in the delirium of intoxication, to load it with 18 ſtone for one heat in the morning, and with 16 ſtone for another in the afternoon of the ſame day, for 50 guineas! He was afterwards ſo ſenſible of his folly, that he offered 30 to be releaſed from his engagement; but, as it was not accepted, he, to ſave the other 20, madly riſked, or rather doomed, a horſe to deſtruction, that was eſteemed to be worth four times the whole bet! A ſaddle was accordingly loaded with 8 ſtone of lead for the brutal occaſion, and the reſult may eaſily be anticipated,

ted. I claim ſome merit in not being able to tell my ſtory in the language of the turf, and ſhould bluſh to confeſs that I had been capable of ſeeing ſo inhuman a ſpectacle; but the poor abuſed animal was ſo injured by the *firſt* heat, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty he was led back to the ſtable, attended by a groom, who was ſcarcely able to ſupport the weight of the ſaddle! The concluſion of my ſtory is ſuitable to the beginning, as the owner conſoled himſelf for ſpoiling a valuable horſe, by a cunning evaſion of paying his bet, becauſe his antagoniſt, a well-known reſponſible neighbour, had neglected to depoſit his ſtake on the courſe.

I once remonſtrated with a man for throwing at cocks on Shrove Tueſday, whoſe reply was, *Why cocks have no ſouls, have they?* I make no ſcruple to declare, that I eſteem horſes far more noble, as well as valuable animals, in *this* world, than five out of ten of their maſters; the other world is beyond my knowledge.

HUMANUS.

## *Obſervations on the Muſic of the* HIGHLANDERS.

[From a Tour through Scotland, juſt publiſhed.]

"IT is not my intention to diſfigure this picture, drawn from the life by ſo great a maſter.* But I cannot help obſerving, that in this admirable ſketch of the Scotch Highlanders, there is not the leaſt mention of their paſſionate love and genius for muſic, as well as the kindred ſtrains of moving, though ſimple poetry. The remote Highlanders, are at this day, as fond of poetry and muſic as the ancient Arcadians, who, bleſſed with a fertile ſoil and genial climate, poured forth, in natural and affecting airs, the warmeſt emotions of the heart. The muſical and poetical compoſitions of the Highlanders were ſeldom committed to writing, but handed down, from generation to generation, by oral tradition. The ſubjects of theſe were, for the moſt part, love, war, and the pleaſures of the chace: their general tone or ſtyle was not ſprightly and gay, but, contrary, ſad and tragical. The firſt efforts of the Muſes, in every country and age, are employed on melancholy themes, as being the moſt ſtrongly marked by the light and ſhade of proſperous exchanged for adverſe circumſtances, and which take the ſtrongeſt hold of the heart. But the very aſpect of nature, in the Highlands of Scotland, is ſad: and a conflict, ſeldom interrupted, with hoſtile clans or with a harſh climate and penurious ſoil, deepened the general gloom. Hence, although the little wealth of the Highlanders conſiſts in cattle, rural ſcenes are introduced in their poetry ſeldom. And, were one to form a judgment concerning the employment of the Highlanders, even from performances unqueſtionably modern, he would conclude that they were not ſo much ſhepherds as hunters. Their compoſitions, whether of muſic or poetry, were the natural productions, and perfectly ſuited to the taſte of a country, where, within the memory of man, every male without exception, was trained to arms; and where huſbandry, and even paſturage, were followed no farther than neceſſity required. It is not long ſince ſheep and goats, in the Highlands, were conſidered as below the care of a man, and reputed the property of the wife, in the ſame manner as geeſe, turkies, and other poultry are in the Low Countries, and in England.

" That the muſic and poetry of any

* Cunningham.

any country bears a near relation to its common purſuits, to the great objects of its hopes and fears, is illuſtrated in a very ſtriking manner by thoſe of the inhabitants of St Kilda, whoſe inſignificance and remote ſituation ſecure them from invaſion, as their poverty and primitive equality protect them from angry feuds. When the winter ſtore of this little commonwealth is ſafely depoſited in a houſe called Tigh-a-barra, its whole members reſort to this general magazine, as being the moſt ſpacious room in their dominions, where they hold a ſolemn aſſembly, and ſing one of their beſt airs to words importing, "What "more would we have? There is "ſtore of *cuddies* and *ſayth*, of *perieh* "and *allachan*, laid up for us in "Tigh-a-barra." Then follows an enumeration of the other kinds of fiſhes that are hung up around them, to which, in the courſe of their ſinging and dancing, they frequently point, with expreſſions of gratitude and joy.

"The Reverend Mr Macdonald, Miniſter of Kilmore in Argyleſhire, on whoſe teſtimony theſe particulars are here related of the St Kildans, received from a friend in the Iſle of Skye, a St Kilda elegy, the effuſion of a young woman who had loſt her huſband by a fall from the rocks, when employed in catching fowls. Of this elegy, found among people in whoſe veracity Mr Macdonald has entire confidence, he gives the following tranſlation. "In yonder Soa* "left I the youth whom I loved. "But lately, he ſkipped and bounded from rock to rock. Dextrous "was he in making every inſtrument "the farm required, diligent in "bringing home my tender flock. "You went, O my love! upon yon "hanging cliff, but fear meaſured "not thy ſteps! Thy foot only ſlipt "—you fell—never more to riſe! "Thy blood ſtained yon ſloping "rock; thy brains lay ſcattered around! All thy wounds guſhed at "once. Floating on the ſurface of "the deep, the cruel waves tore "thee aſunder. Thy mother came, "her grey hairs uncovered with the "kerch:† thy ſiſter came, we "mourned together; thy brother "came, he leſſened not the cry of "ſorrow. Gloomy and ſad we all "beheld thee from afar, O thou "that waſt the ſeven-fold bleſſing of "thy friends! the ſhiny *lhonne* ‡ of "their ſupport. Now, alas! my "ſhare of the birds is heard ſcreaming in the clouds: my ſhare of the "eggs is already ſeized on by the "ſtronger party. In yonder Soa "left I the youth whom I loved."

"The Gaelic poetry now extant, was, no doubt, compoſed for the moſt part by the bards who were once entertained in the families of lords and chieftains. There was alſo an order of ſtrolling rhapſodiſts, who went about the country, reciting their performances for a livelihood.

"Throughout the whole of the Highlands there are, at this day, various ſongs ſung by the women to ſuitable airs, or played on muſical inſtruments, not only on occaſions of merriment and diverſion, but alſo during almoſt every kind of work

* A ſmall rocky iſland near St Kilda.

† A ſpecies of kerchief worn by married women in the Highlands and Weſtern Iſlands of Scotland.

‡ *Lhonne*, a rope of raw hides uſed in St Kilda. It is the moſt uſeful part of furniture, and a young woman poſſeſſed of one is reckoned well portioned. In ſearching for fowls and eggs, a man or two take hold of it, and another is let down into the cliffs by the other end.

which employs more than one perſon, ſuch as milking cows, watching the folds, fulling of cloth, grinding of grain with the *quern* or hand-mill, haymaking, and reaping of corn. Theſe ſongs and tunes re-animate, for a time, the drooping labourer, and make him work with redoubled ardour. In travelling through the Highlands, in the ſeaſon of autumn, the ſounds of little bands of muſic on every ſide, joined to a moſt romantic ſcenery, has a very pleaſing effect on the mind of a ſtranger. There is undoubted evidence, that from the 12th to the 15th century, both incluſive, the Scots not only uſed, but, like their kindred Iriſh, excelled in playing on the harp: a ſpecies of muſic, in all probability, of Druidical origin. But, beyond all memory or tradition, the favourite inſtrument of the Scotch muſicians has been the bag-pipe, introduced into Scotland, at a very early period, by the Norwegians. The large bag pipe is the inſtrument of the Highlanders for war, for marriage, for funeral proceſſions, and other great occaſions. They have alſo a ſmaller kind, on which dancing tunes are played. A certain ſpecies of this wind muſic, called *pibrachs*, rouzes the native Highlander in the ſame way that the ſound of the trumpet does the warhorſe; and even produces effects little leſs marvellous than thoſe recorded of the antient muſic. At the battle of Quebec, in April 1760, whilſt the Britiſh troops were retreating in great confuſion, the General complained to a field officer of Fraſer's regiment, of the bad behaviour of his corps. "Sir," anſwered he with ſome warmth, "you did "very wrong in forbidding the pipes "to play this morning: nothing "encourages Highlanders ſo much "in the day of action. Nay, even "now they would be of uſe." "Let "them blow like the devil, then," replied the General, "if it will bring "back the men." The pipes were ordered to play a favourite martial air. The Highlanders, the moment they heard the muſic, returned and formed with alacrity in the rear. In the late war in India, Sir Eyre Coote, after the battle of Porto Nuovo, being aware of the ſtrong attachment of the Highlanders to their antient muſic, expreſſed his applauſe of their behaviour on that day, by giving them fifty pounds to buy a pair of bag-pipes*.

"Having thus taken the liberty to ſupply what ſeemed deficient in the account that is given of the Scotch Highlanders by the very learned ingenious Cunningham, who knew them well, and was capable of contemplating them under a vaſt variety of views, it will be proper alſo to advert to the change which the operation of government has produced in the character of the Highlanders, ſince the period when they were deſcribed by that celebrated author.

"So quick and powerful is the influence of moral cauſes in the formation of the characters of nations and men, that the Highlanders have actually undergone greater alteration in the courſe of the preſent century, than for a thouſand years before. Freedom and equal laws, by encouraging induſtry, ſecuring property, and ſubſtituting independent ſentiments and views in the room of an obſequious devotion to feudal chiefs, have redeemed the character of the Highlanders from theſe imputations which were common to them with all nations in a ſimilar political ſituation; while what is excellent in their character, the ſenſibility of their conſtitutions, their warlike diſpoſi-

* See Memoirs of the late War in Aſia.

tion,

tion, and their generous hoſpitality to ſtrangers, remain undiminiſhed. And though emancipated now from the feudal yoke, they ſtill ſhew a voluntary reverence to their chiefs, as well as affection to thoſe of their own tribe and kindred: qualities which are not only very amiable and engaging in themſelves, but which are connected with that character of alacrity and inviolable fidelity and reſolution which their exertions in the field have juſtly obtained in the world."

*Of* BUILDING CASTLES *in the* AIR.

—Animam nunc huc celerem, tunc dividit illuc,
In parteſque rapit varias, perque omnia verſat. VIRG.

A thouſand ways his ready mind divides,
To ſhift the ſcene as his gay fancy guides.

IF there are men who have been ſo occupied, and have had ſuch full ſucceſs in the conduct of their affairs, as never to have wandered in the regions of fancy, we know not whether to congratulate or pity them; for we preſume not to affront Content in mere mortal man, in whatever ſhape, or by whatever fair means it may be procured.

We ſometimes find amongſt our acquaintance one who deſpiſes ſuch employment, as unworthy to intrude itſelf into the mind of a man, who has the power of beſtowing his reflections on things which come nearer to the means of effecting ſolid and permanent benefits, as he terms them; he who diſregards all ſcheming which is not directed to ſome ſelfiſh purpoſe of gain, if he has been fortunate in thoſe ſpeculations, is apt to ſwell with pride on that account, and be diſguſted with all other, as ſhort of true wiſdom.

The French call it, *Faire des chateaux en Eſpagne*; for a Frenchman to build a caſtle in Spain, or an Engliſhman to conſtruct one in the air, are labours of the ſame kind. The antiquity of this airy buſineſs is certainly equal with free-maſonry, the arcana of which ſcience has always been depoſited with the moſt wiſe, as may be diſcovered in their liſts of patrons and grand maſters from Tubal Cain to the preſent time; we reckon the wiſeſt among the Jews as an adept in our ſcience of caſtle building, as may be gathered from the Solomonians: among the Gentiles we have Plato, and every philoſopher before or ſince of any note; and for good Chriſtians and Mahometans, we claim them all, of every ſect.

In the beſt education, one great object is recommended above all others, "that we ſeek for content in "our own minds;" all the rules of the higheſt authority agree in the cenſure of attachment to thoſe things which are vulgarly called ſubſtantial, ſuch as may be purchaſed by riches, and are the objects of ſenſuality; or if any thing of that ſort ſhould be allowed by way of regale, it is always granted under terms which preſcribe the moſt temperate uſe of it, leſt too much attention in the purſuit ſhould interfere with the ſublime occupations of the mind; and yet the heights of philoſophy are ſometimes reached by him we never ſuſpected of ſuch acquirements, and by a nearer road that the moſt ſubtle of our preceptors have marked out: for inſtance, the good creature who can lean over a bridge, watching the *labitur et labetur*, till his dinner is ready; if curioſity ſhould inquire after the nature of his amuſement, he would anſwer without reſervation, that he was thinking of nothing at all.

They who are accuſtomed to compare extremes, know how nearly things the moſt oppoſite in their natures reſemble each other; if we incline to place the paſſive philoſopher we have deſcribed beſide our aerial architect, it is from a ſincere love of juſtice, and a deference to all the harmleſs of the human kind, but we are far from admitting him to march *pari paſſu*.

If the practice of our delectable paſtime is oftentimes the reſource of the unfortunate, whom ill ſucceſs has driven from the enjoyment of thoſe more in requeſt with the gay and thoughtleſs, yet as it is frequently the lot of ſome amongſt the moſt deſerving, our reſpect for it ought not to be leſſened on that account; and it ſhould be remembered, that we have it in charge amongſt our maxims of the earlieſt date, that we can never arrive at a proper reliſh for the higher pleaſures, which are to be the reſult of our mental labours, whilſt we have the incumbrance of goods and chattels.

When houſe and land are gone and ſpent,
Then learning is moſt excellent.

Happineſs depends ſo much upon opinion, that our art cannot reaſonably be charged with folly and deluſion, more than any other purſuit in queſt of pleaſure; he who denies, that he has received a fuller enjoyment in the contemplation of ſome future pleaſure, than he experienced in the real poſſeſſion, has not attained the higheſt felicity that our nature is capable of. All philoſophers agree, that the imagination ornaments in the greateſt degree the objects of our attainments, but quits us in the poſſeſſion; is it a queſtion then, which is the ſubſtantial? What is the employment of the young and the voluptuous, but the illuſion of imaginary pleaſures?

Every one is acquainted with the ſtory of a man at Athens, who had the art to make himſelf the owner, in idea, of all the veſſels that arrived at the port, till at length ſome meddling friend undertook to ouſt him of what he termed his imaginary poſſeſſions; but he ſoon found how ſubſtantial they were, for the poor man never held up his head after the loſs. Many are ready enough to pronounce on the caſe of this Athenian, that it proceeded from his mind's being inſane; but we who are not to be deceived by terms, and are aware of the ſmall difference there is between madneſs in ſuch proper bounds, and the moſt deliberate and refined wiſdom and wit, are not ſo free to determine the matter; more eſpecially as ſome, who have been eſteemed very acute obſervers, have in our opinion been groſsly miſled in ſuch deciſions.

There are no better judges of madneſs, than the beſt poets; Mr. Pope aſſures us, that the diviſion or partition between wit and madneſs is very thin, from whence we may ſuppoſe they reſemble each other ſo much, that one is often paſſed upon us for the other; how common is the obſervation from one who has juſt viſited Bedlam, ſpeaking of a particular perſon there, that, excepting ſuch a ſubject, he was like any other reaſonable man! Which, in the Shandean ſtyle, is no more than being hobby-horſical, and is ſo generally ſeen out of Bedlam, as not to excite admiration beyond fox-hunting and ſome other equeſtrian amuſements.

It has been thrown out by ſome ſage, that there are many appearances to countenance the opinion, that all the madmen which might have made a portion of the inhabitants in the other planets are ſent here; he ſuppoſed that the quantity of morbific matter of that kind, which a man may ſafely carry about him with us, might in the planet Mercury turn to rage and biting, and in Saturn or the Georgium Sidus,

ſidus, from their extreme diſtance from the Sun, it might be attended with a total imbecillity of mind and body; whereas our midway ſtation is the proper region to paſs it off unnoticed, or at leaſt without cauſing much alarm: however wide of the truth the gueſs may be with reſpect to the other planets, it may be aſſerted, that we, in calling ourſelves reaſonable creatures, in contradiſtinction to the animals which are each known by their peculiarly conſiſtent mode of acting, make uſe of a looſe and arbitrary definition, of which we could give a variety of inſtances. We think lightly of a General who will riſk nothing againſt the reaſonable appearance of ſucceſs; and in that we are juſt enough to acknowledge, that madneſs, or a conduct againſt reaſon, is often better than reaſon itſelf. Of war we ſhall only ſay, that, humanly ſpeaking, the buſineſs of knocking each other on the head ſhould not be countenanced, till our globe was ſo fully inhabited, that the earth and ſea could not furniſh ſubſiſtence for all; if this argument is good for nothing elſe, the pleaſure that is found in deſtroying each other in war will at leaſt ſerve to diſtinguiſh us from the other orders of animals, equally with what is called Reaſon.

Romance writing, which is an humble imitation of our aerial employment, was invented for the uſe of thoſe who have few materials, or want the ingenuity neceſſary to put them in order, for the accompliſhment of our ideal delight; when theſe compoſitions have the beſt effects that can reaſonably be expected from them, by their diſplay of the pleaſures attending an amiable and heroic deportment, they perſuade the reader, if he has any taſte, to aſſume, at leaſt for a time, ſomething more exalted than his ordinary behaviour; but that theſe impreſſions are laſting in many minds, we cannot affirm; but we have noticed this effect to be very general, that any perſon whoſe conduct challenges a more than common eſteem, the acknowledgment, where it cannot decently be refuſed, is accompanied with this obſervation, "that the perſon is very romantic;" in other words, much beyond what we ever expect to attain, for that is the application which, almoſt without exception, belongs to this innuendo.

What may we not expect to be ſaid of one who pretends that, for want of opportunity of ſhowing his good diſpoſition in action, he frequently paſſes his leiſure in bringing home to his feelings all thoſe pleaſures which the reality could excite, by the trick of mere fancy? That at one time he is an active, upright, generous and charitable magiſtrate, receiving reſpect from the whole province where he reſides; at another time, he is a brave citizen, fighting in the defence of liberty: or raiſing his views ſtill higher, he deplores the miſeries which ſpring from deſpotiſm, and emulous of the immortal Alfred, he is a patriot King.

For his more ordinary paſtimes, he takes poſſeſſion of ſome eſtate near him, invited by the beauty of its ſituation and the neglect of the owner, walks over the fields, and names them as he pleaſes, prunes the eglantine, and receives a fuller ſatisfaction from his intimacy with their natural beauties, than the legal poſſeſſor derives from the revenue of them.

He riſks nothing in his enjoyments, he uſurps nothing to the annoyance of any one in mind, body, or eſtate; and however ſtrange ſuch amuſements may ſeem, as being ſo very different in theſe reſpects from thoſe of moſt other men, the novelty of it ſhould in juſtice ſecure him from reproach.

We ſhall take no offence at being called flighty, yet we could point out many, who are reputed grave

and ſober-minded, whom we neither envy nor deſpiſe, that think themſelves never better employed than when they carry their ſpeculations much beyond our attempts.

We ſee no occaſion to ſay more on this ſubject to thoſe who have ſome taſte for our ſcience; and to thoſe who have none, the more we ſay, the leſs we are likely to be underſtood.

CANDIDE.

## Poetry.

*For the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

### WINTER, *an* ODE.

BEHOLD! no more the gentle morn
Diſplays the field of verdant hue:
No more the thicket leaves adorn,
Nor eve diſtills the pearly dew!

No warblers carol thro' the grove,
Nor chant along the flowry dale;
No more adown the ſtream I rove,
And join with mirth the rural tale.

With ſighs ſurvey the bleached hill,
The leafleſs wood, the naked plain,
The blaſted field, the frozen rill,
The howling ſtorm, the bluſt'ring main.

Adieu! ye gay, ye frolick ſcenes,
That once could pleaſe my youthful mind;
Farewell, ye bow'rs, where fancy reigns,
Simplicity with love combin'd!

Adieu! ye pleaſures, ever gay,
That oft allay'd the tedious hours;
Ye joys, that ſwell the vernal day,
Which winter's ſullen frown devours.

Ye days of innocence, farewell!
That always bleſs the rural crew;
Retirement's ever-pleaſing cell:
And *Delia*, charming nymph, adieu!

Aberdeen, 3d Nov. 1788. A.

Epitaph *in the Church-Yard of* Yarmouth.

HERE lies the body of Thomas Hooper,
When he was *young* and *luſty* he was a trooper;
When old and feeble—a maker of jumps and ſtays,
And for fitting and fine ſhapes deſerved great praiſe.
By his death our crooked maidens will crooked appear,
For ſo cunning a workman is not left behind here.
Though *ſtays* he made, he could make no longer *ſtay* below,
But being ordered to *troop off*, to freſh quarters he did go,
And though *jumps* for our maidens he made o'er and o'er,
He never made ſuch a *jump* as this before. W.

*Epiſtle from Dr* Moore *to Duke* Hamilton.

SAY, doſt thou, recreant, ſhun the circling glaſs,
And, with ſome ſqueamiſh fop retir'd, ſwill tea,
Effeminate, and ſtudiouſly declaim
Againſt th' unpoliſh'd barbarous ſons of Clyde?
Or, waving wrinkled thought and counſel ſage,
Art thou too ſmitten with the genial vice,
And charm'd each night to meet the ſummon'd band
Who ſend the unreſpected glaſs around,
Fraught

Fraught with the lovely name of Eglinton,
Of dove-ey'd Campbell, or bright Devonſhire?
For thee, at Baird's command, Burgundia's grapes,
And thoſe of Bourdeaux, ſhed their ruddy ſouls.
For thee, her ſprightly ſpirit gay Champaigne
Shall laviſh free; nor ſhall imperial Danube
Refuſe thy lips the nectar of Tokay.
While Eglinton's gay Lord, th' adoptive ſon
Alike of Bacchus and the God of War,
Relates the deed of Scotia's mountaineers;
Or ſings, with native graces, all his own,
Which baffle ev'ry imitating fool;
The maiden's moan for loſs of ſilken ſnood,
The feats benevolent of Langolee,
The Janus victory of Sheriff-muir,
The kail renown'd, tho' cauld, of Aberdeen,
With thy unequall'd caſtocks, O Strabogie!

## *The* PRINCE *of* ARCADIA:

### A PASTORAL ELEGY,

*Occaſioned by the* KING's *melancholy Indiſpoſition.*

Compoſed by *Dr Arnold*, Organiſt and Compoſer to his Majeſty.

The Words by *Mr Harriſon.*

IN the realms of Arcadia, the dwelling of Peace,
Why hides ev'ry ſhepherd his face bath'd in tears;
While the flocks, unattended, their playfulneſs ceaſe,
And nought but dejection and ſorrow appears.
Ah, me! good *Palemon*, the Prince of our plain,
Lies rack'd by Diſeaſe, on the ſad bed of pain.
The innocent lambkins, that friſk'd to the ſound
Of his paſtoral pipe, as it tunefully play'd;
Now languid recline, with their dams on the ground,
And bleat to perceive it neglectfully laid!
They know not, *Palemon*, the Prince of our plain,
Lies rack'd by Diſeaſe, on the ſad bed of Pain.
The breath that with melody fill'd the ſweet pipe,
Alas, pretty dears! is exhauſted in ſighs!
Our maſter, in kindneſs, in virtue ſo ripe,
In ſickneſs, deſpair, and in agony lies!
Ah, me! good *Palemon*, the Prince of our plain,
Lies rack'd by Diſeaſe, on the ſad bed of Pain.
Yet the pipe's ſofteſt melody ſtill will we try,
In mournful effuſions to Him who can heal:
Whoſe goodneſs regards every tear, ev'ry ſigh,
Whoſe mercy may doom us no longer to feel!
No more good *Palemon*, the Prince of our plain,
Lie rack'd by Diſeaſe, on the ſad bed of Pain.
Then again ſhall *Palemon's* bleſt ſubjects rejoice,
And the lambkins with mirth gaily frolic around;
To hear the ſweet pipe, ſwell'd by Gratitude's voice,
While each innocent boſom approves the glad ſound.
No more good *Palemon*, the Prince of our plain,
Lies rack'd by Diſeaſe, on the ſad bed of Pain.

## *To the* EDITOR *of the* ABERDEEN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IF you pleaſe to allow the following lines a corner in your Magazine, they are at your ſervice; they are one of the firſt attempts of a young man

man at the age of ſixteen; on that account I hope you will forgive ſome of their inaccuracies. By inſerting them you will greatly oblige your conſtant reader and humble ſervant, G.

## To SOLITUDE.

ALL hail, ye lonely groves, remote from noiſe,
Ye gloomy ſhades, where peace and ſilence dwell;
For you, the world with all its fancy'd joys,
And viſionary bliſs, I bid farewell.
Sweet Solitude, to thy retreat I ſpeed,
'Scap'd from th' impertinence of the prying eye;
From the gay world and its inchantments freed,
Where baneful vices virtue far outvie.
To thy retreats, where in the darkſome grove
In penſive mood ſits lonely Philomel,
And when ſhe mourns her ſad unhappy love,
Her plaintive murmurs ſwell the paſſing gale.
Here let me ſtray in thy ſequeſter'd bow'rs,
When calm contentment fixes her abode:
In thy green walks adorn'd with bluſhing flow'rs,
Removed from the buſy buſtling croud.
No more bewilder'd in ambition's maze,
No more born down on folly's rapid ſtream.
No more deluded by the glitt'ring blaze
Of honour, riches, equipage or fame.
But for the baſe and impious wretch 'tis vain
To think with thee, mild pow'r, that eaſe he'll find;
For ſure nowhere a cure he can obtain
To calm the tumults of a guilty mind.

## *From* VOLTAIRE.

*Si vous voulez que j'aime encore,*
*Rendez moi l'age des amours;*
*Joignez s'il te peut l'aurore*
*Au Crepuſcule des mes jours.*

ME to Love's joys would you invite?
Then ſhow me Love's forgotten way,
Then join to the cold gloom of night
Vivacious morning's glad'ning ray.
From the gay raptures of that ſcene
Where feſtive love prolongs the day,
From Bacchus and the Cyprian Queen,
Alas! Time beckons me away.
Since old, then let him make me ſage,
And teach me well myſelf to know,
Who joins the wings of love to age,
Adds Wretchedneſs to Age's woe.
Let me quit Youth's voluptuous plan,
And Reaſon's dictates once believe;
Two moments make the age of man,
One then to Wiſdom let me give.
Yet art thou then for ever fled,
Thou dear Deluſion's real joy?
And flattering Hope by Fancy fed,
Free from thoſe truths that Peace deſtroy.
That twice we die, too well I know,
To ceaſe to love and ceaſe to pleaſe;
This, this is death in all its woe,
To ceaſe to live is Peace and Eaſe.
'Twas thus, in ſad reflection loſt,
I linger'd ſtill on Pleaſure's ground;
Still loth to quit the flow'ry coaſt,
Tho' there, for me, no flower was found.
When, lo with decent lovely mien,
Soft Friendſhip caught my wand'ring ſight;
She ſeem'd to vie with Beauty's Queen,
And ſhone more placid, tho' leſs bright.
Enamour'd with her modeſt grace,
The beams of Comfort o'er me ſhone,
I follow'd her with willing pace,
But ſigh'd to follow her alone.

THE

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## Biography.

### MEMOIRS OF THE LATE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

(Concluded from page 742.)

RETurning once more to Calais, a conſiderable portion of time was engroſſed by the Ducheſs, in relating, to her admiring auditors, each particular concerning the very gracious manner in which the Empreſs had deigned to receive her. A preſent from her Imperial Majeſty, of an eſtate ſituated on the Neva, was enlarged on with all the circumlocutory eloquence of which the relator was capable. The purchaſe, alſo, of the eſtate near Peterſburgh, which abounded in vaſſals not daring to approach the upper petticoat of their miſtreſs, without firſt kiſſing the fringe in a poſture of genuflection, afforded a ſubject for aſtoniſhment to thoſe who deſpiſed all compulſory ſubjection. Yet complaiſance was due, and, in conſequence, the tale of vanity was never interrupted. The Empreſs was admitted to be the deareſt friend whom the Ducheſs had experienced. She was allowed even to love her better than any favourite, who might be ſelected as the object of regard by a Sovereign, leſs a model of ſelf-denying virtue than her Imperial Majeſty of Ruſſia. Not a ſcruple of faith was abated in the evidence given to every ſentence which the Ducheſs advanced reſpecting her intimacy with the Empreſs. One thing is certain: at an entertainment given by the Ducheſs to the Empreſs, 140 of her own domeſtics attended, and the whole ſervice was of plate. The preſence of ſo auguſt a perſonage, and the manner of her reception, are unqueſtionable proofs of benignity on one part, oſtentation on the other.

The will of his Grace of Kingſton receiving every confirmation which the Courts of Juſtice could give; to diſſipate, rather than properly expend, the income of his eſtates, appeared to be the ruling principle of her life. The houſe at Calais was not ſufficient for the purpoſe of inviting perplexities; a manſion at a place called *Mont Marte*, near Paris, was pitched on, and the purchaſe of it negociated

in as ſhort a time as the Ducheſs could deſire. There were only a few obſtacles to enjoyment, which were not conſidered until the purchaſe was completed. The houſe was in ſo ruinous a condition, as to be in momentary danger of falling. The land was more like the field of the ſlothful, than the vineyard of the induſtrious. All theſe apparent evils became realized to the optics of the Ducheſs only after ſhe had poſſeſſed her wiſhes, and found them, as moſt of her wiſhes were, productive of trouble. A lawſuit with the owner of the eſtate was the conſequence of the agreement. The Ducheſs went again to Peterſburgh, and returned to France, before it was finiſhed. And it was the manner in which this ſuit was adjudicated, which proved the ultimate cauſe of her death.

Beſides this trivial purchaſe, another was made by the Ducheſs, the ſcale of which was truly grand. The brother of the French Monarch was the owner of a domain, according in every reſpect with his dignity. This was the territory of Saint Aſſize, pleaſantly diſtanced from Paris, abounding with game of every different ſpecies, and rich in all the poſſible luxuriant adornment of nature. The manſion was fit for the brother of a King. It afforded 300 beds. The value of ſuch an eſtate was too conſiderable to be expected in one payment; ſhe therefore agreed to diſcharge the whole of the ſum demanded, which was 55,000l. by inſtalments. It is ſometimes eaſier to agree than fulfil. The Ducheſs found this to be her caſe in the preſent inſtance. How was it poſſible to give the half of a plumb without the value of a cherry ſtone in poſſeſſion? Sixteen thouſand pounds were the utmoſt amount of the annual rents of the Ducheſs. Ready money ſhe had none. It was a commodity in which ſhe ſeldom abounded. To expedient recourſe was had, to make good the firſt inſtalment; caſh was borrowed of Meſſrs. Drummond, and a few valuables were lodged as ſecurities for the debt; by theſe means, one payment was made good.

If it be aſked, for whom this eſtate, thus purchaſed under every inconvenience, was actually intended? The proper anſwer returned would be, that to the career of vanity there is not an end; and, whether that paſſion be gratified by the expenditure or the hoard of money, is matter of total indifference, the ſordidneſs of the paſſion continuing the ſame. It being neceſſary however to aſſign a little portion of reaſon, for a great degree of extravagance, the recent reconciliation which had taken place between the Ducheſs, and the nephew of her 'deareſt Duke,' afforded a plea. The purchaſe on the part of the Ducheſs was a good one. There were not only game, but rabbits in plenty, and finding them to be of a ſuperior quality and flavour, the Ducheſs, during the firſt week of her poſſeſſion, had as many killed and ſold, as brought her 300 guineas. Thus, at Peterſburgh, ſhe was a diſtiller of brandy; at Paris, a rabbit merchant.

Thus proceeding from enterpriſe to enterpriſe, the hour arrived in which the Ducheſs would not be permitted a longer reſident of our lower world. She was at dinner when her ſervants received the intelligence of a ſentence reſpecting the houſe near Paris having been awarded againſt her. The ſudden communication of the news cauſed the agitation of her whole frame. She flew into a violent paſſion, and, in the agitation of her mind and body, ſhe burſt an internal blood-veſſel; even this, however, ſhe appeared to have ſurmounted, until a few days afterwards, on the morning of the 26th of Auguſt, when, about to riſe from her bed, a ſervant who had long been

been with her endeavoured at diſſuaſion. The Ducheſs addreſſed her thus: "I am not very well, but I will riſe." On a remonſtrance being attempted, ſhe ſaid, "At your peril diſobey me; I will get up, and walk about the room. Ring for the Secretary to aſſiſt me." She was obeyed, dreſſed, and the Secretary entered the chamber. The Ducheſs then walked about, complained of thirſt, and ſaid, "I could drink a glaſs of my fine Madeira, and eat a ſlice of toaſted bread. I ſhall be quite well afterwards; but let it be a large glaſs of wine." The attendant reluctantly brought, and the Ducheſs drank the wine. She then ſaid, "I am perfectly recovered; I knew the Madeira would do me good. My heart feels oddly. I will have another glaſs." The ſervant here obſerved, that ſuch a quantity of wine drank in the morning might intoxicate rather than benefit. The Ducheſs perſiſted in her orders, and the ſecond glaſs of Madeira being produced, ſhe drank that alſo, and pronounced herſelf to be charmingly indeed. She then walked a little about the room, and afterwards ſaid, "I will ly on the couch. I can ſleep, and after a ſleep I ſhall be entirely recovered." She ſat on the couch, a female having hold of each hand. In this ſituation ſhe ſoon appeared to have fallen into a ſound ſleep, until the woman found her hands colder than ordinary; an affright enſued; other domeſtics were rang for, and the Ducheſs was found to have expired, as the wearied labourer ſinks into the arms of reſt.

## View of the Genius, Character, and Manners of the DUTCH.

(Continued from page 745)

FROM theſe cauſes no people poſſeſs more of that intellectual happineſs, which ariſes from equanimity. Tho' it be not abſolutely the ſuperlative degree of felicity, yet, conſidering that it is leſs liable to interruption from the caſualties incident to human nature, it is on that account a ſituation far preferable to it.

The Dutch are ſtrict obſervers of the precept, which Horace, who was a competent judge of life, lays down as the prime rule of beatitude: *Nil admirari, prope res eſt una, ſolaque quæ poſſit facere et ſervare beatum.* Not to admire, an art but little known, is yet the only way to attain and preſerve happineſs.

With this maxim the Dutch, if not in ſpeculation, are thoroughly acquainted in practice. Few objects are able to excite in them thoſe raptures of admiration and applauſe that are ſo common elſewhere. They view things, not indeed with abſolute indifference, but with a coolneſs that leads them to ſet no more than their preciſe value upon them, and that does not permit the inſpector to be hurried away with a vain opinion of their tranſcendency. Hence, among other effects produced by ſuch a diſpoſition, they are but little delighted with thoſe far-fetched and dear-bought modes and devices of luxurious ſplendor, for the enjoyment of which ſo much time and expence are laviſhed by more curious and refined nations.

When we advert to the much greater rarity of failures and bankruptcies among them, than among their more lively and magnificent neighbours, we muſt allow that their notions approach much nearer to rectitude in theſe matters, and are ſubject to very little cenſure. Their principal failing is that of betraying too much diffidence, and uſing too many unneceſſary precautions in the tranſacting of buſineſs; to which may be added, that of not availing

themſelves with a proper degree of indulgence of the bounties which fortune has ſo unſparingly, and, to their praiſe be it ſaid, ſo deſervedly conferred on numbers of them.

However, as errors of ſuch a nature can little affect either the private welfare of thoſe who commit them, or that public of which they are members, they ought not to be ſo ſeverely animadverted upon as they have unjuſtly been by many inconſiderate foreigners; who ſeem to forget the conſequences of that ſpirit of profuſion which revels with ſo much licentiouſneſs among numbers of their countrymen, whoſe incomes but ill ſuit with their extravagance.

From theſe premiſes it may with great truth be aſſerted, that in whatever relates to the management of pecuniary affairs, the Dutch are undoubtedly the experteſt of any people; as, to the knowledge of acquiring wealth, they unite the no leſs neceſſary ſcience of preſerving it. No country therefore can vie with theirs in the number of thoſe inhabitants, whoſe lot, if not riches, is at leaſt a comfortable ſufficiency. This indeed is the neceſſary conſequence of that univerſal habit of carefulneſs and order which characteriſes them ſo ſtrongly; the exerciſe of which is ſo diffuſive and popular, that a contrary turn of mind is a kind of exotic, but little known; and when diſcovered, is ſingled out as highly cenſurable and defamatory.

Hence in the midſt of a world of taxes and contributions for the public exigencies, and of which foreigners, till acquainted with the interior polity of this republic, entertain no adequate idea, they flouriſh and grow rich, and attain to a degree of proſperity equalled by few, and exceeded by no people recorded in hiſtory.

Lewis the Fourteenth was wont often to expreſs his aſtoniſhment, when he compared the burdens he laid on his people, to thoſe which the Dutch loaded themſelves with voluntarily; and found how diſproportionably heavier the latter were; and yet how ſuperior Holland was to France in populouſneſs, wealth, and power, comparatively to the dimenſions of territory poſſeſſed by that republic.

That monarch had the vanity to think his adminiſtration as mild, and as conducive to the benefit of individuals as that of any ſtate in Europe. It was no wonder, therefore, he could not comprehend the cauſes that gave birth to the ſubject of his wonder. It was not eaſy for an abſolute, deſpotic prince, to diſcover the different kinds of aſcendency and influence, which the enjoyment of political freedom, or a ſtate of unlimited obedience, aſſume over the human mind; how much the firſt elevates and inſpires it with reſolution to exert itſelf to the utmoſt, by the proſpect of that ſecurity which is the life of all our efforts to thrive and ameliorate our condition; and how much the ſecond depreſſes it and damps its vigour and endeavours, by the reflections that occur, on the precariouſneſs of our ſituation, however proſperous and ſucceſsful our induſtry may have made it.

Conſiderations of this nature enable one to account for what that ambitious prince had ſo much reaſon to marvel at; that a ſtate, of which the extent hardly amounted to a fifteenth part of his dominions, yet ſhould dare to bid him defiance; that, unſupported, abandoned, nay even aſſaulted, with equal injuſtice and bad policy, by another no leſs formidable neighbour, the Dutch ſhould nevertheleſs have ſtrength enough to withſtand his whole power at land; and prove ſo ſuperior to him at ſea, as to oblige him to rely entirely on the aſſiſtance of their only rivals on that element;

element; that they ſhould be able to bear, next to England, the moſt conſiderable part in that fatal alliance againſt him, which put a final period to the career of half a century's ſucceſſes; and, by a ſeries of victories, wherein they claimed an honourable ſhare, deſtroyed his fleets, and defeated and vanquiſhed his armies ſo repeatedly and deciſively, that he had at laſt no other reſource left him, but to implore the clemency of his enemies, by ſuing for peace on the moſt humiliating terms.

Poſterity will be equally aſtoniſhed, when it is informed that a country, the ſurface of which does not meaſure ten thouſand ſquare miles, and a vaſt proportion of which is loſt in marſhes and barren ſand, found means, through the induſtry of its inhabitants, and the wiſdom and ſpirit of its government, to maintain in this celebrated conteſt above one hundred thouſand men in the field, and more than one hundred ſhips of war at ſea. A greater force, that of France, and of England reſpectively excepted, than any other ſtate or potentate in Europe was able at that period to keep on foot; and the charges of which exceeded the revenues of any power in this part of the world, but the two above mentioned.

Notwithſtanding the very ſingular and extraordinary deſerts of the Dutch, there is no nation in Europe, of which the other inhabitants of this part of the world, are proner to criticiſe and cenſure the character, and to make it on many occaſions even an object of ridicule.

It is difficult to account whence ſo unjuſtifiable and ſcandalous a propenſity can ariſe: unleſs we are to attribute it to enmity, envy, or levity; for it certainly cannot ariſe from any well founded and reaſonable motive.

But excluſive of thoſe who treat the Dutch as objects of their riſibility, there are others who have deſcribed the peculiar qualities attributed to them in ſuch colours, as would effectually obliterate all ideas of real intrinſic merit, not only in that, but in every other people, were ſuch a deſcription and reaſoning admiſſible.

When the great examples of diligence and ingenuity in the people of Holland have been mentioned before ſome individuals, and preſſed upon them as arguments of the ſuperior merit of that nation, it has ſometimes been replied, that the inhabitants of all countries have their ſpecific virtues; which are inherent in their native diſpoſition, as particular productions are appropriated to the ſoil where they grow: intimating thereby, that national qualifications and endowments are the reſult of pure accidents, and beſtowed, as it were, gratuitouſly by the hand of nature, without the co-operation of thoſe who poſſeſs them.

In anſwer to ſuch groundleſs and frivolous pretences, let us advert to the contemptible ſituation of ſome modern nations, and to the reſpectable figure made by others; the Engliſh and the Dutch for inſtance; two people, whoſe ſound policy and prime eminence in thoſe arts that conduce to the well being of ſociety, form a complete contraſt to the ill-adviſed and ruinous ſyſtems of adminiſtration that prevail in various other ſtates.

They were not always, however, in their preſent deſirable condition: there was a time when they were abſolutely barbarians; and this happened at that period, preciſely when ſome nations, now fallen very low, were proſperous and flouriſhing.

It is inconteſtible, therefore, from thoſe very viciſſitudes in the circumſtances of the inhabitants of England, Holland, and other countries, that neither their good nor their bad fortune was owing to local poſition; ſince,

ſince, according to that method of reaſoning, it muſt have remained immutably the ſame to this day.

The prodigious diſparity now ſubſiſting between them, muſt then have proceeded primitively from another cauſe. This evidently was no other than the change of temper and inclinations in the natives of thoſe different countries brought about by revolutions of government, which by exalting or depreſſing their minds, have inſpired theſe with vigour and activity, and ſunk thoſe into debility and ſloth.

Hence it plainly follows, that national genius and alacrity, or tardineſs in the exerciſe of our endowments and faculties, are not the ſpontaneous reſult of particular climes; but indiſputably the effects, the firſt of an auſpicious, the ſecond of an oppreſſive adminiſtration.

## *Letter on a Loving Wife.*

HARD is the lot of that man who is plagued with a wanton wife, a jealous wife, a drunken wife, or a ſcolding wife; but it is better to have a wanton, jealous, drunken or ſcolding wife, nay, I may ſay all together, than to be yoked to a loving wife. The wanton wife will let the poor man wear his horns on his head with peace and quiet, if he'll give her no interruption in planting them there. The jealous wife will ceaſe upbraiding, while her deary is fixt to her apron-ſtring. The drunken wife is at leaſt ſober when ſhe wakes in the morning; and the ſcolding wife, we may ſuppoſe, is ſilent when ſhe is aſleep. But the loving wife torments her unfortunate helpmate morning, noon and night.

When my dear partner, who I may ſay, is the moſt loving of her ſex, firſt wakes in the morning, if ſhe finds me aſleep, ſhe ſeldom fails of letting me know that ſhe thinks I have had reſt enough, and that to ſleep much is not good for me. If I happen to be awake when ſhe firſt opens her eyes, ſhe will not ſuffer me to get up, inſiſting I muſt take another nap, for ſhe is ſure I have had but an indifferent night. When we get to breakfaſt, if I chooſe toaſt, it is ten to one but ſhe finds it gave me the heartburn the day before, and then I muſt eat bread and butter; if I chooſe the latter, it is the ſame odds but I am obliged to eat Yorkſhire muffin, becauſe ſhe well knew I was fond of it. Sometimes ſhe turns down my cup herſelf, after the firſt diſh, becauſe ſhe fancies my hand ſhakes, and tea is nervous. At other times I am ſwilled with half-pint after half-pint, as ſhe conceives I ate too much ſupper over night, and tea is good for digeſtion. One time I am poiſoned with brandy in my diſh, at another with ſaffron, though ſhe knows I deteſt them both;—but it is good for me, ſhe ſays.

If I happen to come home any ſhort time before dinner, I am obliged to ſwallow down a large diſh of chocolate, and to eat a ſaucer of dry toaſt, though perhaps I was juſt come from the coffee-houſe, to keep the wind off my ſtomach; and I am in great luck that a pint baſon of peaſe ſoup, in which a ſpoon will ſtand upright, is not ſet before me, by way of whet to my appetite. Though my loving tormentor may have thus crammed me like a turkey, till the dinner makes its appearance upon the table, I am obliged to eat whatever ſhe puts upon my plate, or ſhe is otherwiſe the moſt miſerable creature alive, and is ſure I am not well, which never fails of introducing the apothecary into the houſe, almoſt as ſoon as the cloth is taken away. And I have more than once, on ſuch an occaſion, ſuffered my-

myſelf to be drenched with gallons of camomile tea, becauſe no remonſtrances could ſatisfy her but my ſtomach was out of order. If I preſume to help myſelf at table, my female Sancho Panſa phyſician is ready with her interdict to reſtrain me. If I call for ſmall-beer, perhaps my ſweet loving wife thinks water better for me; and ſhould this have been my choice, it is great odds but ſhe orders wine to be mixt with it, as it is too cold for my ſtomach alone. Do I go to hob or nob in white-wine, I am probably told red is better for my nerves; and ſhould I mention red, ſhe would inſiſt white is better for my cold. When the deſert appears, though I am in general fond of fruit and ſweet meats, I almoſt tremble at the ſight of it, for as the dear loving ſoul is fond of theſe things herſelf, ſhe thinks ſhe cannot give a ſtronger proof of her regard for me, than in making me eat what ſhe likes beſt. Accordingly, if ſhe takes a peach that appears to her remarkably good, I am forced to finiſh what ſhe has half eat, though I prefer a nectarine. And however wiſhfully I may caſt my eye upon a glaſs or ſawcer of ſweet-meats, I am forced to reſiſt the temptation, well knowing my loving taſter will ſupply me abundantly with her relicks of thoſe things which ſhe is ſure I am fond of. I muſt add too, that though the company cannot help ſmiling when ſhe loads my plate with jellies, I dare not refuſe my love's kindneſs, if ſhe declares they are admirable, and ſhe is certain I ſhall like them.

Her anxiety about my health, and her earneſtneſs to pleaſe me, acts ſo vehemently upon her mind, that ſhe is never cool enough to judge what is the beſt for my conſtitution, or moſt agreeable to my taſte. She is too intent upon the end, to conſult well about the means. Hence my female phyſician often proves the reverſe of the ſmoakers adage of *Tobacco hic*; for, if I am well, ſhe'll make me ſick; if I am ſick, ſhe don't make me well. And when ſhe is moſt induſtrious to prove her love for me, I am frequently inclined to prefer envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableneſs, to ſuch loving-kindneſs, and could heartily cry out with captain Flaſh to the dear miſchief, "Oh! damn your love," though I am convinced of the ſincerity of it. My great coat, which I number among my beſt friends, by her means deſerves a place among my falſe ones. In diſtreſs, either from rain or froſt, my good friend does me no ſervice, for my wife often hates a great coat, I am ſo apt to take cold when I leave it off; and then I muſt weather every inclemency, and ſtand every ſhower of rain without it. When I am in no want of it, my good friend is ready with its kind office; and if my love ſhould take it into her head that I have at any time ſuffered for want of my great coat, I am forced to groan under the weight of it, even in the hot month of July. Her deſire to have me pleaſed, will not let me ſee the play I admire, or viſit the friends which I like. Should I preſume to engage for myſelf, I ſhall find myſelf perhaps one of an agreeable party which ſhe knew before I ſhould be happy with, in another place. And if I ſhould ſettle to ſee Garrick the next time he plays Lear, I am certainly engaged by her to the new opera; and ſhe has procured tickets herſelf, to be an agreeable ſurprize to me. As to the playhouſe, indeed, I am afraid I ſhall never be ſuffered to enter their doors again, ſhe is ſo terrified by the modern Mohawks, the ſociety for the reformation of manners and the theatres, that ſhe would as ſoon truſt me to a campaign in Hungary or among the Catawaws and Cherokees in North-America, as at Drury-Lane or Covent Garden.

What adds to my misfortunes, is, that there is no hopes of an alteration

for

for the better. You may be ſure I have taken much pains to convince her, that though ſhe is the beſt of women, ſhe is the worſt of wives; that I would rather feel the ſevereſt effects of her hate, than her love. If ſhe was a termagant, I could make her a ſilent woman, and I could undertake to tame a ſhrew; but my dear tormentor is ſo meek, that ſhe weeps without complaining, and pines in private with grief, if I oppoſe the moſt trifling circumſtance which ſhe judges for my good, or has conceived would pleaſe me; ſhe imagines I have no love for her, if ſhe thinks I ſlight any inſtance of hers to me. After having ſuffered her to waſte herſelf almoſt to a ſkeleton, I have been reduced to the cruel neceſſity of giving way to her diſpoſition, and ſubmitting a ſecond time to the go-cart and leading-ſtring. And though I am the jeſt of all my friends, and the ſport of both ſexes, though I can neither eat, drink, ſleep or wake as I pleaſe, though I muſt appear merry when I am hipt, and well when I am ill, keep company I don't like, and ſcarce ever ſee my old acquaintance and friends; though I am to be purged, ſweated and bliſtered in perfect health, I cannot fly from my perſecutor, as my love is at leaſt equal to hers, and I am content to bear the weakneſs of her mind, as I am ſo ſenſible of the ſtrength of her affection. Therefore ſir, when you ſee a monkey play with a kitten, a boy with a puppy, and miſs with her gold-finch, pray remember Yours &c.

TRUELOVE.

## *History of the* Dutch East India Company.

[Tranſlated from the Hiſtoriſches Porte-feuille]

THE Dutch Eaſt India Company is unparalleled in hiſtory, for the ſingular nature of its origin, the circumſtances that raiſed it to its once flouriſhing ſtate, and the cauſes that have brought on its decline. The ſpirit of commerce that ſurmounted every obſtacle, urgent neceſſity, the dread of indigence, and the wiſe vigilance of thoſe who were the fathers of their country, gave it exiſtence: and fortune favouring its firſt weak efforts, it ſoon ſoared to a height which no other company of the kind had ever attained; it ſupported itſelf at this height, for a century, with undiminiſhed ſplendour, till certain cauſes inſenſibly brought it from the pinnacle of proſperity to the loweſt ſtate of degradation. This ſtate has not been induced merely by the wars that have raged in Europe and in Aſia, nor by the inſurrections of the ſubjugated nations, nor by the fall of commerce among rival nations. Theſe have only conſpired to undermine a fabric already tottering by the operation of other cauſes.

The treaſures of India, the productions of its territory, and the induſtry of its inhabitants, had excited the deſires of the covetous, long before the Chriſtian æra; they had from the time of Alexander, produced an intercourſe between Europe and the Eaſt, and had raiſed Alexandria to the higheſt rank as a commercial city. On the decline of the eaſtern and weſtern empires, the Venetians ſeized upon the commerce of India, and enjoyed its excluſive traffic till the end of the fifteenth century.

The principal articles of this trade were ſpices, drugs, ſilk ſtuffs, &c. for which an annual revenue of 200,000 crowns was drawn from Italy, and Venice became the centre of inconceivable wealth. This commerce, however, was not equal to what it was afterwards brought to, when the Portugueſe, having doubled the Cape of Good Hope, extended

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it over the whole continent and islands of Asia, even to Japan; when they had built a number of fortresses, had established themselves in Ceylon, and had annihilated in a manner, at one blow, the whole commerce of the Venetians with the Indies.

The Portuguese, braving every danger, obtained, for a century, the exclusive trade to India, and furnished Europe with its merchandizes at a price double of that the Venetians had sold them for. The Dutch now began to share in this trade, which had received a new increase by the ruin of that of Antwerp, and they continued it with success under a foreign flag till the year 1594, when Philip, King of Spain and Portugal, in order to bring them more speedily and more easily under his yoke, prohibited all intercourse between his subjects and the Dutch, and even made fifteen of their ships be arrested at Lisbon. Alarmed at this stroke, which threatned the most valuable branch of their trade, and animated by the prospect of those advantages which a direct commerce with India would procure them, the Dutch attempted to discover a passage to that country by the north. Although the English had already failed in the same attempt, yet *Moucheron*, a merchant of Middleburg, was not discouraged; but by means of repeated solicitations procured the equipment of three vessels in 1594 for this discovery, and in 1596 the attempt had been made three times. Barentz and Heemskerk were the heroes who thus ventured their lives for the prosperity of their country, by exploring the Arctic Sea. One of their vessels stuck fast in the ice near Nova Zembla; another discovered Spitzbergen; several of them entered the Weygat Straits without being able to proceed further; many of the people died from the fatigues of the enterprize, and after having endured every sort of hardship, returned to Holland sick and worn out. The Dutch immediately abandoned the idea of a north-east passage; but the jealousy of commerce, and the spirit of discovery, were at that time so predominant, that, without waiting the success of the former expeditions, new ones were undertaken, and they ventured to sail to the Indies by the route of the Portuguese, which they would not have hazarded, if they had not been in a condition to profit by the intelligence which Cornelius Houtman had collected in Lisbon. Accordingly the company of Veere equipped four vessels, which were dispatched directly to the spice islands by the Cape of Good Hope; for as the Portuguese had not yet fortified themselves in the Moluccas, it was thought that spices would be found in the greater part of these islands, and many of them had been famed for the low price of their gold and precious stones. Houtman returned in about eighteen months, with a cargo sufficient to encourage new adventurers, especially as the fear entertained of the Portuguese was now dissipated, and as the Dutch had become acquainted with those countries.

The company of Veere, associating itself for this purpose with another trading company belonging to Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Zealand, fitted out in 1598 another fleet of eight vessels for the Indies, under the command of Van Neck; the States, guided by the wisdom of old Barneveld, and urged by Prince Maurice, furnished these vessels with artillery and ammunition, as they had done those of Houtman.

Thus those fathers of their country, with the assistance of Providence, laid the foundation of their Indian commerce, which, extending itself with astonishing rapidity, suddenly enriched them, and became a principal source of support during their strug-

gles for liberty, and after they had attained it.

Four veſſels of the fleet of Van Neck returned to Holland after a voyage of fifteen months, importing, beſides other commodities, conſiderable quantities of pepper, cloves, cinnamon, nutmegs, and mace, from Bantam, with preſents to Prince Maurice from the King of that country. The other veſſels returned in 1600, having viſited Amboina, Banda, and Ternate. The ſucceſs of this expedition made Van Neck be ſent out once more. He went to Ternate, found the Portugueſe there on a bad footing with the king, and profited ſo well by the circumſtance, that he not only bought pepper to great advantage, but obtained permiſſion to eſtabliſh a factory at Padang.

Now every thing was in motion in Holland. Companies were formed one after another, and veſſels fitted out for the Indies. Already, before the end of the ſixteenth century, the Dutch had encompaſſed the globe for the commerce of the Eaſt: and, during the ſpace of ſix years, no leſs than eighty-four ſhips had ſailed for India. In the firſt ten years of their navigation, the Dutch had ſent from Holland more veſſels than were uſually diſpatched from Liſbon for the ſame places; they had likewiſe taken poſſeſſion of ſeveral forts in the Moluccas, and had concluded treaties with ſeveral princes.

At the beginning of the 17th century the Dutch carried on a great trade with Bantam and with Banda, where the beſt nutmegs are produced; they concluded a treaty with the inhabitants, in virtue of which they promiſed their aſſiſtance againſt the Portugueſe to theſe iſlanders, who, in return, engaged to ſell their ſpices to none but them. Spielberg alſo made a treaty with the King of Candy for the cinnamon of Ceylon; as did Van Neck with the Queen of Padang, and the king of Ternate and the Moluccas: laſtly, with ſome difficulty they procured a treaty of friendſhip and commerce with the king of Achem in the iſland of Sumatra.

Among the principal cauſes that contributed to the ſucceſs of the firſt eſtabliſhments, and of the commerce of the Dutch with the Indies, we muſt reckon that enthuſiaſm which generally accompanies every new enterprize, and which actuates the Dutch more than any other people, when a new branch of commerce is the object; we muſt alſo conſider the number of their ſhips ſuperior to that of the Portugueſe; perhaps alſo their ſuperior experience in navigation, and laſtly their behaviour to the Indians, which was in general the reverſe of that of the Portugueſe. However, other cauſes might have contributed to ruin the trade of the Portugueſe to India, beſides the rivalſhip of the Dutch.

The proſperity of theſe laſt, and the mean and ſhameful arts employed to overturn it, now proclaimed in India the weakneſs of the Portugueſe, whoſe power was ſcarcely a ſhadow of that which Holland poſſeſſed, or of what the Engliſh have acquired in our times on the Ganges. They occupied no territory of conſiderable extent, and had penetrated into the interior parts of the country only in Ceylon. Their other poſſeſſions on the continent, and in ſome neighbouring iſlands, they endeavoured to protect by forts, by garriſons placed as the principal trading places, and by fleets that went from port to port. All thoſe faults and errors in conſtitution that haſtened the fall of the companies which were ſucceſſively erected, wars with the neigbouring powers, the anarchy of the kingdom during the minority of Sebaſtian, the jealous policy of Spain, together with other cauſes, ſometimes ſingle

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and ſometimes combined, reduced the Portugueſe to ſuch extremity, that it was not difficult for the Dutch, after their union, to wreſt from them their forts one after another, and to ruin their eſtabliſhments.

(To be continued.)

*Extract of a Memoir on thoſe Filaments, Spots, or Globules, that affect the Eyes.*

*By* M. Demours, *of* Paris.

PERSONS ſubject to ſuch ſpots give different accounts of the way in which they perceive them. They appear to ſome like undulating threads, to others like thin miſts, ſtars with tails, little black tufts of cotton, ſerpents, ſmall black points floating in the atmoſphere, globules, ſemi-tranſparent ribbands and knots, or little portions of gum half diſſolved in water; never having more opacity than is neceſſary to make them be diſtinguiſhed from the maſs of the air, eſpecially when they are examined in a clear day.

All theſe minute appearances aſcend when the eyes are ſuddenly lifted up, for inſtance, from the ground to the ſky; and if the eyes are then fixed on a cloud or other object, they deſcend ſlowly to the under part of the eye, and diſappear while the ſame object is kept in view, but upon the leaſt motion of the eye they quit the place they had fallen to by their weight, and are again perceived. Of all theſe ſpots, thoſe that appear like threads are the eaſieſt obſerved by thoſe who are troubled with them. Theſe threads or filaments, have vague appearances, according to the motion of the eye. Sometimes they are crooked, ſometimes extended; by another motion of the eye they are bent to certain parts, and theſe changes are moſt evident, as they deſcend oppoſite to the axis of the eye. There are frequently two or three of them more diſtinct than the reſt, but often an infinity of ſmaller ones not ſo eaſily perceived, and a prodigious multitude of minute globules, ſome ſtanding ſingle, others in bundles, that ſeem, with the filaments, to fall like a very ſmall rain, when, after having ſuddenly lifted up the eyes, the perſon directs them to a luminous object, to white paper, or to a white wall; for a certain quantity of light is neceſſary in order that the ſhadow of theſe minute bodies may fall diſtinctly on the retina, eſpecially as they are not perfectly opake, and affect but little the tranſparency of the eye. There are alſo ſometimes little grate-like bodies, ſome of which are heavier and deſcend more rapidly; in general, the filaments are the lighteſt, and are always laſt in falling; they are like bent barometer tubes, ſemi tranſparent, in which there ſometimes appear globules obſcure toward the centre, and which look like ſmall ſoap bubbles.

All theſe appearances are but faint in a chamber which is not very light. In the evening they muſt be ſought for attentively on white paper, and then they appear like little portions of ſmoke hardly perceptible. It is true, they are obſervable imperfectly in the flame of a candle, holding the eyes half ſhut. They are alſo ſeen, although faintly, by directing the eyes to the ſky in ſtrong ſunſhine, and lifting them often without opening them. When they are ſought for in a clear ſky, or when it is covered with white clouds, or in any other place ſtrongly illuminated, they are beſt perceived when the eyes are half ſhut. They are ſeen very diſtinctly in a fog, from the reflection of water, and on ſnow. Some ſee them with both eyes, others however with one eye only.

Theſe minute appearances deſcend by their gravity to the bottom of the eye when it is directed to an object

ſomewhat elevated: when the face is held downward, and the eye fixed on a white object, they are collected towards the extremity of the axis of the organ, where they are obſerved more at leiſure. When the head is held backwards, they go to the upper part of the eye, in that poſition the loweſt.

Although theſe ſemi-opake atoms are aſtoniſhingly minute, they muſt be poſſeſſed of a certain degree of extent, as they exiſt on the outſide of a lenticular-ſhaped body, which has the property of magnifying objects; and I conceive, that they could hardly be ſeen if they were within it. Their diameter ſeems to encreaſe in proportion to the diſtance of the place on which they are examined. A filament viewed on a leaf of white paper in a ſtrong light appears to be about one ſixth of a line in diameter, and an inch long. When the eyes are fixed on a white wall diſtant about 20 or 30 feet, it ſeems to be two lines in diameter, and more than a foot long. Theſe phenomena are eaſily accounted for upon the principles of optics.

An experiment made by de la Hire, throws light on theſe moveable ſpots: it conſiſts in receiving on paper, or on white linen, the rays of the ſun through a pane of glaſs, in which are to be found thoſe grains, bubbles and threads which are ſo commonly met with in glaſs, and which, although tranſparent, give a different refraction from that of the glaſs in which they are contained. Theſe grains, bubbles and threads, appear on the linen or paper as the little bodies in queſtion on the retina.

The nature of this imperfection in the eye is not well underſtood. Some attribute it to the inſenſibility of ſome of the fibres in the optic nerve, or to the morbid ſtate of part of the retina. Others conſider this explication as defective, becauſe theſe corpuſcles that paſs, repaſs, aſcend, deſcend, and evidently ſwim in a fluid, would be fixed if they were occaſioned by the above cauſes: they have therefore ſuppoſed them ſeated in the aqueous humour: and others again imagine theſe appearances, in certain caſes, to depend on films made by the lacrymal humour on the cornea. But the true cauſe ſeems to be weakneſs in ſome of the fibres of the optic nerve, or the morbid ſtate of ſome of the veſſels of the retina.

I was almoſt at the ſame time conſulted by two ladies of high rank, who were affected with this indiſpoſition. The confidence they repoſed in me redoubled my endeavours to inveſtigate this matter, and the reſult of my enquiries I now communicate to the public.

M le Roi (*Hiſt. de l' Acad.* an. 1760. p. 53.) relates, that a perſon labouring under this affection conſulted many oculiſts, who were as much divided as to the ſeat, the nature, and the cauſe of it, as with regard to the cure. It was propoſed to open the cornea, to let out the aqueous humour which it was ſuppoſed contained the peccant matter. This was the moſt plauſible of the known doctrines, becauſe theſe corpuſcles appear to ſwim in a fluid; but it is overturned by the following facts: In certain caſes, very rare it is true, theſe ſpots increaſe, ſometimes very rapidly, and form a cloud, the mobility of which gradually diminiſhes, and they are ſucceeded by opacity in the cryſtalline lens. Accordingly Maitre-Ian, who like many others was not acquainted with their motion, ſays, that "their connection with thoſe imaginations that precede cataracts, made him conjecture that they were occaſioned by a diſeaſe in ſome of the fibres that compoſe the exterior pellicles of the cryſtalline, or by a dilatation of the veins diſperſed over its membrane." The ancients thought the cataract formed by branched ſubſtances ſwimming in the aqueous humour, and uniting

ting to compoſe a pellicle which obſtructed the pupil. An obſervation otherwiſe accurate led them to this erroneous opinion. The cryſtalline being the true ſeat of the cataract, it follows that theſe ſpots and filaments that, in particular caſes, are ſymptoms of the approach of this diſeaſe, ſhould be ſeated within the capſule which includes the lens. I know a perſon who for forty years has ſeen an innumerable quantity of theſe ſpots, and who has had the poſterior half of the cryſtalline in the right eye opake for upwards of thirty. A lady for whom I was conſulted has ſeen them for fifteen years, and there are little opake bars very viſible in the cryſtalline of both eyes, ſo that ſhe ſees only imperfectly. Another gentleman ſees them in both eyes, and in the left they have been recently converted into a cloud, which is diſtinctly ſeen through the pupil, and threatens the cryſtalline with total opacity. Other examples might be cited; though in general theſe caſes are very rare.

That no doubt might remain as to the ſeat of this affection, I opened the cornea, in ſimilar circumſtances, to let out the aqueous humour, as had been propoſed: and the very day after this operation the patients ſaw the ſame filaments, the ſame phenomena, and in the ſame quantity. One of theſe patients was a very intelligent man, who would have remarked the ſlighteſt alteration if it had happened.

For theſe reaſons, and from theſe experiments, I think myſelf authorized to conclude that the ſeat of theſe corpuſcles is in the humour of Morgagni, of which ſome ſmall portions, without loſing much of their tranſparency, acquire a more conſiderable denſity, weight, and power of refraction. This humour, which has received its name from the celebrated anatomiſt who obſerved it with the greateſt accuracy, ſurrounds the cryſtalline, and ſeems deſtined for the nouriſhment of that body which is looſe in its capſul. It is perfectly diaphanous, and although in ſmall quantity, the portions of it that acquire a certain degree of opacity, being of extreme tenuity, can move freely in a pretty ſmall quantity of fluid. Some anatomiſts have called in queſtion the exiſtence of this humour, but it may eaſily demonſtrated by introducing the point of a lancet into the cryſtalline of a ſheep's eye, after having taken off the cornea, removed the uvea, and wiped carefully the capſule of the cryſtalline with a fine cloth. There inſtantly exudes a drop of a limpid humour, which is not always equally remarkable. It would appear to loſe ſomewhat of its fluidity after death, and to diminiſh in quantity as people grow old. Beſides, upon making the ſection of the cornea in the operation for the cataract, when the diameter of the pupil has allowed me to plunge the point of the inſtrument into it, in order to open the capſule of the cryſtalline, I have often ſeen a certain quantity of whitiſh liquor oozing from the ſmall wound made in the capſule, which was the humour of Morgagni become opake. I know a perſon troubled with this affection, and capable of very accurate obſervation, who ſees, among other appearances, in a ſtrong light and clear ſky, a gummy line (*ligne gommeuſe*, to uſe his own expreſſion) which appears luminous, changes its poſition but ſlowly, according to the different motions of the eye, and which can be owing only to an extremely ſlight undulation of the outer ſtratum of the cryſtalline, the denſity of which is little more conſiderable than that of the humour of Morgagni.

The diagnoſtic is not difficult, but the diſeaſe muſt be carefully diſtinguiſhed from thoſe ſpots that are fixed with regard to the axis of viſion, and which, as they are generally occaſioned by affections of the optic

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nerve or retina, are ſymptoms of an approaching palſy of one or other of theſe parts, eſpecially when they are recent and increaſe. Theſe demand immediate attention; but thoſe we ſpeak of are to the cataract what the gravel is to the ſtone; and though for one perſon afflicted with the ſtone there are many ſubject to the gravel, yet I imagine the proportion in the preſent caſe is ſtill more conſiderable: for of 700 perſons affected with theſe ſpots, there are ſcarcely two in whom they indicate a diſpoſition to cataract. However, in practice the proportion does not ſeem ſo great: for all who begin to loſe their ſight immediately apply for advice, while great numbers totally diſregard the appearances I have been deſcribing, and never conſult the Faculty concerning them. ——They are exceedingly common, and do not ſeem to be either cauſed or continued by intenſe application of the eyes.

The beſt remedy is to quiet the fears of ſuch as are alarmed with them, by aſſuring them that theſe phantoms, which increaſe but ſlowly during the firſt five or ſix years, continue during the remainder of life without any ſort of inconvenience; that they require no remedy, nor even any precautions while they are unaccompanied with other diſeaſes; and that when the mind is at reſt, they are diſregarded and never obſerved but when purpoſely ſought for, except in broad ſunſhine, when they are very ſenſible, but without pain. I know many who have ſeen them for 30 or 40 years without finding their number or figure to alter in any degree.

The experiments I have made and forty caſes ſent to me from different provinces, added to the anſwers I have given to eighty-eight perſons who have conſulted me ſince I began ſeriouſly to inveſtigate the nature of this affection, make me hope that I have diſcovered it.

# THE TRIFLER,

## NUMBER XXV.

*Thurſday December* 18, 1788.

A NEW PROPOSAL——AN ALMANACK FOR PEOPLE OF QUALITY——ERRORS IN OUR COMMON ALMANACKS POINTED OUT——AMENDMENTS PROPOSED——SUNDAY——PHASES OF THE MOON TO BE OBSERVED——CONTRAST BETWEEN THE OLD AND NEW ALMANACK——USEFUL LISTS——STAMP——CONCLUSION.

A FEW of my predeceſſors have with ſome reaſon and ſome humour complained, that amidſt the very great number of Almanacks printed and publiſhed about this time of year, there is no Almanack on a plan for the accommodation of people of faſhion. Although theſe writers have given us their notions on this ſubject pretty fully, yet as no bookſeller or author has thought proper to attend thereunto, I conceive it may not be very unſuitable to rouſe their attention once more to this ſubject. I ſhall, therefore, as copiouſly as my ſhare of the Magazine will permit, give my opinion relative to the expedience and neceſſity of an Almanack upon a new plan, adapted to the uſe of PEOPLE OF QUALITY.

The firſt and principal objection to our almanacks is the vulgar and long exploded method of reckoning time, which is truly barbarous and gothic. —For inſtance—— they all agree, that the day begins at one o'clock in the morning, or, according to ſome, at 12 at night—but can any thing be more abſurd? Every body knows that the beginning of the day does not depend on the *ſun* riſing, but on peoples' riſing out of bed, and therefore the day properly ſpeaking does not begin until 12 or 1 of what is now

now called noon. They alſo divide the hours into day and night—which is equally improper, for the beſt of them cannot tell where night ends and begins——To avoid confuſion, therefore, I would propoſe, according to the principles of QUALITY CALCULATION, that we ſhould lump them together, or in other words, turn night into day, and day into night. A man, by this reckoning, will not be tied down to ſo many hours at the back of a ſhilling almanack, but may lengthen his nights, and ſhorten his days at pleaſure. Let the names *day* and *night*, therefore, be merely arbitrary.

The column in our almanacks which ſtates the particular hour when the ſun riſes and ſets, I conceive to be wholly unneceſſary, ſince the ſun riſes without any perſon of diſtinction ſeeing him, and may ſet juſt when he pleaſes. The riſing and ſetting of the moon however I would ſtill retain. Many of the great buſineſſes and pleaſures of life are connected with the ſtate of the moon, as ſhall be obſerved hereafter.

But what is ſtill a greater objection to the common almanacks, is that they are ſtuffed with a parcel of Saints and people "whom nobody knows"—— to the utter excluſion of any memorandums which might be uſeful—In lieu of theſe I would inſert oppoſite each day, the particular amuſement of that day, whether ball, concert, play, aſſembly, rout, drum, hurricane—and Maſquerades I think may very well ſupply the place of Lunar Eclipſes. The inferior ſaints might make room for private dances—parties of pleaſure—promenades and other feſtivals——Some difficulty I confeſs will ariſe as to the manner of calculating ſuch matters. To many this difficulty will appear, indeed, very great, but I apprehend that it is not unſurmountable, for in this part of the New Almanack, I would employ thoſe perſons who have ſuch exact knowledge in future events as to be able to tell us, which they do every year, when it will rain and when it will be fair, and who even foretell what great events are to happen to Kings, Princes and Potentates throughout all Europe within the year. Surely he who can foretell the death of the Pope, may give a tolerable gueſs at Peacock's ball—and he who can foreſee convulſions in Turkey may predict a benefit-concert. Why ſhould the muſic of fiddles be leſs within the compaſs of prophecy than the muſic of the ſpheres, or why more difficult to calculate an elopement than an eclipſe?

This then being ſettled, I hope to my readers' ſatisfaction, I have another propoſal to make, which is, to aboliſh the diſtinction of that day which in all almanacks is marked with a capital letter, or in ſome with a red letter. I mean Sundays. People of quality, we know, make no diſtinction betwixt this and any other day, and therefore to retain it in the Calendar would be particularly rude. The vulgar who wiſh to diſtinguiſh this day may ſtill uſe the old almanacks; it is not for them that my almanack is propoſed, nor do I ſuppoſe they will buy it.

As to the diſtinctions of firſt Quarter, Second Quarter—Term days, &c. &c. they may all be left out as wholly ſuperfluous. The only times particularly to be noted are the ſeveral ages of the moon, and the influence they have on manners—the return and frequency of frolics of faſhion when the moon is at the full. Theſe are particulars carefully to be recorded in a work of this kind; nor is there any occaſion for expreſſing them in the deep and abſtruſe language of aſtronomy or aſtrology. As they are intended for people of quality, they ought to be adapted to the meaneſt capacities.

I once had ſome thoughts of procuring a *moveable play-bill* for the whole year—an improvement of vaſt utility, but upon conſulting an eminent aſtrologer I was aſſured it could not be done; "firſt," ſays he, "it "would be very impolitic, as injuring "the printers, a ſet of worthy men "whom authors are particularly in- "debted to—and Secondly, no pre- "ciſion could be accompliſhed, as "now-a-days, particularly in Lon- "don, players are ſo frequently ſeiz- "ed with *ſudden indiſpoſitions*, ſuch "as being arreſted for debt, or over- "taken with drink or labour-pains." —This plan I have accordingly given up.

I have now pretty well cleared the way for my New Almanack, by purging the old of all its ſuperfluous matter. By turning day into night, we gain as much of the whole twenty-four hours as we pleaſe to have in a continued ſeries. The worſt of it, indeed, is, that there will be no perſuading the generality of people, I mean the VULGAR (in contradiſtinction to perſons of quality), to adopt the rules of this almanack. It will among them create as much diſturbance as once was occaſioned by the new ſinging and the new ſtile; for, indeed, my plan tends very much to eſtabliſh a new ſtile—I ſay to *eſtabliſh* it, for it is already ſufficiently familiar to thoſe whom it may concern. To ſhow the very great difference betwixt the *vulgar almanack* and the *Quality Almanack* now propoſed, I have prepared the following table, beginning at 8 o'clock morning.

| VULGAR. | QUALITY. |
|---|---|
| *Breakfaſt* | *Bed* |
| *Dinner* | *Breakfaſt* |
| *Tea* | *Dinner* |
| *Supper* | *Tea* |
| *Midnight in bed* | *Supper.* |
| *Getting up* | *Bed-time.* |

SUNDAY.

| | VULGAR. | QUALITY. |
|---|---|---|
| 8 o'clock | *Breakfaſt* | *Bed* |
| | *Church* | *Bed* |
| | *Dinner* | *Breakfaſt* |
| | *Church* | *A ride for an appetite* |
| | *Tea* | *Dinner* |
| | *Prayers* | *Bottle* |
| | *Supper* | *Tea* |
| | *Bed* | *Whiſt.* |

From theſe tables my readers may at once comprehend the amazing contraſt, and at the ſame time perceive what advantages are in my plan at one view.

I intended to have entered at ſome length into the nature of Memorandums, but as I am near the end of my paper, ſhall but juſt hint the neceſſity of minuting the progreſs of the card-purſe, the expences of chair or coach hire—the price of tickets—the ſtate of the funds in the Pharo bank, and once in a century, a tradeſman's bill paid, like a comet in other almanacks with a long tail.

Moſt almanacks have what are called *uſeful Liſts* appended to them. To the vulgar ſuch liſts may be neceſſary, but here are "ſtale, flat and "unprofitable"——In their room I would propoſe, A liſt of the reigning toaſts, male and female, their ages and fortune—a chronology of remarkable events, ſuch as, the firſt invention of cards, the origin of theatres, the diſcovery of punch, &c. together with a ſhort practical abridgement of Hoyle on whiſt—with intereſt-tables and logarithms adapted to all ſorts of games, &c. A liſt, too, would be neceſſary, of the beſt Taverns, with the names of the waiters, and barmaids—and to all might be added, as in ſome almanacks, curious recipes for family diſorders, ſuch as *ennui*, *dontknowwhowiſhneſs*, and all bilious

bilious complaints arising from *exceſs of time, vacancy of thought*, and other *obſtructions* attending people of quality. I have only to add, that as it is neceſſary Almanacks ſhould be ſtamped, I would prefer the newſpaper ſtamp, the motto of which is SEMPER EADEM, and which the printers interpret "worſe and worſe." But this is a joke of theirs.

I have now explained where the old Almanacks are defective, and have propoſed one "more plain, ſmooth "and agreeable than any hereto-"fore"—My readers, however, to whoſe judgement I appeal for the final determination, have entirely within themſelves to judge of its ſuperior or inferior merit. For it is they at laſt that muſt decide whether we are to go on in the old way, of dedicating part of our time to buſineſs, and part to the relative and moral duties, or are to dedicate the whole to pleaſure that accelerates the dying hour, and to vices that make that hour terrible.

## Review.

*A* SERMON, *preached at the Old Jewry, on the 4th of November* 1788, *before the Society for commemorating the Glorious* REVOLUTION; *being the Completion of an Hundred Years ſince that great Event. By* Andrew Kippis, D.D.F.R.S. *and* S.A. 8vo.

THE following extract from this Sermon will, we hope, not be unpleaſing to our readers.

After ſtating the happy conſequences of the Revolution, Doctor Kippis thus proceeds:

"But let us take a view of the ſtate of things at home, and we cannot fail of perceiving that the century which has paſſed ſince the Revolution has been the moſt delightful period the Engliſh hiſtory can produce. The act of ſettlement hath beſtowed princes upon us of amiable and worthy characters; princes who have been lovers of mankind, and the real protectors of the privileges of their ſubjects; princes who have not exerted thoſe tyrannical ſtretches of authority which formerly diſgraced our annals; and under whom there hath been, with little interruption, a ſeries of order, tranquillity, and happineſs; a ſucceſſion of every bleſſing which can render human ſociety and human life deſirable.

On the importance of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, to the wealth, improvement, and happineſs of a nation, I need not enlarge; nor on the magnitude to which Great Britain, under the foſtering influence of a free government, had riſen in theſe reſpects. Where ſhall we find the period in her hiſtory, in which bleſſings ſo valuable have been enjoyed in any ſuch degree, as ſince the Revolution? Agriculture hath been widely diffuſed and improved; the variety and extent of our manufactures are beyond enumeration; and commerce ſpreads her ſails to every part of the globe. To adopt the language of the ſublime Prophet, "Our merchants are Princes, and our traffickers the honourable of the earth." Iſaiah xxiii. 8.

The union of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland, which was accompliſhed in the reign of Queen Anne, was an event of high importance to the national proſperity.

If we next conſider what has been the ſtate of literature, it will appear that the arts and ſciences have eminently flouriſhed in the land. A juſt taſte has been formed in polite learning. The Greek and the Roman writers have not been ſtudied in vain; and, by a variety of beautiful and excellent productions, it has been manifeſted that the genius of Britons is not exceeded by that of any other nation,

In the more important branches of knowledge, we have not only endeavoured to emulate, but have actually excelled the ancients. Mathematics, natural philoſophy, aſtronomy, experimental and chemical inquiries, have been carried to a high perfection, and have been applied to the moſt valuable purpoſes. The grand ſubject of government, the foundation, the juſt limits, the proper ends of political ſociety were never ſo well underſtood. Ethics have been cultivated with great ſucceſs, and explained with peculiar accuracy. Human reaſon has been improved, and human manners have acquired a civility, refinement, and mildneſs, to which the republics of antiquity were ſtrangers, and which our remoter anceſtors did not poſſeſs.

It muſt be added, that, from the glorious æra of 1688, to the preſent time, the beſt advantages have been afforded us for the knowledge and practice of piety and virtue. This is a circumſtance of unſpeakable importance. In conſequence of that liberty of inquiry which has more fully taken place ſince the Revolution, natural religion has been better underſtood, and the Chriſtian Revelation more ſolidly explained and defended. The attacks of its enemies have given us to ſee that the goſpel ſtands on an unſhaken baſis; that in itſelf it is moſt excellent, noble, and divine; that it is the charter and aſſurance of eternal life. We have learned to diſtinguiſh the genuine doctrines of Chriſt from the inventions and corruptions of ſucceeding ages; and to ſeek for truth in the Scriptures alone, and not in human ſyſtems. It is permitted us to think, to judge, to act for ourſelves; it is permitted us to ſearch the ſacred records with freedom, and to follow the inſtructions we derive from them, and every other advantage is enjoyed by us, in the way to ſupreme felicity.

It is earneſtly to be wiſhed that our conduct had been reſponſible to the light with which we have been favoured. But though there is much cauſe for humiliation on this head, it is to be hoped that ſome good effects have been produced by our ſpiritual privileges. Moderation, charity and humanity have increaſed; and deſigns for promoting both the preſent and the future welfare of the lower orders of the people, and for aboliſhing the infamous traffic in ſlaves, are embraced and proſecuted with ardour. The real votaries of religion are ſtill, I truſt, a numerous body; and thoſe who are Chriſtians indeed, are Chriſtians on a rational and firm foundation.

I am not inſenſible that during the century concerning which I have been treating, there have been inſtances of wrong and corrupt adminiſtration; that there have been adverſe events; that there have been wars which have entailed a multitude of taxes, and an immenſe debt upon the public; and that there is room and cauſe for farther improvements in the conſtitution. But I will not introduce any ſhadows, clouds, or darkneſs, to obſcure the ſun-ſhine of this day's feſtivity. I rejoice that Great Britain has been enabled to emerge ſo nobly from her ſucceſſive difficulties, and that ſhe ſtill ſtands ſo high in the rank of nations. When every deduction is made, I aſk—In what period ſhould we rather have choſen to live than in that which hath ſucceeded the Revolution? In what period could we have enjoyed ſuperior advantages of a perſonal, domeſtic, ſocial, literary, philoſophical, and religious nature? The times of Alfred, and the Saxon Monarchs, were times of darkneſs and confuſion. In the victorious days of Edward the Third, and Henry the Fifth, ignorance and Popery prevailed; the land was uncivilized; and the common people were little better than ſlaves to the Barons. Queen Eliza-

Elizabeth was, undoubtedly, one of the greateſt Princeſſes that ever exiſted. She governed the realm with wiſdom and courage; protected the Proteſtant intereſt abroad; raiſed the honour and credit of the nation; advanced trade, and cauſed the kingdom to flouriſh. But yet theſe were only the beginnings of improvement. At the ſame time, ſhe was often arbitrary in the management of affairs, and her treatment of Parliaments. There were dangerous factions at home; perſecution for conſcience-ſake was not laid aſide; and the followers of Eſſex were proſecuted with a rigour which, to a milder age, appears to be unaccountable. Learning indeed, was cultivated; but the nobleſt ſubjects of knowledge, religion, and liberty, were, comparatively, but little underſtood.

On the whole, then, we ſhall with pleaſure adhere to the teſtimony of Mr. Hume, who, in ſpeaking of the æra which has been ſubſequent to the Revolution, hath made uſe of the following language: "So long and ſo glorious a period no nation almoſt can boaſt of: nor is there another inſtance in the whole hiſtory of mankind, that ſo many millions of people have, during ſuch a ſpace of time, been held together, in a manner ſo free, ſo rational, and ſo ſuitable to the dignity of human nature."

*A Sermon on* Eccleſiaſtes vii. 29, *never preached, but publiſhed from the Preſs, as from a widely-extended Pulpit, With Explanatory Notes.* 8*vo.*

EXTRAORDINARY as it may ſeem, there are more hypotheſes about the doctrines of Revelation than about any one ſcience under heaven—It ſhould ſeem to be an eſſential requiſite of the revelation of the will of God to man, and the means of obtaining the divine favour, that it ſhould be ſo explicit that he who runs may read. And, in truth, the Chriſtian Revelation is obvious to the meaneſt capacity; and for ſuch it was intended—not for the pride of human wit. The divine promulgator of the Goſpel expreſsly tells us, that whoſoever does not receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child, ſhall not enter into it. To an unprejudiced reader of the Old and New Teſtaments their connexion is obvious. The Meſſiah is the object of both—typified in the one, realized in the other. The very Jews, who reject the Chriſtian Meſſiah, acknowledge this. The ſame has been acknowledged by Chriſtians in every age of the Church—till it became the faſhion to tear away the fundamentals of Chriſtianity, in order to accommodate it to human pride and vanity. The firſt Chriſtians have been charged with intermixing the rites and legends of Paganiſm, in order to gain a footing for their new doctrines. The Jeſuit miſſionaries have been ſaid to make the ſame intermixture of the doctrines of Confucius, to make Chriſtianity go down, and their own lives ſafe in China. If all that is ſtoried about Formoſa is not as falſe as Pſalmanazar's romance, the Dutch formally abjure Chriſtianity, and ſpit or tread on the croſs, for the conveniences of commerce. But what are all theſe accommodations of intereſt and convenience to the conduct of our modern Apoſtles, who, under the maſk of diſintereſtedneſs, piety, benevolence, and meekneſs, go about to controvert the fundamentals of the religion they profeſs to be miniſters of, pretend to convict the Apoſtles of falſe reaſoning, and give the lie to Jeſus Chriſt himſelf? We cannot be too much on our guard againſt ſuch ſpecious pretences. When Chriſtian miniſters go about to argue us out of our Saviour and our need of ſalvation, out of the Devil and the

neceſſity of being on our guard againſt his temptations: when they take ſuch liberties with the Almighty Father as to

"Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
"Rejudge his judgements, be the God of God,"

it is high time for ſober-minded Chriſtians to recur to their Bibles, and ſee what is really taught there,—not what every ſpeculative adventurer pretends or wiſhes to find there. *The Spirit ſaith, expreſsly, that in the laſt days* men ſhall depart from the faith, *and perilous times ſhould come. Men ſhall be lovers of themſelves, covetous, proud, blaſphemers*, diſobedient to parents, *unthankful, unholy, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleaſure more than lovers of God* (2 Tim. iii. 1). The broachers of theſe doctrines, and the times they were to live in, are exactly characteriſed here.

The corrupters of the faith in the firſt ages of the Church were men whoſe minds were deeply tinctured with Platonic philoſophy, or Rabbinical tradition. To theſe, as the kingdom of Chriſt became a temporal kingdom, ſucceeded the lucrative corruptions of Popery, which uſurped a long empire over the minds of mankind till the bold ſpirit of the Reformers drove them out of their outworks. But the foundation of Chriſtianity ſtood ſure, and ſhone forth with freſh luſtre when the diſguiſes of ſuperſtition were torn away. How then dare any one aſſert, that the merit of Chriſt was only ſubſtituted by the Reformers to the merits of the Saints, as of ſuperior and ſingle efficacy? It was reſerved for the daring hereſiarchs of the eighteenth century to do away the ſatisfaction and merit of Chriſt, with every thing elſe that could exalt him above the level of the beſt and wiſeſt of frail men; and it remained for the eaſy and intereſted credulity of the ſame period to admit that the diſintereſtedneſs and moderation of theſe Reformers was the ſtrongeſt proof of the ſincerity of their doctrines, and to overlook the force of vanity and the love of fame on the human mind;—impulſes that could urge Eratoſthenes to fire the temple of Diana, one of the wonders of the world, and Prieſtley and Lindſey to conſpire to root out the faith of Jeſus from the Chriſtian world, and to ſhake the beſt hopes of human kind. In vain does the Church of Rome tauntingly aſk Proteſtants, where was their religion before Luther? If we believe our modern reaſoners, the Chriſtian ſyſtem has never been underſtood till *now*. In vain does Chillingworth, who, like King Solomon, had tried all things, exclaim, "the Bible, the "Bible only is the religion of "Proteſtants." Theſe men, in more inſinuating language, cry out againſt him, "the whole ſcheme of Revela-"tion was never underſtood till we "cleared it of tradition, error, and "corruption; nor have the ſtreams "from this pure fountain ever run "clear till we undertook to cleanſe "them." A Hiſtory of the faith of the Puritans and Proteſtant Diſſenters would be a curious Supplement to the Hiſtory of the Corruptions of Chriſtianity. Mr. Neale admits that the firſt ſeparation was more for ceremonies than doctrines.

St. Jude's character of the propagators of the new doctrines is, that they are "ungodly men who would turn "the grace of God into laſciviouſneſs "(wantonneſs, not merely immoral "exceſſes, but wantonneſs of thought "and ſpeculation, and unſettled no-"tions,) and denying the only Lord "God and our Lord Jeſus Chriſt; "deſpiſing dominion, and ſpeak evil "of dignities; ſeparating themſelves, "ſenſual (animal), having not the "ſpirit:"—and St. Peter's, that they would "privily bring in damnable "here-

"heresies, even denying the Lord "that bought them."

The author of the tract in review sets forth the concurrence of the ceremonial law of Moses with the great object of the Christian scheme, of which it was and could be only a comprehensive *type*;—in which explanation the Apostles uniformly agree: so that it is by no means novel, or the result of latter discovery. It is here laid down in plain and unaffected language, with here and there a dash, both in the text and notes, of Moravianism and Hutchinsonianism; which may, we fear, disgust some sort of readers. The poetical effusions might have been spared, and the refinements on the Trinity in the Cherubim. The reasonings on the insufficiency of Morality are doubtless just. But the referring the rainbow as a sign of deliverance from a future deluge, to the salvation of the world by Christ, is an idea both new and happy; pp. 40, 41. Many more passages deserve to be attentively considered and examined.

The writer modestly concludes,

"When I say all this, I do not mean to signify that the understanding of the types is absolutely necessary for a Christian man; the glad tidings of salvation are now made clear and easy to us by the incarnation of our Lord and God, by the history of his life and death, and by the doctrines delivered to us by his Apostles; so that any man who reads these with a single eye, that is, without being blinded by passions or prejudices, will easily understand the things that pertain to his salvation; all which enhance the guilt of those who slight so clear and great evidence: but a comprehension of the types would enlarge our knowledge, and explain many matters that are otherwise dark. May, therefore, the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures be preferred to our foolish inventions and imaginations! and may the pretended wisdom of man give way to the wisdom of God! and may all learn to know that the whole sum and substance of religion is comprehended in the knowledge and feeling of our own sin and poverty, and in the human and divine person of Jesus Christ!" [Gent. Mag.

*Occasional Stanzas, written at the Request of the* Revolution Society, *and recited on their Anniversary, November* 4, 1788. *To which is added, Queen* Mary *to King* William, *during his Campaign in* Ireland, 1690; *a Poetical Epistle. By* William Hayley, *Esq;* 4*to.*

THAT there is implanted in man not only a natural love of fame, but a wish to record the merit of their ancestors, is an axiom our Author sets out with:

"Amid wild nature's rudest reign,
That dauntless Cook's keen eye survey'd,
The veriest savage of the southern main
The debt of just commemoration paid.

The Poet proceeds, as the subject naturally leads, to an encomium on the Barons "who bravely fix'd the "ground work of Freedom's fane," and the enlightened spirits who by the Reformation added lustre to the stately pile—laments the apostacy of the Second James—and pays the due tribute of applause to "the purest of princely names."

"As in the seas, where sultry air
The wildly-tortuous wave impels,
Hideous, and hostile to the seaman's prayer,
The watry column of perdition swells;

Ye

Yet haply a corrective power
The vex'd and maddening waters feel;
Tho' in their ſpiral force fate ſeems to lour,
The maſs, portentous to the veſſel's weal,
Diſſolves at the approach of ſcience-pointed ſteel.

"So, rais'd by bigotry's hot breath,
And pregnant with unnumber'd woes,
With every form of danger and of death,
Here the ſtrange bulk of tyranny aroſe;
And ſo, when freedom's darken'd iſle
The baleful prodigy deplor'd,
So, brave Naſſau! this ſudden upſtart pile,
This public miſery's tempeſtuous hoard,
Diſpers'd before the point of thy preſerving ſword.

"Science, religion, every power
Friendly to earth, and true to heaven,
Exulted in the bleſt and bloodleſs hour
When freedom's ſceptre to thy ſway was given:
The probity that rul'd thy heart,
And taught the fearful to rejoice,
Scorning to awe with force, or lure with art,
Left reſcued liberty's reviving voice
To fix in free debate the ſovereign of her choice."

The concluding ſtanza is animated.

"Britain! dear parent, if to thee
My voice, unſtain'd by ſervile art,
Pays reverence due, and, proud to hail thee free,
Pours the true fervour of a filial heart;
If thou haſt ever rul'd my lyre,
Thus let thy inſpiration run;
Let each who hears it, catching patriot fire,
Prize, above all by ſlaviſh intereſt won,
The bleſſing to be prov'd thy undegenerate ſon."

"The Epiſtle from Queen Mary," we are told, "aroſe from the publication of her original Letters in the Appendix to Sir John Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britan. The Poem, which is but a kind of echo to her genuine ſentiments, had been thrown aſide, with many other verſes which the author has kept in privacy, from the fear of treſpaſſing too frequently on the indulgence of the publick; but he has been induced to print it with the preceeding Stanzas, from the idea that it may find favour in the ſight of thoſe who love to dwell, at this particular ſeaſon, on the great characters which it attempts to delineate."

*Singular Life of a late Female Fortune teller.*

THE following ſketch of the life of a female who profeſſed the knowledge of future events, and ended a miſerable exiſtence laſt week in the purlieus of St. Giles's, exhibits ſuch a peculiar caſt of diſpoſition, and contains ſuch a variety of tranſitions, as have never been exceeded, if equalled, in any of the ſex.—The appellation this extraordinary perſon was known by in common, was that of Handſome Hannah, on account of her perſonal attractions. She was brought up in a genteel line in a village in Surry, where her predilection for a journeyman ſhoemaker cauſed him to be im-

impreſſed. This brought on an elopement, and her diſguiſe as a man, in which ſhe entered on board a ſhip; where being wrongfully accuſed of theft, her ſex was diſcovered on being ſtripped to be flogged. Being diſcharged in conſequence, the ſhame ſhe thought would attend this adventure in her friends eyes, induced her to retain a man's habit, and for ſome time to occupy a bum boat at Sheerneſs, till her connection with a young fellow, who brought her to London, and afterwards deſerted her, threw her into the line of proſtitution. In this ſtate ſhe was arreſted by a procureſs for a falſe debt, and thrown into the Compter, and was taken from thence by a perſon who took a liking to her from ſeeing her from his window in Wood-ſtreet. His death was the occaſion of her relapſe into her former way of living. After this ſhe was tranſported to America; but had the good fortune to be married to the planter that bought her. His death, about the time the ſtamp act was repealed, occaſioned her return to England, when ſhe was ſo reduced by a robbery committed upon her by a proſtitute ſhe had taken out of the ſtreets, that ſhe finally took up with one Johnſon, a noted ſky farmer. She left him for another impoſtor, who was cured of his pretended dumbneſs, by a horſe-whipping given him by a gentleman at Nottingham.

It is remarkable, that ſhe ended her exiſtence, at a very advanced age, in the ſame houſe in St Giles's as the unfortunate Henry Jones, author of the Earl of Eſſex, and patroniſed by Lord Cheſterfield.

*Addreſs to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Great Britain——In Card-parties Aſſembled.*

LADIES *and* GENTLEMEN,

AS my Addreſs has for its object the relief of diſtreſs, I hope it will not paſs unheeded by you.

You cannot be ignorant that the approach of winter is attended by much pain and miſrey to the poor and needy; that they want food and raiment more in this ſeaſon than at any other time. Nor are you ignoant, from your own feelings, that the preſent winter is already exceedingly inclement; and if the opinion of farmers is to be taken, will ſoon be more ſo.

——" Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of cheerleſs poverty!"

Many thouſands of your fellow men and women, muſt now encounter the dreadful inclemency of the ſeaſon, without food to nouriſh, or fire to warm them—Many even without a houſe to ſhelter them from winter's rudeſt blaſt—many in ſorrow and ſickneſs, diſabled from labour, and languiſhing on a bed where no ſoft pillow brings repoſe, and from which poverty has driven every conſolation. Of theſe people, you may ſuppoſe, there are many too meritorious to be left to die for want, while your houſes exhibit all the luxury of plenty, and while you, by comfortable fires and generous food, contend againſt the chilling elements.

At this ſeaſon of the year, collections for the poor are not unfrequent—but, however honourable they are to the parties contributing, they are but partial—too confined in their operation to extend to the general miſery that now begins to ſurround us. Permit me, then, to offer a plan, by which a greater good, a more general and generous diſplay of munificence may be exhibited, and the evils of the ſeaſon almoſt entirely averted, from the poor and helpleſs.

I need not, I preſume, put you in mind,

mind, that the hoſpitalities of winter are now commenced—and that the round of viſits has begun—At ſuch viſits, one principal employment, for ſome hours, is CARDS——Start not at the name—I do not wiſh to arreſt the amuſement in its progreſs——I wiſh to give dignity to an amuſement which the cuſtom of the world has ſo fully ſanctioned, as to render it impregnable to the attacks of ſatire or argument.

This amuſement, it muſt be confeſſed, is too frequently the cauſe of much envy, ſpleen, diſſaffection among friends, ill-temper, and other miſchiefs ariſing from ſudden paſſion, excited by the viciſſitudes of fortune. Inſtead of theſe conſequences, it is my wiſh that gaming may be to you a ſource of heart-felt ſatisfaction—EVEN WHEN YOU LOSE—and to many thouſands, a ſource of joy, timely relief, and comfort.

My purpoſe, in few words, is this:—"*That all the money* LOST *at cards, ſhall not be given to the* WINNER, *but depoſited in a* FUND *for the* RELIEF OF THE POOR IN WINTER."

Many of you, Ladies and Gentleman, may think this ſcheme unfair—but conſider, you who *loſe*, loſe ſtill—and you who win, are only deprived of what you never poſſeſſed. Both will have the ſupreme ſatisfaction of reflecting, that your evening's amuſement will give bliſs to ſome ſolitary cottage, relief to ſome dying parent——and dry up the tears of ſome weeping orphan——That the rigours of the ſeaſon will be diſpelled from many whoſe misfortunes are not of their own ſeeking——whoſe pains are heightened by the pitileſs ſtorm ——and many, who, perhaps, once, like you, thought the days of ſorrow far off—and too haſtily drank up the cup of plenty.

Nor ought you to think, that becauſe the ſums you play for are trifling, that they will, therefore, afford but a glimpſe of relief. My calculation is moderate, when I ſay, that at this ſeaſon, there are upwards of *two thouſand houſes* in which cards are played every night, from December to February—Suppoſe then, that the ſums won and loſt every night in each, do not exceed, on an average, *ten ſhillings!* a ſuppoſition, I think, incontrovertible, when it is conſidered, that I take the number of families ſo low as two thouſand.

Here then is the ſum of *one thouſand pounds* gained every night in London only (for to the metropolis I have chiefly an eye) from perſons who muſt be ſufficiently able to bear the loſs—and to be given to thoſe who greatly want it.—One week, according to this calculation, would produce *ſix thouſand pounds*, for I except Sunday; and I would not wiſh that even the poor ſhould profit by what all good men juſtly call an inſult to religion.

With a fund thus accumulated, how much good might not be done? How many families and individuals might be reſcued from death, diſeaſe, and diſtreſs—Nay, a perpetual fund might be eſtabliſhed with the produce of only two months amuſement, ſufficient to ſerve many valuable purpoſes for the poor in all time coming. This fund, under direction of a proper committee, might be employed in the purchaſe of food, raiment, and other neceſſaries, adapted to the ſeverity of the ſeaſon, and beſtowed liberally, in proportion to the merit and diſtreſs of the objects.

Let it be remembered, that I limit the time to *two months*——and if there is an air of romance in my propoſal, let it be conſidered what the *purpoſe* of my propoſal is—and that I hope will plead in its favour, whatever ſhare of blame may fall to my lot.

Leaving it "with all its imperfections on its head" to your ſerious conſideration, I am, &c.

PHILANTHROPOS.

## STRANGE MURDER OF A JEW.

THE following account of the murder of a Jew, taken from the Berliniſcher Monatſchrift, ſeems not unworthy of being made known, ſince it proves the ſentiments of the lower claſſes of people profeſſing the Catholic faith, with reſpect to the natural rights of the Jews; ſentiments which are unfortunately but too much fomented, even in this enlightened age, by the numerous illiterate and bigotted prieſts of the Catholic religion:

"Melchior Meizing, a farmer, and Peter Gæhrmann, a journeyman miller, at Allerſtein, in the biſhopric of Ermeland in Pruſſia, had, during many years, been acquainted with Tobias Moſes, a Jew, of Crojanki near Flatow, who had given Meizing credit for merchandize ſold to him, and had, for a long time, taken up his nightly abode at his houſe, when his affairs led him into that diſtrict. The fortune of Meizing having conſiderably diminiſhed, he conſidered of a method of enriching himſelf without trouble; and at length conceived the horrid project of murdering the Jew, his gueſt and his friend, with whom he had been ſo long connected. He communicated this ſcheme to a woman, the widow of the perſon to whom his farm had belonged; and ſhe not only liſtened to the propoſal, but perſuaded her own ſon to take part in its execution. But, as if Providence intended to forewarn and terrify theſe monſters, that young man, as he was felling ſome wood, was killed by the fall of a tree. Regardleſs, however, of this admonition, the ſurvivors only poſtponed the commiſſion of their project to another ſeaſon, and the farmer ſought another aſſiſtant, whom he ſoon found in the perſon of the journeyman miller, Gæhrmann. It was not long before the Jew came into the country, and lodged as uſual with Meizing; and the following morning the aſſaſſins waited for their unſuſpecting victim in a wood, through which he was neceſſarily to paſs, and there ſlew him with a wood bill. A youth, apprentice to the Jew, eſcaped from the murderers, proclaimed the fact, and the officers of juſtice apprehended the offenders as they were quietly dividing the money which they had found upon the Jew. They attempted neither to eſcape nor reſiſt, nor even to deny the fact, but actually appeared ſurpriſed that ſo much notice ſhould be taken of the death of a Jew. Upon the firſt examination of Gæhrmann, who was a Catholic, he declared that he had ever been an orderly man and a good Chriſtian, and that, upon the day upon which he had murdered the Jew, he had duly aſſiſted at morning-prayer, and had implored the aid of the Bleſſed Virgin Mary in the commiſſion of the deed. He therefore expreſſed his hopes that, as the perſon killed was *only a Jew*, the tribunal would pay no farther attention to it.

"But the provincial tribunal at Heilſberg inſtituted a criminal proceſs againſt the murderers; when Meizing was condemned to be broken upon the wheel, Gæhrmann to be beheaded, and the widow (who, after the death of her ſon, was privy to the crime) to be impriſoned during ſeveral years. This ſentence was confirmed by the King of Pruſſia, and in April, 1787, it was put in execution."

As a ſupplement to the above fact, I will add another, which proves the evil effect of enthuſiaſtical ideas of religion upon unenlightened minds, when improperly explained, and which is related in the Hamburgh Gazette, Oct. 24, 1787:

"Letters from Holland mention, that, upon the 19th of October, a ſoldier in the Dutch guards, a Catholic, born in the Palatinate, was hanged for having ſhot a fellow-ſoldier through

party ſpirit, and that, to the lateſt moment of his life, he had proteſted that he had been induced to commit the crime by the exhortations of a certain prieſt, who had promiſed him admiſſion into Paradiſe, if he would ſhed the blood of any one attached to the Houſe of Orange"

Oh! Popery, what haſt thou to anſwer for! Yours, &c. A. A.

[Gent. Mag.

## BOTANY.

IN Sweden a very curious phenomenon has been obſerved on certain flowers by M. Haggren, Lecturer in Natural Hiſtory. One evening he perceived a faint flaſh of light repeatedly dart from a marigold. Surpriſed at ſuch a uncommon appearance, he reſolved to examine it with attention; and to be aſſured it was no deception of the eye, he placed a man near him, with orders to make a ſignal at the moment when he obſerved the light. They both ſaw it conſtantly at the ſame moment.

The light was moſt brilliant on marigolds of an orange or flame-colour; but ſcarcely viſible on pale ones.

The flaſh was frequently ſeen on the ſame flower two or three times in quick ſucceſſion; but more commonly at intervals of ſeveral minutes; and when ſeveral flowers in the ſame place emitted their light together, it could be obſerved at a conſiderable diſtance.

This phenomenon was remarked in the months of July and Auguſt, at ſun-ſet, and for half an hour, when the atmoſphere was clear; but after a rainy day, or when the air was loaded with vapours, nothing of it was ſeen.

The following flowers emitted flaſhes, more or leſs vivid, in this order:—

1. The M
*cinalis*
2. Monk's-
3. The Or
*biferu*
4. The Ind
*tula et*

Sometimes
the Sunflowe
But bright y
ſeemed in ge
production of
never ſeen o
colour.

To diſcove
inſects or ph
not be the ca
were carefull
a microſcope,
found.

From the r
other circumſt
jectured, that
electricity in t
well known, t
flower is im
burſts away
which electric
But M. Hagg
ved the flaſh f
*antheræ* of w
ſpace diſtant
that the ligh
petals only:
that this elect
pollen, which
on the petals.
the effect is ſi
rious.

The following
the year 16
ed the firſt
his Hudib
ſame idea.

*Dialogue betw*

GLUTT
*Echo.*

The Marigold (*Calendula Officinalis.*)
Monk's-hood (*Tropæum majus.*)
The Orange Lily (*Lylium bulbiferum.*)
The Indian Pink (*Tagetes patula et erecta*)
ometimes it was alſo obſerved on
Sunflower (*Helianthus annuus.*)
bright yellow, or flame colour,
ed in general neceſſary for the
luction of this light; for it was
r ſeen on flowers of any other
ur.
o diſcover whether ſome little
ts or phoſphoric worms might
be the cauſe of it, the flowers
e carefully examined, even with
icroſcope, without any ſuch being
d.
rom the rapidity of the flaſh, and
r circumſtances, it may be con-
ured, that there is ſomething of
ricity in this phænomenon. It is
known, that when the piſtil of a
er is impregnated, the pollen
ts away by its elaſticity, with
h electricity may be combined.
M. Haggren, after having obſer-
the flaſh from the orange lily, the
*eræ* of which are a conſiderable
e diſtant from the petals, found
the light proceeded from the
ls only: whence he concludes,
this electric light is cauſed by the
en, which in flying off is ſcattered
he petals. Whatever be the cauſe,
effect is ſingular and highly cu-
s.

following lines were written in
e year 1609, and probably afford-
l the firſt hint to Butler, who in
s Hudibras has purſued the
me idea.

*logue between Echo and a Glutton.*

LUTTON, my belly I do deify,
*Echo.* Fie!
*Gl.* Who curbs his appetite's a fool.
*Echo.* Ah! fool.
*Gl.* I do not like this abſtinence.
*Echo.* Hence!
*Gl.* My joy's a feaſt, my wiſh is wine.
*Echo.* Swine!
*Gl.* We epicures, are happy truly.
*Echo.* You lie.
*Gl.* May I not, Echo, eat my fill?
*Echo.* Ill.
*Gl.* Will't hurt me if I drink too much?
*Echo.* Much.
*Gl.* Thou mock'ſt me nymph—I'll not believe it.
*Echo.* Believe it.
*Gl.* Doſt thou condemn then what I do?
*Echo.* I do.
*Gl.* Is't that which beings infirmities!
*Echo.* It is.
*Gl.* Then, ſweeteſt Temperance, I'll love thee,
*Echo.* I love thee.
*Gl.* If all be true which thou doſt tell,
To Gluttony I bid farewell.
*Echo.* Farewell.



## Obituary of remarkable Perſons.

July 27, 1788. AT Debenham, Suffolk, Mr Evans, relict of the Rev. Mr Evans of that place. She was married, loſt her mother and huſband, and died herſelf, within a year.

Oct. 19. After eating a hearty dinner, Mr. Charles Stevenſon, maſter of the ſloop Britannia, of Newcaſtle, at anchor in the port of Wiſbech, bound for Leith, laden with oak bark. As he was giving orders to his ſailors to unmoor his veſſel, with an intent to proceed on the voyage, he dropped down on the deck with a warp in his hand, and inſtantly expired.

24. At Paris, ſuddenly, the Marquis de Chaſtellux, a commanding officer in the French army in America, and author of "Travels in North America, in the Years 1780, 1, 2. The Marquis alſo wrote, "De la Felicite publique; ou, Conſiderations ſur le ſort des Hommes dans les differences Epoques de l'Hiſtoire," publiſhed at Amſterdam without his name, in vols 8vo. 1772.

25. At her houſe in Pall Mall, Lady Grant, relict of the late Sir Archibald Grant, bart. of Monymuſk, Aberdeenſhire. Her Ladyſhip's firſt huſband was the late Andrew Millar, eſq; an eminent bookſeller in the Strand.—She has left many charitable benefactions; among others, the whole reſidue of her eſtate (ſuppoſed to be at leaſt 15,000l.) to be diſpoſed of at the diſcretion of her three executors, Dr. Trotter, Mr. Grant, and Mr. Caddell, who was partner with her firſt huſband in a line of buſineſs which, not leſs reputably than profitably to himſelf, he has ſince extended to a degree beyond all former example.

At Grantham, in his 66th year, Arthur Shepherd, M.D. Among other charities, he has bequeathed the money ariſing from the ſale of his valuable collection of medical, anatomical, and other books, for the ſole benefit of the poor of the pariſh of Grantham.

28. Suddenly, at an inn in the city of York, where ſhe had been exhibited to the curious for a few days, the ſurpriſing gigantic Worceſterſhire girl. This child was only five years old in June laſt. Her face was beautiful, and ſhe was exceedingly active. She was four feet in height, four feet two inches round the breaſt, four feet ſix inches round the hips, and eighteen inches round each leg. She weighed near two hundred weight.

29. At Paris, after a ſhort illneſs, aged 87 years, 8 months, and 27 days, Antoine de Conſtant de Biron, Duke de Biron, peer and firſt marſhal of France, knight of the King's orders, colonel-general of the French guards, governor of Languedoc, baron of Perigord and Ruſtey, lord of Bradeſol, Mugron, and Briſambourg, count of Cabreres, and marquis of Rouſſillon and Montferrand. —His remains lay in ſtate till the evening of Monday, Nov. 10, when they were buried with military honours, all the French guards attending—Mr. Walpole thus deſcribes his garden: "In the garden of Marſhal de Biron at Paris, conſiſting of 14 acres, every walk is battened on each ſide by lines of flower-pots, which ſucceed in their ſeaſons. When I ſaw it, there were 9000 pots of Aſters, or La Reine Marguerite."

At the houſe of Mr Dunn, ſecretary to the Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, in the Adelphi, Mr Whitby, of Yorkſhire, who was on the point of making a ſecond voyage to the Eaſt Indies. He took a doſe of ſtrong poiſon compoſed of arſenic, opium, and cantharides, which, it appeared, he had kept by him three years before he could muſter up reſolution ſufficient to ſwallow it. Dr. Reynolds, paſſing by, was ſtopped by the apothecary; but every remedy was tried in vain, and the young gentleman, ſcarce 25, expired in the greateſt agonies, without any cauſe aſſigned for the deſperate deed.

30. At his houſe in Crown-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, Mr John Dyne, well known to the muſical world as a moſt excellent counter-tenor ſinger. He was one of the gentlemen of the Chapel-royal, a vicar choral of St Paul's Cathedral, and belonged to the Queen's concert. He put a period to his exiſtence by diſcharging a brace of piſtols, one at each ſide of his head, which fractured his ſkull in a moſt ſhocking manner. No cauſe whatever can be aſſigned for his committing this raſh act. His circumſtances were affluent. He has left a wife and eight children.

Nov. 2. In his 32d year, after a ſhort illneſs, but ſevere ſufferings, which he endured with the meekneſs of Chriſtian patience, the Rev. John Henderſon, B.A. of Pembroke Coll. Oxford. Formed by Nature for great attainments, he diſplayed, at a very early period of life, an uncommon thirſt after knowledge, which he gratified with unremitting ardour. At 8 years of age he underſtood the Latin language ſo well as to be able to teach it at Kingſwood ſchool. At 12 he taught the Greek language in the college of Trevecka in Wales, to men, ſeveral of whom were double his age.

4. At Stepney-cauſeway, in her 74th year, Mrs. Deborah Godfrey, widow of Benj. Godfrey, late of Harris's-court, Ratcliffe, ſhip-builder, and one of the people called Quakers—They had lawful iſſue upwards of 20 children, only three of whom lived to years of maturity. They were a very happy couple till it pleaſed Providence, by a ſudden ſtroke, in his 72d year, to deprive him of his ſpeech and the uſe of one ſide, which he ſurvived in a lingering ſtate about ſeven years; and ſhe ſurviving him between three and four years, died affected in nearly the ſame manner—Mr. Godfrey is ſuppoſed to have had 30 illegitimate children ſworn to him, and to have been twice read out of meeting for ſuch a charge; but this circumſtance has been denied.

13. At Dublin, his majeſty John the Firſt, King of Dalkey, and the adjacent iſles. His remains were borne, in royal pomp, through the city, and interred with the uſual ſplendour and ſolemnity.—In the caſe of the above perſonage we have a ſtrong

instance of the height to which the human imagination may be raised. Moving in the middle sphere of life, he was persuaded that he was actually a monarch, and was alive to all that tender solicitude which the father of a people should ever feel. A society called the kingdom of Dalkey, had appointed him their sovereign, and annually attended him to visit his territories. Complimented frequently with the title of Majesty, the idea got possession of all his senses, and absolutely turned his brain; so that, for a year and a half past, his residence was Swift's Hospital. Before his decease, his time was occupied in arranging the affairs of his kingdom. He desired that all his great officers of state might be continued. "My Chancellor," said he, "never degraded his dignity by bargaining for places and pensions; my Attorney-general never pleaded in foul dishonour's cause, nor burned his fingers with attachments; my Primates and Archbishops have more grace than what they derive from titles; my Council was honest; and if there is truth in wine, they possess more truth than any council in Europe: let them all continue," said he, with an air of fortitude and composure. "But, my crown!"——here he was the man——his firmness forsook him, and he seemed averse to die, not from the fear of death, but from the thought of leaving his crown behind him. As the big tear trickled from his eyes, he exclaimed, "Let my crown be left to the election of my subjects."—So much for his public conduct; in private, he was distinguished for sincerity, chearfulness, and a love of social mirth. Poor fellow! he had no gall to overflow; and we may say with Sterne, if a nettle should grow upon his grave, it ought to be plucked away; for there was no humour in the temperament of his body or mind which could give nourishment to so noxious a weed.

15. At Norwich, aged 23, Mr. Henry Headley, late of Trinity Coll. Oxford. He was educated under Dr. Parr; and before the age of 20, published a volume of Poems, of very superior merit. But he is principally known to the literary world by two volumes of "Select Beauties of ancient English Poetry, with Remarks," a work very much and deservedly esteemed.

## *An Easy and Satisfactory Explanation of the first Peopling of America.*

THE conjectures concerning the first peopling of America, which are commonly made, being of a remote date, visionary and improbable; and the manner in which that event took place, admitting of a very easy and satisfactory explanation, from the late discoveries of Captain Cook; perhaps the following observations, which I made during his last voyage, though not new, may be acceptable to those who have not read the latest information on the subject.

In sailing through Behring's Strait in the year 1778, we had a clear and distinct view of the Continent of Asia on one side, and of America on the other. At the narrowest part of it, near the sixty-fifth degree of north latitude, the two coasts are only thirteen leagues asunder; and about midway between them lie two islands, the distance from which to either shore is short of twenty miles. At this place the natives of Asia could find no difficulty in passing over to the opposite coast, which is in sight of their own. That in the course of years such an event would happen, either through design or accident, cannot admit of a doubt. The canoes which we saw among the Tschutski were capable of

per-

performing a much longer voyage; and however rude they may have been at ſome diſtant period, we can ſcarcely ſuppoſe them unequal to a paſſage of 6 or ſeven leagues. People might often have been carried over by accident on floating pieces of ice. They might alſo have travelled acroſs on ſledges or on foot; for we have reaſon to believe that the Strait is entirely frozen over in the winter; ſo that during that ſeaſon, the continents, with reſpect to the communication between them, may be conſidered as one land. The Tſchutſki, a nation who dwell near this Strait, it is true, differ conſiderably in their perſons and dreſs from the inhabitants of the other ſide, which is ſomething ſingular. But between the natives of Kamſchatka and the Americans reſiding in the ſame latitude there is a ſtrong reſemblance in their perſons, features, manners, tone of ſpeaking, and in the formation and ſound of their language. I was ſo ſtruck with this on firſt entering the houſes at Kamſchatka, that I could eaſily have fancied myſelf at Oonalſka, or among the Indians who dwell on the banks of Cook's River in America. I have ſeen ſome Laplanders, and I thought them very like the Kamſchadales in perſon and language. It is probable this race of people may be traced from the north of Europe to the eaſtern extremity of Aſia, and thence to the oppoſite continent.

That America might have been firſt peopled in any one, or in all the ways I have ſtated, the vicinity of the two continents renders indiſputable. We have ſeen that there ſubſiſts an obvious and in the winter an eaſy communication between them acroſs a Strait not twice ſo broad as that which divides Dover from Calais, and only of equal breadth, if we meaſure from the two iſlands ſituated in the middle of the Channel. The fact is curious and highly important; it throws an intereſting light upon the emigration of the human race; it impoſes ſilence upon the cavils of thoſe who have queſtioned the credibility of the Moſaic account of the creation of man, upon this ground of a ſuppoſed difficulty or impoſſibility of the New World having been peopled from the Old.

DAVID SAMWELL.

*Fetter-lane, Nov.* 15, 1788.

## Literary Intelligence.

### *ABERDEEN.*

WE are happy to inform the public, that Dr. *George Campbell's Verſion of the Evangeliſts* is in great forwardneſs. It will be accompanied with ſome critical and explanatory notes, chiefly with a view to vindicate the verſion given of any paſſage, when it differs materially from that of the common tranſlation, and even ſometimes when it coincides with the common verſion, if other tranſlators or critics of any name have rendered the paſſage in a different manner. There will be ſeveral preliminary diſcourſes, the principal ſcope of which is, to lay down and aſcertain the canons of ſcriptural criticiſm, and thus more fully vindicate ſome peculiarities in this verſion. Their particular ſubjects are, the language, the idiom, the ſtyle of the ſacred writers; the cauſes of the principal difficulties in tranſlating them; the beſt method of ſurmounting thoſe difficulties; the application of the rules and obſervations to various paſſages in the ſcriptures; the diſtinction between words in the original, commonly thought ſynonimous, and as ſuch confounded in modern tranſlations, illuſtrated in ſeveral inſtances; the difference in the Jewiſh uſe, in applying titles of honour, from that which has long prevailed in Europe; the reaſons by which we ought to be influenced in retaining ſome original terms and tranſlating others; a comparative view of the different methods taken by ſome of the moſt noted tranſ-

tranſlators of the New Teſtament; occaſional obſervations on the words which ſome critics have called conſecrated terms; and inquiries into the regard, which, in tranſlating ſcripture, is due to the practice of former tranſlators. It will be publiſhed in 2 vols, 4to. and from the abilities of the author, and the long time he has devoted to it, we doubt not will anſwer the expectations of the public. *Analytical Rev.*

# Poetry.

## *The* MORNING DREAM.

*By Mr Cooper, Author of the Taſk, &c.*

'TWAS in the ſweet ſeaſon of ſpring,
Aſleep at the dawn of the day,
I dreamt what I cannot but ſing,
So pleaſant it ſeem'd as I lay.
I dreamt that, on Ocean afloat,
Far Weſt from fair Albion I ſail'd,
While the billows high lifted the boat,
And the freſh-blowing breeze never fail'd.
In the ſteerage a woman I ſaw,
(Such, at leaſt, was the form that ſhe bore,)
Whoſe beauty impreſs'd me with awe,
Ne'er taught me by woman before.
She ſat, and a ſhield at her ſide
Shed light, like a ſun, on the waves;
And ſmiling divinely, ſhe cried,
I go to make *freemen* of *ſlaves!*
Then raiſing her voice to a ſtrain,
The ſweeteſt that ear ever heard,
She ſung of the ſlave broken chain,
Wherever her glory appear'd.
Some clouds, which had over us hung,
Fled, chas'd by her melody clear;
And methought, while ſhe Liberty ſung,
'Twas Liberty only to hear.
Thus ſwiftly dividing the flood,
To a ſlave cultur'd iſland we came,
Where a demon her enemy ſtood,
*Oppreſſion* his terrible name.
In his hand, as a ſign of his ſway,
A ſcourge hung with laſhes he bore;
And ſtood looking out for his prey
From Africa's ſorrowful ſhore.
But ſoon as approaching the land
This Goddeſs-like woman he view'd,
The ſcourge he let fall from his hand,
With blood of his ſubjects embrued.
I ſaw him both ſicken and die,
And, the moment the monſter expir'd,
Heard ſhouts, that aſcended the ſky,
From thouſands with rapture inſpir'd.
—Awaking, how could I but muſe
On what ſuch a dream might betide?
But ſoon my ear caught the glad news,
Which ſerv'd my weak thoughts for a guide;
That Britannia, renown'd o'er the waves,
From the hatred ſhe ever has ſhewn
To the black-ſcepter'd Ruler of Slaves,
Reſolves to have *none of her own.*

## AUTUMN,

AFTER THE MANNER OF DR. JOHNSON,

BY J. JONES OF CANTERBURY.

BEHOLD, my fair, the fading year,
By Autumn's withering hand impreſt;
Thoſe glowing tints no more appear,
Which late the ſmiling landſcape dreſt.
Here ſee that foliage ſtrew the ground,
Which on the groves was wont to play;
No trace of former beauty's found,
But all ſeems haſt'ning to decay.
Thus o'er that cheek of crimſon glow
Shall Time's relentleſs dews invade,

Theſe

Thoſe auburn locks grow white with
ſnow,
And every charm you boaſt ſhall
fade.
The ſweet expreſſion of that face,
The luſtre of that lovely eye,
Each nameleſs, ſoft, enchanting grace,
Beneath his potent frown muſt die,
Ah! thoughtful then the change ex-
plore,
Which you, ſweet maid, muſt ſhort-
ly prove,
Each giddy, vain purſuit, give o'er,
And bleſs your future life with
love.
Within theſe anxious arms compreſt,
No cares ſhall haunt, no ills annoy,
Life's fleeting ſpring ſhall leave us bleſt,
and ſummer glide on wings of joy,
Then, when our wintry days appear,
When quench'd is every warm de-
ſire,
Remembrance ſtill ſhall hold thee
dear,
and tend'reſt gratitude inſpire.
And when our flush of life is o'er,
and death's ſubduing wound is
given,
Our ſpirits from this ſcene ſhall ſoar,
To live and love again in Heaven.
*Canterbury, Oct.* 20.

## INSCRIPTION

*In the Church yard of* Glammis, *County of* Forfar; *erected to perpetuate the Memory of the famous* ANDREW CHALMERS, *Muſician to the Noble Family of* STRATHMORE.

THOUSANDS that play on in-
ſtruments
With reverence might bow
To ſuch a man, whoſe violin
Could ſavages ſubdue.
His powerful and his charming notes
So ſweetly did conſtrain,
That to reſiſt, and not to dance,
Was labour all in vain.
Yea, when he touch'd the tuneful
ſtrings,
Such melody ran round
The room, that e'en the very brutes
Stood liſt'ning to the ſound.
He play'd with ſuch dexterity,
By all it is confeſt,
That in this grave interred is
Of violers the beſt.
*Blandius ille ſonat—Orpheo.*

## To Miss ANNABELLA N——.

WHO bids to bluſh the paper
roſe?
The ſcentleſs jaſmin gay to bloom?
And flowerets all their tints diſcloſe,
In ſullen Winter's chilling gloom?
Attend, ye ſwains!—theſe ſtanzas
tell:
It is the charming Annabell.
Italian ſcenes who beſt arrays?
And of a genial climate warm
The never-failing Spring pourtrays,
The finiſh'd claſſic ſkreen to form?
Attend, ye ſwains!—theſe ſtanzas
tell:
It is the charming Annabell.
Or from the weaver's loom who takes
The varying edge her toils require,
And of the ſhreds a bouquet makes,
To guard her friends from ſcorching
fire?
Attend, ye ſwains!—theſe ſtanzas
tell:
It is the charming Annabell.
Who can the pleaſing notes prolong,
And ſtamp her inſtrument divine,—
Harmonious add the modeſt ſong,
And all the vocal ſweetneſs join?
Attend, ye ſwains!—theſe ſtanzas
tell:
It is the charming Annabell.
Who ſhines the faireſt of the fair,
Whoſe magic ſmiles at once condemn
The womens' hearts to feel deſpair,
And love the captive hearts of men?
Attend, ye ſwains!—your hearts
will tell,
It is the charming Annabell.

EMOLA.

THE

# ABERDEEN MAGAZINE,

## LITERARY CHRONICLE, *and* REVIEW.

No. XXVI.] Wedneſday December 31, 1788. [Price 3d.

### *Hiſtory of the* DUTCH EAST INDIA COMPANY.

(Continued from page 779.)

HOWEVER ſucceſsfully the Dutch ſeemed to have laid the foundations of their commerce to India, and however advantageous it might be to have a number of ſhips employed for its protection and ſupport, they ſoon perceived that the ſeeds of ruin were concealed under theſe multiplied adventures. No common intereſt bound together the ſocieties that were engaged in the trade, and conſequently it was not conducted on a general plan. It often happened that the ports of India were in a few days filled with the ſhips of Holland; this enhanced the price of commodities at the foreign market, while it lowered their value at home: many veſſels, arriving at once at the place of trade, could not be all ſupplied, and ſome were obliged to return empty: add to this, the dangers which the adventurers had to dread when they found their force inſufficient to oppoſe the enemies that Don Andrea Hurrado de Mendoza had raiſed againſt them in 1601. The hoſtilities he committed on the Indian Princes who favoured the Dutch, convinced theſe laſt that he had determined to attack them with all his ſtrength. A ſtorm alſo threatened them from another quarter. The Engliſh, ever jealous of the trade of other nations, had preceded the Dutch in India. The ruin of their commerce with the Eaſt ſeemed now inevitable, and dangers increaſed daily. At laſt the States took this trade under their protection, and intruſted it to a company of perſons united by one common intereſt.

The firſt ſtep taken by the States in this matter was to propoſe to the different companies a general union. They accepted the propoſition, and thus aroſe the Dutch Eaſt India Company, which has ſubſiſted to this day. After having baffled the intrigues of the Spaniards and Portugueſe, it arrived in India, with amazing rapidity, at the higheſt pitch of conſideration and power; and till the brilliant tranſactions of the Engliſh company eclipſed it, maintained itſelf for half a century without a loan, making ample dividends, ſupporting expenſive wars, maintaining ſtrong

garrisons in its possessions, and sending to Europe fleets so richly laden, that Holland was justly considered as the chief market for Indian commodities; such as pepper, porcelane, silk and cotton stuffs, and finer spices, which were to be procured from no other quarter.

The original stock of the company amounted to six millions and a half of florins, divided into shares of 3000l. This stock will appear inadequate to its destination, not only being to serve the purposes of commerce, but of opposing and dispossessing the Portuguese; and yet it was found sufficient. The company was no sooner erected, than it put itself in motion: a fleet of 14 sail, under the command of Wybrand, was sent out in 1602; and another of 13 sail, the following year, under the command of Vanderhagen. The first was successful, but the second much more so. Vanderhagen took the fort of Amboina from the Portuguese by assault, gained for his country the exclusive trade in nutmegs, and made a treaty with the Samorin, the sovereign of the coast of Malacca.

The prosperity of the Dutch tended only to encrease the jealousy of the Spaniards. An order of the king was soon issued, prohibiting the Dutch from all commerce with Spain and the Indies. This order was no sooner published, than the Dutch dispatched three fleets for India, one of them under the command of Cornelius Matelief, and soon encreased their trade, wherever it had been formerly established. In 1606 the company divided 75 per cent.: it had 41 ships of the line; Amboina and Ternate were in its interest; it had concluded treaties with different princes of India, and established a trade with many places on the continent.

So much were the Dutch and the company blinded by this success, that they formed a plan which would have ruined them had it been executed. They imagined, that without a sufficient number of forts, of guard ships, and colonies, notwithstanding that many of the Indian nations were still better affected to the Portuguese than to them, they might peaceably enjoy the possession of the Moluccas. They therefore, in 1606, imprudently attempted the conquest of Malacca. They failed; the loss of almost all they possessed in the Moluccas was the consequence of this failure, and all would have been over with Dutch, in these countries, if they had not speedily seen their error, and if, instead of increasing by the victory, the animosity of the Portuguese against them had not suddenly cooled, on observing that the Spaniards seized the fruits of their conquests. Matelief flew to the succour of Amboina, placed a strong garrison there, and allowed the Dutch to intermarry with the natives of the country, in order to attach them to it, that he might more easily and speedily found the principal city of the colony. From Amboina Matelief went to Ternate, which he retook, and there fortified Malaga. Makian, taken in 1608, was not so much an augmentation of territory, as a new support to the places the Dutch had already acquired in the Moluccas. They abandoned the idea of making conquests that were difficult to keep, and applied themselves to secure by treaties what they already possessed, and to extend their commerce in an amicable way. A treaty was made with the prince of Singier on the coast of Coromandel, and another with the princes of Borneo.

Such was the situation of affairs with this company, when the Spaniards and the Dutch, in 1609, agreed to a truce of twelve years. Each of the two powers retained what it possessed in the Indies, but neither durst traffic

traffic in the ports of the other without leave. By the firſt of the ſecret articles, the king promiſed not to trouble, either by ſea or land, the commerce which the republic ſhould carry on with conſent of the princes of India. However advantageous this treaty was for Holland, it is not to be preſumed that the company meant ſeriouſly to obſerve the truce, eſpecially as its ſtrength, ſuperior to that of the Spaniards, joined to the ſeducing charm produced by the fruits it had already reaped from India, and of which new conqueſts ſeemed to promiſe ſtill richer harveſts, made the obſervation of the truce almoſt impoſſible on the part of the company. Accordingly it was broken on both ſides; and the Dutch would have carried their breach of it farther, if the attempts of Hudſon, to diſcover in the north-eaſt, and north-weſt, a new paſſage to India, had ſucceeded, by which they might have attacked the Philippines from another quarter.

This truce is an intereſting period in the hiſtory of the company: for during its currency four Dutch ſhips were beaten in 1610 near Manilla, Admiral Paul de Carden was taken priſoner by the Spaniards, and Verhoof, one of the principal authors of the truce, killed. But the progreſs of its trade, and its firm eſtabliſhment in Japan, indemnified it for theſe diſaſters.

In 1609, the Dutch obtained from the Emperor of Japan, not only a confirmation of their privilege to trade in his dominions, but permiſſion to eſtabliſh factories; and in 1611 ſtill further advantages, which made this branch of their trade one of the moſt valuable that they had formed. A treaty concluded in 1610 with the ſovereign of the coaſt of Malabar, excluded the Portugueſe from all ſhare of that trade, gave the Dutch the monopoly of it, and allowed them to have a houſe at Calicut, and to fell wood in the country. Another treaty with the Emperor of Ceylon, in 1612, gave the excluſive commerce of that iſland to the company, and in 1621, all the iſles of Banda were ſubjected to their yoke.

At this time happened the fortunate voyage of Spielbergen round the world, and, what is of more conſequence, the foundation of Batavia. Spielbergen ſailed from Holland in 1614, with ſix veſſels for the Moluccas, by the way of the ſtraits of Magellan. He ſpread terror over the coaſts of Chili, and Peru, pillaged and burnt Payta, traverſed the South Sea, landed at Ternate and Banda, and returned to Holland in 1617.

As ſoon as the Dutch were eſtabliſhed in the ſpice iſlands, it became a principal object to obtain the excluſive appropriation of their rich productions, the prices of which they invariably fixed. To attain this end, they ſtuck at nothing, rooting out an infinity of nutmeg and clove trees, depopulating the fineſt countries in theſe iſlands to prevent the making of new plantations, prohibiting all trade with foreign ſhips, and placing the ſeat of the trade in a ſingle iſland, which from various circumſtances is now transferred to Batavia.

Kalaxa, or Jacatra, a town on the ruins of which Batavia was built, had attracted the notice of the Dutch in their firſt voyages to the Indies. Its excellent harbour, and the convenient ſituation of Java, and of its productions, made it a ſufficient object of deſire; and after various turns of fortune they at laſt ſucceeded in taking it; they burnt the old city of Jacatra, and founded a new one, called Batavia by order of the States, now the metropolis of the Dutch in India, and the centre of their whole Indian trade. The advantage of this ſafe and convenient ſituation, for

the eſtabliſhment of a number of magazines, and for the maintenance of a permanent maritime force, is too ſtriking to be inſiſted on; and it is by the poſſeſſion of Batavia, and by the good fortune which attended the Dutch in all their enterprizes, that they ſo quickly roſe to the rank of the firſt European power in India at that time.

The advantages accruing to the republic from the company, during the currency of its firſt charter, may be divided into two great branches, which ſhew moſt clearly the high degree of proſperity its trade had attained in the firſt years of its rapid and ſucceſsful progreſs. The company divided and weakened the Spaniſh power, and opened to the republic a new ſource of inexhauſtible wealth, at the preciſe time which could moſt add to its glory. If we calculate the force employed by the Spaniards to overwhelm the Dutch in the Eaſt Indies, and if we conſider that this company furniſhed their countrymen with the greateſt part of the means that enabled them to withſtand even in Europe the maſters that ſought to enſlave them, we ſhall be convinced that the ancient power and proſperity of Holland may juſtly be attributed to the company. Such were the profits of its trade, notwithſtanding the enormous expences attending it, that the dividends in the firſt twenty-one years amounted to 425 per cent.

In theſe circumſtances it is not ſurpriſing that the company procured a renewal of their charter for twenty years in 1622. This period, which extends to the peace of Munſter, muſt be reckoned amongſt the moſt fortunate in the hiſtory of the republic, if we content ourſelves with admiring the increaſe of its trade, and the acquiſition of the poſſeſſions of the company, without conſidering the means by which that trade and theſe poſſeſſions were obtained. The foundation of the great power of the Dutch in India had been laid in the preceding period, and the edifice was more than half finiſhed in the preſent, during which they made their firſt conqueſts on the continent of Aſia. By theſe conqueſts, and the enormities they committed in many of the iſlands, their trade was equivalent to mines of gold. It was by wading in blood at Amboina, and by taking advantage of the weakneſs to which England had been reduced in the civil war, that they gave their commerce a direction ſo beneficial to their country.

(To be continued.)

## THE FRIAR'S TALE.

IN ſeveral convents ſituated among the mountains which divide France and Italy, a cuſtom prevails that does honour to human nature; in theſe ſequeſtered cloiſters, which are often placed in the moſt uninhabited parts of the Alps, ſtrangers and travellers are not only hoſpitably entertained, but a breed of dogs are trained to go in ſearch of wanderers, and are every morning ſent from the convents with an apparatus faſtened to their collars, containing ſome refreſhment, and a direction to travellers to follow the ſagacious animal: many lives are by this means preſerved in this wild romantic country. During my laſt viſit to the ſouth of France, I made a trip into this mountainous region, and at the convent of * * *, where I was at firſt induced to prolong my ſtay by the majeſtic ſcenery of its environs; as that became familiar, I was ſtill more forcibly detained by the amiable manners of the reverend Father, who was at that time Superior of that monaſtery: from him

I received the following pathetic narrative, which I ſhall deliver, as nearly as I can recollect, in his own words.

'About twenty years ago, (ſaid the venerable old man) I was then in the 57th year of my age, and ſecond of my priority over this houſe, a moſt ſingular event happened thro' the ſagacity of one of theſe dogs, to which I became myſelf a witneſs. Not more than a dozen leagues from hence, there lived a wealthy gentleman, the father of *Matilda*, who was his only child, and whoſe hiſtory I am going to relate. In the ſame village lived alſo *Albert*, a youth poſſeſſed of all that the world deems excellent in man, except one ſingle article, which was the only object of regard in the eyes of *Matilda*'s father. *Albert*, with a graceful perſon, cultivated mind, elegance of manners, and captivating ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, was poor in fortune; and *Matilda*'s father was blind to every other conſideration; blind to his daughter's real happineſs, and a ſtranger to the ſoul-delighting ſenſation, of raiſing worth and genius, depreſſed by poverty, to affluence and independence. Therefore on *Matilda*'s confeſſion of unalterable attachment to her beloved *Albert*, the cruel father reſolved to take advantage of the power which the laws here give a man, to diſpoſe both of his *daughter* and of his *wealth* at pleaſure; the latter he reſolved to bequeath to his nephew *Conrad*, and *Matilda* was ſent to a neighbouring convent; where, after a year's probation, ſhe was to be compelled to renounce both *Albert* and the world.

'*Conrad*, whoſe artful inſinuations had long worked on the mind of this miſguided father, was not content with having thus ſeparated theſe lovers, but by inciting perſecution from the petty creditors of *Albert*, drove him from his home; and, after many fruitleſs endeavours to communicate with his loſt miſtreſs, he fled for ſanctuary to this convent. Here (ſaid the hoary monk) I became acquainted with the virtues of that excellent young man, for he was our gueſt about ten months.

'In all this time *Matilda* paſſed her days in wretchedneſs and perſecution; the abbeſs of her convent, Siſter *Thereſa*, who, to the diſgrace of her profeſſion and our holy church, diſguiſed the diſpoſition of a devil in the garment of a ſaint; became the friend and miniſter of *Conrad*'s wicked purpoſes, and never ceaſed to perſecute *Matilda* by falſe reports concerning *Albert*, urging her to turn her thoughts from him, to that heavenly ſpouſe to whom ſhe was about to make an everlaſting vow. *Matilda* ſcorned her artifice, and love for *Albert* reſiſted every effort of the abbeſs to ſhake her confidence in his fidelity.

'She was in the laſt week of her noviciate, when her father became dangerouſly ill, and deſired once more to ſee her. *Conrad* uſed every endeavour to prevent it, but in vain; ſhe was ſent for; and the interview was only in the preſence of *Conrad* and the nurſe; but when the dying father perceived the altered countenance of his once beloved child, his heart condemned him, he reflected that the wealth which he was going to quit for ever, belonged to her, and not to *Conrad*, and he reſolved to expiate his cruelty by cancelling the will, and conſenting to the union of *Albert* and *Matilda*. Having made a ſolemn declaration of his purpoſe, he called for the will; then taking *Matilda*'s hand in one of his, and preſenting the fatal writing with the other, he ſaid, "Forgive thy father! deſtroy this paper, and be happy; ſo be my ſins forgiven in heaven!" The joy of his

his heart at this firſt effort of benevolence, was too much for his exhauſted ſpirits, and he expired as he uttered the laſt words, letting fall the will, which he was going to deliver.

'*Matilda*'s gentle ſoul was torn with contending paſſions, ſhe had loſt her father, at the moment when he had beſtowed freſh life; and, in the conflict betwixt joy and grief, ſhe ſunk on the lifeleſs corps, in an agony of gratitude and filial tenderneſs.

'Meanwhile *Conrad* did not ſlip this opportunity to complete his plan, which, by the dying words of his uncle had been ſo nearly defeated; he ſecured the will, and corrupted the nurſe by promiſes and bribes never to reveal what ſhe had witneſſed; half perſuaded the intereſted doating old woman, that it was only the effect of delirium in the deceaſed. This idea was but too well ſupported by the firſt queſtion of *Matilda*, who exclaimed, as ſhe came to herſelf; "Where am I! ſure 'tis a dream! my father could not ſay I ſhould be happy, he could not bid me tear that fatal will? Speak! am I really awake, or does my fancy mock me with ſuch ſounds?" The artful *Conrad* aſſured her that nothing of the kind had paſſed, telling her that her father had only mentioned *Albert*'s name to curſe him; and, with his laſt breath, commanded her to take the veil at the expiration of the week. All this the perjured nurſe confirmed: and then *Matilda*, being perfectly recovered, firſt ſaw the horrors of her ſituation. It was in vain for her to deny what they aſſerted, or remonſtrate againſt their combined perfidy. She was preſently, by force, again conveyed to her nunnery, in a ſtate of mind much eaſier to imagine than deſcribe.

"Here ſhe was more violently than ever attacked by *Thereſa*'s perſecution, who urged with increaſed vehemence, the pretended poſitive commands of her dying father; and by the advice of *Conrade*, uſed ſeverities of conventual diſcipline, which almoſt robbed the devoted victim of her reaſon; ſtill pleading, that Religion juſtified her conduct. Can it be wondered, that ſuch cruel treatment ſhould at length diſturb the piety and faith of poor *Matilda*? and induce her to exclaim, with preſumptuous bitterneſs, againſt the holy inſtitutions of our church, and brand the ſacred ordinances of our religion with unjuſt ſuſpicions. "Why! (ſaid ſhe) why are theſe maſſy grates permitted to exiſt, why are theſe naked walls ſad priſons of innocence and youth, where fraud and cruelty have power to torture and confine the helpleſs? Religion is the plea; Religion! which ſhould bring peace, and not affliction, to its votaries; then ſurely that religion which juſtifies theſe gloomy dungeons muſt be falſe, and I will abjure it; yes! I will fly to happier regions, where priſons are allotted only to the guilty; there, no falſe vows to heaven are exacted, but *Albert* and *Matilda* may be yet happy." The poſſibility of an eſcape had never before preſented itſelf, and indeed, it could never have occurred but to one whoſe reaſon was diſordered, for ſhe well knew that the doors were ſecured by many bars and locks, and that the keys were always depoſited beneath the pillow of the Abbeſs.

'Her imagination was now too much heated to attend to any obſtacles, and with a mixture of foreſight, inſpired by inſanity, ſhe packed up all her little ornaments of value, careleſsly drew on her cloaths, and put in her pocket ſome bread and proviſion which had been left in her cell; then wrapping round her

her elegant form one of the blankets from the bed, she lighted a taper, and fearless walked towards the Cloister door, idly expecting that it would fly open of its own accord, to innocence like hers—and now methinks I see her, with hair dishevelled, face pale and wan, her large black eyes wildly staring, and the whole of her ghastly figure, lighted by the feeble glimmer of her taper, majestically stalking through the gloomy vaulted hall; arrived at the great door, she found it partly open, and scarce believing what she saw, she quickly glided through it; but, as she passed, an iron bar which she had not observed, and which projected at the height of her forehead, slightly grazed her temple; and though she scarcely felt the wound, yet it added new horrors to her look, by covering her ghost-like face with streaks of blood.

'Altho' *Matilda* had never considered the improbability of passing this door, she now reflected with wonder how she had passed it, and fear of a discovery began to operate, as she with more cautious steps moved silently through the cloister towards the outer-gate; which when she approached, she heard *Theresa*'s voice whispering these words: "Adieu, dear *Conrad*; but remember that your life, as well as mine, depend on the secrecy of our conduct:" then tenderly embracing each other, a man ran swiftly from her, and the Abbess turning round, stood motionless with horror at the bloody spectre firmly approaching. The guilty mind of *Theresa* could only suppose the horrid vision to be the departed spirit of one whom she thought her cruelties had murdered; and while the panic seized her whole frame, a gust of wind from the gate, extinguishing the taper, *Matilda* seemed to vanish, as she resolutely pushed through the postern door still open.

'*Theresa* was too well hackneyed in the ways of vice, to let fear long take possession of her prudence: the night was dark, and it would have been in vain to pursue the phantom, if her recovering courage had suggested it; she therefore resolved to fasten both the doors, and return in silence to her own apartment, waiting, in all the perturbation of anxiety and guilt, till morning should explain this dreadful mystery.

'Meanwhile *Matilda*, conscious in her innocence, and rejoicing in her escape, pursued a wandering course through the unfrequented paths of this mountainous district, during three whole days and nights; partly supporting her fatigue by the provisions she had taken with her, but more from a degree of insanity, which gave her powers beyond her natural strength; yet, in her distracted mind, this last instance of *Theresa*'s wickedness, had excited a disgust and loathing, bordering on fury against every *Religious* or *Monastic institution*.

'During the whole twelve months of *Matilda*'s noviciate, no intercourse of any kind had passed betwixt her and *Albert*, who continued under the protection of this house, alike ignorant of her father's death, and of all the other transactions which I have now related: yet knowing that the term of her probation was about to expire, he resolved once more to attempt some means of gaining admittance to her convent. With this view he made a journey thither in the disguise of a peasant; and, on the very morning in which his mistress had escaped, he presented himself at the gate.

'*Conrad*, who had by letter from the Abbess been informed that her prisoner was fled, was desired to come immediately and devise some excuse to the sisters for what had hap-

happened; for, although both to *Conrad* and *Thereſa* the fact was evident enough, yet the ſiſter nuns were diſtracted in conjectures; till, by one of thoſe artful ſtretches of aſſurance, which conſummate villainy finds it eaſy to exert, *Conrad* recommended a plauſible expedient —And now Religion (that conſtant comfort of the good, and powerful weapon of the wicked) preſented itſelf, as the only reſource in this emergency. *Thereſa* was taught to ſay (for the preſent), that ſhe had no doubt the ſinful reluctance of *Matilda* to receive the veil had excited the wrath of Heaven; and that ſhe was miraculouſly ſnatched away, or perhaps annihilated, to prevent the dreadful profanation of the holy ceremony at which ſhe muſt that day have aſſiſted.

'This plan had been ſettled, and *Conrad* was going with all haſte in purſuit of the fugitive, when, at the outer gate, he met the pretended peaſant.—The penetrating eye, either of Love or Hatred, ſoon diſcovers a friend or enemy, however careſully diſguiſed—*Conrad* and *Albert* knew each other.—Inſtantly the flames of hatred, jealouſy and fury kindled in their boſoms: and *Conrad* ſeizing *Albert* by the throat, exclaimed, "I've caught the villain, "the ſacrilegious raviſher!"—A ſevere ſtruggle enſued, in which *Conrad* drew his ſword; but *Albert* (who had no weapon) dextrouſly wrenched the inſtrument from the hand of *Conrad*, and plunged it in his boſom.—The villain fell; while *Albert* fled with the utmoſt precipitation from the bloody ſcene, and returned in the evening to this convent. (To be concluded in our next.)

## NEW FUR TRADE.

To ſuch as intereſt themſelves in the Progress of Discovery and the Improvements of Geography, the following very brief Account of the Voyages undertaken to the North West Coast of America, in Search of Furs, ſince the Death of Captain Cook, will not be unacceptable.

THE firſt veſſel which engaged in the new branch of trade pointed out by the great navigator, was fitted out by ſome gentlemen in China. She was a brig of 60 tons and 20 men, commanded by James Hanna. She ſailed from the Typa the end of April 1785; proceeded to the northward, along the coaſt of China—paſſed thro' Diemen's Straits, the ſouth end of Japan, and arrived at Nootka in Auguſt following. Soon after her arrival, the natives, whom Capt. Cook had left unacquainted with the effects of fire-arms, tempted probably by the diminutive ſize of the veſſel (ſcarce longer than ſome of their own canoes) and the ſmall number of her people, attempted to board her in open day; but were repulſed with conſiderable ſlaughter. This was the introduction to a firm and laſting friendſhip. Capt Hanna cured ſuch of the Indians as were wounded; an unreſerved confidence took place—they attended fairly and peaceably—a valuable cargo of furs procured, and the bad weather ſetting in, he left the coaſt in the end of September, touched at the Sandwich Iſlands, and arrived at Macao the end of December of the ſame year.

Capt. Hanna ſailed again from Macao in May 1786, in the ſnow Sea Otter, of 120 tons and 30 men; returned to Macao in February 1787. In this ſecond voyage he followed his former track, and arrived at Nootka in Auguſt; traced the coaſt from thence as far as 53 degrees, and explored the extenſive Sound diſcovered a ſhort time before by Mr Strange, and called by him Queen Charlotte's Sound,

Sound, the latitude of which is 51 degrees North, longitude 128 Weſt.

The ſnow Lark, Capt. Peters, of 220 tons and 40 men, ſailed from Macao in July 1786. Her deſtination was Kamſchatka, (for which ſhe was provided with a ſuitable cargo of arrack, tea, &c.) Copper Iſlands, and N. W. Coaſt. Capt. Peters was directed to make his paſſage between Japan and Corea, and examine the iſlands to the north of Japan, ſaid to be inhabited by hairy people, which, if Capt Cook had lived, would not have been left to the French to determine. No account having been received of this veſſel ſince her departure, there is every reaſon to fear ſhe has periſhed.

In the beginning of 1786, two coppered veſſels were fitted out at Bombay, under the direction of James Strange, Eſq; who was himſelf a principal owner. Theſe veſſels were the ſnow Captain Cook, of 300 tons; and ſnow Experiment, of 100 tons. They proceeded in company from the Malabar coaſt to Batavia—paſſed through the Straits of Macaſſar, where the Experiment was run upon a reef, and was obliged to haul aſhore upon Borneo, to repair: from thence they ſteered to the Eaſtward of the Palaos Iſlands—made Sulphur Iſland, and arrived at Nootka, where they left their Surgeon's Mate, Mackay, to learn the language, and collect ſkins againſt their intended return, (but who was brought away in the Imperial Eagle the following year) they proceeded along the coaſt to Queen Charlotte's Sound, of which they were the firſt diſcoverers; from thence in a direct courſe to Prince William's Sound. After ſome ſtay there, the Experiment proceeded to Macao (their veſſels being provided with paſſes by the Governor-General of Goa): the Captain Cook endeavoured to get to Copper Iſland, but without ſucceſs, being prevented by conſtant Weſt winds.

Two coppered veſſels were alſo fitted out by a Society of Gentlemen in Bengal, viz. the ſnow Nootka, of 200 tons, and the ſnow Sea Otter, of 100 tons, commanded by John Meares and William Tipping, Lieutenants in the Royal Navy. The Nootka ſailed in March 1786 from Begal; came through the China Seas; touched at Baſhees, where they were very civilly treated by the Spaniards, who have taken poſſeſſion of theſe Iſlands; arrived at Oonalaſka the beginning of Auguſt; found there a Ruſſian galliot, and ſome furriers; diſcovered accidentally near Cape Greville, a new Strait into Cook's River, 15 leagues wide and 30 long; ſaw ſome Ruſſian hunters in a ſmall Bay between Cape Elizabeth and Cape Bear; and arrived in Prince William's Sound the end of September. They determined wintering in Snug Corner Cove, lat. 60. 30. in preference to going to the Sandwich Iſlands, which ſeem placed by Providence for the comfort and refreſhment of adventurers in this trade—were frozen up in this gloomy and frightful ſpot from the end of November to the end of May. —By the ſeverity of the winter they loſt their 3d and 4th Mates, Surgeon, Boatſwain, Carpenter, and Cooper, and 12 of the foremaſt men; and the remainder were ſo enfeebled, as to be under the neceſſity of applying to the Commanders of the King George and Queen Charlotte, who juſt arrived in the Sound, for ſome hands to aſſiſt in carrying the veſſel to the Sandwich Iſlands, where giving over all further thoughts of trade, they determined (after getting a ſea ſtock of fiſh off Cape Edgcumbe) immediately to proceed. It is to be regretted, that no meteorological obſervations were made on board the Nootka, as in ſo high a latitude they would have proved very intereſting; and ſuch an opportunity may not

again offer. The Nootka arrived at Macao the end of October 1787. Capt Meares was accompanied from the Sandwich Iſlands by Tiana, a Chief of Atowi, who felt an irreſiſtible inclination to viſit Britain. He was a man near ſeven feet high, of a very pleaſing and animated countenance, formed in the exacteſt ſymmetry and proportion, and undoubtedly one of the nobleſt figures ever ſeen. The flat noſe and dull unmeaning countenance of the Chineſe, had given him at firſt ſight a diſguſt and contempt for them; nor could he entertain a good opinion of the diſpoſition or hoſpitality of the people who *taboo'd** their women to ſtrangers—ſo that it was with much difficulty his friends could prevail upon him to receive the viſits of the Mandarines, whom the fame of his ſize and ſtrength drew in numbers to ſee him. Capt. Meares having engaged in the Portugueze expedition fitted out at Maſay, Tiana returned with him. The liberality of his friends in China provided him with whatever they judged would be uſeful or acceptable to him—bulls, cows, ſheep, goats, rabbits, pheaſants, turkies, &c. orange and mango, and plants of various kinds—ſo that if this cargo arrives ſafe, Tiana will have rendered more eſſential ſervices to his country than any of the moſt celebrated travellers in purſuit of knowledge, of ancient or modern times.

The Sea Otter, Capt. Tipping, ſailed from Calcutta a few days after the Nootka. She proceeded through the Straits of Malacca and China Seas, and arrived in Prince William's Sound in September, whilſt the Captain Cook and Experiment were there. She left the Sound the day after, ſuppoſed for Cook's River, as ſhe ſtood out on the weſt ſide of Montague Iſland, but having never ſince been ſeen or heard of, there can be little doubt of her being loſt. This is the more to be lamented, as Capt. Tipping is ſaid to have been an ingenious man; and by his Journal, which he ſhewed to Mr. Strange, it appeared that he made his paſſage between Corea and Japan; had communication with the inhabitants of the latter; and viſited ſome of the iſlands to the north-eaſt of Japan; ſo that his Journal would have greatly improved our very imperfect knowledge of thoſe ſeas; and anticipated Mr. Peyrouſe in what will certainly be the moſt intereſting part of his voyage.

The Imperial Eagle, Capt. Barkley, fitted out by a Society of Gentlemen at Oſtend, ſailed from Oſtend the latter end of November 1786; went into the Bay of All Saints; from thence, without touching any where, to the Sandwich Iſlands, and arrived at Nootka the beginning of June; from thence to the South, as far as 47. 30. in which ſpace he diſcovered ſome good and ſpacious harbours. In the lat. of 47. 46. loſt his ſecond Mate, Purſer, and two Seamen, who were upon a trading party with the long-boat, and imprudently truſting themſelves aſhore unarmed, were cut off by the natives. This place ſeems to be the ſame that Don Antonio Mourelle calls the Ilha de los Dolores, where the Spaniards going aſhore to water, were alſo attacked and cut off.

The King George of 320, and the Queen Charlotte of 200 tons, commanded by Captains Portlock and Dixon, who ſerved under Captain Cook in his laſt voyage, were fitted out by a Society of Gentlemen in England, who obtained an excluſive privilege to trade to the north-weſt Coaſt of America, from the South Sea

* *Taboo*, in the language of the South Sea Iſlands, ſignifies to *interdict, prohibit intercourſe.*

Sea and Eaſt India Companies.

Theſe veſſels ſailed from England the beginning of September 1785; touched at the Falkland Iſlands, Sandwich Iſlands, and arrived in Cook's River in the month of Auguſt. From thence, after collecting a few furs, they ſteered, in the end of September, for Prince William's Sound, intending, it is ſaid, to winter there; but were prevented entering, by heavy ſtorms and extreme bad weather, which obliged them to bear away, and ſeek ſome other port of the coaſt to winter at. The ſtorms and bad weather accompanied them till they were ſo near the ſhore, that a canoe came off to them: but though thus near accompliſhing their purpoſe, a freſh ſtorm came on, and obliged them finally to bear away for the Sandwich Iſlands, where they remained the winter months; and returning again to the coaſt, arrived in Prince William's Sound the middle of May. The King George remained in Prince William's Sound; during her ſtay, her long boat diſcovered a new paſſage from the Sound into Cook's River. The Queen Charlotte proceeded along the coaſt to the ſouth; looked into Behring's Bay, where the Ruſſians have now a ſettlement; examined that part of coaſt from 56 to 50, which was not ſeen by Captain Cook, and which conſiſts of a cluſter of iſlands, called by Captain Dixon Queen Charlotte's Iſlands, at a conſiderable diſtance from the Main, which is thus removed farther to the eaſtward than it was ſuppoſed to be: ſome part of the continent may, however, be ſeen from the eaſt ſide of theſe iſlands; and it is probable, the diſtance does not any where exceed 10 leagues. On this eſtimation, Hudſon's Houſe, lat. 53. long. 106. 27. weſt, will not be more than 800 miles diſtant from that part of this coaſt in the ſame parallel. It is therefore not improbable, that the enterpriſing ſpirit of Canadian Furriers may penetrate to this coaſt, (the communication with which is probably much facilitated by lakes or rivers) and add to the comforts and luxuries of Europe, this invaluable fur, which in warmth, beauty, and magnificence, far exceeds the richeſt furs of Siberia. Queen Charlotte's Iſlands are inhabited by a race of people differing in language, features, and manners, from all the other tribes on this coaſt. Among other peculiarities, they are diſtinguiſhed by a large inciſion in the under lip, in which is inſerted a piece of poliſhed wood, ſometimes ornamented with mother of pearl ſhell, in ſhape and ſize like a weaver's ſhuttle, which undoubtedly is the moſt effectual mode of deforming the human face divine that the ingenious depravity of taſte of any ſavage nation has yet diſcovered. Theſe ſhips, after diſpoſing of their furs in China, were loaded with teas on account of the Engliſh Company, ſailed from Wampoa the end of February, and arrived in England a ſhort time ſince, after an abſence of three years.

The year after the departure of the King George and Queen Charlotte, the ſame Society to which they belonged fitted out other veſſels, viz. The Princeſs Royal of 60 tons, and the Prince of Wales of 200 tons, commanded by Captains Calnett and Duncan, the former of whom had ſerved under Capt. Cook. Theſe veſſels left England in Auguſt 1786; touched at New Year's Harbour on Staten Land, where they left an officer and twelve men to kill ſeals againſt the arrival of a veſſel which was to follow them from England; from thence they proceeded directly to Nootka, where they arrived the 6th of July, ſickly, and in bad condition, and found here the Imperial Eagle, which had left Europe ſome months after them. Leaving Nootka, they

ſteered along the ſhore to the northward, and ſoon after fell in with the Queen Charlotte. It is ſuppoſed they would winter at the Sandwich Iſlands, return in the ſpring to the coaſt, and be in China November or December 1788.

The excluſive privilege granted to a Society in England, having prevented all expeditions to the N. W. coaſt from any of the Britiſh ſettlements in the Eaſt*, two coppered veſſels, the Noſtra Signora de Felix Aventuralie Diſcoverto, of 200 tons, and the Noſtra Signora de Bom Succeſſo, of 100 tons, were fitted out by an enterpriſing Portugueſe Merchant of Macao. Theſe veſſels ſailed from the Typa in the month of January 1788, commanded by Engliſh Officers who had ſerved in the former expeditions to that coaſt. One of theſe veſſels is expected to return to Macao in December 1788, the other is to winter at the Sandwich Iſlands, and return to the coaſt. Such are the advantages of the Port of Macao for this trade, particularly in the principal articles of meaſurage, and duties, that there is too much reaſon to fear, the Portugueſe will ſhortly acquire a monopoly thereof.

In 1785 the French King's ſhips l'Aſtrolabe and Bouſſole were fitted out on diſcovery under the command of M. Peyrouſe and De Longle, accompanied by men of eminence in every department of ſcience. Theſe ſhips traced the N. W. coaſt of America with little interruption, from Comptroller's Bay to the Spaniſh Settlement of Monteley, and when their obſervations are publiſhed, little will be wanting to complete the geography of this part of the world.

* The Editor takes upon him to correct an important miſtake, by aſſerting that *no excluſive privilege* has been granted to the owners of the King George and Queen Charlotte, or to any Society whatever, by the Eaſt India and South Sea Companies.

## THE VIRTUOUS REVENGE:

### *A Tale, from the Italian.*

THERE once lived, in the city of Milan, two young gentlemen of family, Martino and Lelio, who were united by the ſtricteſt friendſhip. They had ſtudied together in the ſame college. This companionſhip always forms a connection of friendſhip, or at leaſt, a habit which reſembles it. From the time that they left college, Martino and Lelio had been inſeparable friends; and, what is no very extraordinary circumſtance, it happened that they were both in love. Lelio was captivated by the charms of a young lady, who was his equal in family and fortune: but there were ſome obſtacles to their union from certain family conſiderations: inſomuch that the two lovers were obliged to conceal their mutual paſſion, and ſee each other unknown to their relations.

The paſſion which Martino entertained for *his* miſtreſs was of a leſs ſerious kind. His choice had happened to fall on a young woman to whom fortune had been as ſparing as nature had been profuſe. She was extremely pretty, but undiſtinguiſhed by birth or fortune. To ſuch a match the parents of Martino could not be ſuppoſed to give their conſent; and it is a queſtion whether he himſelf was very ſolicitous to obtain it. His attachment to Roſina, which was her name, reſembled more the thoughtleſs levity of caprice than the generous ardour of virtuous love; at leaſt, it was a ſubject on which he had not interrogated

rogated his heart. Like his friend Lelio, however, he was obliged to be ſecret in his viſits, on account of the relations of Roſina, who might have put ſome embarraſſing queſtions concerning his intentions.

Our two friends had communicated in confidence their amorous adventures to each other. Indiſpenſable buſineſs obliged Lelio to be abſent for ſome time. Nor was it without the moſt evident demonſtrations of concern that he conveyed this intelligence to Lauretta, which was the name of his adorable miſtreſs. He had need himſelf of that conſolation which he endeavoured to adminiſter to her. 'His friend Martino,' he ſaid, 'would come privately to deliver his letters, and would likewiſe take the charge of her anſwers.' Lauretta, who was acquainted with their mutual friendſhip, was happy in this aſſurance; and with a charming frankneſs ſhe ſaid, that ſhe ſhould enjoy only two pleaſures in his abſence—that of reading his letters, and converſing with Martino.

Lelio, on leaving his miſtreſs, haſtened to Martino, and requeſted him to take charge of the correſpondence between him and his dear Lauretta. He was the only perſon, he ſaid, to whom he could entruſt a commiſſion of ſuch moment to his happineſs. He recommended her to his care, as the deareſt object in the world. He ſaid, (for he was paſſionately fond, and love naturally inſpires paſtoral ideas) that his Lauretta was like a favourite lamb whom he had placed under the crook of friendſhip; and that he made him her ſhepherd. Such ſhepherds are ſometimes wolves. But not to anticipate events, Martino was profuſe in his promiſes, and Lelio ſet out on his journey.

Martino conſoled himſelf in the company of his miſtreſs, for the abſence of his friend, when he received from him a letter for Lauretta. In conformity to the injunctions he had received, he repaired immediately to Lauretta. He could not deliver the letter without ſpeaking to her: he could not ſpeak without admiring her: he ſaw that ſhe was beautiful: he diſcovered intellectual charms: he converſed with her with pleaſure; and he left her with regret. Two days after, he returned to receive *her* letter. Their converſation was now longer; and Martino found Lauretta ſtill more amiable than at firſt. By dint of talking of love for his friend, he conceived the idea of making ſome amorous profeſſions for himſelf: he had an inclination abſolutely to replace his friend. This, indeed, was carrying friendſhip too far. Perhaps, in endeavouring to make himſelf agreeable to Lauretta, he had no intention to deprive his friend of her, but merely to attach himſelf to her till his return. 'In fact,' ſaid he to himſelf, 'I ſhall only have kept up the tender ſentiment in Lauretta's boſom. It is ſtill ſerving my friend; and if, at his return, I reſtore what he has confided to me, provided he is ignorant of it, I ſhall have done him no injury.'

With this curious reaſoning he ſilenced his conſcience, which certainly could not have been very ſcrupulous nor very delicate: He continued his viſits; and what with delivering his friend's letters, and receiving Lauretta's anſwers, he had at length the preſumption to make a declaration in form. But Martino, thus loſt to every ſentiment of honour and fidelity, found Lauretta as virtuous as ſhe was beautiful. She anſwered with ſuch an air and voice of indignation, that Martino, who had ſcarce time to finiſh his declaration, durſt not venture to repeat it. Overwhelmed with ſhame

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at the recollection of his diſhonourable conduct, he earneſtly beſought her to forget the preſumption of which he had been guilty, and he implored her ſilence on the ſubject. She could not ſpeak of it, he ſaid, to Lelio, without embroiling them together, and ſubjecting them both to the moſt imminent danger. This laſt repreſentation had great weight with Lauretta, who promiſed to forget what had paſſed, and to conceal it from her lover. But ſhe forbid him to ſee her again, if he ever preſumed to harbour ſuch diſhonourable ſentiments. Martino proteſted, that his veneration for her virtue had quite extinguiſhed his guilty paſſion: he threw himſelf at her feet: he extolled her behaviour, which perhaps, in his heart, he curſed; and when he thought he had atoned for his miſconduct by the moſt humiliating expreſſions of repentance, he took his leave. He returned, a few days after, with ſome letters from Lelio; but he now kept within thoſe bounds of reſpect which inſulted virtue had taught him to obſerve.

Lelio, at length, returned to Milan. Martino no ſooner heard of his friend's arrival than he haſtened to embrace him. The impatient lover, it may be ſuppoſed, delayed not a moment to enquire after his dear Lauretta. His friend anſwered that ſhe continued as beautiful as ever, that her converſation had inceſſantly turned upon her beloved Lelio. However, notwithſtanding Lauretta's promiſe, he was apprehenſive that ſhe would relate to Lelio what had paſſed; and he thought, therefore, that it would be more diſcreet to mention it firſt himſelf. He told Lelio then, that having been deſirous of proving the fidelity of his miſtreſs, he had ventured to make a feigned declaration; but that he had diſcovered, with extreme ſatisfaction, that Lauretta's heart was a model of fidelity and tenderneſs, and that her virtue was equal to her beauty.

This confidence, notwithſtanding the eulogy that ſeaſoned it, was not much reliſhed by Lelio; and if he could have had the power to forbear ſpeaking on the ſubject, his countenance, nevertheleſs, would have betrayed the ſentiments of his heart. Although the attempt had terminated ſo much to the honour of Lauretta, he could not but tremble in hearing this recital. Such perils are alarming, even when they are over; and ſuch a confeſſion muſt appear very ſuſpicious to a lover. Lelio anſwered, that he had taken much more trouble upon himſelf than friendſhip had impoſed upon him; that he had not injoined him to put to proof the fidelity of his miſtreſs; and that he ought not to have indulged ſuch an unbecoming curioſity. 'You have been unſucceſsful,' continued he, 'and this you tell me in confidence! And ſuppoſe Lauretta had conſented, would you,'——— 'Oh, my friend,' interrupted Martino, 'can you ſuppoſe.'——— 'I ſuppoſe nothing,' returned Lelio: 'but, to be frank with you, I do not perceive what advantage I could poſſibly derive from ſuch a trial. I never doubted her heart; and all the change of which ſuch an attempt could be productive, was the loſing of her for ever!"

The more Lelio thought of this adventure, the more he was convinced of Martino's guilt; and he could no longer doubt it, when, on the firſt interview with his miſtreſs, he extorted the truth from her. From that moment he forbore to mention the ſubject to Martino, but he ſwore very cordially that he would be revenged; and as he was impatient for the opportunity, it was not long before it occurred.

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The reader will recollect, no doubt, that Martino alſo had a miſtreſs. But with more levity in his amours, or leſs amorous than Lelio, he ſeemed to have no other view in winning her heart, than to employ ſome moments in an agreeable amuſement.

Roſina, who was not only beautiful but virtuous, was formed to engage the eſteem, as well as the love of a man of ſenſe: and notwithſtanding the diſparity of their fortunes and of their ſituation in life, ſhe was too capable of contributing to the real happineſs of Martino, to be conſidered merely as an object of occaſional amuſement. With reſpect to Lelio, the reader may perhaps conjecture, that his object was to ſeduce Roſina, in order to be revenged of Martino in the ſame way in which he had been himſelf inſulted. By no means; nothing was further from the intentions of Lelio; and it will appear, in the ſequel, that in the mode he had adopted to puniſh Martino, he was ſolicitous to perform an act of juſtice, while he indulged himſelf in the pleaſure of revenge.

As he had ceaſed to ſpeak to Martino of what had paſſed, the latter entertained no ſuſpicion, and continued, as before, to communicate his ſecrets to him. Lelio, therefore, was acquainted with the time and place of interview between his friend and the beautiful Roſina. One evening, when he knew they were together, he haſtened to her relations, communicated this circumſtance to them, and adviſed them to ſurprize the two lovers, and to oblige the young man, by force, if neceſſary, to repair their honour. They inſtantly followed this advice. They went armed to the place of interview, and offered to Martino the choice of marriage or of death. However terrifying marriage was in the eyes of Martino, death appeared ſtill worſe. He left no effort untried to evade the alternative; for, within a few days he had come to the reſolution of making propoſals to Roſina of a very different nature from thoſe which virtue would dictate; and the charming girl was to have been devoted by caprice and libertiniſm to all the anguiſh of diſappointed love. But the relations of Roſina were inflexible, and compelled the reluctant lover to conſent. A notary, who was at the door, entered inſtantly to draw up the contract, and witneſs the ſignatures. The relations of Roſina, who were on the very point of aſſaſſination, now loaded Martino with careſſes, and he retired quite confuſed, and married.

In his way home he met Lelio, who enquired whence he came. Martino related to him, that, in ſpite of himſelf, he had been juſt compelled to eſpouſe Roſina. Lelio, with great coolneſs, anſwered: 'I knew it. Embrace me,' continued he; 'it is I who have married you.'—Martino was dumb with ſurpriſe, when Lelio proceeded to relate to him all the ſteps he had taken to accompliſh it. 'It is but juſt,' added Lelio, with a ſmile, 'that I ſhould obey the dictates of *gratitude*. Your happineſs and Roſina's ought certainly to be as dear to me as mine and Lauretta's was, ſo very lately, to you. But I have been the moſt fortunate of the two. You have only prevented me from having the leaſt ſuſpicion of my Lauretta's heart; but I have ſecured to you for ever the poſſeſſion of your Roſina.'

Lelio had now a fine field open for ſarcaſtic reproaches, but he had accompliſhed his plan of revenge, and he was too generous to proceed further. He conſidered that Martino was not devoid of good principles, although, in the thoughtleſs levity of youth, they had been ſuf-

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fered to lie dormant; and he thought that a woman endowed with the charms and excellencies of Roſina, might yet call them into action. He, therefore, ſeriouſly expoſtulated with his friend on the impropriety of his paſt conduct; he expatiated on the felicity of poſſeſſing ſuch a heart as Roſina's, and being entitled to all its gratitude and love, to the pungent reflections that muſt have ariſen, from the conſciouſneſs of having abandoned, if not betrayed her. The path to happineſs, he ſaid, was now open to him, and it would be his fault, if, with ſuch a companion as Roſina, he ſhould miſs it. Theſe arguments were not loſt upon Martino: he not only allowed the juſtice, but the extreme generoſity of that revenge which his friend had accompliſhed; he atoned for the reluctance which he had ſhewn to eſpouſe Roſina by the uniform tenderneſs of an affection which her charming behaviour to him augmented every day; and he confeſſed to Lelio, that the tranſports of virtuous love far ſurpaſſed all the pleaſures of thoughtleſs levity and inſipid paſſion. With reſpect to Lelio, the author of ſo much felicity, he had the happineſs, ſome months after, to be able to remove the family obſtacles that had impeded his union with the faithful Lauretta. Their nuptials were not long delayed. Roſina and Lauretta participated in the friendſhip of their huſbands (the friendſhip now of principle and affection), and enjoyed the ſatisfaction of ſeeing them mentioned, for many years after, as the moſt perfect examples in their country of conjugal virtue and felicity.

## *Of* Friends *and* Friendship.

[*By Mr Rouſſeau.*]

WE can neither purchaſe a friend nor a miſtreſs. We have not loſt every thing on earth, when we find a faithful friend.

A good man will never have a better friend than his wife.

A heart full of a ſentiment that overflows, loves to diſcloſe itſelf, and from the want of a miſtreſs ariſes that of a friend.

Affection, but never friendſhip, may ſubſiſt without a return. Friendſhip is an exchange and a contract like others, but it is the moſt refined. The word friend, has no other correlative than itſelf. Any man who is not his friend's friend, is moſt certainly a cheat—For it is only by returning, or feigning to return friendſhip, that we can obtain it.

Nothing has ſo great a power over the human heart, as the voice of friendſhip when properly underſtood, for we know that it never ſpeaks to us but for our intereſt. We may believe that a friend is miſtaken, but not that he purpoſely deceives us—ſometimes we reſiſt his counſels, but we never deſpiſe them.

We may ſuffer thoſe people who are indifferent to us, to entertain what ideas they pleaſe, but it is a crime to allow a friend to make a merit of what we have not done for him.

It is not good that a man ſhould ſtand alone. Human ſouls, in order to diſplay their whole powers, and to riſe to their juſt value, muſt be united; and the united force of friends, like the ſtratagems of an artificial lover, is incomparably greater than the ſum of their particular ſtrength. Divine friendſhip! there is thy glory.

The communications of friendſhip are withheld before any witneſs whatever. There are a thouſand ſecrets that three friends ſhould know, and that can only be told two by two.

All the charms of the ſociety which ſubſiſts between true friends, is in that free diſcloſure of the heart, which

which communicates every ſentiment and every thought, and which makes every one, feeling himſelf ſuch as he ought to be, ſhew himſelf to all ſuch as he really is. Suppoſe for a moment ſome ſecret intrigue, ſome connection that muſt not be known, ſome cauſe for reſerve and myſtery: that very moment all the pleaſure of ſeeing one another, vaniſhes, they are conſtrained when together, they ſhun each other, and when they meet, they would wiſh to flee; circumſpection and decorum produce diſtaſte and diſtruſt: how is it poſſible to love for a long time thoſe of whom we are afraid?

It is ſaid, that the converſation of friends is never exhauſted. It is true, the tongue furniſhes an eaſy prattle to weak attachments. But, oh, friendſhip! thou lively and celeſtial ſentiment, what diſcourſes are worthy thee! What tongue is thy interpreter? Never can what we ſay to our friend be equal to what we feel when by his ſide: Great God! how much more forcibly does a ſqueeze of the hand, an animated look, an affectionate embrace, and a ſigh which follows it, ſpeak, and how inſipid is the firſt word, which is uttered after all this.

Silence, the ſtate ſuited to contemplation, is one of the greateſt enjoyments of men of feeling—but the importunate prevent them from taſting it, and friends want to be alone, to be able to ſay nothing at their eaſe. They would wiſh to retire, as it were, into one another; the leaſt interruption is mortifying, the leaſt reſtraint inſupportable. If the heart ſometimes carries a word to the mouth, it is ſo pleaſant to be able to utter it with freedom! It ſeems as if we dare not think what we dare not as freely ſpeak, and as if the preſence of one ſtranger laid a reſtraint upon ſouls, that would otherwiſe underſtand one another ſo well.

The communication of our hearts impreſſes melancholy, with an inexpreſſible ſoftneſs and tenderneſs, which joy does not poſſeſs; and friendſhip has been particularly given to the unfortunate, for a comfort in their misfortunes, and a conſolation under all their ſufferings.

What additional force the voice of a friend gives to the arguments of a wiſe man!

In a very intimate ſociety, the manners and characters become alike; friends, in blending their ſouls, blend likewiſe their manner of thinking, of feeling, and of ſpeaking.

Ill-timed conſolations ſerve only to ſharpen violent afflictions. Coolneſs and indifference find words; but ſadneſs and ſilence are the true language of friendſhip.

We may repulſe blows that are aimed at us by the hands of our enemies, but when we ſee our friends holding a dagger among the aſſaſſins—there is no reſource, but to hide our faces.

There are ſome circumſpect friends who, fearful of getting into trouble, refuſe their advice on difficult occaſions, and whoſe reſerve increaſes with the danger of their friends; but real friendſhip knows nothing of theſe timid precautions.

A rich or great man has no true friend, but ſuch as are not the dupes of appearances, and who pity more than envy him, notwithſtanding his proſperity.

What is it that renders friendſhip ſo cool, and ſo unſtable amongſt women, even between thoſe who are capable of loving? It is the empire of beauty, and the jealouſy of conqueſts.

## THE TRIFLER,

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SWIFT, in his "letter to a young Clergyman juſt entered into holy

orders," ſeems to conſider "the inconſtancy of fortune, the goodneſs of peace, the excellency of wiſdom, the certainty of death; that proſperity makes men inſolent, and adverſity humble"—as ſo many eternal truths which every *ploughman* knows well enough, though he never heard of Ariſtotle or Plato. Perhaps the Dean would alſo, had it occurred to him, have ranked reflections on the departing year as containing truths which "every plowman knows." But it has been the uniform practice of good and wiſe men to whom the inſtruction of mankind was committed, to remind their hearers or readers at certain periodical times, of ſome truths which, however generally known and acknowledged, however aſſented to in words, yet frequently eſcape the memory, and ceaſe to influence the practice. Without, therefore, claiming any other part of the character of theſe good and wiſe men than their *motive*, I hope I ſhall be pardoned if I hold ſome brief *diſcourſe* with my readers, *adapted* to the ſeaſon.

To ſay, that our time is ſhort and uncertain, would be ſtill repeating "what ploughmen know," and to ſay that he who has lived to ſee the end of this year may perhaps never live to ſee another, or even another month or day, is merely to tell men that they are mortal, and know not "the end and meaſure of their days."

The uncertainty of life is that which men ought to be thankful for. To dive into futurity, to remove the veil with which providence hath thought fit to cover the events of our life, were to render that life miſerable and vicious. —Yet there has formerly been in ſome wiſe men, and there ſtill is among the vulgar, a deſire to know what the future complexion of their lives ſhall be; hence the ſucceſs of impoſtors, who pretend to foretell future events, to reveal the ſecrets of providence and of nature. Hence, by liſtening to ſuch impoſtors, have men brought upon themſelves real miſeries, by endeavouring to avoid ideal ones. But ignorance of futurity is one of the greateſt bleſſings beſtowed on the human race; it unites us, as it were, in one common cauſe; the fall of unforeſeen misfortunes calls forth our humanity, urges our pity, weans us from affection to periſhable objects, and by leſſening our cares for the world, takes from the number of our vices. Avarice is no vice with him whoſe hope is fixed on "incorruptible riches." Ambition has no place, when the object is a crown that "fadeth not away." The hope of a better world excludes the impiety of the preſent.

In youth, in manhood, and in old age, as the ſubject of reflection differs, ſo will the fruits. Men of thoſe ages will review the year that is paſt with different ſentiments, and for different purpoſes. To ſome it may paſſed as a "tale that is told," without leaving any traces on the memory, or impreſſion on the heart. To ſome it may have been a year of ſorrow, embittered by guilt. To others it may be memorable for the important events of life opening upon them with happineſs which they did not expect, and filling them with hopes which they are eager to have accompliſhed. Many, doubtleſs, have in this year, from private ſorrows, learned the great duty of reſignation, and many, it is to be hoped, may date from it a repentance that will make their future reflections more ſatisfactory, and their future years more uſeful. In reflecting on the laſt year, individuals will unqueſtionably think for themſelves, and, which is a pardonable ſelfiſhneſs, conſider the year as happy or unhappy, only as it relates to their own ſituation; and not only individuals, but families and compacted ſocieties will view it in the ſame light.

But, when are we to conſider the events of the laſt year in a more extenſive ſenſe, as relating to the nation at large, ſurely no year has furniſhed us with more ample proof of the inſtability of

of all human things. While over the whole nation the voice of congratulation was heard for a ſeaſon of ſuperabounding plenty, with its accidental connexion with the great one of the Revolution, added to the general feſtivity, and at the moment we were praying ſucceſs and happineſs to the family now on the throne, that they might long be preſerved to hand down the bleſſings of liberty and a free conſtitution to our children's children, even at that moment, when in ſuch wiſhes the nation joined as one man, it pleaſed the Almighty Diſpoſer of events to plunge that family and the nation in general in a diſtreſs unknown till now. Need I ſay, that the preſent unhappy ſituation of our gracious King is here alluded to?

To the thinking and the feeling mind no tedious appeal is here neceſſary; Let the wife who has ſuch a huſband, and the children ſuch a father, let them judge of that affliction which ſurrounds a palace, that formerly was the ſeat, not of empty parade and tinſelled pomp, but of pure domeſtic felicity, the growth of many years, and now the prey of melancholy. It is not neceſſary to expatiate on a grief that all men feel—— May God, in his infinite mercy, liſten to the prayers of his faithful people, rebuke the violence of the diſorder, and put his everlaſting arms under the object of his ſore chaſtiſement!

There are not a few who are of opinion that reflections on the paſt, and a diffident look towards the future, is apt to check the hilarity of youth, and interrupt the paſſing comforts of men at all ages. With ſuch men I own I cannot, I never could agree. To take the preſent juſt as it is, to forget all that is paſt, and have no care for the future, is not the prerogative which a man of reaſon would aſſert, and it is not the privilege which piety will allow. Men are not mere ſenſitive creatures, obeying the impulſe of a moment; it is to be hoped they account themſelves rational beings, it is to be hoped that they conſider every bleſſing of life, whether wealth, power, genius, or learning, as *truſts* only, and that they are accountable for the uſe they make of ſuch advantages. In the affairs of common life we do not diſcover this heedleſsneſs, and why it ſhould be ſo obvious in matters which concern the eternal happineſs of a man, yet remains a paradox.

There are but three things, men are capable of; Thinking, ſpeaking, and acting. I have placed them in the natural order. Men ought to think before they ſpeak, and both to think and ſpeak, to enquire and to examine, before they act. How often is this order reverſed, as appears from a very common expreſſion, "that man ſpeaks without thinking;" "he does ſuch a thing without thinking"——There is much truth in our familiar expreſſions, none perhaps more than in theſe. The rapid action or operation of paſſions, the whirlpool of diſſipation, the intoxication that ariſes from a ſucceſſive enjoyment of gay pleaſures, all contribute to deſtroy that reflection which examines the paſt and provides for the future. It is not irrational, therefore, to appoint certain times, to embrace certain opportunities for thought and reflection, eſpecially when circumſtances occur which more particularly have a claim on our deliberations. That the concluſion of one year and the proſpect of another, is the proper period for ſuch reflection, ſeems to be univerſally acknowledged; and as ſuch it is recommended. But the nature of thoſe reflections muſt be left to the individual.

I have often thought, that if a ſtranger from ſome diſtant quarter of the globe were to viſit theſe kingdoms at this ſeaſon, he would perceive that there was ſomething more than ordinary in what he ſaw—In England, about this time, the papers are filled with advertiſements of Books on the noble Science of Cookery—and perhaps next to thoſe

by a happy contraſt, he finds that the poor were ſtarving by cold and hunger. The appetites of one part of the world are palled by exceſs: and the lives of the other part ſhortened by want of neceſſaries. Beſides the Philoſophical and Practical Treatiſes on Cookery, I have obſerved, that the guardians of our health diſtinguiſh this period by their ſollicitations in favour of Daffy's Elixir, Speediman's Pills, and Stomachic medicines of various kinds. "I do remember an Apothecary, and "hereabouts he dwelt"—who uſed to advertiſe his pills with the following powerful recommendation. "very pro-"per for the enſuing Holy ſeaſon"—His ideas of *Holineſs* were not ill adapted to the Seaſon, as the belly is the "God of our Idolatry," and our tables are frequently covered with "thirty nine articles." Our *prayers* are ſhort *prologues* to great performances; and a knack at carving is "the whole duty of man"—Like race-horſes we prance over the *courſe*, and are often in for the *ſecond plate*, before others have ſtarted.

While, however, we are enjoying the luxuries of this ſeaſon, let us not forget the many hundreds around us, to whom the refuſe of our tables would be a luxury indeed. To accuſtom ourſelves at all times to think of the diſtreſs of human kind, will keep alive our humanity, and the exerciſe of it at ſuch a ſeaſon as this will be a ſource of additional pleaſure. Some lines of *our* immortal Poet are not inapplicable;

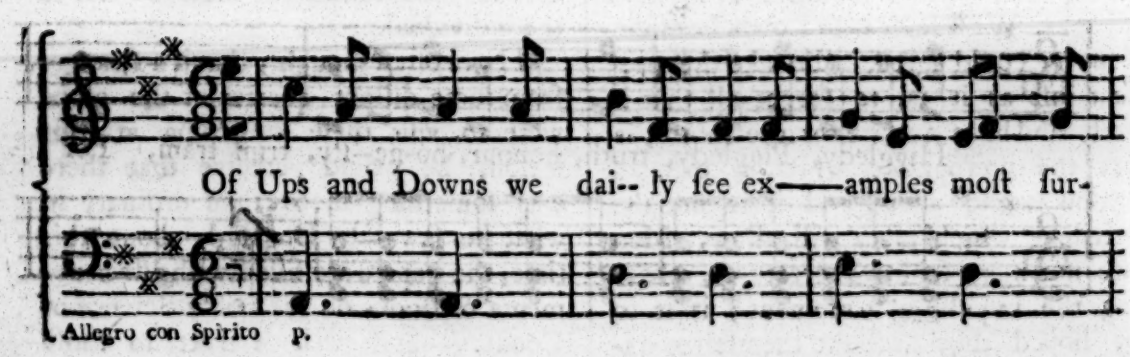
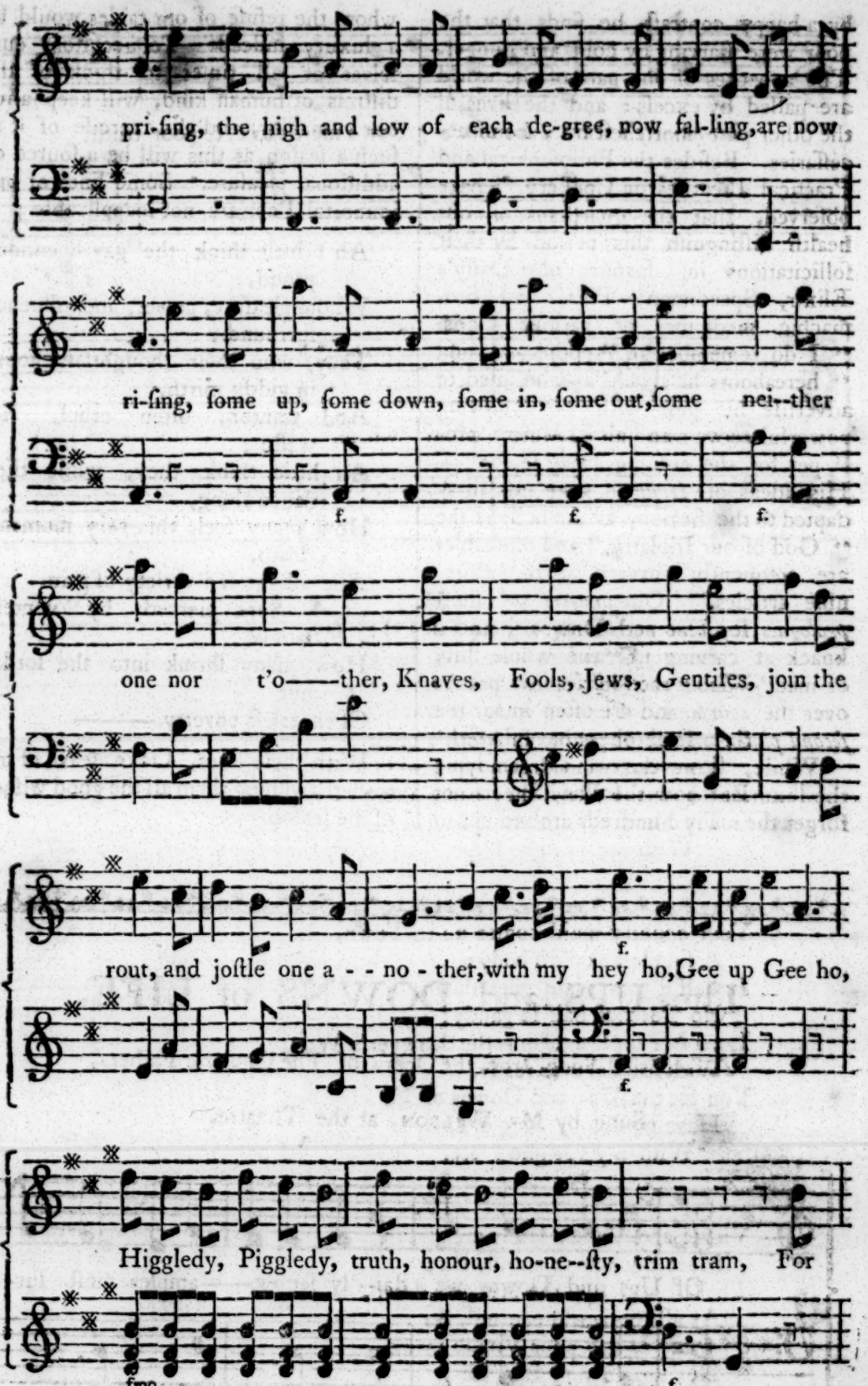
Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, power, and affluence ſurround;
They, who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waſte;
Ah little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the ſad variety of pain.
———Sore pierced by wintery winds,
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of cheerleſs poverty.———

With theſe lines, I take leave of my readers, wiſhing them all the good wiſhes of the ſeaſon.

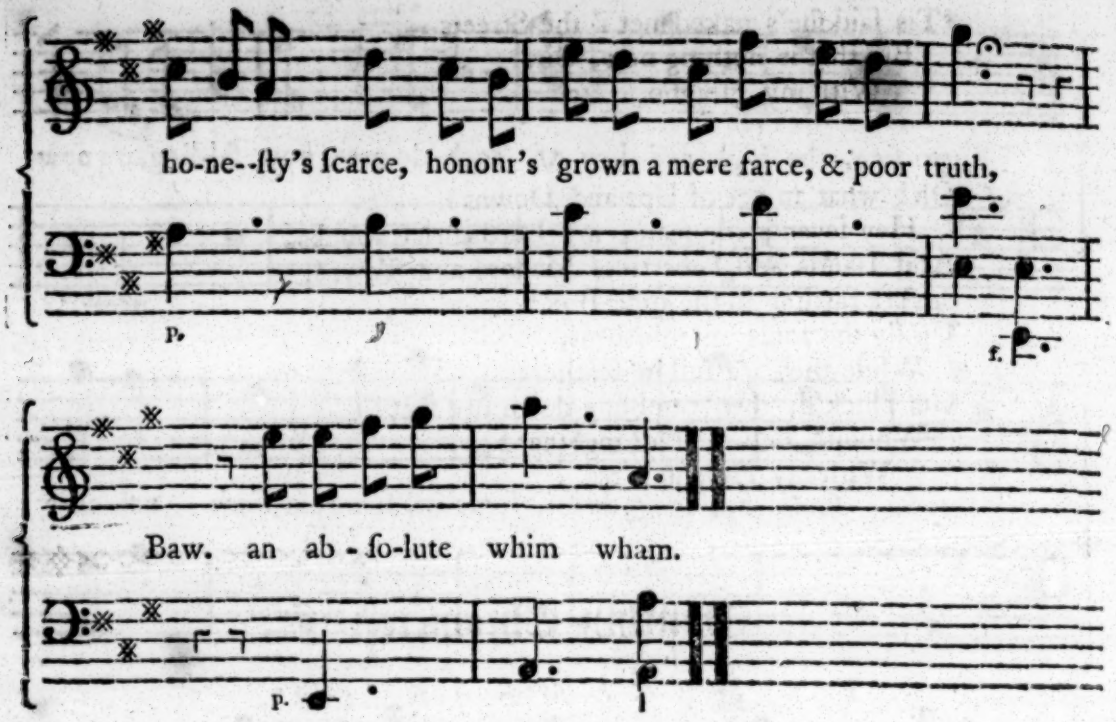
# The UPS and DOWNS of LIFE.

A favourite Song, from the Opera of The Choleric Fathers,

Sung by Mr Wilson, at the Theatre.



pri-ſing, the high and low of each de-gree, now fal-ling, are now
ri-ſing, ſome up, ſome down, ſome in, ſome out, ſome nei--ther
f.
f.
f.
one nor t'o——ther, Knaves, Fools, Jews, Gentiles, join the
f.
rout, and joſtle one a - - no - ther, with my hey ho, Gee up Gee ho,
f.
Higgledy, Piggledy, truth, honour, ho-ne--ſty, trim tram, For
fmo.
f.




II.

By Ups and Downs ſome folks they ſay,
Among Grandees have got, Sir;
Who were themſelves, but Yeſterday,
The Lord knows who, or what, Sir!
Sans ſenſe or pence, in Merit's chair
They doze and dream ſupine—O!
But how the Devil they came there—
That neither you nor I know.
With my Heigho! &c.

III.

Your country-maid comes up to Town,
A ſimple aukward body;
In half a year again goes down,
No Peacock half ſo gaudy!
Lord Ma'am! exclaims the Lawyer's Wife,
With ſcandal ever ready,
You ſee the Ups and Downs of life
Have made our Meg a Lady!
With my Heigho! &c.

IV.

Virtue and Vanity lately are grown
Mere Buckets in a well, Sir;
The laſt gets up, the firſt gets down,
As all the world can tell, Sir:
So many downs poor Virtue meets,
Her ups ſo very few, Sir,

'Tis

'Tis ſaid ſhe's naked met i' the Streets—
But that is nothing new, Sir.
With my Heigho. &c.

V.

Oh! what an age of Ups and Downs!
Hey ſeven's the main, my Lord thrice knocks,
And Lands and Liberties, Manors and Towns,
Are rattling in the dice-Box!
Up fly the fools on ruin bent,
While they are full in feather;
Get pluck'd, then rumbling down are ſent!
Whoop! Pell-mell all together!
With my Heigho! &c.

# Monthly Chronicle,

## For *DECEMBER*, 1788.

*Minutes of the Daily Progreſs of his* Majesty's *Indiſpoſition.*

*Oct.* 17. His Majeſty was taken ill.

21. Said to be in a fair way of being reſtored.

23. Illneſs termed a regular fit of the gout.

24. His Majeſty was ſaid to be much better, and attended the levee at St. James's.

25. Their Majeſties arrived at Windſor.

26. The Royal hounds were ordered out, but the King did not accompany them. The only alteration obſerved in his Majeſty was an abatement in his uſual rubicundity.

27. Complained of a pain in his bowels.

29. Was viſited by Sir George Baker. He was ordered, as a medical cordial, a pint and a half of wine a day undiluted.

30. No levee at St. James's The ſervants were in waiting; and the King was expected.

31. Walked in the garden at Windſor.

*Nov.* 1. Dropſical, and diſeaſe complicated.

2. His Majeſty recovers every day, but his ſtrength comes rather ſlowly.

4. His Majeſty had a relapſe.

6. The diſorder took a new turn, with very unfavourable circumſtances. Sir George Baker, Dr. Warren, and Dr. Heberden as conſulting phyſician, were called in, and a general alarm took place.

7. The diſorder ſomewhat abated.

8. It returned with greater violence.

9. General report of his death prevailed.

10. No Lord Mayor's ball, on that idea.

11. On information of the firſt authority, his Majeſty had reſted quietly in the night, but no abatement in his complaint.

In the night of the 13th, his Majeſty had had many hours of quiet and apparent undiſturbed ſleep, but had not reaped that benefit from it which was hoped for.

15. The report not ſo favourable.

16. The Chapel Royal at Ss. James's was much crowded, and the ſervice

ſervice very ſolemn. The biſhop of Carliſle performed divine ſervice in an apartment at Windſor.

17. King's life pronounced in no danger.

18. His Majeſty had had a good night, but was not yet perfectly free from fever.

19. Reſtleſs; but the diſorder not abated.

20. A leſs diſturbed night than the preceeding, but ſtill in a feveriſh ſtate

21. A few hours interrupted ſleep, and at preſent but little remiſſion of the fever.

22. Preciſely in the ſame ſtate as yeſterday.

23. His Majeſty had had ſome hours of diſturbed ſleep, and his fever was increaſed.

24. A reſtleſs night and no better.

25. A more quiet night than the preceding; but the fever remained as yeſterday.

26. His Majeſty had had ſufficient ſleep laſt night, but not relieved by it.

27. Little or no alteration ſince yeſterday.

28. After 4 hours ſleep, calm and collected.

Dec. 2. His Majeſty has had ſome ſleep at intervals.—The diſorder ſtill continues, with ſome little abatement.

*Dec.* 3. His Majeſty has had a reſtleſs night, but is not more diſordered than he was yeſterday.

4. His Majeſty continues nearly in the ſame ſtate as for ſome days paſt.

5. His Majeſty has had a reſtleſs night, and is much indiſpoſed this morning.

6. His Majeſty has had a more quiet reſt laſt night than for many preceeding nights. In other reſpects his Majeſty continues nearly in the ſame ſtate as yeſterday.

7. His Majeſty was more unquiet than uſual in the evening of yeſterday.

His Majeſty ſlept four hours in the night, at intervals, but is not better this morning.

8. His Majeſty has had ſome hours of quiet ſleep, and this morning is more compoſed than he was yeſterday.

9. His Majeſty has had more than ſeven hours of undiſturbed ſleep in the night, and is quiet this morning.

10. His Majeſty has had a quiet night, and continues in all reſpects as he was yeſterday.

11. His Majeſty ſlept four hours laſt night, and continues in all reſpects as he was yeſterday.

12. His Majeſty has paſſed the night quietly, and continues as he was yeſterday.

13. His Majeſty paſſed the day yeſterday in a quiet manner, has had five hours of undiſturbed ſleep, but is unquiet this morning.

A Prayer (by Order of Council) to be uſed on Litany-days before the Litany, and on other Days immediately before the Prayer for all Conditions of Men—during his Majeſty's preſent Indiſpoſition:

## PRAYER FOR THE KING.

O Merciful God, in whoſe hands are the iſſues of life and death, accept, we beſeech thee, the ſupplication of thy ſervants, who call upon thee in this time of their trouble.

We acknowledge that, for our manifold ſins and wickedneſs, we are moſt worthy to receive chaſtiſement. But thou, O God, in thy wrath thinkeſt upon mercy. Vouchſafe, therefore, to hear the prayers of thy people, who, with contrite hearts, turn unto thee. Let thy merciful goodneſs regard their petitions, which they offer unto thy Divine Majeſty, in behalf of our Sovereign Lord the King, and thy people committed to his care. May it

it pleaſe thee to remove from him the viſitation, with which, for the puniſhment of our tranſgreſſions, thou haſt ſeen it good to afflict him. Let thy gracious Providence guard and ſupport him: Give a bleſſing to the means uſed for his recovery; Reſtore him, we pray thee, to his former health; and grant that he may continue, by his piety and wiſdom, to maintain amongſt us the bleſſings of true religion, civil liberty, and public peace, till it ſhall pleaſe thee to call him, full of years and rich in good works, unto thy heavenly kingdom.

Extend, O Lord, thy mercies to the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and all the Royal Family: Be favourable and gracious to them; and hide not thy face from them in their affliction. Let thy heavenly grace guide and direct them; and may they receive from thy Holy Spirit thoſe conſolations, which thou only canſt beſtow.

Finally we intreat thee, that we, who now cry unto thee in our diſtreſs, may in thy good time be enabled to give thanks unto thee in thy holy place, for that thou haſt regarded the petitions of thy ſervants, and reſtored our Sovereign to the ardent prayers of his people. Grant this, O Lord, for Jeſus Chriſt's ſake, our only Mediator and Advocate. *Amen.*

Prayer offered up in the Dutch churches for the recovery of his Majeſty the King of Great Britain.

ALMIGHTY God! be graciouſly merciful to our friend and neighbouring Ally, whom it hath pleaſed thee to afflict with a dangerous illneſs; and, O Lord! if it is conſiſtent with thy all-wiſe decree, ſpare his life, not only for the welfare of the land over which he reigns, but of theſe provinces, and the whole Proteſtant religion.

O Lord, with thee nothing is wonderful; thou haſt but to ſpeak the word, and the King ſhall recover.

A Form of Prayer for the King and Royal Family, to be uſed in the Epiſcopal Congregations of the Dioceſe of Aberdeen, during his Majeſty's preſent Indiſpoſition.

O FATHER of Mercies, and God of all comfort, our only help in time of need, we fly unto thee for ſuccour in behalf of thy Servant our KING, now viſited with thine afflicting hand. Look graciouſly upon him, O Lord, in this ſeaſon of his danger and diſtreſs, and hide not thy face from thy people in the time of their calamity. Hear us, O Lord, in thy great mercy hear us: Extend thy accuſtomed goodneſs to our afflicted SOVEREIGN; and as without thee, the help of man is but vain, accompany with thy bleſſing the means that may be uſed for his recovery. Reſtore him, we beſeech thee, to his former health, and to the wiſhes of his anxious people. Keep him always under thy gracious care and protection, and ſo rule his heart in thy faith and fear, that he may ever incline to thy will, and walk in thy ways.

With him alſo, be thou graciouſly pleaſed to bleſs and preſerve, to comfort and ſupport the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and all the Royal Family. Let thy merciful kindneſs be upon them, as they do put their truſt in thee. In this, and all their trials and troubles, may thy unerring wiſdom be their guide, and the bleſſed influence of thy grace their never-failing conſolation.

Shut not thy merciful ears to our prayers, as a puniſhment for the ſins of this guilty land, but receive our ſupplications, O Lord, and grant us a gracious acceptance, for the ſake of HIM whom thou heareſt always, Jeſus Chriſt, thy bleſſed Son, and our only Mediator and Advocate. Amen.

*PRAYER of the JEWS offered up in their Synagogue in Liverpool.*

O Lord God of Iſrael, who is the God of Gods and Lord of

Lords; he giveth ſtrength to the weak, and power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaſeth ſtrength. He is the faithful God which keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love him; in his hand are the ſouls of all that are living, and the ſpirit of all human creatures. O! our God, incline thine ear, and hear the voice of our ſupplication; and do not regard our hardneſs, nor attend to our wickedneſs, for we know we have ſinned, and there is none among us fit nor worthy to pray for mercy, for our ſins are ſo great; but if thou rendereſt unto every man according to his works, pray what man can live before thee? But as it is remembered, we are but duſt, thou haſt opened thy hands unto penitents; like when the Children of Iſrael have ſinned, Moſes Rabenu ſtood up with prayers, and ſaid, (Numb. xiv. 19.) 'Pardon, I beſeech thee, the iniquities of this people, according unto the greatneſs of thy mercy, and as thou haſt forgiven this people from Egypt even untill this day. And the Lord ſaid, I have pardoned according to thy word.' Likewiſe haſt thou promiſed us in thy holy law, (Lev. xxvi. 44.) 'And yet for all that, when they be in the hand of ſtrangers, I will not call them away; neither will I abhor them to deſtroy them utterly, nor to break my covenant with them, for I am the Lord their God. Therefore we, the children of thy beloved Abraham, Iſaac, and Jacob, aſſembled here, for we are in trouble (Pſalm lxix. 2.) 'And the water compaſſeth us about, even to our ſouls,' to beg thy mercy, with kneeling and bowing, for the long life of our Lord King George the Third, who is ſick for our tranſgreſſions, and painful for our iniquities; for he is a good King, and loveth righteouſneſs, and he ſpeaketh well of thy Children Iſrael, and under his ſhadow we live among this nation.

O Lord God, merciful and gracious, long ſuffering and abundant in goodneſs and truth, keep him alive, preſerve him, and ſpare him to us, and to his family; redeem him from the grave, like as King David ſaid, (Pſalm vi. 6.) In death there is no remembrance of thee; in the grave who ſhall give thee thanks?' Send thy holy angel Raphael to cure him, for thou art the healer of all fleſh, and wonderful in thy doings. As David ſaid (Pſalm ciii. 3.) 'Bleſs the Lord who forgiveth all thy iniquities, who healeth all thy diſeaſes, who redeemeth thy life from deſtruction, who crowneth thee with loving kindneſs and tender mercies.' And be it thy will, O Lord God, and the God of our fathers, to renew the life of our King George, like the eagle's, (Pſalm cviii. 6.) 'And take him not in the midſt of his days;' and if even his time is expired, thou art the Lord God alone, to all the kingdoms of the earth to add and to diminiſh. And who is among the works of thy hands, in the uppermoſt, or in the undermoſt parts, that can ſay unto thee, what thou ſhalt do?

Our Father, who art in Heaven, be gracious unto us: prolong our King's life and his years, as many generations as thou didſt to King Hezekiah, when he was ſick unto death; and the prophet Iſaiah ſaid unto him, (Iſaiah xxxviii. 1.) 'Thus ſaith the Lord, Set thy houſe in order, for thou ſhalt die and not live;' then he turned his face unto the wall and prayed, ſaying, 'O Lord, remember now I beſeech thee, how I have walked before thee in truth, and with a perfect heart, and have done that which is good in thy ſight.' And Hezekiah wept ſore, and the Lord ſaid unto Iſaiah, 'Tell Hezekiah, I have heard thy prayers; I have ſeen thy tears; behold I will heal thee, and I will add unto thy days.' He that anſwereth Hezekiah in his ſickneſs ſhall anſwer us. Amen.

After

After reading Pſalm 61, 'We beſeech thee, O living God, write in the book of a good and happy life, our moſt gracious Queen Charlotte, his Royal Highneſs George Prince of Wales, and all the Royal Family. Amen.'

After reading Pſalm 72, 'We beſeech thee, O merciful God, look down from thy holy habitation, from Heaven, and bleſs all them that call upon thee in truth. Let it be willed before thee, O Lord our God, our prayer, and the thoughts of our Redeemer. And let us not return empty from thy preſence, for thou heareſt with mercy the prayers of thy people Iſrael. Amen.'

After which was read Pſalm 21, the uſual prayer for the King, Queen, and Royal Family, and the prayer for the Sabbath-day.

The following Prayer is uſed by the Jews, at their Synagogues in London, during his Majeſty's Illneſs:—

O Lord God of Iſrael! Great, mighty and tremendous, the God of the ſpirits of all fleſh, in whoſe hand is the ſoul of all living, and the breath of all mankind. O Lord God! I beſeech thee now heal our Sovereign King George III. who lieth on the bed of ſickneſs, *for he is wounded for our tranſgreſſions, and bruiſed for our iniquities.* O! ſtrengthen, ſtay, uphold, and heal him, for the waters are come unto the ſoul, and there is none can heal him beſide thee; for except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh in vain. Why doth thy wrath wax hot againſt thy people, to ſtretch forth thine hand againſt their King, of whom we ſaid, under his ſhadow we ſhall live among the nations.

Behold for twenty-nine years hath he reigned over us; during which it may be truly ſaid, every man dwelt under his own vine, and under his own fig tree. O Lord, I beſeech thee, remember his good deeds, in that he hath walked before thee with a perfect heart; a juſt and upright man who feared the Lord from his youth, ſo that he aroſe daily to praiſe thee, and adminiſter juſtice and mercy to all his people. Turn from thy fierce wrath, and repent thee of this evil againſt thy people, and remove this evil diſeaſe from our Sovereign Lord the King, that all the nations may know that thou art the Moſt High of all the earth; and that there is none like unto thee in Heaven above, that can do according to thy works and thy might.

The Lord killeth and maketh alive, he woundeth and healeth, and who can ſay unto him, what doſt thou? Make bare thine holy arm in the ſight of all the nations, that the ends of the earth may ſee the ſalvation of our God; for the ſalvation of the righteous is of the Lord, and he is their ſtrength in the time of trouble. Haſte to our help, O Lord, and turn to the prayer of thy ſervants, that all the kingdoms of the earth may know there is a God in Iſrael, that they may fear thee. The Lord ſhall give ſtrength unto his King, and ſhall exalt the horn of his anointed, ſo that his throne may be eſtabliſhed for ever: Length of days and years of life and peace ſhall be added unto him. Let all the people ſay—Amen.

The very important queſtion of providing for the government of the nation, by the appointment of a regent, and a definition of his powers, being not yet decided, we ſhall in a future Magazine, give an impartial ſummary of the buſineſs.

## *GERMANY.*

According to letters from Berlin, the Prince Royal of Pruſſia, and his brother Prince Louis, have had a

very narrow eſcape——The Prince Royal having converſed ſeveral times with Baron Herniz about the limeſtone quarry of Rudersdorf, expreſſed his deſire of ſeeing the works. A day was appointed, and the Prince Royal and Prince Louis, attended by their Governors and Baron Herniz, went thither. In order to ſhew them the blowing up of a rock, a mine was charged, to be fired on a ſignal agreed upon. By ſome miſtake the workman, whoſe office it was, lighted the match too ſoon.—— A ſweeper who was preſent, ſeeing the danger of the Princes, who were ſtill employed in examining the quarry, ran up, and forcibly hurried them from the place where they ſtood. In a moment the mine blew up with a dreadful exploſion. A piece of rock, of more than eighty pounds weight, flew cloſe by the Prince Royal's head; and ſeveral large maſſes fell on the very ſpot on which he ſtood, when the ſweeper puſhed him back: Count Bruhl had the misfortune to have his left leg broken by the fall of a large ſtone. His life is conceived to be in danger. The Counſellor Wehling owed his ſafety to the greateſt accident. In ſpeaking to the Prince Royal, he made a profound blow, and in the very inſtant a ſhiver of the rock flew over his head.

## *L O N D O N.*

A plan has been ſubmitted to the Board of Admiralty by a very reſpectable officer, the object of which is, to procure an invalid eſtabliſhment for the Corps of Marines. The meritorious conduct of the Marines on every occaſion, whether employed at ſea or on ſhore, certainly demands that a comfortable proviſion ſhould be allotted to thoſe who from age or infirmity ſhall be compelled to retire from actual ſervice. The army, the artillery, and engineers, have all invalid eſtabliſhments, which afford to the officers and men a very ſuitable recompence for paſt favours. In the corps of Marines no ſuch inſtitution has ever yet been carried into execution, though the want of it has often been felt and acknowledged by the late Firſt Lord of the Admiralty —yet ſuch has hitherto been the fate of the Marines, that except in the adminiſtration of the Earl of Sandwich, no ſtep whatever had been taken to promote the intereſt of the corps, though every man muſt acknowledge, it is a more conſtitutional branch of the ſtanding force of this country than the army.

The fact is, that ſuch a meaſure, ſo far from being an expence, would ultimately be a ſaving to government, becauſe thoſe officers and men who are diſabled from going to ſea, would be found capable of doing duty in the Dock-yards, and on the ſtationary guard-ſhips, in the ſame way as the invalids on the army eſtabliſhment are employed on the duty of garriſons, and thus leave a greater force to act offenſively againſt our enemies, as occaſion might require.

The Abbe Gordon, Preſident of the Scots College in Paris, has nearly finiſhed a life of Mary Queen of Scots, which from the acceſs the writer's ſituation gives him to original papers relative to that unfortunate Princeſs, may be expected to contain many circumſtances with which the public are at preſent unacquainted, and which will tend to the farther vindication of her character, and to the diſgrace of her auſtere and harſh perſecutor Elizabeth.

Among the numerous combatants who have lately taken the field in defence of Mary Queen of Scots, there is a French Lady, Mademoiſelle de Keralio, who, in her hiſtory of Queen Elizabeth, enters into this celebrated controverſy with a ſpirit of reſearch and inveſtigation that does honour to her ſex.

*ABER-*

## *ABERDEEN.*

John Anderſon died at William Sutor's, (his ſon in law,) Longhaven, the very place where he was born, the 31ſt Nov. aged 97, as he ſaid he was born there in Oct. 1691, on the year upſide down (as he uſed to call it) that he was 16 years married; 52 years a widower; 52 years farmer in Gaſk of Cruden; 22 years ſubtenant, in the ſame farm, to his ſon Charles; and about 20 years a church warden of the Scotch Epiſcopal congregation there before Mr Keith's death; he had ſix children, ſeveral grand children, and ſome great grand children. He retained his intellects, health, and ſtrength ſurpriſingly, till a little before his death, ſo as to able about a year or little more before it, to go to church and markets. His hearing was moſt failed; but his ſight was ſo much recovered, that he could ſee the ſmalleſt print eaſily without ſpectacles, and was often reading. He recollected pretty exactly what happened in the end of laſt century and beginning of this, as far as he had opportunity to know.

On the 7th of December a white roſe buſh was in blow in a garden in the Schoolhill; and on St Andrew's day, the publiſher preſented a lady with a full-blown Provence Roſe, from a buſh in his garden, which had at that time ſome more buds on it.

December 13. was married at Old Aberdeen, Mr. Andrew Brown, Miniſter at Falkland, to Miſs Anne Gordon, youngeſt daughter of Profeſſor Thomas Gordon of King's College.

On Monday Dec. 8. Mrs Gordon of Buthlaw was ſafely delivered of a ſon, at Cairneſs.

Died lately at Tobago, very juſtly regretted, Mr Robert Stevens, ſon of Robert Stevens, Eſq; of Broadland.

# Poetry.

## *The BARBER and FRISEUR.*

### *A Ludicrous Eclogue.*

TWO Brothers of the Comb, congenial pair,
An operator this for beards, and that for hair,
Were next-door neighbours in a country town,
And long each other rivall'd in renown.
Both candidates for public favour ſtood,
Like T—d, we'll ſuppoſe, and A—l H—d.
At length, to urge his long-conteſted claim,
Each rival to a neighb'ring alehouſe came.
In perriwig of formal cut appear'd
Our Shaver firſt, ſworn foe to ev'ry beard:
Not half ſo hoſtile was the mighty Czar,
Who on all Ruſſia's bearded chins made war;
Nor half ſo rooted were the briſtly crops
He ſentenc'd to be ſhaven off their chops,
As was this Barber's hate, whoſe trenchant blade
On viſages ſuch devaſtation made,
That vagrant Jews, of his profeſſion ſhy,
On tip-toe ſlunk in wary ſilence by,
Afraid of tonſure; nay the ſtory goes
He ſometimes took the Juſtice by the noſe;
And for a penny, from a beggar's cheek
Would ſweep the frowzy harveſt of a week;
A boon companion too, he'd ſing a ſong
Full fifty, yea twice fifty couplets long;
All Chevy Chace he knew, bold Robin Hood,

The

The Man o' Kent, and Children in the Wood;
And many a waggiſh legend had in ſtore,
To ſet the tap-room boxes in a roar.
In ſnow-white veſture, like ſome youthful bride,
His hair, and eke his ſhoes with ribbon ty'd,
Came *Puff*, a ſelf-admiring fop, replete
With pertneſs, affectation, and conceit;
Yet, for his ſtyle of dreſſing highly priz'd,
And by the fools of faſhion patroniz'd.
Scarce ſeated, he the Shaver ey'd aſkance,
Who quick retorted the contemptuous glance,
And now each other's faults prepar'd to ſcan,
The flippant controverſy *Puff* began.

*Puff.*

With me, preſumptuous miſcreant, doſt thou vie,
The bruſh and razor only ſkill'd to ply?
Or, haply to revive the drooping locks
Of paltry *caxons*, mounted on thy blocks?

*Barber.*

And what the mighty talents thou canſt boaſt?—
To give the hair fantaſtic forms at moſt—
To laviſh *meal* upon ſome coxcomb's head,
Whilſt thouſands murmur at th' aſſize of bread.

*Puff.*

Reviler, ceaſe; how could thy ſlander fall
Upon my beſt imported *Marechalle!*
But vulgar words to vulgar mouths belong;
Such language well befits a Barber's tongue.

*Barber.*

From thee the ſcurrilous example came,
Who durſt in diſreſpectful guiſe miſ-name
Ev'n ſacred things—for know, vain-glorious prig,
I once a-week repair our Parſon's wig.

*Puff.*

To more diſtinguiſh'd honours I aſpire—
Me all the daughters of our wealthy 'Squire
Employ, to lend new beauties to the face,
And ſpirit give to ev'ry native grace.
That magic of the mien 'tis I impart—
But for my ſkill in the coſmetic art,
What were the proudeſt dame?

*Barber.*

——————And, but for mine,
What were the doctor, lawyer, or divine?
Their credit they derive from outward ſhow,
And that to my dexterity they owe.
By long preſcription, a full wig contains
Preſumptive proof of much intrinſic brains;
But ſeldom ſeems the preacher orthodox,
Who mounts the roſtrum in his native locks.
Why is our lawyer, pray, ſo oft retain'd?
His clients purſes why ſo often drain'd?
The doctor's chariot whence, and golden fee?
Their ſcientific wigs were ſhap'd by me.

*Puff.*

The beauteous locks that from the head depend,
Beneath my care in graceful ringlets end;
What envious time, bald-pated ſire, denies
To aged heads, my needful art ſupplies,
With minors now their grandames ſhall compare,
Shall emulate with falſe their real hair; And

And which is falſe, which real, who can tell?
The one the other imitates ſo well.
*Barber.*
Why vaunt that ſkill, which, tier o'er tier to raiſe,
But tortures Nature's growth a thouſand ways?
Why vaunt the braid that decks a lady's head?
For aught ſhe knows, 'twas on ſome felon's bred.
Enough, quoth Jobſon, who was umpire nam'd,
For mending ſhoes and wiſe deciſions fam'd;
Enough, enough, the ſolemn cobler cry'd,
While "hear him, hear him," rung on every ſide:
Your ſev'ral merits well ye have diſcuſs'd,
And prov'd to favour you've pretenſions juſt.
Now, to requite you—Thou ourſelf ſhalt ſhave,
And, Puff, our daughter's cuſtom thou ſhalt have;
Her taſte for dreſs the gentry all admire,
And think ſhe'll make a conqueſt of ſome 'Squire.

*T. S.*

*Oct.* 1. 1788.

## ADDRESS.

*Spoken by Mr WILSON, to a moſt crowded and brilliant Audience, on his Benefit Night at Aberdeen, December* 3. 1788.

*(Written by* Mr SPARKS.)

DEAR PUBLIC,

FOR foremoſt in my liſt of Friends I rank ye,
For all your favours, *Wilſon's* come to thank ye;
'Twere a long glorious taſk, ſhould I revolve on't,
Enough to make your Debtor an inſolvent.
Juſt ſixteen years are fully paſt and waſted,
Since in this town I firſt your favour taſted.
And all the parts I've played, a motley crew,
Kindly receiv'd, have *Patrons* found in you:
Your patronage has ever been my pride,
And you to pleaſe, kept nature for my guide.
How have I been elated with the ſound,
When my endeavours have your favour found,
And when at *Poet Bays* I've ſeen you ſmile,
How amply has it recompenc'd my toil?
Dame Tragedy, a formal, whining jade,
Has mark'd out acting as a doleful trade;
Arch Comedy diſplays ſuperior charms,
And mirth appears encirl'd in her arms:
The laugh, the jeſt, the wit, the whim, the ſmile,
Are hers to give, and anxious cares beguile.
While Woe in melancholy numbers glides,
Give Wilſon 'Laughter holding both her ſides.'
Critics may talk of Otway and of Rowe,
Who ſoftly melodize both Ah! and Oh!
From Congreve, Farquhar, Cibber, Steel, ariſe
Not *tears* to dim, but *ſmiles* to brighten eyes.
Hold, let me not Old Father Shakeſpear paſs,
Leſt you ſhould juſtly 'ſet me down an aſs.'
His comic ſcenes appear for ever new,
Remembring them, we're nature in our view.

But

But above all, O grant we ne're may lack,
Old mellow Falſtaff and his cup of ſack,
His buckram men, his battles never fought,
His whim in ſtory, luxury of thought.
O could I joys of former ages reap,
How wou'd my ſpirits revel in Eaſt Cheap!
But hold---Idea here unfitly tends,
No age cou'd furniſh me with better friends;
Therefore to you my wiſhes I reſign,
*Applauſe* be *yours*, while *gratitude* is *mine:*
So may life's curtain in fit time deſcend,
If you *approve*, I cannot mourn my end.

EXTEMPORE Verſes *on ſeeing a Boy amuſing himſelf with blowing a Soap Bubble with a pipe, and attempting to catch it.*

I.

EMBLEM of life, this bubble is!
True emblem of all human bliſs;
Which when we eagerly would claſp,
The bubble burſts, and ſhuns our graſp.

II.

Scripture and reaſon plainly ſhow
There's no *true* happineſs below;
Then let us ſeek it where it lies,
In manſions far above the ſkies.

Glaſ. Oct. 1788. W. R.

*To a* YOUNG LADY—*With a* NOVEL*.

WEEP not Hermia, while you ſtedfaſt trace,
The path of Virtue thro' this vale of tears,
Tho' oft the pang of woe invades thy peace,
Tho' virtuous proſpects wake foreboding fears;

Fair honour guards thee with a ſhield of light;
To cheer thy ſteps, hope lends her heavenly ray,
And beams her myſtic ſtar thro' life's dark night,
To ſuffering Worth the pledge of coming day.

The ſacred truth in Fancy's dreſs array'd,
Will more impreſs than cold didactic lore,
The well drawn ſorrows of an harmleſs maid,
And hopeleſs youth, whoſe feelings anguiſh tore.

Paſſion's wild ſtorm is laid at Heaven's controul,
Affliction's boſom feels the healing ray,
Afar diſpers'd th' incumbent vapours roll,
The moral ſcene unfolds ſerenely gay.

When all thy ſoul the tender tale ſhall move,
Thou wilt not raſhly wiſdom's plan arraign,
Are we the offs'pring of unbounded love?
And ſhall we not th' unhallowed ſigh reſtrain?

For me, tho' early grief hath wrung my heart,
The weak complaint I own to but a few,
Still in an alien ſcene ſupport my part,
Reſign'd to fate, if Heaven approve, and *You.*

* The hiſtory of Miſs Greville by Mrs Keir.

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